

FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

Advertising

242 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK • WILKESHAM 2-5000

CLIENT: THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. REVISION: _____ NETWORK: NBC
PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE APPROVAL: FINAL B'CAST: 7:00-7:30 PM EST
DATE: APRIL 20, 1947 PROGRAM # 30 REPEAT: 9:30-10:00 PM PST
(By Transcription)

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

ROUTINE

As Broadcast

- 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 0309421

-1-

NBC

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

4-20-47

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

7:00-7:30 PM EST

APRIL 20, 1947 - PROGRAM #30

SUNDAY

I Opening Commercial

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

BOONE: (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, mild, ripe tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: Henry L. Snell, tobacco warehouseman, said that.

VOICE: At auctions for over 19 years, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine, good-tastin' tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: John L. Cummins, tobacco auctioneer, said that.

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

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

(MORE)

ATX01 0309422

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

-2-
4-20-47

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.

ATX01 0309423

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL .. MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE .. MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, OVER THESE MANY YEARS THAT I'VE
BEEN INTRODUCING OUR SCINTILLATING STAR .. MY ONE
REGRET HAS BEEN THAT I'M NOT A POET .. FOR IF I WERE,
I WOULD PAINT A WORD PICTURE WITH COLORFUL PHRASES ..

JACK: What a beautiful thought, Don .. I can just imagine
you a poet. Henry Wadsworth Fatfellow .. Continue,
Don.

DON: HOWEVER, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A SHELLEY OR A KEATS TO ..

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Hmmm .. I'll get it, Don.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

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

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, you certainly picked a fine time to call.
Why aren't you listening to the program?

ROCHESTER: THAT'S WHY I CALLED, BOSS .. THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG
WITH THE RADIO.

JACK: Oh .. Well maybe there's a break in the electric
cord.. You know .. the one that runs from the radio
to where we've got it plugged in.

ROCHESTER: I THOUGHT OF THAT BOSS, SO I TRACED IT ... I STARTED AT THE RADIO .. WENT AROUND THE BASEBOARD .. UP TO THE WINDOW SILL .. OUT THE WINDOW .. ACROSS THE DRIVEWAY .. THROUGH THE HEDGE .. AND RIGHT TO THE PLUG ON MR. COLMAN'S BACK PORCH.

JACK: Say, Rochester, I hope nobody saw you.

ROCHESTER: WELL .. JUST AS I REACHED THE PORCH, MRS. COLMAN CAME OUT SO I DUCKED BEHIND THE HEDGE AND MEEOWED LIKE A CAT.

JACK: Did you fool her?

ROCHESTER: I THINK SO .. SHE LEFT TWO SAUCERS OF MILK.

JACK: Two?

ROCHESTER: YEAH .. ONE HAD A NOTE ON IT .. "THIS ONE'S FOR MR. BENNY."

JACK: Good. I'll have it when I get home .. Anyway, Rochester, if the cord is plugged in right, maybe there's something wrong with the radio itself. Did you check the tubes?

ROCHESTER: UH-HUH.

JACK: The condenser?

ROCHESTER: UH-HUH?

JACK: The transformer?

ROCHESTER: UH-HUH.

JACK: The dials?

ROCHESTER: BOSS, I EVEN PUT MURINE IN THE "MAGIC EYE."

JACK: Oh.

ROCHESTER: I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. I HATE TO MISS YOUR PROGRAM.

JACK: Well, I've got an idea, Rochester .. I'll leave the receiver off the hook and you'll be able to hear the whole show over the telephone.

ROCHESTER: YES SIR.

JACK: Okay, Don .. let's get on with the program.

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN .. AS I WAS SAYING .. EVEN THOUGH I'M NOT A POET, TODAY I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE OUR STAR WITH A LITTLE POEM ..

JACK: A poem?

DON: Yes ... "TO JACK BENNY" ...
I LOVE MY BOSS BUT HE'S SO CHEAP,
HE ONLY SPENDS A SLOW BUCK.

JACK: Slow buck?

DON: HIS SUITS ARE FROM MONTGOMERY WARD
HIS HAIR FROM SEARS AND ROEBUCK.

JACK: What?

DON: AND HERE HE IS .. JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you .. Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking .. Hmmm .. hair from Sears-Roebuck. Don, I can write poetry, too, in fact I have about you.

