

# RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

## RADIO DIVISION

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

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

BROADCAST: 4TH REV.#24

DATE: MARCH 11, 1945

PROGRAM: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK: NBC

# AS BROADCAST

## I OPENING NEW YORK

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

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

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: IS - MFT

IS - MFT

IS - MFT

DELMAR: That's right!  
(Ex. G.)

RUYSDAEL: You bet!

SHARBUTT: And how!

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

(MORE)

ATX01 0236344

JACK BENNY  
PROGRAM #24  
6TH REV.

SHARBUTT: Here's one thing you can depend on always --  
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. The finer, the  
lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.

DELMAR: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment  
smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)  
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

ATX01 0236345

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

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

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LAST WEEK WE INTIMATED THAT IT  
WAS RAINING HERE IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA...NOW THAT WAS  
PURELY FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT..AND TO PROVE TO YOU  
THAT THE WEATHER HERE IS ABSOLUTELY WONDERFUL, WE BRING  
YOU A TESTIMONIAL FROM ONE OF OUR SATISFIED RESIDENTS.

MEL: (CHIRPS MERRILY LIKE HAPPY BIRD)

DON: AH..LISTEN TO THAT LITTLE BIRDIE SINGING.

MEL: (CHIRPS MERRILY..HITS LOW THROATY HAWK-LIKE NOTE..  
CHIRPS MERRILY..HAWK-LIKE NOTE..CHIRPS..SNEEZES)

DON: WELL, HE'S TRYING EVEN THOUGH HE ISN'T OVER HIS COLD  
YET..AT ANY RATE, SINCE THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL DAY..LET'S  
GO OUT TO BEVERLY HILLS TO JACK BENNY'S HOUSE..WHERE  
WE FIND JACK AND THE GANG IN THE BACK YARD PRACTISING  
ARCHERY.

MARY: (ON CUE) Do I hold the bow like this, Jack?

JACK: Yes..Now pull the string all the way back..take aim..  
now let go.

(SNAP OF BOW..LIGHT WIND WHISTLE..LOUD PLOP ON TARGET)

JACK: Say..Say..that was pretty good, Mary..you hit the  
target...You know you only missed the bulls-eye by  
three inches.

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: Now it's my turn..stand back a little, Mary..you too,  
Phil..Watch me hit the bulls-eye...Here I go!  
(SNAP OF BOW..WIND WHISTLE..DIES OUT WITH COMEDY  
EFFECT)

JACK: WHO MOVED THE TARGET?...Huh?

PHIL: Nobody moved the target, Jackson, it's still behind you.

JACK: Oh..Hand me another arrow, Mary.

MARY: Here.

JACK: That first one shot there was an accident..now watch me.  
Stand aside..Here I go!  
(SNAP OF BOW..TWANG OF BOW AND FAST SLAPPING SOUND)

JACK: OUCH..OUCH..OUCH!

PHIL: Hey, hey..what happened?

MARY: The arrow fell out and he got his head caught in the  
bow!

JACK: Well, that could happen to anybody...And if you kids  
will stop bothering me, I can hit that target at a  
hundred yards..I'm an expert marksman.

MARY: Some marksman..you even had a bombsight put on your  
door key so you could hit the key-hole.

JACK: Bombsight, bombsight, bombsight..Now if you'll cut  
out the talking, I'll show you that I can do it.  
Ready..aim...

LARRY: Good luck, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Huh.

LARRY: I said good luck.

JACK: Oh it's you, Larry, when did you come in?

LARRY: Oh, about ten minutes ago.

JACK: Well why didn't you speak to me before?

LARRY: With that bow and arrow I thought you were an Indian.

JACK: Well..I do have a little Indian blood in me.

MARY: Yeah, he's the last of the Waukegans.

JACK: Mary, stop..Now if everybody'll be quiet, I'll show you how to..PHIL, GET AWAY FROM IN FRONT OF THAT TARGET!

PHIL: (LITTLE OFF MIKE) WHAT, AND GET HIT?

JACK: DON'T BE SO FUNNY AND STAND ASIDE..Ready..aim --

LARRY: Mr. Benny, would you let Miss Livingstone-hold your bow and arrow for a minute?

JACK: What for?

LARRY: Well, I wanna bend over and tie my shoelace.

