

FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

Advertising

247 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK 17 WICKERSHAM 2-6660

CLIENT: THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. REVISION: NETWORK: NBC
PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE APPROVAL: FINAL B'CAST: 7:00-7:30 PM EST
DATE: MAR. 30, 1947-PROGRAM #27 REPEAT: 9:30-10:00 PM PST
(By Transcription)

"T H E J A C K B E N N Y P R O G R A M"

As Broadcast

ROUTINE

- I. Opening Commercial.
- II. Jack Benny produces his show.
- III. Middle Commercial. Jack Benny becomes
a salesman -- LS - MFT
(Tinker to Evers to Chance)
- IV. Jack Benny continues to produce his
show without interruption in the
continuity.
- V. Closing Commercial.
- VI. Hail and farewell by Jack Benny
and his Cast.

ATX01 0015684

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NBC

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

3-30-47

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

7:00-7:30 PM EST

MARCH 30, 1947 - PROGRAM #27

SUNDAY

I Opening Commercial

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM - presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: Listen!

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky
Strike buy fine, ripe, mellow leaf ... tobacco
that makes a swell smoke.

RUYSDAEL: James Monroe Ball, ace tobacco auctioneer said that.

VOICE: Quality tobacco ... fine tobacco with real flavor ...
smooth and mild. For myself I pick Luckies - smoked
'em for 15 years.

RUYSDAEL: Herbert T. Highsmith, independent tobacco buyer said
that.

SHARBUTT: Yes, at auction after auction, independent tobacco
experts, can see the makers of Lucky Strike
consistently select and buy that fine, that light,
that naturally mild tobacco -- Remember ...

(MORE)

ATX01 0015685

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

~~RECEIVED~~

3-30-47

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

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

ATX01 0015686

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL ... MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: BROADCASTING FROM SAN FRANCISCO ... THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY ... WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, PHIL HARRIS'S ORCHESTRA, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE ... MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ON LAST TUESDAY NIGHT IN LOS ANGELES, WITH BANDS PLAYING AND TRUMPETS BLARING, THE STAR OF OUR SHOW BOARDED A SPECIAL CAR ON THE LARK AND ON WEDNESDAY MORNING, AFTER A NIGHT OF EXCITEMENT AND ANTICIPATION, FINALLY ARRIVED IN SAN FRANCISCO AND WAS MET AT THE STATION BY A RED CAP ... AND HERE HE IS ... JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you ... Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking ... And Don, you're absolutely right ... Imagine after the Mayor, the Chamber of Commerce, and the newspaper men of San Francisco begged me to come up here, there was no one to meet me at the station but a Red Cap. I was so mad I carried my own bags ... And I'm going to stay mad till I get back on the train.

DON: Well anyway, Jack, even though you didn't get a reception at the station, at least you had the honor of coming to San Francisco in a private car.

JACK: Well Don, it wasn't exactly a private car ... It was more like a ...

DON: Drawing room?

JACK: Well ... It wasn't exactly a drawing room ... It was more like a ...

DON: Compartment?

JACK: What's a compartment?

DON: Well, a compartment has an upper and lower berth in it and a chair.

JACK: A chair? ... No .. this wasn't a compartment ... Forget it ... Forget about it, Don ... By the way, how did you come up here?

DON: Oh, I came up on the T.W.A. bus.

JACK: The T.W.A. bus? Don, the T.W.A. is an air liner ... It flies.

DON: Not when I'm on it.

JACK: Oh, oh ... Now I know what they mean by Ceiling Zero ... Anyway, Don, we got here, so let's ... Oh, hello Mary.

MARY: Hello, Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mary, I don't know what's come over me, but I've never seen you look so pretty before ... Your complexion's so clear ... your cheeks so rosy ... Have you got on your new make-up?

MARY: No, you've got on your new glasses.

JACK: Oh yes yes ... And Mary, I had these glasses made especially for San Francisco .. Look at them.

MARY: I don't see anything different.

JACK: Look closer.

MARY: Well, I'll be darned .. windshield wipers!

JACK: And not ... and yes ... and not only that ... wait a minute, Mary, press the little button on the bridge of my glasses.

MARY: What?

JACK: Go ahead, press the button.

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: SMALL CLICK)

MARY: Holy smoke! Built in fog lights!

JACK: Yes sir, there's nothing like ... Mary ... what're you sticking your finger in my ear for?