DON: About me?

JACK: Yes .. Reynolds flew around the world,
In a plane that was made to order,
But if he tried to fly around you,
He wouldn't get south of the border.

HA HA HA HA ... OH JACKSON, YOUR NAME MAY NOT BE JOHN GREENLEAF, BUT YOU'RE MUCH WHITTIER .. YES SIR.

DON: Oh Jack, how can you compare flying around the world with me .. I'm not so fat.

JACK: You're not, eh? Don, there's a three hour difference in the time between your belt buckle and back pocket .. Next week it'll be four hours.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, if you really wanta get some ..

JACK: Wait a minute, Phil, wait a minute .. I want to see what Rochester thought of that joke .. Hello ..
Hello .. Hello ..

(SOUND: CLICKS OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Rochester! .. Hello ..

ROCHESTER: HELLO .. HELLO ..

JACK: Rochester, I just told a joke, where were you?

ROCHESTER: I HAD TO GO ANSWER THE DOOR. THE MAN FROM THE CLEANERS WAS HERE.

JACK: What did he want?

ROCHESTER: HE FOUND A FIFTY CENT PIECE ON THE FLOOR AND HE WONDERED IF IT CAME OUT OF YOUR SUIT .. I TOLD HIM IT WASN'T YOURS.

JACK: Rochester, what makes you so sure it didn't fall out of my suit?

ROCHESTER: OH BOSS .. COME NOW!

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: BEFORE YOU SEND A SUIT TO THE CLEANERS, YOU LOOSEN THE LINING, FINGER THE CUFFS, TURN ALL THE POCKETS INSIDE OUT .. AND THEN RUN THE LINT THROUGH A SIEVE THREE TIMES.

JACK: Oh stop making things up .. and if you want to hear the program, you better stay at the phone.

ATX01 0309427

ROCHESTER: YES SIR .. AND BY THE WAY, THE MAIL MAN WAS HERE
AND JUST LEFT A PACKAGE.

JACK: A package?

ROCHESTER: FROM SEARS AND ROEBUCK .. YOU CAN BE A BLOND AGAIN.

JACK: Good good ... that's the one that makes me look like
Nelson Eddy ... Now I've gotta get on with the show,
so don't hang up ... Now Phil, what were you talking
about?

PHIL: I was just gonna say, Jackson, that if you want to
get some class on this program, how about doing
something different .. something entertaining ..
like .. like letting Livy and me sing a song
together.

JACK: Hey, that sounds like a pretty good idea. You'll
sing with Phil, won't you Mary?

MARY: No, thanks .. I sang with Phil before.

JACK: What about it?

MARY: I didn't mind him singing about turnip greens, but
he kept time by hitting me on the head with a ham
hock.

JACK: Oh.

PHIL: All right Livy, if that's the way you feel about it,
don't sing with me. I just thought you and I would
make a nice trio.

JACK: Trio? You and Mary would make a nice trio?

PHIL: Yeah.

JACK: Look Phil, let me explain something to you .. One is a solo .. Two is a duet .. Now if you add a third person, you've got a trio.

PHIL: Oh.

JACK: And if you add a fourth person, you have a quartet.

PHIL: Uh-huh.

JACK: Now Phil, if you had four people and you found a fifth, what would you have?

PHIL: Throw me that lead again, will you, Buster?

JACK: All right .. if you had four people and you found a fifth, what would you have?

PHIL: A quintet. I fooled you that time, Jackson.

JACK: (PROUDLY) Why, Phil, that's right. That's right. If you had a fifth, you'd have a quintet.

PHIL: Yeah, but they'd all be loaded.

JACK: I knew it couldn't last. Mary, I don't blame you for not wanting to sing with him. He knows absolutely nothing about music.

PHIL: I do too.

JACK: Phil, what you know about music you could write on an ice cube with a branding iron ... believe me.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at, Mary?

MARY: Did you see the way the arranger has to write the music so Phil can read it?

JACK: No, how?

MARY: An eighth note is a diamond, a quarter note is a heart, a half note a club, and a whole note a spade.

JACK: Phil .. you have your music written out in diamonds, hearts, clubs and spades?

PHIL: Certainly.

JACK: How do you read it?

PHIL: It's simple. Here, I'll show you .. Look at this sheet of music .. see?

