

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN *Inc.* ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

CLIENT:

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

BROADCAST:

REV. PROGRAM #17

DATE:

JAN. 20, 1946

PROGRAM:

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK:

NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

AS BROADCAST

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success!

DELMAR: And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

SIMS: You said it!
(Ex. A)

RUYSDAEL: Why, sure!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

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

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
OPENING 1/17

SIMS: In a cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts!

RUYSDAEL: You bet - LS - MFT!

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

RUYSDAEL: That's right. LS - MFT.

SIMS: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - the finer,
the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike
tobacco.

DELMAR: This fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down
smoking enjoyment for you.

RUYSDAEL: So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike -
so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and
easy on the draw.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

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

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...JUST ABOUT ONE YEAR AGO, JACK
BENNY STARTED ON A TRIP TO NEW YORK...HE RUSHED DOWN
TO THE UNION STATION TO FIND OUT ABOUT THE CHIEF OR
THE SUPER CHIEF....BUT THE ONLY INFORMATION HE COULD
GET WAS.

MEL: (P.A. SYSTEM) TRAIN LEAVING ON TRACK FIVE FOR ANAHEIM,
AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA.

DON: LAST SUMMER JACK WENT TO GERMANY TO ENTERTAIN OUR BOYS
IN THE ARMED FORCES...AS HE WAITED FOR CONNECTIONS
BETWEEN BERLIN AND NUREMBERG, HE HEARD A VOICE SAY....

MEL: DAS SIESEL LOIFT UFF TRACK FUMP A ROOTIN TOOTIN STOOTIN
VERBOOTEN FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA.

DON: TWO YEARS AGO WHEN JACK WAS ON A LONELY ISLAND IN THE
SOUTH PACIFIC, HE WAS HIDING BEHIND A PALM TREE WATCHING
THE NATIVES DO THEIR TRIBAL DANCE.

(DRUM - TRIBAL DRUM BEATS)

QUARTET: (IN RHYTHM) ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA
ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA
ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA

DON: (MYSTERIOUS) SUDDENLY ONE OF THE NATIVES SPIED JACK
BEHIND THE PALM TREE..HE ADVANCED TOWARD HIM WITH A
SHARP BOLO KNIFE...IT WAS A TENSE MOMENT AS THE NATIVES
SAID..

MEL: Got any gum chum?

JACK: No.

QUARTET: (DRUMS IN B.G.) ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA
ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA
ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA

DON: SO NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE BRING YOU A MAN WHO
JUST LAST WEEK WAS APPOINTED HONORARY MAYOR OF THESE
THREE CALIFORNIA CITIES....JACK BENNY!
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, Don, and thank you, my loyal subjects..You
may sit down now....Thank you.

DON: AW Jack, that was certainly a great honor bestowed on
you...how does it feel to be Mayor of three cities?

JACK: Oh it hasn't changed me a bit...I'm still the same
lovable Jack Benny that nobody can stand...You know,
Don, this is the first time in history that one man was
ever Mayor of three cities at the same time..it's quite
an honor.

MARY: I agree with you, Your Majesty.

JACK: Mary, don't overdo it.

MARY: Don't overdo it!..What about you AND those new cards
you had printed....FIORELLO H. LA BENNY.

JACK: Well---

MARY: And walking around on your knees to make yourself look
shorter.

JACK: Mary, I wasn't trying to imitate LaGuardia.

MARY: You were too, you even tried to set fire to Betty
Grable's house so you could be the first one there.

JACK: First one there, first one there....You're just jealous
because I have influence now.

MARY: Some influence...Tell Don what happened this morning
when a cop stopped us for speeding.

DON: What was it, Mary?

MARY: Jack stuck his head out of the car and said..."Listen, buddy, you may not know this but I happen to be the Mayor of Anaheim, Azusa and Cucamonga".

DON: AND WHAT HAPPENED?

MARY: THE COP GAVE ME THREE TICKETS.

JACK: Now wait a minute...Apparently, you kids have no respect for the importance of my new office.

DON: Now Jack, you know that isn't true..When I heard you were Mayor of these three towns I even approached you with a business proposition.

JACK: Yes, Don, I know, and I've been thinking it over, but ...Well I'm afraid I can't do it.

DON: But Jack, you have the authority.

JACK: I know, Don, but it's impossible...NOW there's no use talking about it.

MARY: What does he want you to do, Jack?

JACK: Don wants me to change the name of the main street in Anaheim to LSMFT Boulevard...Now it it just can't be done.