MARY: I'm checking your gas and oil.

JACK: Mary, don't be silly. By the way, where are you living here in town?

MARY: At the Sir Francis Drake. Where are you?

JACK: I'm at the Fairmont Hotel on the top of Nob Hill.

DON: How do you get up there, Jack, by cable car?

JACK: No no.

MARY: You ought to ride them sometime.

JACK: Mary, if I want to get to the top of Nob Hill, I'll get there.

MARY: Yeah, but what you won't do to save a dime.

DON: What do you mean, Mary?

MARY: Yesterday I saw Jack going up Powell street with spike shoes, a rope and a pick.

JACK: Well, I made it, didn't I?

MARY: Yes, but when you got to the top of the hill, you didn't have to yodel.

JACK: I wasn't yodeling.

MARY: Then how come you got fan mail from three goats in Berkley?

JACK: Because they've got fountain pens that write under milk .. I can go along with a gag, you know.

MARY: Honestly Jack, every time you come to San Francisco you have more trouble. (LAUGHS)

DON: What are you laughing at, Mary?

MARY: Well, yesterday we were taking a drive to Oakland.

DON: You mean over the Bay Bridge?

MARY: Yes. When we got to the toll gate, I reached over to pay the man and before I knew it Jack flew out of the car, jumped into the Bay, climbed up back on the bridge, handed the man the quarter, and said, "Butter-fingers!"

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: And Jack, you want to know something?

JACK: What?

MARY: The man told me he dropped it on purpose, he knew you'd jump in after it.

JACK: Dropped it on purpose, eh? Well, it wasn't a wasted trip, sister, we're having barracuda for dinner.

MARY: Barracuda? How in the world did you catch a barracuda?

JACK: I didn't catch him, he followed me out ... With my new glasses I look like a mackerel ... Now let's get on with the ...

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes.

MEL: I work at the San Francisco Post Office, and we have thousands and thousands of letters that say, "I can't stand Jack Benny."

JACK: Oh .. Well, those must have been sent in for the contest I had last year.

MEL: They were sent this year and have nothing to do with the contest.

JACK: Hm ... Well, I'll pick them up before I leave San Francisco.

MEL: I wish you'd hurry, one of 'em is ticking.

JACK: Well, you can forward that one to Fred Allen.

MEL: That's who it came from.

JACK: Now cut that out! I'll come to the Post Office in the morning and pick them up ... And as for you, Mister .. Mister ..

MEL: Jones.

JACK: What?

MEL: Jones.

JACK: Jones? J-O-N-E-S?

MEL: Yes.

JACK: Well, I want to shake your hand, Mr. Jones, I really do.

MARY: Jack, what are you so excited about? Who is he?

JACK: I don't know, but he's the first guy I've met in San Francisco whose name isn't DiMaggio.

MEL: That's my first name.

JACK: All right. All right. Get out of here!

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Hm ... I had to fall for a thing like that.

MARY: Well, Jack, it's just as I told you. Every time you come to San Francisco you have trouble.

JACK: Mary, I don't have any trouble. People love me here. You should have seen the crowd that turned out for the Newspaper men's Frolic last night.

DON: And Jack, didn't you and Bob Hope do an act together on the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund Benefit last Thursday?

JACK: Yes we did, Don. In fact, I was one of the masters of ceremonies, and I introduced Bob.

MARY: Gee, I like Hope. He's so glib and he talks so fast.

JACK: You're telling me ... When I introduced him, I said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, this is Bob Hope" and between the Bob and Hope he told twelve jokes, sang two choruses of "Thanks For The Memory," and made a new picture called "The Road To Tanforan" ... What a man! You know, he'd be a great comedian if he could only play the violin .. Mary, stop looking at me like that.

MARY: If I'da had a good lunch, I'd punch you right in the nose.

JACK: Oh yeah?

DENNIS: Yeah.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello, Dennis. (APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, Dennis, I haven't had a chance to talk to you since you got in town. Where are you living here?

DENNIS: Oh, I've got a wonderful suite with sixteen bathrooms.

JACK: A suite with sixteen bathrooms? Where?

DENNIS: In the basement of the Fairmont.

JACK: Oh, oh ... well, are you comfortable there?

DENNIS: Yes, but I can never get to sleep.

JACK: Why not?

DENNIS: A man with a whisk broom peeps .. keeps brushing me off all night.

JACK: Oh. Too bad Dennis, it was such a good line, too.