JACK: Don't worry, I'm not aiming at you..Now stand back, everybody, and give me room..Ready..aim --

DON: Hello Jack, Hi everybody.

MARY)  
PHIL) Hello, Don.  
Hi ya, Donzy.

JACK: Interruptions..nothing but interruptions.

PHIL: Well, you oughta be glad, Jackson..You couldn't hit that target if you sneezed with a mouthful of buckshot.

JACK: Oh I couldn't, eh?..Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, Phil..SINCE YOU'RE SUCH A WISE GUY, I'LL BET YOU A DIME THAT I CAN TAKE THIS BOW AND ARROW AND SHOOT AN APPLE OFF DON WILSON'S HEAD..NOW PUT UP OR SHUT UP.

DON: HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!

PHIL: Okay, Jackson, you gotta bet!

DON: NOW JUST A SECOND, JUST A SECOND!

JACK: Here's my dime.

PHIL: Well, here's my dime.

JACK: We'll let Mary hold the money.

MARY: Gee, fellahs, and I'm not even bonded.

JACK: We'll take a chance..Okay, Phil, I'll show you.

DON: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, JACK..I'M NOT GONNA STAND THERE WITH AN APPLE ON MY HEAD AND TAKE THE CHANCE OF --

JACK: Don, Phil and I are betting, what have you got to lose ..Huh?

DON: IT'S TOO DANGEROUS, AND I'M NOT GONNA DO IT!

JACK: Don, have you read your contract?..On page twelve, volume six, paragraph three, is the apple-shooting clause..which also includes holding a cigarette between your teeth when I'm having rifle practice..Now you get out there and put that apple on your head.

DON: Oh..all right.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: That silly clause you've got in my contract.

PHIL: What is it, Livvy?

MARY: Well, when I'm too old for radio, I've gotta work around his house.

JACK: That's for your own protection, sister..Now Don, put that apple on your head and stand there by that tree.

DON: Okay.

JACK: READY..AIM --

MEL: (CHIRPS MERRILY)

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack, don't shoot..A bird just lit on Don's head and is pecking at the apple.

JACK: Oh yes..I'm glad you stopped me, Mary..I wouldn't want to hurt a poor little bird.

MEL: (CHIRPS MERRILY)

JACK: Go away, birdie.

MEL: (CHIRPS MERRILY)

JACK: (MAD) Birdie, birdie, go away.

MEL: (ANGRY CHIRP, THEN SPITS)

JACK: Don, get rid of that bird, will you?

DON: Go away, birdie, go on, go away.

MEL: (CHIRP CHIRP .. CHIRP CHIRP CHIRP -- CHIRP CHIRP .. CHIRP CHIRP CHIRP)

DON: What's that, birdie?

MEL: (WHISTLES: LS/MFT....LS/MFT)

JACK: Well what do you know!

DON: That's right, birdie, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

MEL: (WHISTLES: YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO)

JACK: Say, you're a smart little bird)

MEL: (WHISTLES: "I KNOW IT")

JACK: Now go away, birdie, fly away, go, go, go, fly away...

MEL: (CHIRPS MERRILY AND THEN GOES INTO "LOVE IN BLOOM")

JACK: Well!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, that's the cutest bird I ever saw.

PHIL: All right, Jackson, all right, quit stallin'..What about this bet we got?

JACK: Oh yes.

PHIL: Go ahead, shoot the apple off of Don's head.

JACK: I will, I will..Don, put that apple back on.

DCN: Okay.

JACK: Now watch me...DCN, PUT IT IN THE MIDDLE OF YOUR HEAD,  
DON'T TRY TO LOOK SPORTY....All right, watch this, kids...  
Ready..aim ---

(SNAP OF BOW..WIND WHISTLE..WINDOW CRASH)

JACK: Mary, give Phil the dime.

MARY: JACK, YOU BROKE THE WINDOW IN YOUR NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE.

JACK: I know, I know...Well!...that's enough archery for today,  
let's go inside...Larry, you can stay out here and play  
with the bow and arrow....Come on, kids! Come on,  
We'll go in the house.

(APPLAUSE)

(SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER -- LARRY DOES CHORUS -- "HOT  
TIME IN THE TOWN OF BERLIN")

(APPLAUSE)



(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Well kids, what'll we do now?

PHIL: I don't know, Jackson, but we've been hidin' in the house for three days, it oughta be safe to go out now.