DON: Well I don't see why not.

JACK: Look, Don..would the American Tobacco Company change their slogan to "LUCKY STRIKES ARE SO ANAHEIM, SO AZUSA, SO FULLY CUCAMONGAED"?...NOW...would they?

DON: Well I know how they could use the name Azusa.

JACK: How?

DON: WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST IT'S LUCKIES ZUZA ONE.

JACK: Hey, ^{they} that's pretty good, Don, but you could have made it even better.

DON: How?

JACK: CUCA-MONGA MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST IT'S LUCKIES
ZUSA ONE....See?

MARY: Say Jack, I've got one.

JACK: What is it?

MARY: I'LL TAKE A LUCKY TODAY, TOMORROW, OR ANAHEIM.

JACK: Hey, hey, that's pretty good too.

DON: AW, that's nothing, Jack, listen to this one..LUCKY
STRIKES ARE MADE OF THE FINER, THE LIGHTER, THE
NATURALLY Milder TOBACCO.

JACK: ...Well...where's the joke?

DON: Joke? THAT'S A COMMERCIAL SON.

JACK: THANKS, THANKS FOR CALLING ME SON.

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Collect telegram for Jack Benny...a dollar nineteen.

JACK: OH here you are, son..a dollar nineteen for the
telegram, and here's a dollar for you.

MEL: GEE thanks very much.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)

JACK:I wonder who this telegram is from...

SOUND: (RATTLE OF PAPER)

JACK: It must be important if they sent it here to the...

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Pardon me, Mr. Benny, I forgot my bicycle.

JACK: YOU DIDN'T FORGET IT, I FOUGHT IT....Now go.

MEL: Okay, but you're gonna look silly on those three wheels.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Hmm, this telegram's..This, this telegram..from Fred Allen..He says.."DEAR JACK..HAVE ALMOST FINISHED JUDGING THE "I CAN'T STAND JACK BENNY" CONTEST LETTERS. WILL HAVE THE WINNERS IN TIME FOR YOUR NEXT SUNDAY'S BROADCAST..STOP..I KNOW I'VE SAID A LOT OF NASTY THINGS ABOUT YOU..BUT AFTER READING ALL THOSE LETTERS I REALIZE THAT I'M THE ONLY FRIEND YOU'VE GOT....STOP... IT'S AMAZING HOW SO MANY PEOPLE CAN CALL YOU SUCH BIG THINGS WITH SUCH SMALL WORDS....SOME OF 'EM HYPHENATED YET"....Hmm..

MARY: SAY Jack, do you think Fred Allen will pick out one of his relatives as the winner of the contest?

JACK: Gee, I hope not.. although Allen's relatives sent in twice as many letters as anybody else.

MARY: TWICE AS MANY..how could they do that?

JACK: Mary, when you're swinging by your tail from a tree, you can write with both hands...And thanks for asking..Now come on, Phil, Phil let's have a band number....Phil.. Phil --

DON: Phil isn't here yet.

JACK: Good, let's sneak the band number in before he gets here.. ..HEY YOU..YOU OVER THERE --

KEARNS: (OFF) ME?

JACK: Yes, YOU..YOU LEAD THE ORCHESTRA.

KEARNS: (OFF) BUT, I'M THE JANITOR.

JACK: JUST WAVE YOUR BROOM, THOSE GUYS WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE, BELIEVE ME....Now go ahead.

(APPLAUSE)

(BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-6-

#17

JACK: That was "A Little Fond Affection", played by Phil Harris's orchestra, and conducted by the janitor waving a broom...proving that Mr. Harris belongs to the wrong union...Say Janitor, how did you ever learn how to lead a band?

KEARNS: I used to play with Phil Harris's orchestra.

JACK: You did!..Well what made you become a janitor?

KEARNS: I'VE GOT AMBITION!

JACK: Oh...I should have known you were a musician..it's the first time I ever saw a broom with a mouthpiece...AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR OUR FEATURE ATTRACTION --

PHIL: HI YA FOLKS, YOUR FUTURE LOOKS BRIGHT..CAUSE HARRIS IS HERE AND (A LA HEATER) THERE'S GOOD NEWS TONIGHT....

PHIL: AH YES! THERE'S GOOD NEWS TONIGHT.

JACK: WELL, well..the Prima Donna finally arrived..Good afternoon, Maestro.

PHIL: Hi ya, Jackson, sorry I'm late.

JACK: Sorry,...Look, Phil, if you knew you were going to be late, why didn't you phone me?

