

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

CLIENT:

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

PROGRAM:

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

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

BROADCAST:

DATE: 3RD. REV. #17

NETWORK: JAN. 21, 1945
NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

AS BROADCAST

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

RIEKS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

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

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: You said it!
(Ex. B)

SHARBUTT: Yes, sir!

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

(MORE)

ATX01 0236180

JACK BENNY
5TH RTV. PROGRAM #17

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DELMAR: It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette.
And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Yes, at
tobacco auctions now open independent tobacco
experts can see the makers of Lucky Strike
consistently select and buy the finer, the
lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike
tobacco. So, smoke that smoke of fine tobacco --
Lucky Strike.

(SWITCHOVER TO LOCATION OF JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

-1-

#17

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: FROM NEW YORK CITY, THE FIRST STOP ON THEIR MARCH OF
DIMES TOUR, WE BRING YOU THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM..
STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS,
ROCHESTER, LARRY STEVENS AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.
(APPLAUSE - MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE TAKE YOU TO JACK
BENNY'S ROOM AT THE SHERRY NETHERLAND HOTEL..JACK IS
WAITING FOR THE GANG TO SHOW UP AS THEY'RE ALL GOING
ICE SKATING IN CENTRAL PARK.

(MUSIC TRANSITION - "SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK")

ROCHESTER: (SINGS) EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE
ALL AROUND THE TOWN
YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE IT WHEN
THE SNOW IS OFF THE GROUND.

JACK: Rochester --

ROCHESTER: HAIL AND SNOW TOGETHER
ICE ALL OVER THE WALK,
YOU SLIP AND YOU SLOP
AND YOU FLIP AND YOU FLOP
ON THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK.

JACK: Rochester, stop singing..You know I'm going ice
skating, so you better get my things ready.

ROCHESTER: Okay.

JACK: By the way, did you have my ice skates sharpened like I
told you to?

ROCHESTER: I sure did, boss...I had it done yesterday when I was
up in Harlem.

JACK: Good...Are they nice and sharp?

ROCHESTER: Sharp..WHAT DO YOU THINK I SHAVED YOU WITH THIS
MORNING?

ATX01 0236182

JACK: Rochester, stop being so silly and get my things ready.
As long as I'm going skating, I want you to get out my
knickers and press them.

ROCHESTER: Boss, you better wear long pants, you don't look good
in knickers..your legs are too skinny.

JACK: My legs are not skinny.

ROCHESTER: They ain't? Remember that time you played Hamlet and
had to wear those tights?

JACK: What about it?

ROCHESTER: THE THEATRE MANAGER TOOK ONE LOOK AT YOU AND SAID...
"IF THESE LEGS HAVE ANY MUSCLES THEY MUST BE INSIDE
THE BONE."

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: YOU HAD TO TIE KNOTS IN YOUR LEGS TO MAKE IT LOOK
LIKE YOU HAD KNEES!

JACK: I don't care.. I'm going to wear my knickers..
Now get them out and press 'em.

ROCHESTER: But boss, you know they have valet service in
this hotel, don't you?

JACK: I know, I know...But what do you think I've got
you for?

ROCHESTER: Me?

JACK: Yes, you.

ROCHESTER: Well..listed alphabetically..ATTENDANT, ACTOR,
AUTO MECHANIC, BARBER --

JACK: Look --

ROCHESTER: BARTENDER, BUTLER, BODY GUARD, BELLHOP, BUS BOY --

JACK: Look, Rochester --

ROCHESTER: COCK, CHAUFFEUR, COMPANION, CHAIR WOMAN, CHAMBER MAID --

JACK: Rochester, that's enough.

ROCHESTER: I GOT MORE BUREAUS THAN THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT!

JACK: Rochester, stop with that talk and start pressing my knickers.

ROCHESTER: Okay...(Doorman, dish washer, duster, dog walker --)

JACK: Oh Rochester, stop complaining, you don't do so much.

ROCHESTER: All I know is..ANY TIME SOMEBODY ASKS ME TO SHAKE HANDS, I GOTTA PUT SOMETHING DOWN!