DENNIS: And you know what, Mr. Benny? Going without sleep has made me lose an awful lot of weight.

JACK: What do you mean, kid?

DENNIS: Well, this morning I weighed myself four times and the arrow always pointed to zero.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I don't weigh anything.

JACK: There's something wrong, Dennis ... Maybe after you put in your penny, you wiggle around too much when you stand on the scale.

JACK: ... Ohhhh ... Stand On It!

JACK: Yes .. Yes .. you have to stand on it ... Now come on,
Dennis, everybody is here, anxious to hear you sing,
so let's have your song.

DENNIS: Okay ... Oh, Mr. Benny, you know when I put my penny
in the weighing machine, a card came out with my picture
on it.

JACK: Your picture?

DENNIS: Yes, and guess who I look like?

JACK: Who?

DENNIS: Betty Grable.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I can't understand what Harry James sees in me.

JACK: I can't either ...Now go ahead and sing.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG - "WYOMING")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was ... that was ... "Wyoming" sung in San Francisco by Dennis Day who lives in Los Angeles and was born in New York. And now --

DENNIS: Gee, what a trip just to sing a song.

JACK: Yes, yes, a trip.

MARY: Say, Dennis .. Dennis .. Dennis, we looked for you on the train. Why didn't you come up with us from Los Angeles?

DENNIS: Well, I had to wait a couple of days because my mother and father wanted to come. I thought I'd treat them to a little vacation.

MARY: Oh, did you drive up in your car?

DENNIS: No, we took the night train. Mother slept in the lower berth and my father and I shared the upper.

JACK: You and your father in an upper berth? That must have been awful.

DENNIS: Well, we wouldn't have minded that so much, but our dog wouldn't get off the pillow.

JACK: Oh, your dog was in there, too?

DENNIS: Yeah .. she sure picked a fine time to have pups.

JACK: Well, it's your own fault, Dennis. Why in the world did you bring your dog to San Francisco?

DENNIS: I hated to leave her at a time like that.

JACK: Well, it was nice of you to be so considerate ... and congratulations by the way ... And now, kids, if you'll all sit down and be quiet, I've got a surprise for you.

JACK:
(CONTD) Ladies and gentlemen, we have as our guest star tonight a very fine actress who, because of her great performance on the screen, was recently nominated for the Academy Award ... Here she is, Miss Jane Wyman.

(APPLAUSE)

WYMAN: Thank you, Jack. It was very nice of you to say that.

JACK: Well, I meant it, Janie. I thought you gave a sterling performance in "The Yourling."

WYMAN: That's Yearling.

JACK: Oh yes yes .. I thought you gave a steerling performance in "The Yearling" ... I mean sterling ... Well, Janie, it must have been a great personal satisfaction for you being nominated for the Academy Award.

WYMAN: Oh, it was, Jack. I was never so excited in my life.

JACK: Well, Janie .. Janie, how did you feel about Olivia DeHavilland winning the Oscar?

WYMAN: Well, Jack, I thought she deserved it. I ... I think Olivia gave the finest performance of the year.

JACK: Well, weren't you even a teensy weensy bit jealous when somebody else got the Oscar?

WYMAN: No, not at all.

JACK: Gee, that's funny. When Frederick March won it, I could have spit right in his eye ... I was furious.

WYMAN: But Jack, you had no right to be jealous of Frederick March. You didn't even make a picture last year.

JACK: I know, but I made one three years ago and people still remember it.

WYMAN: There's an answer to that but my mother might be listening.

JACK: I see .. I see what you mean ... At least, Janie, you were nominated and there's always another chance. Who .. who do you think will be nominated next year?

DENNIS: Tom Dewey.

JACK: Oh, go feed your pups! Janie, you may not know this, but next year I'm going to make a picture that will be so sensational that --

MARY: Hello Janie ... how are you?

WYMAN: Why Mary, it's good to see you again ... You look wonderful.

JACK: Now in this picture, I play the part of --

MARY: Janie, isn't San Francisco an exciting town?

WYMAN: It certainly is, Mary, and the shops have so many new fashions.

JACK: In this picture I play the part of --

MARY: Did you see the new spring clothes they're showing here?

WYMAN: See them? I already bought two of the darlingest suits at Maison Mendelsoll's.

JACK: In this picture --

MARY: I got a dream of an evening gown at Magnin's ... It's chartreuse, and the bodice is covered with sequins.