PHIL: Phone you! Are them things workin'?

JACK: Certainly, the government intervened..Now when you dial "0" you get President Truman...And Phil, from now on, get here on time and cut out those loud entrances..I want a little respect around here.

PHIL: Respect..What's eatin' him, Livy?

MARY: Him has just been made honorary Mayor of Anaheim, Azusa, and Cucamonga.

PHIL: (OVERLY POLITE) WELL! I BEG YOU TO ACCEPT MY HUMBLEST APOLOGIES, COUPLED WITH MY HEARTIEST FELICITATIONS..YOUR WORSHIP.

JACK: Thank you, Phil, but you don't have to curtsy.

PHIL: You know, Jackson, this is quite an occasion..this calls for a drink!

JACK: Never mind.

MARY: But Jack, Phil's going out of his way to be nice.

JACK: Out of his way..Mary, all you have to do is say, "Today is Tuesday" and Phil says.."Oh boy, what an occasion, this calls for a drink!".....Believe me, if I were the Mayor of this town, I'd fix guys like Phil by putting on a curfew.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, say that word again.

JACK: Curfew.

PHIL: GESUNDHEIT!...HA HA HA..OH HARRIS, YOU'VE GOT YOUR OWN TEETH BUT YOU'RE CLICKIN' ALL THE TIME.

JACK: PHIL, WHO WRITES YOUR MATERIAL?

PHIL: MAD MAN MUNTZ!

JACK: OH I KNEW IT COULDN'T BE THE SMILING IRISHMAN. NOW LET'S GET ON WITH THE...

PHIL: HEY Jackson, how do the people of Anaheim, Azusa and Cucamonga feel about you being appointed their Honorary Mayor?

JACK: Well, I don't know, Phil but Rochester is down there right now sort of feeling out the pulse of the citizens.. In fact, he's conducting a poll...Now let's forget about me and get on with the program..because tonight, in answer to many requests, we're going to continue with our radio version of 20th Century-Fox's picture, "State Fair".

MARY: Requests?

JACK: Yes...Our listeners want to know if my prize hog Blue Boy will win the blue ribbon at the Fair..Now Mary, you'll be Maw Peabody, my wife..Phil, you'll be Zeke, my neighbor..Larry will be my son. And Don, once again you'll be my --

DON: Now wait a minute, Jack, I don't want to play the part of a pig.

JACK: Well why not?

DON: It's not believable..I don't look anything like a pig.

JACK: Well..maybe....Don, take off your glasses a minute.....
There, that's better.....And now we'll continue our play where we --

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it.

SOUND: (CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Hello.

ROCHESTER: HELLO MR. BENNY, THIS IS ROCHESTER.

JACK: Rochester, I'm glad you called..Did you talk to the people in Anaheim, Azusa and Cucamonga?

ROCHESTER: Uh huh.

JACK: Well what do they say about me being appointed Honorary Mayor?

ROCHESTER: ARE YOU SITTING DOWN?

JACK: Yes..Now tell me, what do they say about me being Mayor?

ROCHESTER: BOSS, YOU KNOW THOSE CONTEST LETTERS YOU'VE BEEN GETTING THAT UPSET YOU SO MUCH?

JACK: Yes.

ROCHESTER: WELL THEY'RE MADE OF THE FINER, THE LIGHTER, THE
NATURALLY MILDER LANGUAGE.

JACK: Rochester, I can't believe it..What was the over-all opinion in the three towns?

ROCHESTER: WELL..ANAHEIM IS BLAMIN' AZUSA, AZUSA IS BLAMIN' ANAHEIM, AND CUCA IS BLAMIN' MONGA.

JACK: Cuca is blaming Monga!..But that's all one town.

ROCHESTER: ALL I KNOW IS, HALF THE PEOPLE ARE DRESSED IN BLUE, THE OTHER HALF IN GRAY, AND THEIR BATTLE SONG IS LOVE IN BLOOM.

JACK: Oh my goodness..Are they shooting?

ROCHESTER: NO, THEY'RE JUST BEATIN' EACH OTHER OVER THE HEAD WITH VIOLINS.

JACK: Beating each other with violins?

ROCHESTER: ANYBODY AROUND HERE WITH A BASE FIDDLE IS A GENERAL.

JACK: Rochester, where are you phoning from?

ROCHESTER: I AIN'T PHONIN', I'M USING MY WALKIE TALKIE.

JACK: Walkie talkie!

ROCHESTER: I'M IN MOTION, BOSS, IN MOTION!