JACK: Now you know that's not true...Anyway, I've gotta get --

(DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Rochester, put down the iron, the whisk broom and the shoe brush and answer the door.

ROCHESTER: What?

JACK: Oh never mind, go press the door..I mean the knickers.. And it's going to be pretty cold in the park, so get out my long underwear.

(DOOR BUZZER AGAIN)

JACK: COME IN.

(DOOR OPENS)

JACK: WELL...HELLO MARY.

MARY: HELLO JACK.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Gee Mary, I'm glad you're over your cold.. Are you sure it's all right for you to be out today?

MARY: Yes, Jack, the doctor told me I was completely well.

JACK: Good.

MARY: Then he kissed me goodbye and said I'll see you tomorrow.

JACK: The doctor kissed you goodbye!

MARY: Wasn't that awful?

JACK: It certainly was..fine doctor..When he kissed you, why didn't you slap his face?

MARY: How could I..I was holding his bag for him.

JACK: Oh, I get it. You wanted him to kiss you.

MARY: You catch on fast, don't you, Jackson?

JACK: Hmm, Jackson yet..Well look, Mary, you don't have to make any outside dates..While we're in New York I'm going to take you around.

MARY: Oh sure, just like last year. Before we left California you said, "Mary, when we get to New York, I'm really going to show you the town."

JACK: Well, I did, didn't I?

MARY: Yeah, from the top of the Empire State Building.

JACK: Well, they don't let you up there for nothin', sister!

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: When we got to the top, you looked over the edge, saw a nickel on the sidewalk and wanted to jump.

JACK: I did not want to jump..Anyway, I was just bragging about my eyesight..It's pretty good when you can see a nickel from the top of the Empire State Building.

MARY: Some eyesight..when you got down to the street, you found out it was a manhole cover.

JACK: Yeah..I wish I could find that wise guy that painted a buffalo on it. Anyway, this time, Mary, you and I will really go places.

ROCHESTER: SAY, BOSS..Oh hello, Miss Livingstone, it's good to see you up and around again.

MARY: Thank you, I'm feeling fine now.

JACK: What did you want, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: Your shirts just came back from the laundry.

JACK: My shirts? Good.

MARY: Say, that's wonderful service..when did you send 'em out?

ROCHESTER: I DON'T REMEMBER THE DAY, BUT WE WERE STILL ON FOR JELLO.

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sake..and I thought they were lost. Rochester, are these the shirts we sent out in 1934?

ROCHESTER: IT MUST'VE BEEN BEFORE THAT, BOSS, THESE HAVE LACE COLLARS!

JACK: Oh, those...Well put 'em away, I'll give 'em to my writers for Christmas...Say Rochester, Rochester, what is my breakfast coming up? Did you order it from room service?

ROCHESTER: Yeah, a long time ago.

JACK: Do you want something to eat, Mary, before we go skating?

MARY: No thanks...Say Jack, I can't get over you living at such a classy hotel as the Sherry Netherland.

JACK: Why?

MARY: Well every other time you came to New York you stayed at the...at the --

JACK: The Acme Plaza.

MARY: Oh yes...what a creepy joint that was.

JACK: Well I'll admit it wasn't the best hotel in New York, Mary but it certainly was conveniently located.

MARY: You're not kidding...All you had to do was walk up one flight of steps and you were in the subway.

JACK: Oh Mary, it wasn't that far down...What gave you that idea?

MARY: At one end of the lobby they were mining coal.

JACK: They were not.

MARY: THEN WHY DID ALL THE BELL BOYS HAVE LAMPS IN THEIR CAPS?

JACK: Because the room clerk's name was John L. Lewis, and let's drop it. Will you?

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(DOOR OPENS)

FODMORE: Your breakfast, Mr. Benny.

(RATTLE OF DISHES)

JACK: Oh good, good...Put it right over here on the table...

Sure you don't want anything, Mary?

4 MARY: No thanks.

(TRAY BEING SET ON TABLE)

JACK: Gee, I'm hungry.

PODMORE: There you are, sir...and here's the check.

JACK: Oh...Hand me my glasses, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: Here you are.