JACK: That makes no sense at all to me.

PHIL: Sure it does, Jackson .. Take this bar for instance. You see these notes right here .. one right after the other?

JACK: Oh, you mean the scale?

PHIL: Scale? What's that?

JACK: What's that? Phil, what do you call this?

PHIL: That's a flush.

JACK: A flush? Well .. look, Phil, what about this next bar .. It has two notes .. then a space .. and then two more notes.

PHIL: That's an inside straight.

JACK: An inside straight? You mean you draw to it?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) If you play a violin ... If you play a trumpet, you blow to it.

JACK: Mary, stop helping us .. Phil, if you wanta play your music by cards, that's all right with me, but what's this king doing here?

PHIL: That's Petrillo.

JACK: I should have known .. All right, all right, we've had enough of that .. It's time for a song ...

Dennis .. Dennis ..

DENNIS: (YAWNS)

JACK: Dennis .. what are you yawning about?

DENNIS: I didn't get any sleep last night .. My mother and father had a big argument.

JACK: An argument?

DENNIS: Yeah .. it was all about you. My mother said you were a jerk.

JACK: Hmmm.

DENNIS: Then my father got up and said you were a great guy and a fine example of a man.

JACK: Your father said that?

DENNIS: May he rest in peace.

JACK: Now stop being silly. Your father is sitting right out here in the audience.

DENNIS: Yeah, doesn't he look awful.

JACK: Now out that out!

MARY: Dennis, why does your mother dislike Jack so much?

DENNIS: She used to go with Mr. Benny before she met my father.

JACK: She did not!

DENNIS: She says she did.

JACK: What was your mother's name before she married your father?

DENNIS: I didn't know her then.

JACK: Of course you didn't! .. Now come on, kid, let's have your song.

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: And face the telephone so Rochester can hear it, will ya?

(DENNIS'S SONG - "MAM'SELLE" - APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Look a moose needs a hat rack. I can't understand why that didn't get laughs. Norman Grazer liked it. That was Dennis Day singing his latest Victor recording, "Mam'selle" .. Everything falls on us around here. You can get killed around here. And now, ladies and gentlemen, for our feature attraction tonight, we're going to present our version of the Universal International picture based on Betty McDonald's best seller .. "The Egg And I" ... In our interpretation ...

DON: Jack, you can't do "The Egg And I" ... Fred Allen did it last week.

JACK: I heard it, Don .. but this won't conflict with the way Allen did it. You see, we're going to do a comedy version .. Anyway, folks, in our play tonight, I will be Fred MacMurray and Mary Livingstone will be Claudette Colbert.

DON: What part am I going to play, Jack?

JACK: Well, Don, the scene takes place on a farm, so you can play the part of our pig. .

DON: Oh Jack, every time you do a farm sketch, I play the part of a pig. I want to do something else.

JACK: Well what would you like to be, Don?

DON: A canary.

JACK: Don .. you a canary?

DON: PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP!

JACK: Well, that's not so bad .. All right, Don, you can be the canary, but in order for people to believe it, do you happen to have a yellow suit?

DON: A yellow suit? No. No, I haven't.

JACK: Oh .. well, why don't you step out in the street and put on a taxicab ... And now for our .. Oh, wait a minute .. Before we start, I want to go to the telephone and see if Rochester is enjoying the show ... Hello .. hello ...

ROCHESTER: (TWO SNORES)

JACK: How do you like that? ... Rochester!

ROCHESTER: (QUICK SNORE) Put on the coffee, honey.

JACK: Rochester! We're going to do a play and I want you to hear it.

ROCHESTER: OKAY, YOU'RE THE BOSS.

JACK: AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ... "THE EGG AND I" ... AS THE SCENE OPENS ... WE FIND THE NEWLY-WEDS ... CLAUDETTE AND FRED ... DRIVING OUT TO THEIR NEW HOME.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CAR MOTOR ... FADE TO BACKGROUND)

JACK: Gee, gee, Claudette ... I hope you like the new farmhouse I bought.

MARY: (COY) Oh, I know I will, Mr. MacMurray!

JACK: You can call me Fred, we've been married a week now .. Remember after the preacher said "I pronounce you man and wife," we turned to each other and shook hands.

MARY: Oh yes .. and gee, you were nervous.

