

PROGRAM #4

REVISED SCRIPT

As Broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCT. 26, 1947

NBC

4:00-4:30 PM PST

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ATK01 0310114

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

OCTOBER 26, 1947

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

SHARBUTT: An outstanding example: Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts and,
year-in, year-out, ... consistently ... Lucky Strike
means fine tobacco.

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. John
Cummins of Cynthiana, Kentucky, has sold, basket by
basket, over 79 million pounds of tobacco at auction.
He recently had this to say:

VOICE: I've sold tobacco at auctions for over 19 years. In
all that time I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy
fine tobacco ... tobacco that's got quality, real
quality. I've smoked Luckies myself for 22 years.

SHARBUTT: Year after year, independent tobacco experts like Mr.
Cummins can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently
select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally
mild tobacco. Remember:

(MORE)

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JACK BENNY PROGRAM

OCTOBER 26, 1947

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- and fine 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.

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(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...LAST SUNDAY JACK BENNY WENT OUT TO HILLCREST COUNTRY CLUB TO PLAY GOLF, AND ON THE SEVENTH HOLE HE HIT A TERRIFIC SLICE INTO THE WOODS AND LOST HIS GOLF BALL..BUT THAT WAS LAST WEEK..SO NOW LET'S PICK UP JACK AND ROCHESTER AND SEE WHAT THEY'RE DOING.

JACK: Now let's see...the ball came to the left of this bush... which means it probably hit that rock on the right...and bounced off at a thirty degree angle...which would put it ~~there~~---no, we looked there Monday.

ROCH: (OFF)...OH BOSS...BOSS...

JACK: Yes?

ROCH: (OFF) IT AIN'T UP IN THIS TREE, CAN I COME DOWN NOW?

JACK: All right...*found*

(SOUND: FEET HITTING THE GROUND)

ROCH: LOOK BOSS..WE BEEN OUT HERE ALL WEEK..WHY DON'T WE GIVE UP AND GO HOME?

JACK: No, Rochester...we're going to find that ball...and anyway, what are you complaining about?...It's good to get out in the woods close to Mother Nature, and rough it.

ROCH: MAYBE SO...BUT IF PRESIDENT TRUMAN ~~found~~ OUT WE ATE THAT GOPHER ON MEATLESS TUESDAY, WE'RE IN TROUBLE.

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JACK: Oh, I don't think we need to worry... ^{they} ~~worrying~~ won't start another investigation just for that, ^{I don't think}...Now let's see...the ball might have bounced to the right ^{here}.

ROCH: YOU OUGHT TO GIVE UP PLAYING GOLF, BOSS...IT UPSETS YOU SO MUCH WHEN YOU LOSE ANYTHING.

JACK: It does not upset me.

ROCH: WHAT ABOUT THAT TIME YOU GOT THAT WRONG NUMBER ON THE TELEPHONE AND YOU DIDN'T GET YOUR NICKEL BACK...YOU-~~WAS~~ RAISED A FUSS OVER THAT.

JACK: You're darned right I raised a fuss.

ROCH: YEAH, BUT IT DIDN'T GET YOU ANYTHING.

JACK: The jury was prejudiced....Now let's see...if I were a golf ball, where would I go?....The ground is softer here..maybe--

MEL: (LOW GROWL OF DOG)

JACK: What's that, what's that?

MEL: (WHIMPERS AND BARKS LIKE DOG)

JACK: Oh, it's only a dog..

ROCH: HERE DOGGIE, DOGGIE..

MEL: (HAPPY DOG PANT) HAH HAH HAH HAH HAH..

ROCH: HEY BOSS....I THINK WE MUST HAVE WANDERED FAR AWAY FROM THE GOLF COURSE.

JACK: Why?

ROCH: THIS DOG HAS A KEG OF BRANDY AROUND ITS NECK.

JACK: ...Oh, that?...The club had to fix up a dog like this when Phil Harris joined....Run along doggie, we're busy...run along...

MEL: (PANTS...THEN TWO BIG HICCUPS)

JACK: Hmm..the keg must have a leak in it...Now come on, Rochester,
let's look over by the...Oh, my goodness..it's twelve o'clock.
I've gotta get to NBC...drive me down, ^{will you,} Rochester.

ROCH: OKAY..BUT ARE WE GOING TO COME BACK AFTER THE SHOW AND KEEP
LOOKING FOR THE BALL?

JACK: Well...no, I don't think so.

ROCH: THEN I BETTER TAKE DOWN THE TENT.

JACK: Yes, yes...and don't forget to notify the post office we're
going back to our old address....Come on..