JACK: Yeah..And say Don, it's about time you took that apple off your head.

MARY: Or put a feather in it, and sell it to Hedda Hopper.

JACK: Anyway, kids, how about going in the den, and we'll have a little game of ----

(DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Someone's at the door.

(FEW FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

KEARNS: Mr. Benny, I'm Joe Kearns of the United Press, and I had an appointment with you today.

JACK: Oh yes yes, come right in.

(DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: I didn't realize what time it was..Just step right in the library.

KEARNS: Oh, thank you.

JACK: OH KIDS, YOU GO AHEAD WITHOUT ME, I'LL BE BUSY FOR A LITTLE WHILE.

(FEW FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR CLOSE)

JACK: Sit down, won't you?

KEARNS: Thanks..oh, my what a lovely library, and such a beautiful collection of books..And so many of them.. What are they, Shakespeare?

JACK: No, those are contracts I have with my cast...Now if I remember correctly, you wanted an interview about me and my radio program.

KEARNS: Yes, but I want to do this story from a little different angle..I want to know about the members of your cast.

JACK: Hmm...Well what is it you'd like to know?

KEARNS: Well..you've been on the air about fourteen years, haven't you?

JACK: That's right, fourteen years..I started when I was twenty-two, which makes me exactly thirty --

KEARNS: I understand, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Good..good..

KEARNS: Now tell me, how long has Mary Livingstone been on your program?

JACK: Mary?..Well Mary joined me after I'd been on the air just about three months.

KEARNS: I see..And Don Wilson?

JACK: Don? Well..Don has been with me a little over eleven years..Phil Harris, about ten...And Larry Stevens..I think you know the story of Larry.

KEARNS: Yes, I heard it on Mr. Anthony's program.

JACK: Yes, yes..He decided in my favor...Those are the new volumes on the top shelf...And as for my career in radio, I've been --

KEARNS: Tell me about Rochester, your valet.

JACK: Hmm...Rochester?

KEARNS: Yes..how long has he been with you?

JACK: Well, Rochester's been with me nine years...Say, that's funny...what a coincidence...It's exactly nine years this month.

KEARNS: Well tell me, Mr. Benny, how did you happen to find Rochester in the first place?

JACK: Well this is quite a long story, Mr. Kearns...You see nine years ago I was in New York...It was March, 1936... One day the weather was so nice I decided to take a little drive.

KEARNS: Uh huh.

JACK: I was driving along Seventh Avenue around 134th street (STARTS TO FADE) all alone in my car and enjoying the ride immensely.

(TRANSITION MUSIC...WHICH FADES INTO...

(TRAFFIC NOISES AND AUTO MOTOR)

JACK: (SINGS) IN MY MERRY MAXWELL CAR,  
I GO ROAMING NEAR AND FAR  
OH DA DA DA DA DA DA (AUTO HORN TWICE IN RHYTHM)  
DA DA DA DA DA DADA (AUTO HORN TWICE)

Ah, there's nothing like an auto ride on a day like this...Gosh, how time flies...Here it is 1936 and I bought this car in 1924...And it was only ten years old when I got it...Yes sir!

(AUTO HORN)

JACK: I understand the model after this one had the crank in front....Gosh, what won't they think of next?...Well I guess I'll step on the gas and let her out.

(LOUSY MOTOR UP...COUGHS AND SPUTTERS....COUPLE OF GUNSHOTS...MORE COUGHING AND SPUTTERING...MOTOR DIES WITH DUCK CALL)

JACK: Oh, darn it, it stalled again. I'M GOING TO TAKE THIS CAR AND SELL IT TO THE FIRST JUNKYARD I CAN ---

(LOUSY MOTOR STARTS UP)

JACK: Ha ha ha, it always works... Well, I might as well get going.

(MOTOR UP, AUTO HORN...MOTOR FADES TO BG)

JACK: Ah, what a day! (SINGS)

IN MY MERRY MAXWELL CAR  
I GO ROAMING NEAR AND FAR  
OH DA DA DA DA DA DA

(LOUDEST CRASH POSSIBLE...ENDING WITH DUCK CALL)

JACK: WELL HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT!...THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT.