JACK: Thanks...I want to see if they have these prices right.

ROCHESTER: YOU WANT ME TO CALL YOUR ACCOUNTANT, BOSS?

JACK: No, I can handle this myself...Now let's see...WHAT?...
NINETY FIVE CENTS?...WHY, THAT'S OUTRAGEOUS.

ROCHESTER: YOU WANT ME TO CALL YOUR LAWYER, BOSS?

JACK: NOT YET...How in the world could this be ninety-five
cents? Let's see...Twenty cents for orange juice...
Isn't that awfully high?

PODMORE: Well you see, sir, we don't grow oranges here, they're
shipped in from California.

JACK: So what? Postage stamps are the same price in
California and they come from Washington.

PODMORE: I'm just the waiter, Mr. Benny, I don't have anything to
do with the prices.

JACK: And look at this..Two eggs, forty cents...Why do you
realize that's twenty cents an egg?

PODMORE: Yes sir.

JACK: Twenty cents for one little egg...What's in an egg that
could make it worth twenty cents?

PODMORE: Well, it's a whole day's work for a hen, sir.

JACK: Ten cents for coffee...Well, that's all right...And...
Hey what's that extra quarter for?

PODMORE: That's a twenty-five cent charge for serving meals in
the rooms sir.

JACK: OH...WELL OPEN THE DOOR, I'LL EAT IT OUT IN THE HALL.

POLMORE: That won't help, sir...But if you don't want the breakfast I'll take it back.

JACK: No...No I guess it isn't your fault...Hmmm, ninety-five cents..Here, waiter, here's a dollar...You can keep the change..Here.

POLMORE: Oh thank you sir...Now I can buy that farm in Connecticut.

JACK: Look, just go, will you?

POLMORE: Yes sir.
(DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Mary, are you sure you don't want anything?...If you do I can call the waiter back.

MARY: Never mind. I wouldn't go through that again for eight million dollars.

JACK: Yeah...Well I might as well eat.

MARY: You better hurry up, Jack, the gang'll be here pretty soon.
(DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Hmm, there's somebody at the service entrance...OH...ROCHESTER.

ROCHESTER: JUST A MINUTE, BOSS..I'M IRONING YOUR LONG UNDERWEAR.

JACK: WELL OPEN THE BACK DOOR.

ROCHESTER: I CAN'T YOU'VE GOT IT SEWED UP FOR THE WINTER!

JACK: THAT'S NOT THE ONE I MEAN...Oh well, never mind...COME IN.
(DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh hello, Larry.

LARRY: Hello, Mr. Benny.
(APPLAUSE)

LARRY: Hello Miss Livingston, I'm glad you're over your cold.

MARY: Thank you, Larry. And by the way, I want to thank you for dedicating that song to me last week...it was sweet of you.

LARRY: I was glad to do it, Miss Livingstone...Would you like to hear the one I'm going to sing next Sunday?

JACK: Yeah, sing it to us, Larry, while I finish my breakfast.

LARRY: Okay.

(APPLAUSE)

(SEGUE INTO LARRY'S NUMBER "STRANGE MUSIC")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Ah that was swell, swell kid...very good.

MARY: Say Larry, I meant to tell you...You were wonderful on the March of Dimes show we did at Carnegie Hall last night..

JACK: Yes, Larry, you were really good..And don't forget, on Tuesday our March of Dimes show will be at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia..and the following Monday at the Symphony Hall in Boston..so kid if you haven't seen all the sights in New York you better do it in the next few days.

LARRY: Oh I've been around quite a bit, Mr. Benny...I went to Rockefeller Center, the Statue of Liberty, and yesterday I went to Grant's Tomb.

JACK: Grant's Tomb, eh?..Gee, that's funny..I remember the first time I came to New York you know I went to Grant's Tomb too.

MARY: Yeah but Grant wasn't in it yet.

JACK: Grant wasn't in it yet -- Grant wasn't in it yet. Very funny, very funny..Look Mary, the minute you come back on the program you start right in with --

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: HI YA, JACKSON.

JACK: HELLO, PHIL.