(TRANSITION MUSIC...FADE TO)

(SOUND: LOUSY MOTOR OF CAR GOING..FADE TO
BACKGROUND)

JACK: Rochester, drive straight up Sunset to Vine Street.

ROCH: YES SIR...(SIGHS)..IT'S SURE GOOD TO SEE PEOPLE AGAIN.

JACK: Yeah...(SINGS) SHINE ON, SHINE ON HARVEST MOON UP IN THE SKY..
I AIN'T MADE NO MONEY DURING AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, JUNE AND JULY.
Hmmm, I wonder if I could get a summer show...LA LA LA LA LA
LA LA...

(SOUND: COUGHING SPLUTTERING OF MOTOR)

ROCH: OH-OH, LOOKS LIKE WE'RE RUNNING OUTTA GAS.

JACK: Well, pull into that station on the corner.

(SOUND: CAR UP..DRIVING INTO GAS STATION..STOPPING)

JACK: Hmmm, the attendants seem to be busy!..Oh, look, Rochester..
there's Norman Krasna having his car filled..He never misses
my program, he thinks I'm the funniest guy in the world..
HEY NORMAN..NORMAN..IT'S ME.

MEL: (WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH)

JACK: He's wonderful....Honk the horn, Rochester, so we can get
some service.

(SOUND: TWO HONKS OF LOUSY HORN)

NELSON: Shall I fill her up, sir?

JACK: Two gallons, please.

NELSON: Oh, hello Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello.

ROCH: YOU MIGHT AS WELL FILL IT UP, BOSS, OR WE'LL HAVE TO STOP
AGAIN.

JACK: Errr...How much is gas, Bud?

NELSON: Twenty one cents a gallon..

JACK: Twenty one cents a...Oh, all right..fill 'er up.

NELSON: Yes sir.

(SOUND: LOUD HUMMING OF GAS PUMP...PING OF BELL)

JACK: Twenty one.

(SOUND: HUMMING...PING OF BELL)

JACK: Forty two.

(SOUND: HUMMING...PING OF BELL)

JACK: Sixty three.

(SOUND: HUMMING...PING)

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JACK: Eighty four!

(SOUND: HUMMING...PING...HUMMING...PING...
HUMMING...PING...HUMMING...PING)

NELSON: That fills it up, Mr. Benny..Shall I.....Mr. Benny---

ROCH: YOU LOOSEN HIS COLLAR, I'LL GO GET SOME WATER.

JACK: I'm all right now...By the way, did you check the tires?

NELSON: Yes, and congratulations..all four of them are there.

JACK: Good, good.

NELSON: That'll be a dollar ⁸⁶ ~~eighty six~~ for the gas.

JACK: Charge it, please.

NELSON: Yes sir...Your credit car number?

JACK: Two oh six B.Y.

NELSON: Your license?

JACK: Seven W. oh four six.

NELSON: Your age?

JACK: Thirty eight....Well, we better get going, Rochester.

ROCH: YES SIR..

(SOUND: MOTOR UP...THEN FADES DOWN)

JACK: (UP) SO LONG NORMAN, DON'T TAKE ANY WOODEN NICKELS.

MEL: (WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH)

JACK: Gee, that Norman has a great sense of humor...~~He's a real~~

~~He's a real~~
~~He's a real~~
~~He's a real~~

~~JACK: Oh, I've got a good idea.~~

~~ROCH: I know, but I can't hear it.~~

~~JACK: I heard one who laughed at it, but I don't know if it's good.~~

Jack: Now hurry, Rochester, or we'll be late.

ROCH: OKAY..I GOT THE RADIO IN THE CAR FIXED..YOU WANT ME TO TURN IT ON?

JACK: YEAH:

(SOUND: CLICK)

~~MEL: (SOUND: MUSIC) YES, THAT'S THE ONE I WANT.~~

~~JACK: (SOUND: MUSIC) YES, THAT'S THE ONE I WANT.~~

~~ROCH: (SOUND: MUSIC) YES, THAT'S THE ONE I WANT.~~

~~(SOUND: MUSIC)~~
Mel: NOW OUR NEXT REQUEST COMES FROM SOMEONE RIGHT HERE IN HOLLYWOOD..WHOSE INITIALS ARE D.D.

JACK: D.D.?

MEL: D.D. REQUESTS US TO PLAY THAT NEW NUMBER "YOU DO"..SUNG BY DENNIS DAY.

JACK: D.D...Must be Deanna Durbin..Turn it up, Rochester, we'll hear it.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG.."YOU DO")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

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(SOUND: CAR MOTOR)

JACK: D.D....Could be Donald Duck.. No, he's in Washington... Here we are at NBC, Rochester.

(SOUND: MOTOR STOPS)

JACK: Now, Rochester, I've been thinking it over...and maybe you oughta go back to the golf course and look for my ball.