ROCHESTER: MY FAULT!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: YOU THINK JUST BECAUSE YOU DRIVE A TAXI YOU CAN SMASH INTO OTHER PEOPLE'S CARS AND FORGET ALL ABOUT THE TRAFFIC RULES AND REGULATIONS.

ROCHESTER: But Mister --

JACK: WELL I'M GOING TO SUE YOU AND YOUR TAXI COMPANY FOR EVERY PENNY'S WORTH OF DAMAGE TO MY CAR BECAUSE IT WAS YOUR FAULT.

ROCHESTER: BUT MISTER, I WAS PARKED WHEN YOU HIT MY TAXI!

JACK: You were...parked?

ROCHESTER: YEAH...AND IN MY GARAGE TOO!

JACK: Oh, oh, OH! Well anyway, this was your fault as much as mine, and -- I'm gonna see --

ROCHESTER: (VERY SYMPATHETICALLY) Gee, Mister, look down there on the floor...I'm awfully sorry the collision killed your cat...the poor thing is...

JACK: THAT'S NOT MY CAT, IT SLIPPED OFF MY HEAD... Now I'm going to sue your taxi company...let me see your driver's license.

ROCHESTER: Okay.....Here it is.

JACK: Hmm....Rochester Van Jones...five feet ten inches...  
one hundred and fifty five pounds...thirty-one years  
old...brunette?....Hmmm.

ROCHESTER: Now may I please see your license, Mister?

JACK: Here. And remember my name and address, because I'm  
going to sue you!

ROCHESTER: Sue me!

JACK: Yes...I'm going to take you into court and get every  
cent you've got in the world.

ROCHESTER: YOU CAN REACH IN MY POCKET AND DO THAT!

JACK: Well, you better think it over...and I'm willing to be  
reasonable...if you want to arbitrate and settle this  
out of court, I'll be home all afternoon.

(MUSIC TRANSITION)

AMOS: Say...Andy do you think that new taxi driver you hired  
will work out.

ANDY: I don't know, Amos.

(APPLAUSE)

AMOS: Doggone, I don't see why you had to hire a driver in  
the first place...We only got one cab and I can drive  
that.

ANDY: Listen Amos, when you reaches our position in the  
business world, you has got to have peoples workin' for  
ya.

AMOS: I can't see where we done reached no position though.

ANDY: Amos, does you realize that last month we lost less  
money than any month since we has been in business?

AMOS: Yeah, Yeah, but there's a reason for that...Last month  
only has twenty-eight days in it.

ANDY: Yeah, that's right...You know, Amos, if we can find a month short enough, we are liable to break even.

AMOS: But Andy, I still think we should wait till we start makin' money before we go around hirin' people.

ANDY: No, no...people is the thing...If we ain't got nobody workin' for us and we go bankrupt, there ain't gonna be nobody sorry for us but us...And us ain't enough people to absorb that.

AMOS: Well Andy, we ain't bankrupt yet.

ANDY: I know, but we is gettin' into those long months.

AMOS: Well I still think that I should get out there and drive that cab myself.

(DOOR OPENS)

AMOS: Here comes Rochester, your new driver.

(DOOR CLOSES)

ANDY: Well...hello there, Rochester..How was business this morning?

ROCHESTER: Bang up, gentlemen, BANG UP!

AMOS: That's good....What did you collect?

ROCHESTER: A BUSTED TAIL-LIGHT, A BENT FENDER, AND A DEAD CAT WITH A PART IN THE MIDDLE.

ANDY: You mean you done had a accident?

ROCHESTER: No no..the other driver had the accident...but I was unfortunate enough to be too close to the scene.

AMOS: This is bad...Who was it you had the accident with?

ROCHESTER: A man named Jack Benny.

AMOS: Jack Benny?...That must be the radio comedian.

ANDY: If it is, this is really bad...He's supposed to be the cheapest man in the world.

AMOS: The cheapest man in the world?

ANDY: Yeah...I heard he lives so close to his money that even his skin feels like an outsider!

AMOS: Sure enough?

ANDY: Oh yeah and I also heard that he's got a zipper on his wallet that has yet to make its first zip.

AMOS: What a man he must be!

ROCHESTER: Oh he can't be so bad, gentlemen...In fact, he said he'd be at his hotel all afternoon if we wanted to arbitrate.

ANDY: If we wanted to arbi-who?

ROCHESTER: The man said arbitrate!