(APPLAUSE)

PHIL: Say Jackson, now that I'm here we'd better grab our skates and..WELL MARY, YOU PRETTY BABY..HOW ARE YOUR EYES, EARS, NOSE AND THROAT?

MARY: Oh I'm fine.

JACK: YES SIR, SHE'S FIT AS A FIDDLE AND I'M HER BEAU..HA HA
HA HA..OH JACKSON, YOU BLUE-EYED BUFFOON..YOU'RE HOT AS
A FIRECRACKER AND YOU STARTED IN AS A PUNK.....Hey
Phil, I certainly stole that one from you, didn't I?

PHIL: You stole it from somebody, I know you didn't ad lib it.

JACK: Don't worry about me, brother, I can think pretty fast.

MARY: Oh sure..you rode up and down in the elevator all day
because you couldn't ad lib the floor you wanted to get
off at.

JACK: It wasn't that at all..It was just a nice day and I
thought I'd enjoy the ride that's all...
(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.
(DOOR OPENS)

JACK: HELLO, DON.

DON: HI, YA FELLAS, HELLO MARY, GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN.
(APPLAUSE AND GANG GREETES DON)

DON: Well, kids, I've got my skates with me, are we all set?

JACK: Pretty soon, Don..I've gotta get into some warm clothes.

DON: You better, it's pretty cold out. Say Phil, did you take
my advice and see the new Frank Fay show?

JACK: Frank Fay, Frank Fay..there he goes again with that
Frank Fay.

PHIL: Yeah, I saw it last night, Don, but first I went to the
Stork Club and had about five cocktails..then I went to
El Morocco and had about ten cocktails...then I went to
the Twenty-One Club and watched that number.

JACK: Oh..Then you went to the Frank Fay show.

PHIL: Yeah, it's called Harvey.

LARRY: Harvey?...Am I old enough to see it?

MARY: Why certainly, Larry..That's the new show in which Frank
Pay plays the part of a fellow who's always a little
drunk, and he imagines he keeps seeing a white rabbit
six feet tall.

LARRY: He imagines it?

MARY: Yes.

PHIL: HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, WAIT A MINUTE..SOMETHING'S WRONG!

JACK: What's wrong?

PHIL: I SAW THE RABBIT.

JACK: Phil, Phil, that's an imaginary rabbit, and nobody can
see it.

PHIL: WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT...HE CAME OFF THE STAGE, SAT
DOWN BESIDE ME AND ASKED ME WHAT I LIKED ABOUT THE SOUTH.

JACK: Oh my goodness!

PHIL: THEN THE RABBIT GOT MAD AND WALKED AWAY.

JACK: Well, I don't blame him..He was probably jealous because
your eyes were pinker than his.

PHIL: THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED

JACK: Exactly what happened...Phil, we've been trying to
explain to you that in that play there is no rabbit.

PHIL: I DUNNO, THEY'RE TAKIN' IN PLENTY OF LETTUCE AT THE BOX
OFFICE..HA HA HA..OH HARRIS --

JACK: Oh shut up...Now if we're going skating, let's get
started.

GANG AD LIBS: Yeah, let's go..Let's get going.

MARY: Oh gosh--

JACK: What's the matter, Mary?

MARY: I forgot my scarf and my gloves.

JACK: I'll call your hotel and have Pauline bring 'em over.
(CLICK OF RECEIVER AND DIAL SEVEN TIMES AS JACK TALKS)

JACK: Mary, you're living at the Astor Hotel, aren't you?

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: I'm getting it.
(BUZZ BUZZ OF PHONE..CLICK OF RECEIVER)

MURIEL: ASTOR HOTEL, FORTY-FOURTH AND BROADWAY OVERLOOKING TIMES
SQUARE IN NEW YORK CITY.

JACK: Operator.

MURIEL: EVERY ROOM SUITED TO YOUR TASTE..BACHELOR APARTMENTS,
BRIDAL SUITES, COFFEE SHOP AND SPACIOUS LOBBY.

JACK: Operator.

MURIEL: ELEVATOR SERVICE, ROOM SERVICE, TAILOR SHOP, JEWELRY
SHOP AND RADIO IN EVERY ROOM.