JACK: Rochester, if things are that bad in Cucamonga, what happened in Azusa?

ROCHESTER: I DON'T KNOW, BUT I MENTIONED YOUR NAME IN ANAHEIM AND TWO TREES THREW THEIR ORANGES AT ME.

JACK: Oranges!

ROCHESTER: THAT WAS THE NAVEL ARTILLERY!

JACK: Now cut that out...Rochester, you're making this whole thing up..You can tell me about it when you get home.. Goodbye.

ROCHESTER: Goodbye.
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: I hope Rochester gets here on time to go on request performance. I wouldn't want to lose the commission. Now Larry, before we start our play, "State Fair," put us in the mood by singing something from the picture.

LARRY: Okay.
(QUARTET AND LARRY SING "THAT'S FOR ME")
(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "That's for Me", sung by Larry Stevens and the farmhands..Now we pick up where we left off last week.. on our way to the State Fair..Maw, Paw, Zeke, Cy, the pigs and the mince meat are all on the wagon...LET'S GO!

(ORCHESTRA TRANSITION "REUBEN REUBEN" ... FADES)

SOUND: (HORSES' HOOPS, WAGON WHEELS..FADE DOWN)

JACK: (RUBE) Giddyup, Dobbin..Come on, Nellie, Giddyup!

MARY: (RUBE) Take it easy on them horses, Paw.

(MEL AND DON WHINNY)

MARY: They're pluggin' as hard as they can.

PHIL: (RUBE) Say LEMMIE, LEMMIE, no wonder your horses are havin' such a hard time pullin' this wagon...Looky what your son's doin' back there.

JACK: Where?...SON, STOP DRAGGIN' YOUR HEAD...Stop it.

LARRY: WELL GEE, PAW, MAW TOLD ME TO DO IT.

JACK: Well that's ricky-diculous...dreggin' his head.

MARY: No it ain't, Paw...When he drags his feet, he wears his shoes out.

JACK: Oh...Go right ahead, son...you need a hair cut anyway... Say Zeke, how do my pigs look back there?

PHIL: Oh they're all right, but I still I still say they ain't gonna win no prizes.

JACK: Oh they ain't huh?...Just look at them beautiful pigs.. Hello, Esmereldy.

MEL: (FIVE GRUNTS)

JACK: And how do you feel, Blue Boy?

DON: Oink Oink Oink Oink.

MARY: He ain't even lookin' at you, Pa.

JACK: Blue Boy, I'm over here...Put your glasses on, you silly pig...Yes sir...those are two of the finest pigs in Kumquat County.

PHIL: Maybe so. MAYBE SO - MAYBE BUT I STILL SAY, LEMMIE, they ain't gonna win no prizes.

JACK: Well, we've got a five dollar bet on that, ain't we?

PHIL: Yeah, WE GOT IT BET but you haven't put up your five dollars yet.

JACK: Oh...Well, here's my money.

PHIL: Hey Lem, you must've had this five dollar bill a long time.

JACK: What do you mean?

PHIL: It's got a picture of Lincoln lyin' on a bearskin rug.

JACK: I got that when they first came out...They knew he'd grow up to be president.

MARY: HEY PA, LOOK UP AHEAD...ALL THOSE TENT'S AND BANNERS.

JACK: YUP, WE'RE ALMOST THERE..GIDDYUP, DOBBIN, GIDDYUP.
(QUARTET AND GANG SING LAST HALF OF CHORUS "GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING")
(MEL AND DON GRUNT)
IT'S A GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING,
THE STARS ARE BRIGHT ABOVE,
THE EARTH IS AGLOW AND TO ADD TO THE SHOW,
I THINK I AM FALLING IN LOVE..
FALLING...FALLING IN LOVE.

SOUND: (CARNIVAL NOISES...MERRY GO ROUND MUSIC...SHOOTING GALLERY..HAMMER HITS BELL...ETC.)

JACK: GOSH, MA, AIN'T IT EXCITIN' HERE?

MARY: IT SURE IS, PAW.

KEARNS: (OFF) ALL RIGHT, FOLKS, STEP RIGHT UP AND I'LL GUESS YOUR WEIGHT FOR A DIME..ONE DIME, WIN A KEWPIE DOLL!

MEL: (OFF) LOOKY, LOOKY, LOOKY, RIGHT THIS WAY FOR THE GIRLIE SHOW.