JACK: I was not nervous.

MARY: You were too.. You put the ring on the preacher's finger and gave me ten dollars.

JACK: Ten dollars? Gee, I was nervous ... Anyway, it sure was a wonderful wedding ... all our friends were there ... the music played softly .. and we made a lovely looking couple as we marched down the aisle.

MARY: Yes, but don't you think it would have looked nicer if I had carried the flowers?

JACK: They were blue-bells .. they went so well with my eyes ... But darling, wasn't it exciting as we drove away from the church with those shoes tied in back of the car.

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: I wonder what made them bounce like that.

MARY: My mother was still in them.

JACK: Oh yes .. I cut her loose when we went through Anaheim ..

(SOUND: MOTOR UP)

JACK: Well .. They can always use another smudge pot. Here we are.

(SOUND: CAR STOPS .. CAR DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Look darling .. there's our new home.

MARY: Gee, it sure looks run down.

JACK: Yeah, but we'll fix it up .. There's the man from the real estate office ... Oh, mister .. mister ..

NELSON: YESSSSSSSSSS?

JACK: I just bought this house .. You're the man from the real estate office?

NELSON: Yes, Nelson's the name .. I'm here to show you around.

MARY: Gee, what a peculiar style of architecture this house has .. it's not French Normandie ... Is it Early American?

NELSON: No, Crummy Colonial.

JACK: Well, let's go inside .. Come on, Honey.

NELSON: All right.

JACK: I'm talking to my wife!

NELSON: Oh .. follow me.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

NELSON: Here's the front door.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS .. A LA LOUD INNER SANCTUM)

JACK: Hmmm.

NELSON: A few quarts of oil will fix that.

MARY: Come on, Fred, let's go in.

NELSON: Very well ... just follow me.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: This is the living room.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES .. FOOTSTEPS .. DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: This is the dining room.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES .. FOOTSTEPS .. DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: And this is the bedroom.

JACK: Gee .. Mr. Nelson .. does the bathroom have a tile floor?

NELSON: Shall we go out and see?

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Mr. Nelson, I'd like to see the kitchen.

NELSON: Right through this door.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: There, isn't it a beauty?

MARY: Well .. I don't know .. the stove looks very old .. and awfully dirty.

JACK: Oh, that's just a little dust .. I'll blow it off.
(GIVES BIG BLOW)

(SOUND: STOVE COLLAPSING WITH MUCH CLANGING
AND BANGING OF TIN AND METAL)

NELSON: ... Mister, have you tried Sen Sen?

JACK: Never mind that ... Gee this place does look run
down.

NELSON: Yes but with a little work you can make it look
like a million dollars.

JACK: Whoops!

NELSON: Well, it's getting kind of late ... I better go.

JACK: Goodbye, Mr. Nelson.

NELSON: Goodbye.

MARY: Goodbye, Mr. Nelson.

(SOUND: LOUD KISS)

JACK: MR. NELSON!

NELSON: Oh you ... Nobody wants me to have any fun ...
Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Well darling ... here we are in our own little home
.. (YAWNS) And we better start getting to sleep ..
On a farm you have to get up at four in the morning.

MARY: You're right, sweetheart. Goodnight.

JACK: Goodnight.

NELSON: Goodnight.

JACK: Get out of here!

(DOOR SLAMS)

(MUSICAL TRANSITION)

MEL: (CROWS ONCE LIKE ROOSTER)
JACK: (SOFT) Darling.
MEL: (CROWS ONCE LIKE ROOSTER)
JACK: Darling.
MEL: (CROWS ONCE LIKE ROOSTER)
JACK: DARLING .. YOU'RE SNORING.
MARY: No no, that's the rooster ... It's morning.
JACK: Oh, oh .. Well, you hurry and get breakfast ready ..
I'll go out and milk the cows ... It's a good thing
I slept in my clothes.
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS .. DOOR OPENS .. CLOSSES)
JACK: My, it's pitch dark this early in the morning.
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL .. DOOR OPENS)
JACK: Now where's that milking pail .. Ah, here it is ..
Easy, bossy, easy ..
(SOUND: MILKING PAIL BEING SET DOWN)
JACK: That's a good girl, bossy.
(SOUND: PATTING OF ANIMAL)
JACK: Easy, bossy, easy .. Gee, I can't seem to find ..
Oh! Oh! Wrong end! ... Now easy bossy, easy!
MEL: (NEIGHS LIKE A HORSE)
JACK: Wrong animal ... Now where is that cow?
MEL: (MOOS LIKE COW)
JACK: Oh, there you are, boss ... Now hold still while I
fix the pail and stool ... There ... That's a good
girl ... (BENNY SINGS TO TUNE OF BLUE DANUBE) OH
LA LA LA LA ..
(SOUND: TWO SQUIRTS OF SELTZER BOTTLE IN
PAIL IN RHYTHM .. THEN TWO MORE SQUIRTS)