JACK: Operator..All I want is...

MURIEL: ALSO WRITING PAPER, PEN AND INK AND COMBINATION WRITING
DESK THAT FOLDS UP INTO A DRESSER.

JACK: Look I want Miss Livingstone...

MURIEL: DAILY RATES, WEEKLY RATES, MONTHLY RATES AND TRAVELER'S
CHECKS CASHED WITHOUT QUESTION.

JACK: Now look -- there's no question.

MURIEL: SO IF YOU'RE EVER IN NEW YORK, THE ONLY PLACE TO LIVE IS
THE ASTOR HOTEL, FORTY-FOURTH AND BROADWAY OVERLOOKING
TIMES SQUARE.

JACK: OPERATOR..OPERATOR, I'M TRYING TO GET --

MURIEL: I'M SORRY, YOUR THREE MINUTES ARE UP, GOODBYE!
(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Well, how do you like that!...Oh well, Mary, you can
wear my mittens.
(BAND NUMBER STARTS)

JACK: NOW KIDS, AS SOON AS I GET MY THINGS ON, WE'LL CATCH
A CAB AND WE'LL GO TO CENTRAL PARK.
(APPLAUSE) (BAND NUMBER) (APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

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#17

(STREET NOISES AND CAB FADING IN)

MARY: HERE COMES ANOTHER CAB, JACK.

(TAXI MOTOR UP)

JACK: TAXI...TAXI!

(CAR GOES RIGHT BY)

JACK: Gee, it's tough to get a cab in New York.

(ANOTHER TAXI FADES IN)

JACK: TAXI...TAXI!

(GOES RIGHT BY)

JACK: Hmm.. that's fourteen that passed us already...Gosh, you'd think they'd be glad to pick up fares from a swanky hotel like the Sherry Netherland.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, here comes another one.

(TAXI MOTOR FADES IN)

DON: Yeah. It's pulling up here!

(CAB PULLS UP AND STOPS, DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Driver, take us to --

BACKUS: I'm sorry, bud, dis cab ain't for hire.. I'm through for the day.

JACK: Well, why did you pull up in front of this hotel?

BACKUS: I live here!

(CAR DOOR SLAMS AND CAR DRIVES OFF)

JACK: Well how do you like that, he drove right into the lobby!

MARY: JACK, LOOK!

(NOISE OF MOTOR GOING UP AND DOWN FAST)

JACK: Well it serves him right, he got stuck in the revolving door. We'll never get a cab standing here...It's only about eight blocks to the lake, let's walk.

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(CRUNCH OF FOOTSTEPS ON SNOW, THEN ON CUE)

(MOTOR FADING IN)

JACK: LOOK OUT, KIDS, THIS TAXI'LL SPLASH US.

(CAR PULLS UP AND STOPS)

ELMER: WHAT'S THE MATTER, POP, YOU TOO CHEAP TO TAKE A CAB?

JACK: Hmmm.

MARY: No, driver, we've been waiting for one --

ELMER: All right hop in.

(CAR DOOR OPENS, SHUFFLE OF PEOPLE GETTING IN)

PHIL: Come on, fellows. Let's all get in here. Take us to the Central Park Lake.

(DOOR SLAMS, CAR STARTS OFF, THEN FADES)

ELMER: Okay. Strangers here in town?

DON: Well, you might --

ELMER: I been living here all my life...never been further away from Manhattan than you can go with the I.R.T. Where ya from?

PHIL: Well, the whole bunch of us --

ELMER: Ain't no place like New York City, and that includes Brooklyn. Any of ya ever been to Brooklyn?

JACK: Well, I've --

ELMER: Don't let anybody kid ya, bud, Brooklyn's a swell dump... And just because he pulled them cracks about Brooklyn, I ain't never gonna read another one of Moey Coward's books..Look I don't like it when dese wise guy writers and radio comics insult Brooklyn...Ya lissen to da radio much?

MARY: Well, we're all sort of...

ELMER: Now you take last Sunday on da Jack Benny program..Dey had an insultin' crack about Brooklyn, and gee, was I glad when Fred Allen dropped in later and he give Benny the works.