MARR: ALL RIGHT FOLKS, NOW GATHER ROUND, FOLKS..HERE YOU ARE, GET YOUR GEN-U-INE SOLID GOLD SEVENTEEN-JEWEL SWISS MOVEMENT WRIST WATCHES FOR ONLY THIRTY NINE CENTS!

JACK: Hey, I'll buy one of them watches, Mister.

MARR: NOW THERE'S AN INTELLIGENT MAN..HERE'S YOUR WATCH MISTER.

JACK: Okay, here's your money.

MARR: GATHER ROUND, FOLKS..GET YOUR GEN-U-INE SOLID GOLD --

JACK: Hey, hey..this watch don't look very shiny...and it don't look like gold.

MARR: YOU SAY THE WATCH AIN'T SHINY? YOU SAY IT AIN'T GOLD? TELL YA WHAT I'M GONNA DO..FOR ONLY ONE THIN DIME, THE TENTH PART OF A DOLLAR, I'M GONNA SELL YOU A BOTTLE OF MARVO...MARVO, THE ONLY JEWELRY POLISH ON THE MARKET THAT CONTAINS IRIUM.

JACK: Well..okay..if it's only a dime, gimme a bottle..Here's a quarter.

MARR: And here's your bottle...STEP RIGHT UP, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND GET YOUR SOLID GOLD SEVENTEEN --

JACK: HEY, WHAT ABOUT MY CHANGE?

MARR: JEWEL SWISS MOVEMENT WRIST WATCHES FOR ONLY -

JACK: HEY, WHAT ABOUT MY CHANGE?

MARR: Get away from me, Bub, ya bother me...YES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THESE WATCHES ARE GEN-U-INE SOLID GOLD--

JACK: I AIN'T GOIN' AWAY 'TIL I GET MY CHANGE..YOU'RE JUST A
BIG CROOK.

MARR: YOU SAY YOU DIDN'T GET YOUR CHANGE? YOU SAY I'M A CROOK?
TELL YA WHAT I'M GONNA DO...I'LL MAKE YOU A SPORTING
PROPOSITION....FOR ANOTHER FIFTEEN CENTS, I'LL --

JACK: YOU AIN'T GONNA DO NOTHING

PHIL: AW COME ON, LEM, STOP MAKIN' SUCH A GOL DURNED
SCHLEMMELIE OF YOURSELF.

JACK: Okay, okay...Let's go over and --

LARRY: Say, Pa --

JACK: Huh?...Son, we're off the wagon, stop draggin' you head.

MARY: WELL, it ain't his fault, Pa, he's got the wrong tongue
laced in his shoe.

JACK: So he has...Doggone it, that happens that happens every
time he dresses himself. Now what did you want, son?

LARRY: I'm a-gittin' hungry.

JACK: Okay, you wait here with your Ma and Zeke..I'll be back
in a minute.

SOUND: (CARNIVAL NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Now let's see...where can I get somethin' to eat..Ah,
there's a hot dog stand.

ARTIE: (SINGS) Pickle in the middle,
And the mustard on top.
Just the way you like 'em
And they're all red hot.

JACK: AH GIMME four frankfurters, please.

ARTIE: Four puppies coming up.

JACK: Not so fast, mister..Is the meat fresh?

ARTIE: Hoo hoo..is the meat fresh! When it arrives, we don't
even cook it..we just take off the jockey and lead it
into a bun.

JACK: Take off the...Wait a minute..you mean..you mean these frankies are made outa horse meat?

ARTIE: Come here a second..Confidential..and don't breathe this on anybody.

JACK: Uh huh.

ARTIE: Ah, when you're going to the races and see a horse running with blinders on his eyes, he don't know where he's going but we do!

JACK: What?

ARTIE: Yes, yes you know...In one race at Santa Anita yesterday the bugle gave a bugle, the bell gave a ring, eight horses started and only three came back.

JACK: Well that's funny..What happened to the other five?

ARTIE: (SINGS) Pickle in the middle
And the mustard on top,
Just the way you like 'em
And they're all--

JACK: Now, wait a minute, wait a minute, I recognize you... Didn't I see you selling hot frankies at the Rose Bowl game?

ARTIE: It's quite possible..You know...Every New Year's I'm spending at Pasadinka.

JACK: I thought so..How did you get way out here?

ARTIE: Well, I was rooting for U.S.C. and the Alabama team chased me.

JACK: Well, it's a good thing...it's a good thing...those Alabama boys didn't catch you.

ARTIE: Didn't catch me! Ho ho ho...you think I always had this Southern accent?