JACK: In this picture I play the part of a chartreuse ... and there's a scene where I --

WYMAN: And they've got some gorgeous things in the lingerie shop at Roos Bros. ... Real two way stretches and everything.

JACK: Now look, girls --

MARY: And I picked up some of the cutest hats in Ransonhoffs.

JACK: Wait a minute!

WYMAN: And you should see the suede and alligator shoes I got at O'Connor and Moffat's.

JACK: Wait a minute!

MARY: And you know they have silk two-piece bathing suits that are strapless and backless and --

JACK: WAIT A MINUTE!!!! ... Hm ... Now in this picture I -- what did you say about strapless bathing suits?

MARY: Nothing ... and you should be ashamed of yourself talking about your own pictures when you have a star like Jane Wyman.

JACK: Well, I congratulated her, Mary. I told her she was wonderful in "The Yearling" didn't I, Janie?

WYMAN: Yes, you did.

JACK: And the technicolor and scenery in the picture were the most gorgeous I have ever seen ... Where did they shoot the picture, in Hollywood?

WYMAN: No, it was filmed in, you should excuse the expression ! Florida.

JACK: Oh oh - Well, you certainly gave a great performance ... and I also think that Gregory Peck should have won something for running around on all fours and jumping over logs and leaping over fences.

WYMAN: Jack, that was the deer.

JACK: Oh, well I thought he was kinder cute, too.

WYMAN: Gregory Peck was the man with the straw hat.

JACK: Oh. Well, I saw the picture before I got my new glasses ... and I sat so far back ... the third row.

MARY: Janie, I haven't had a chance to see the picture yet. What was the story about?

WYMAN: Well, Gregory Peck and I were running a little farm and we were always face to face with poverty... We'd work eighteen to twenty hours a day and after years and years of back-breaking labor, we didn't have a penny to show for all our toil.

JACK: Gee, I wonder where they got an idea like that.

WYMAN: Oh .. Rochester gave it to them.

JACK: Hmmm ... imagine .. imagine him selling his diary.

MARY: What were some of the things you and Gregory Peck raised on the farm?

WYMAN: Well, there were potatoes, yams, cotton, and our best crop was tobacco.

DON: (COMING IN) WELL, IT TOOK A LONG TIME, BUT YOU FINALLY GOT AROUND TO ME.

WYMAN: Oh ... you're Don Wilson, aren't you?

DON: Yes, ma'am, Don Wilson, in the flab.

JACK: Look Don, we were just discussing ... Jane! What are you staring at Don like that for?

WYMAN: And I thought San Francisco had a bay. HA HA HA ... Oh Wyman, you're only a guest but you're just as corny as they are.

JACK: Yeah.

DON: Miss Wyman, I saw "The Yearling" and I was very impressed, but there was one scene that I'd like to ask you about.

WYMAN: What is it, Mr. Wilson?

DON: In that heart-breaking scene when your son ran away from home and with tears in your eyes, you were running through the fields looking for him ...

WYMAN: Yes?

DON: Now the tobacco you raised in that field ... was it that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco?

WYMAN: Yes sir! You bet! Why sure!

DON: And they dared give the Award to another picture?

JACK: Yes Don, they gave it to "The Best Smokes of Our Lives."

WYMAN: And I've been smoking Lucky Strike for nigh onto twenty-five "Yearlings."

JACK: Good, good.

WYMAN: And every morning Gregory would go out and peck that fine tobacco.

JACK: Say, that's wonderful.

DENNIS: Then again, if it's not Tom Dewey, it might be Governor Warren.

JACK: What?

DON: And when Gregory Pecked that fine tobacco, it was made into Lucky Strikes that are so round, so firm, so fully packed.

JACK: Don.

DON: So free and easy on the draw ..(DOES AUCTIONEER CHANT)

JACK: DON .. DON .. Mr. Wilson .. Nob Hill .. You got in your commercial, it's time for a band number so let's dance.

(APPLAUSE)

(BAND NUMBER - "COFFEE SONG")

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "The Coffee Song" played by Phil Harris's orchestra and directed by Mr. Mahlin Merrick ... That is your name, isn't it?

MAHLIN: Yes sir.

JACK: Well Mr. Merrick, it was nice of you to fill in for Mr. Harris since he couldn't be with us today ... and I want to tell you that I've never heard Phil Harris's band sound so good. How long have you studied music?