JACK: Now, look, driver.

ELMER: Ya see, Benny's sponsor sent Fred Allen over to read the commercial..And Allen was a scream when he said...
(IMITATES ALLEN)..LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..LUCKY STRIKE
MEANS FINE TOBACCO..YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE
TOBACCO..SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED.

JACK: Hmm.

ELMER: (AS ALLEN) BUT UNLIKE JACK BENNY'S WALLET, LUCKY
STRIKES ARE FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW...(STRAIGHT)...
What a laugh he got with that!

JACK: Look, driver --

ELMER: Then Benny turns to Allen and says..(IMITATES JACK)..
Now look, Fred, do you mean by just doing those
commercials you manage to eke out a living? Well then
Allen says..(AS ALLEN)..Well..if it doesn't make you too
unhappy..yes...(STRAIGHT).. And then all Benny was able
to say was...Hmmm!

JACK: Wait a minute, driver. Why is it you do such a funny
imitation of Allen, and such a bad imitation of Benny?

ELMER: Look, Bud, don't blame me. It ain't my fault if Benny
stinks!

JACK: Now listen, driver --
(BRAKES APPLIED AND CAR STOPS)

ELMER: Here we are, Central Park Lake..that's sixty cents..
(CAR DOOR OPENS. PEOPLE GETTING OUT)

JACK: Here's your sixty cents, driver --
(SEVERAL COINS DROPPING INTO HAND)

JACK: And here's your tip.
(ONE COIN IS DROPPED)

JACK: There.

ELMER: You wanna know something, Bud?

JACK: What?

ELMER: YOU DO A PRETTY GOOD IMITATION OF JACK BENNY YOURSELF!

JACK: Never mind, driver..You can go.

ELMER: Okay. okay. So long.
(APPLAUSE..CAB DRIVES OFF)

JACK: Well, kids, here we are at the lake.. Let's go skating..
(SING SONG) LAST ONE ON THE ICE IS A ROTTEN EGG!
(RUSHING FOOTSTEPS THROUGH SNOW)

JACK: HA, HA, I'M THE FIRST..LOOK AT ME GO! (HUMS: "SKATERS WALTZ") DA DA DA DA --

MARY: JACK!

JACK: DA DA DA DAA --

MARY: JACK, JACK --

JACK: DA DA DA DA DA, DA DA DA DAAA --

MARY: JACK, JACK!

JACK: (OFF) WHAT IS IT, MARY?

MARY: COME BACK HERE, YOU FORGOT YOUR SKATES!

JACK: Oh, oh, OH..I thought I had 'em on.

PHIL: HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, FELLOWS...I WANNA SEE SOMETHING.
(SEVERAL HOLLOW KNOCKING SOUNDS ON ICE)

JACK: Phil, what are you knocking on the ice for?

PHIL: Shh..Quiet, Jackson..I'm lookin' for Shaky.

JACK: Oh. Hey kids, look at Wilson skating around there as though he owned Central Park.

PHIL: Yeah.. What's he so stuck up about?

MARY: He just found out that lard is back on the ration list.

JACK: Yeah.

DON: (OFF) HEY KIDS, YOU WANT TO SEE SOME FANCY SKATING?

JACK: OH, ANYBODY CAN CUT A FIGURE EIGHT.

DON: (OFF) I KNOW, BUT WATCH THIS.
(SCRAPING OF SKATES ON ICE IN STACCATO RHYTHM FOR SEVERAL SECONDS...THEN STOPS)

JACK: WELL, I'LL BE DARNED...LSMFT...Don, that was wonderful.
But wait a minute...I've got my skates on, so watch me...I'll show you kids some real skating...HERE I GO!
(FOUR STROKES OF SKATES, THEN FALLS)

JACK: Hmmm.

MARY: Phil, help me pick him up.

JACK: That was an accident, I'll show you how to skate...
Watch me now.
(FOUR STROKES, THEN FALLS DOWN)

JACK: Hm...Never mind, Phil, I can get up myself..(GRUNTS)
(TWO STOKES AND FALLS)

JACK: Hmmm...Oh well...