JACK: OH LA LA LA LA
(SOUND: SQUIRT SQUIRT .. SQUIRT SQUIRT)

JACK: OH LA LA LA LA .. (LONG PAUSE) ... OH LA LA LA LA ..
(LONG PAUSE) ... Hmmm, better change.

MARY: (OFF) OH FRED .. ARE YOU THROUGH MILKING?

JACK: I'm not but I think the cow is ... Hey, what are you holding?

MARY: (COMING ON) Look, I just found it ... It's a black kitten with a white stripe down its back.

JACK: Well shucks ... if that isn't the cutest little ... Kitty, have you tried Sen Sen? ... Now, Claudette, don't stand around ... We've got to feed the animals.

MARY: Okay.

DON: PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP.

MARY: Oh, look, Fred, isn't it cute the way our canary follows us around?

JACK: Yeah ... Now shoo, canary, shoo! We've got to feed the chickens ... Here chick, chick, chick, chick, chick, chick.

(SOUND: CHICKEN SOUNDS)

JACK: Come on, chick, chick ... Here's some corn for you.

MEL: (CHICKEN CLUCKING)

MARY: Oh Fred, look at that hen sitting on the nest.

JACK: Where? Oh yes ...

MEL: (CHICKEN TRYING TO LAY EGG ... TRIES AGAIN ... AFTER THIRD TIME -

(SOUND: TEMPO BLOCK)

MEL: Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, that's all folks.

JACK: Gee, darling, now we've got breakfast ... Well, I better get some oats for the horse ... hay for the cow ... and ...

MEL: OINK, OINK, OINK, OOOOOOOIIIIIIIINNNNNNNNEKKKKKK!

JACK: Who .. what .. what happened?

MARY: Our canary stepped on the pig and killed it.

JACK: Gee, that's too bad.

DON: PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP.

JACK: What a canary. I should have gotten suspicious when he bent the bars in his cage ... Claudette, Claudette .. maybe the canary is hungry.

MARY: He can't be. A little while ago I gave him a side of beef.

JACK: Well, give him the other side ... Now let's get on with the ... Oh, look .. here comes someone ... (CALLS) Hello.

PHIL: (RUBE) Howdy neighbors ... Howdy ... Zeke Harris is my name ... Live right over the hill.

JACK: Well, do you have a farm over there?

PHIL: Yep .. raise a little of this and that ... mostly corn.

JACK: For your pigs?

PHIL: Nope, for my still.

JACK: Oh, you .. you have a still?

PHIL: Yep, it'll make twenty gallons a day.

JACK: Twenty gallons a day? That isn't much.

PHIL: Tain't bad, my old lady don't drink.

MARY: We just moved in here, Zeke. How long have you been living around this section?

PHIL: Well, let me see .. I moved here in 1918 .. and this is 1947 ... That's fifteen years.

JACK: Wait a minute, Zeke ... From 1918 to now is twenty-nine years you've lived here.

PHIL: We don't count the fourteen years of Prohibition as living.

JACK: Oh, oh ... Got any children?

PHIL: Yep .. two sons ... but we ain't seen 'em since they ray away with the circus ... that was ten years ago .. Sure miss the boys.

MARY: It's a shame both of them left, maybe one of them will come back.

PHIL: Tain't likely ... they're Siamese twins.

JACK: Oh, Siamese twins, eh?

PHIL: Yep .. they're pretty attached to each other ... HEH HEH HEH HEH ... OH ZEKE ... IF YOU JUST HAD A PARTNER, YOU'D BE ANOTHER ONE OF THEM LUM AND ABNERS.

JACK: By the way, Zeke .. is that field over there part of your farm?