ANDY: Arbitrate?...Well if that ain't a co-insolence.... Arbitrate happens to be the one word in the English language with which I ain't familiar.

AMOS: Why don't you look it up in the dictionary, Andy?

ANDY: Yeah, that's what I'll do...I got the dictionary right here...

(PAGES BEING TURNED)

ANDY: Arbitrate.....R.....R....What's the second letter?

ROCHESTER: YOU AIN'T EVEN GOT THE FIRST!

ANDY: I know....I know...I'll get the first later, I'm workin' on the second...Now let me see --

(DOOR OPENS)

KINGFISH: Well, hello there boys, how's everything goin'?

ANDY: Not so good, Kingfish...Rochester here done had an accident in the taxicab.

KINGFISH: Well that's bad, bad.

ANDY: Worse than that...the man he accidented with is gonna arbitrate him.

KINGFISH: Oh oh...that ain't good.

ANDY: Well, how do you know...was you ever arbitrated?

ROCHESTER: Gentlemen, I don't think you know the meaning of the word...let me see that dictionary....Now, I think it begins with an "A" --  
(PAGES BEING TURNED)

ROCHESTER: Let's see....Arbitrarily....Arbitrary..HERE IT IS...  
ARBITRATE...TO ACT AS AN ARBITER!

KINGFISH: Well...that's logical.

ROCHESTER: TO MEDIATE!

ANDY: Yeah, well that ain't told us nothin' yet.

ROCHESTER: TO ACT AS AN UMPIRE!

KINGFISH: WELL...THE MAN WANTS TO PLAY BASEBALL.

ANDY: No No no, Kingfish, listen you is thinkin' of umpire...  
this here is umpire.

KINGFISH: Well what's the difference?

ANDY: Well, there's a baseball umpire..the British Umpire...  
and the Umpire State Building...Now there is three  
entirely different words.

ROCHESTER: Here it is...ARBITRATE...TO SETTLE A DISPUTE..That's  
it, gentlemen...I think Mr. Benry wants to settle this  
dispute.

KINGFISH: Oh I knowed that all the time....

ANDY: Well, Kingfish, you better come along with us...We  
gotta go see the man that Rochester accidented with.

AMOS: Yeah...You go along in my place Kingfish...I better  
take the taxi over to the shop and fix it.

ANDY: Okay, we better go...And remember..now,...when we  
sees the man..let's all arbitrate in the same direction.



KINGFISH: Yeah, we'll have to watch that....Come on, let's go.  
(MUSIC TRANSITION)

ANDY: Here we is, Kingfish....This is the right place,  
ain't it, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: That's what it says here on the card.

ANDY: Good.  
(DOOR BUZZER.....DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

ANDY: Mr. Benny, I is Andrew H. Brown, president, chief  
executive, and general manager of The Fresh-Air  
Taxicab Company, Incorporated.

JACK: Oh yes....you men are here about the accident...Come  
right in.  
(DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: I presume that your driver has informed you of the  
circumstances, and my position in this case.

ANDY: Yeah, he done that...In fact, we has discussed this  
case in open meetin' with the stockholders, the other  
officers of the incorporation, and our legal  
advisers, and we done come to the conclusion that  
fifty dollars is a fair settlement.

JACK: Fifty dollars?.....Well, I....Well...okay.

ANDY: Ah, you is a fair man, Mr. Benny....Just make that  
check payable to Andrew H. Brown.

JACK: All right, I'll....WHAT?...ME PAY YOU....WHY YOU'VE  
GOT TO PAY ME!

ANDY: You take over, Kingfish...I'm all arbitrated out.

JACK: Now I mean business....I'll turn this matter over to a  
lawyer.

KINGFISH: Lawyer?....Here's my card.

ANDY: Wait a minute, Kingfish, you is on our side.

KINGFISH: I is?....Oh yeah, yeah, I is on your side..that's right.

JACK: Now look, you boys pay me for the damage to my car, or I'll take you to court.

ANDY: Just a minute there, Mr. Benny, you're actin' kind of hasty....You ain't even let us tell our side of the story.

JACK: What?

ANDY: You don't see nobody's side of the story but your own.

JACK: Wait a minute....Are you insinuating that I'm narrow-minded, unreasonable, and hard-headed?