MARY: Are you cold, Jack?

JACK: No, Rochester sewed it up for the winter....Gosh, I can't understand it, I used to be the best skater in Waukegan...Well, I'll try it again.
(EIGHT STROKES OF SKATES)

JACK: There! Now I've got it...Wheee!
(TWO STROKES AND FALLS DOWN)

JACK: Hmmm, what's the matter with me?

LARRY: Mr. Benny, when you tripped, your hat fell off your head...Here.

JACK: Thank you.

LARRY: And your fur piece fell off too.

JACK: That's not a fur piece....Now give it to me.

DON: HEY KIDS...KIDS..LOOK, THERT'S A FELLOW OVER THERE
GIVING AN EXHIBITION...HE'S JUMPING OVER SEVEN BARRELS.

MARY: THERE HE GOES!

(RUNNING ON SKATES, SLIDE WHISTLE, LANDS ON SKATES)
(GANG APPLAUDS AND YELLS HURRAY ETC)

PHIL: Say, that was really terrific.

MARY: Yeah, he's wonderful.

JACK: What's so great about that?

MARY: What?

JACK: Watch me, I can jump over those barrels!

MARY: JACK, JACK, DON'T BE A FOOL.

JACK: WATCH THIS, SISTER.

PHIL: YOU BETTER NOT TRY IT, JACKSON.

JACK: DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME...I WAS JUST KIDDING YOU GUYS,
MAKING BELIEVE I CAN'T SKATE...WATCH THIS!

MARY: JACK, PLEASE!

JACK: HERE I GO, RIGHT OVER THOSE BARRELS.
(RUNNING ON SKATES, SLIDE WHISTLE, THEN TERRIFIC
CRASH AND ROLLING OF BARRELS.)

JACK: Oooooooooooooo!

MARY: HEY, WHERE IS HE?....JACK'S DISAPPEARED.

PHIL: I DON'T KNOW, HE'S NOT OVER HERE.

PHIL: HE'S NOT HERE EITHER.

MARY: HEY, KIDS, LOOK, HE'S IN THIS BARREL.

JACK: MARY, STOP PEEKING AT ME THROUGH THAT BUNG HOLE!

MARY: COME ON, FELLOWS, LET'S ROLL HIM HOME.

JACK: MARY!

(BARREL BEING ROLLED)

JACK: LET ME OUT!

PHIL }
MARY }
LARRY }
DON }

(SINGS) ROLL OUT THE BARREL
WE'LL HAVE A BARREL OF FUN.

JACK: (SINGING) I'M GETTING DIZZY.

GANG: (SINGS) ROLL OUT THE BARREL
WE'VE GOT THE BLUES ON THE RUN.

JACK: NOW CUT IT OUT KIDS, CUT IT OUT!
(APPLAUSE AND PLAY-OFF MUSIC)

JACK:

Ladies and gentlemen to the millions of American Service men and women overseas, nothing is more important than a letter from home. A letter from a loved one can mean the difference between a man who knows why he's fighting and a man who knows only bitterness and indifference. Don't write worrisome things such as "baby" has the "mumps".... or "The landlord won't do anything about the plumbing." Write him about the home town, friends, sports and the fun you had - and above all, don't wait 'til news accumulates. And here's another important thing - when you write, always use V-Mail. Our planes and ships are hard pressed for space and much more V-Mail can be carried than regular bulky letters. V-Mail is inexpensive, too -- It flies overseas for only three cents. So remember, folks, write him cheerful, fresh news regularly, but be sure to send it "V-Mail". Also don't forget the March of Dimes, we'll be with you in Philadelphia and Boston. Thank you.

DOY:

Jack will be back in a minute, but first here is my good friend, F. E. Boone.

(SWITCHOVER TO STUDIO FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Because Lucky Strike consistently selects and buys the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco!

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

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

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: A fact known the world over! - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(Imp. Tag.
#6)

(SWITCHOVER TO LOCATION OF JACK BENNY SIGN OFF)

JACK:

Well, this closes another program, and we'll be with you again next Sunday night broadcasting for the Army Air Force at Mitchell Field. Good night, everybody.