MAHLIN: One week.

JACK: Oh .. Well, what made you decide so recently that you wanted to lead an orchestra?

MAHLIN: Well, I'm a conductor on a cable car and I don't know how long they're going to last.

JACK: Oh I see .. Well, thanks again for helping us out, Mr ... Mr. ... What was that name again?

MAHLIN: Merrick ... Mahlin D. Merrick.

JACK: What's the "D" for?

MAHLIN: DiMaggio.

JACK: I should have known.

MARY: Jack, why couldn't Phil come up here with us?

JACK: What. Well, you see, Mary, Phil has his own program for Fitch Shampoo which follows my show ... and when I go out of town and Phil has to choose between the two programs, naturally he'd choose the one with the bottles ... But he'll be with us next week.

WYMAN: You know, Jack, I'm sorry Phil Harris isn't here today ... I think he's awfully cute.

JACK: Do you, Janie? That's one thing I can't understand.
What do women see in Phil Harris?

WYMAN: Oh, I don't know ... He's handsome ... and impetuous ..
and he has sex appeal.

JACK: Well, don't you think I have sex appeal?

WYMAN: (LAUGHINGLY) Well, in a Gay Nineties sort of way.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Janie, how can you say that? You've
never even kissed me. Come on, give me a kiss.

WYMAN: Right here in front of everybody?

JACK: Why certainly ... Come on, Janie, kiss me.

WYMAN: Well, all right.
(SOUND: KISS)

JACK: There.

WYMAN: Well! ... maybe he's not as old as I thought he was ..
Look at the sparkle in his eyes.

MARY: Don't get excited, those are fog lights.

JACK: Mary!

DENNIS: If it's not Governor Warren, it might be Herbert
Hoover.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Don't you read the papers?

JACK: Oh quiet, will ya!

MARY: Jack hasn't read anything since Monday except Newsweek
because his picture's on the cover.

JACK: You said it. And if I do say so myself, I looked
pretty good.

MARY: Go on, I've sent out laundry that looked better than
that.

JACK: Mary, you're just jealous because Newsweek didn't put your --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny ... Pardon the intrusion.

JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzel!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, what are you doing here in San Francisco?

ARTIE: I am visiting my relatives.

JACK: Oh, you have relatives here?

ARTIE: Yes, my brother runs a hotel.

JACK: Here in town? What's the name of it?

ARTIE: The Sir Francis Kitzel.

JACK: Sir Francis Kitzel?

ARTIE: Yes ... and I have an uncle who has a restaurant in China Town.

JACK: A restaurant? What's the name of it?

ARTIE: Ling Ting Fooey.

JACK: Fooey?

ARTIE: You should eat there sometime.

JACK: Well, maybe we'll go over after the show tonight.
What does he serve?

ARTIE: With a noodle in the middle and a herring on top. -
Yaka Main, Chow Mein, and Chop Suey.

JACK: Oh.

ARTIE: And corned beef and cabbage.

JACK: Your uncle serves corned beef and cabbage? That's
an Irish dish.

ARTIE: He's very friendly.

JACK: Oh, oh ... Well, Mr. Kitzel, it's nice that you have so many relatives here.

ARTIE: Oh yes and I also got a cousin on Fisherman's Wharf.

JACK: What's his name?

ARTIE: DiMaggio.

JACK: Well, which one of the Di Maggios is your cousin? Joe, Vincent or Dominick?

ARTIE: Morris. You know he plays baseball with the San Francisco Schlemeils.

JACK: Oh, well Mr. Kitzel, it was certainly nice to see you again.

ARTIE: Well, as they say in Tanforan ... Mutual .. I must be running along now.

JACK: Oh just a minute, before you go, I want you to meet our guest star, Miss Jane Wyman.

WYMAN: Hello, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: HOO HOO HOO!

JACK: Why Mr. Kitzel, you're a regular wolf!

ARTIE: Denk you ... Well, goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye.

ARTIE: Oh, Miss Wyman?

WYMAN: Yes.

ARTIE: Graystone 8056 ... Goodbye everybody.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Isn't he a cute guy, Janie?

WYMAN: HOO HOO HOO!

JACK: Say Janie, we certainly had an exciting week up here, didn't we?

WYMAN: We certainly did, Jack.

JACK: And I want to thank you very much for being on my program and also for appearing at the newspaper frolics last night.