ROCHESTER: THAT'S WHAT HE SAID, THAT'S WHAT THE MAN SAID, HE MOST EMPHATICALLY SAID THAT.

JACK: Well I can see we're not getting anywhere...I'll have my lawyer see you in the morning and --

KINGFISH: Just a minute, Mr. Benny, hold it please...Oh say Andy, come here...we lotta do a little conferencing.. No no, Rochester, you stay where you is....this is just for the executives.

ANDY: Yeah, Rochester, we'll put out a bulletin for the employees...(LOWERS VOICE)....Uh...what is it, Kingfish?

KINGFISH: Look here...I just got an idea....It looks like we is gonna have to pay Mr. Benny, and we ain't got no cash.

ANDY: Uh huh.

KINGFISH: Now I notice that Mr. Benny came to the door himself, and that means he ain't got no gentleman's gentleman. You know, valet.

ANDY: Uh huh.

KINGFISH: And Rochester, as the present situation proves, ain't such a good driver for your taxicab. Do you follow me?

ANDY: Oh..you mean you want to palm Rochester off on Mr. Benny?

KINGFISH: Right.

ANDY: That's a good idea. Yeah..if we can settle this case by givin' him Rochester as a valet, we'll be curing two headaches with one aspirin...But listen..how we gonna get Mr. Benny to need a valet?

KINGFISH: Leave it to me, leave it to me...(LOUD) Oh Mr. Benny --

JACK: Yes?

KINGFISH: We has finished our conferencing, and is agreed to make a settlement in your favor.

JACK: Good.

KINGFISH: Now I has my witness here, which is Andy, and if you will have your valet come in and be your witness, I --

JACK: Valet?...I don't have a valet!

ANDY: You don't...have a valet?

KINGFISH: A man of your social position? A man of your prestige?

JACK: Well --

ANDY: No valet! Why..that's unbelievable.

KINGFISH: A man as famous as you is in the entertainment world? Why I understand that even Fred Allen has somebody that waits on him hand and foot.

JACK: That's his wife!...Anyway, it's not my fault that I haven't got a valet...I've always wanted one, but the right man never came along.

ANDY AND KINGFISH: HE'S HERE NOW!

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: GENTLEMEN, GENTLEMEN...STOP FORMIN' A CIRCLE AROUND ME!

ANDY: Quiet, Rochester..quiet..and shake hands with your new boss.

JACK: Not so fast!

KINGFISH: COME ON, ANDY, WE GOTTA GO!

JACK: NOW WAIT A MINUTE! WAIT A MINUTE!

ANDY: GOODBYE, MR. BENNY.

KINGFISH: GOOD LUCK TO YOU, ROCHESTER.  
(DOOR SLAM)  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Hmm..Well Rochester, as long as you're my valet now, you may as well get busy...You can put these shirts that just came back from the laundry in my top bureau drawer.

ROCHESTER: Is this it, Mr. Benny?

JACK: That's it.  
(DRAWER BEING OPENED)

ROCHESTER: Hee hee hee hee.

JACK: What are you laughing about?

ROCHESTER: LOOK IN THIS DRAWER, YOUR DEAD CAT HAD KITTENS!

JACK: Never mind that, and just for that, you can't have Wednesday off!  
(VERY SHORT TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: And that, Mr. Kern, is how I found Rochester.

KERN: That's very interesting...I'm sure I can get a good story out of it. Thanks very much, Mr. Benny.

JACK: You're welcome. You're welcome...Goodbye.

KERN: Goodbye.

(DOOR SLAMS)

(APPLAUSE)

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

JACK BENNY  
PROGRAM #21  
6TH REV.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Mr. Floyd Greene Clay, independent tobacco warehouseman of Versailles, Kentucky, said:

CLAY: A man goes by what he sees and by what he knows. I see Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco and I know that fine tobacco means a fine cigarette. That's why I've smoked Luckies for thirteen years.

SHARBUTT: Independent tobacco experts like Mr. Clay know that it takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette! And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

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

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- those are five words that add up to real, deep-down smoking enjoyment.

(Imp. Tag  
#18)

So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

ATX01 0236365

-20-  
(TAG)

#24

JACK:

Well folks, this winds up another broadcast, and  
we'll be with you next Sunday night at the same time...  
Meanwhile, I want to thank Amos and Andy for appearing  
with us tonight...Goodnight, folks.

ATX01 0236366