PHIL: Yep .. that's the place where I raise tobacco. Those are my hired hands out there picking it.

JACK: Where?

PHIL: Right over there.

(INTRODUCTION FOR "RUBEN, RUBEN")

QUARTET: (RUBE) RUBEN, RUBEN, WE BEEN THINKIN'!
WHAT A SAD WORLD THIS WOULD BE
IF WE HAD NO BETTY GRABLE
AND NO L S M F T.

(ONE VAMP)

QUARTET: RUBEN, RUBEN, WE BEEN WORKIN'
RAISING THOSE TOBACCO SPRIGS
TO MAKE A PACK OF LUCKY STRIKE
FOR F. E. BOONE AND SPEEDY RIGGS.

(ONE VAMP)

PHIL: ONCE THEY WENT DOWN TO THE CITY
JUST TO SEE A BURLEY-CUE.
THEY CAME BACK AND BROUGHT A SAMPLE
ROUND AND FIRM, WITH EYES OF BLUE.

(ONE VAMP)

QUARTET: RUBEN, RUBEN, WE'RE NOT JOKIN'
MAKES NO DIFFERENCE WHERE WE ROAM,
WE WILL ALWAYS KEEP ON SMOKIN'
LUCKIES TILL THE COWS COME HOME.

(BAND TAG FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Say Zeke, your farm hands are pretty good.
PHIL: Yep, they sing all the time.
ELVIA: H'ya neighbors .. Howdy Zeke. Good to see you all.
JACK: Well, hello .. er .. er ..
ELVIA: Maw Kettle is the name ... Live right down the road.
JACK: Which house?
ELVIA: No house, just down the road.
MARY: No house?
PHIL: Yep .. she's married to Paw Kettle, the laziest man
in the state.
ELVIA: He's the laziest man in the world. One day he sat
on an acorn. Twenty years later we had to shake
him down out of the tree.

JACK: No kiddin'!

ELVIA: And then there was ... Well, what do you know ...
here comes Paw Kettle, the lazy critter now ... Name
is Dennis but folks call him Paw.

PHIL: H'ya, Paw.

DENNIS: (LIKE PERCY KILBRIDE) H'ya Zeke .. Hi folks ... Maw,
put your arms around me and squeeze me ... I feel like
exhaling ... (BIG EXHALE) There, that feels better ..
Anyplace to lie down around here?

ELVIA: Oh Paw, stand up for a while.

DENNIS: By the way, what are you folks figuring on raising here?

JACK: Chickens.

DENNIS: Wouldn't try it if I were you. Tried to raise some
myself a few years ago ... Never had any luck.

JACK: What happened?

DENNIS: Bought ten hens .. they laid lots of eggs ...but none
of 'em never did hatch.

JACK: How many roosters did you have?

DENNIS: ... Ooooooooooh .. Roosters!

JACK: Hmmm.

DENNIS: Well, guess I better be going along now ... Gotta go
home and help my pig write a letter.

JACK: Your pig writes a letter?

DENNIS: I just tell him how to spell.. he already has the pen
and oink .. HEH HEH HEH HEH ... OH, PAW KETTLE, YOU
MAY BE A HICK BUT ...

JACK: Why don't you finish?

DENNIS: Too lazy.

JACK: Oh .. well look, my wife and I are just going in to have breakfast. Why don't you folks come in and join us?

ELVIA: That's okay with me.

DENNIS: Me too ... Pick me up, Maw.

JACK: Well come on, let's all go in and ... Hey, wait a minute, what happened to Zeke? Where's Zeke Harris?

DENNIS: He had to run along, he's got his own show.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I can stay till Wednesday.

JACK: Good.

(RUBE MUSIC)

(APPLAUSE)

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.

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

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

SHARBUTT: Mr. Porter G. Wall, Sr. of Pilot Mountain, North Carolina, has been an independent tobacco buyer for 29 years, and he said:

VOICE: I've seen plenty of good, fine tobacco bought by the makers of Lucky Strike at auction after auction ... tobacco that's really fine. For 14 years now, I've smoked Luckies myself.

RUYSDAEL: Quote: "I've seen plenty of good, fine tobacco bought by the makers of Lucky Strike." - Unquote. Remember, independent tobacco experts like Mr. Wall 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.

(MORE)

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RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Yes ...

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.

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