ROCH: ~~OK, OK.~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) TOO MANY RINGS ON YOUR FINGERS, NAUGHTY ANGELINE..
YOU LAUGH AT ROMANCE THAT--

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzel.. ~~good afternoon, good afternoon.~~

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: I haven't seen you in quite awhile..are you still working at the drug store?

ARTIE: No, I lost that job...and it was a little bit your fault.

JACK: My fault?

ARTIE: Yes...I'm always listening to your show..and on your program the man is saying, "Keep your eye on the red bull's eye."

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JACK: Uh huh.

ARTIE: And one day, while I'm keeping my eye on the red bull's eye...

JACK: Yes.

ARTIE: Somebody stole the cash register.

JACK: Oh, that's too bad...I hope you have another job.

ARTIE: A much better one...I am ^{now} doing a little extra work in pictures.

JACK: ^{Oh, in pictures.} Well, that's wonderful. What pictures have you been in?

ARTIE: I was in..."Dark Sausage"...."Mendel of the Movies"..And "Forever Esptein."

JACK: Good good.

ARTIE: But most of all I like to work in Westerns..

JACK: Westerns?

ARTIE: "THEY WENT THAT-WAY," AND "SMILE WHEN YOU SAY THAT, PARTNER."

JACK: ^{you know, Kitzel} Say, you're pretty good.

ARTIE: You should see me on a horse. HOO HOO HOOOOOO!

JACK: Really?

ARTIE: When I'm on a horse, I am looking like Hopalong.

JACK: Cassidy?

ARTIE: Who me?

JACK: Oh, oh....Well, I've got to run into rehearsal, Mr. Kitzel.. see you again.

ARTIE: Denk you..and by the way, Mr. Benny, if you ever come out to Republic Studios look me up.

JACK: I will.

ARTIE: Just ask for Tex, everybody knows me.

JACK: Okay...Goodbye, Tex.

ARTIE: Goodbye...(SINGS..GOING OFF) Give me land, lots of land,
neath the starry skies above... *They went that way*

(APPLAUSE)

Jack: Well, I better get to rehearsal.
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS..CONTINUING
UNDER FOLLOWING SPEECH)

JACK: Gosh, NBC is a nice studio ..they keep it so clean and so--

(SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE UP..BODY THUD)

JACK: Hmm...I wish Fibber and Molly would stop waxing these floors
..Oh well....

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I wonder if Mary's in her dressing room..

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

MARY: (OFF) COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hello Mary, what are you doing?

MARY: I was just reading the Radio Mirror...There's a picture of you
here on page ²⁸ ~~28~~.

JACK: Oh yes..that's the one I had taken when I was in the service.

MARY: Gee, you were handsome in that uniform.

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: Jack...Whose arm is that around you?

JACK: A fellow from the Draft Board..He didn't turn me loose till we got to Europe...Say, what're all those letters over there?

MARY: Fan mail for our show.

JACK: *fan mail* - ~~A~~ that's the biggest batch yet.. any for me?

MARY: Yes, a bill from Lady Ester.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: And Jack, I got a letter from Mama too..(GIGGLING) I must read

JACK: *it to you.*
A letter from Your mother, eh..What does the cure for the hiccups have to say? *Go ahead and read it, Mary.*

MARY: (CLEARS THROAT) MY DARLING DAUGHTER MARY..I WOULD HAVE WRITTEN YOU SOONER, BUT I'VE BEEN SO BUSY...TWO WEEKS AGO YOUR UNCLE LOU, YOUR AUNT RUBY DROPPED IN ON US FROM SEATTLE AND WE HAD TO PUT THEM UP IN THE *little* GUEST HOUSE *in the back*... I HOPE THEY LEAVE BEFORE HALLOWE'EN AS THE KIDS ALWAYS TIP IT OVER.

JACK: How do you like that?

MARY: AND MARY, IT MAKES ME VERY HAPPY TO TELL YOU THAT YOUR SISTER BABE IS GETTING MARRIED NEXT SUNDAY.

JACK: Babe's getting married Sunday?

MARY: THIS WEEK WILL BE A BUSY ONE FOR HER..AS TOMORROW SHE'S
QUITTING HER JOB ... TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY SHE'LL BUY HER
GOING-AWAY OUTFIT...THURSDAY SHE'LL HAVE THE FINAL FITTING ON
HER WEDDING GOWN..AND FRIDAY SHE'S MAKING RESERVATIONS FOR
THE HONEYMOON.

JACK: Well...

MARY: (LAUGHLINGLY) I HOPE SHE DOESN'T OVERSLEEP SATURDAY BECAUSE
THAT'S THE ONLY DAY SHE HAS LEFT TO FIND A MAN.