JACK: Well, you better gimme my hot frankies, my folks are waitin' for me.

ARTIE: Good...good...here you are.

JACK: Let me taste one...hm...these don't taste good...they're too tough.

ARTIE: YOU SAY THEY DON'T TASTE GOOD? YOU SAY THEY'RE TOO TOUGH? TELL YA WHAT I'M GONNA DO.

JACK: NEVER MIND...I'll take 'em anyway...Here's your money.

ARTIE: Thank you...(SINGS) Pickle in the middle
And the mustard on top,
Just the way you like 'em,
And they're all red hot.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, here's your hot dogs.

MARY: Say Paw, I'm gonna take my mince meat over to the judge's stand..See you later..Come on, son.

JACK: Hey Zeke, Zeke..now that Maw's gone, let's you and me go over to the girlie show.

PHIL: Well, now you're talkin', LEMME..come on, let's go.
(SOUND: ALL THE TENT SHOW MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

MEL: LOOKY, LOOKY, LOOKY..RIGHT THIS WAY, BOYS, AND SEE FIFI LATOUR THE DANCING GIRL..SHE SHAKES IN EVERY MUSCLE, SHE SHAKES IN EVERY JOINT..IF YOU THINK MILDRED PIERCE DID SOMETHING, STEP ON THE INSIDE AND SEE WHAT FIFI DOES.

JACK: Come on...come on, Zeke, let's go in.

PHIL: Okay, Lem.

JACK: Hey, I wonder if the dancing girl this year is gonna have a balloon or seven veils.

PHIL: I'm prepared for either one..I got a pin and seven matches.

JACK: Well let's go in...TWO TICKETS, PLEASE.

MEL: HERE YOU ARE..AND REMEMBER, NO CLIMBING ON THE RUNWAY.

JACK: Come on, Zeke.
(ORCHESTRA PLAYS HOOTCHY KOOTCHY MUSIC..FADES OUT)

JACK: Here's a couple of good seats right here, Zeke.

PHIL: Can't we get any closer?

JACK: We're on the stage now. Hey Zeke, here comes Fifi
going into her dance.
(BAND PLAYS "PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY")

JACK: Look, Zeke, she's only walkin' up and down the stage.

PHIL: Yeah but that kind of walkin' accentuates the positive.

JACK: You said it. LOOK OUT SHE'S WINDING UP.
(DRUM BUMP)

JACK: Whoops!
(MUSIC CONTINUES)

JACK: Look, lookit her -- he he he - she sure can do it...
she's dancin' over this way, again.
(SECOND DRUM BUMP)

JACK: Hmm.

PHIL: Hey Lem, pick up your hat.

JACK: She sure is a high kicker...Here she comes again.
Look out.
(THIRD DRUM BUMP)

JACK: Hmm...Hey, Zeke --

PHIL: What?

JACK: I'll bet Maw's a better cook than she is anyway...Yes
siree.
(MUSIC STOPS...SCATTERED APPLAUSE FROM CAST MEMBERS)

JACK: Hey shall we wait for the next show, Zeke?

PHIL: LOVE IT. LOVE IT.

MARY: WHY, LEM PEABODY, YOU OUGHTA BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF...
NOW YOU COME OUTA HERE RIGHT AWAY.

JACK: Okay, Maw, okay...LET GO OF MY EAR, I'M A-COMIN'.

MARY: While you boys were wastin' your time in here, my mince
meat won first prize, and so did Blue Boy.

JACK: YIPPEE! YOU SEE, ZEKE, I TOLD YOU WE'D WIN.

MARY: AND PAW, DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE FIRST PRIZE IS?

JACK: WHAT?

MARY: A ROUND TRIP TICKET TO ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA!

JACK: WELL I'LL BE DOGGONED...
(ORCHESTRA INTRODUCTION TO "GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING")
(QUARTET AND GANG START TO SING...AND APPLAUSE COMES UP)
IT'S A GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING
THE STARS ARE BRIGHT ABOVE
THE EARTH IS AGLOW AND TO ADD TO THE SHOW
I THINK I AM FALLING IN LOVE..
FALLING...FALLING IN LOVE.
(APPLAUSE)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
REV. CLOSING #17

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DELMAR: Independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, present at the tobacco auctions, can see with their own eyes who buys what tobacco. They can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.

SIMS: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And 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 - AMERICAN). Basil Ruysdael speaking for the makers of Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SIMS: Many things may change with the years but here's one thing you can depend on always -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, yes, first, last and always, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)