WYMAN: Oh, it was a lot of fun, and I always enjoy coming up to San Francisco.

JACK: Me too.

DENNIS: Herbert Hoover lives in Palo Alto.

JACK: I know, I know .. Dennis, why don't you pay attention to what we're --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Pardon me.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

ROCHESTER: HELLO.

JACK: Hello?

ROCHESTER: HELLO.

JACK: Who is this?

ROCHESTER: YOUR FAVORITE BRUNETTE.

JACK: Rochester!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, where are you?

ROCHESTER: I'M IN SAUSELITO.

JACK: Sauselito? What are you doing there?

ROCHESTER: NOTHIN'.

JACK: Nothin'?

ROCHESTER: THAT'S THE MAIN INDUSTRY HERE.

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: THEY'VE GOT SO MUCH OF IT, THEY EXPORT IT.

JACK: Oh, then you mean things are kind of quiet over there?

ROCHESTER: QUIET? ... OVER HERE THEY THINK NORA PRENTISS IS A
BLABBER MOUTH.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Rochester ... I didn't give you
permission to go over there.

ROCHESTER: I KNOW BOSS ... BUT I HAD A COUPLE OF SPARE HOURS ON
MY HANDS.

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCHESTER: AND I WAS ... WELL ... KIND OF LONESOME.

JACK: Yeah?

ROCHESTER: AND THEN I REMEMBERED ... I KNEW A GIRL OVER HERE.

JACK: Yeah?

ROCHESTER: AND IT'S SPRING NOW, BOSS ... SPRIIIIIINNNNNGGG!

JACK: All right, so what happened?

ROCHESTER: THE MAIN INDUSTRY ... NOTHIN'.

JACK: Oh ... Well look, Rochester, were there any calls or
messages for me at the hotel.

ROCHESTER: A FEW, BOSS.

JACK: What were they?

ROCHESTER: WELL ... THE HOTEL BARBER CAME UP TO THE ROOM ABOUT
TEN MINUTES AFTER YOU LEFT.

JACK: The barber?

ROCHESTER: YEAH ... I GOT A SHAVE AND YOU GOT A HAIRCUT!

JACK: Rochester, how could he give me a haircut when I wasn't even ... Oh, oh ... Well, I hope it was the blonde one, I want to wear it tonight. See you later, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: SO LONG, BOSS.

JACK: So long.

ROCHESTER: OH SAY, BOSS...

JACK: Now what?

ROCHESTER: MY GIRL AND I HAVE BEEN LISTENING TO THE PROGRAM.

JACK: What did you think of it?

ROCHESTER: ARE YOU SURE YOU'VE GOT A CONTRACT FOR THE NEXT THREE YEARS?

JACK: Yes.

ROCHESTER: LOVELY ... LOVELY!

JACK: Never mind ... goodbye.

ROCHESTER: GOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, I guess you can't fool all of the people all of the time ... Play boys.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, the 1947 Easter Seal campaign is on. Crippled children can become useful citizens if we give them the help they need while they are young and growing such as clinical care, schooling, camping, vocational guidance, and finally a job. We can help them best by buying our share of Easter Seals today. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first, here is Basil Ruysdael.

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

X95XX

3-30-47

V Closing Commercial

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first, here is Basil Ruysdael.

RUYSDAEL: As you listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer, remember - LS - MFT.

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, and in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts.

SHARBUTT: Here are the words of a man who's had a lifetime of tobacco experience -- Mr. Charles L. Saunders, an independent tobacco buyer of Reidsville, North Carolina, who said:

VOICE: I've seen thousands and thousands of baskets of ripe, mild tobacco sold to the makers of Lucky Strike ... tobacco that's really fine. So for a grand smoke, I pick Luckies. Smoked 'em for 21 years.

RUYSDAEL: Independent tobacco experts like Mr. Saunders speak from their own experience; for they can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

SHARBUTT: Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco - real Lucky Strike tobacco. Yes -

(MORE)

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THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

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3-30-47

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. First, last, always ...

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, and fine 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.

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank everybody here in San Francisco for being so nice to us ... and also Janie Wyman, who appeared on the program through the courtesy of Warner Brothers who are the producers of that new picture, "Cheyenne" ... Be sure to listen in next Sunday night when we will have as our guests Mr. Samuel Goldwyn and Hoagy Carmichael.

DENNIS: What about Herbert Hoover?

JACK: Dennis! Goodnight, folks.