JACK: Mary, do you mean to say Babe--

MARY: Quiet, ^{Jack} there's some more-- LAST WEEK BABE WAS HELPING YOUR
FATHER WEATHER-STRIP THE HOUSE. THEY WERE ON THE THIRD FLOOR
AND PAPA WAS HANGING OUT THE WINDOW WHILE BABE WAS HOLDING
HIM BY THE FEET..AND NOW PAPA'S IN THE HOSPITAL.

JACK: How did it happen, Mary?...read on.

MARY: WHILE BABE WAS HOLDING PAPA OUT THE WINDOW, HER EX-BOYFRIEND
PASSED BY, THEY HAD AN ARGUMENT. AND BABE THOUGHT HE SAID,
"DROP DAD."

JACK: Oh, that's a shame.

MARY: NO OTHER NEWS SO WILL CLOSE, WITH LOVE AND KISSES FROM YOUR
MOTHER, BENZEDRINE LIVINGSTONE.

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: P. S.

JACK: Oh, there's more?

MARY: Yeah...TELL JACK I HEARD HIS FIRST THREE PROGRAMS.

JACK: Well.

MARY: THAT WAS IN 1932 AND I HAVEN'T LISTENED TO HIM SINCE.

JACK: Hmm....your mother thinks she's smart because she used to be a Gibson Girl..... Now come on, we better get over on the stage.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Look out, Mary....take it easy because these floors are very slippery.

MARY: I didn't have any trouble when I came in. *the first thing you know*

JACK: Well, I'm warning you, they've just been waxed and you'll--

(SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE UP....BODY THUD)

JACK: See what I mean?

MARY: Give me your hand, Jack. *I hope Phil is here --*

JACK: I can get up myself...Hm...*1*.Let's go in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: We won't rehearse any more, gentlemen. That last rendition was exactly as I wanted it...And before you leave I'd like to ~~present~~ *complement* each and every one of you upon your dignified compliment here this afternoon...You may go now....and I'd appreciate it if you would leave quietly.

(SOUND: TERRIFIC NOISE OF SCUFFLING CHAIRS...FEET...
OVERTURNED FURNITURE....BOTTLE BREAKING)

PHIL: (ON CUE) Thank you.

JACK: Phil....Phil...Petrillo Boy... *Phil...*

PHIL: Huh? Oh, hello Jackson...hi ya, Livy.

MARY: Hello, Phil.

PHIL: You shoulda been here...we just got through rehearsing.....

JACK: I know, Phil. I saw the boys leave....and believe me...I haven't seen a crowd stampede out of a place in such a disorderly manner.... since----

MARY: "The Horn Blows at Midnight." *Look, Phil,*

JACK: Only at the preview! Phil, *I don't like to keep bringing this up all the time, but look, for eleven years now* you've had that same bunch of....you should excuse the expression...musicians, ~~the~~ *Don't that right?*

PHIL: Yeah, yeah...that's right.

JACK: And in all that time they have never started together, played on key or ended together...Now why don't you fire 'em?

PHIL: I can't do that, Jackson...I've gotta keep 'em workin'.

JACK: Why?

PHIL: I promised their Parole Board.

JACK: Oh...well, I don't care ~~what~~ *what* you promised, I don't want those guys around me, they make me nervous.

PHIL: My boys? Don't worry about them, Jackson. They wouldn't hurt a flea.

JACK: I know, that's why they have so many of them...Anyway Phil, I don't mind if they stay on the program, but at least make them look presentable *you know* when they're out on the stage.

PHIL:

~~Frankie?~~

Sop?

JACK:

Shirts
~~See,~~ too...

That's all I ask.

PHIL:

I agree with you, Jackson, but it takes time...Look how long it took me to get them to wear neckties.

JACK:

Frankie still doesn't wear one.

PHIL:

That ain't my fault. I tried everything...I even gave him a spinal.

JACK:

A spinal? To put a tie on him? What's *Frankie* got against neckties?

PHIL:

He don't want nothin' around his neck since he had that unfortunate experience under a sturdy oak.

JACK:

What?

PHIL:

I told him a million times...When you change the brand on cattle, cover up the old one.

JACK:

But Phil, if they hanged him, how did he get away?

PHIL:

Sharp Adam's apple.

JACK:

Phil, please, I'm serious about your band, Unless you---

DON:

Oh say, Jack..I have a suggestion, *that might fit in* ~~to make the band~~

JACK:

Oh hello Don...what were you going to say?

DON:

Well, I was just going to suggest that if you don't want the studio audience to see how bad Phil's orchestra really looks, I'll be very happy to sit in front of them.

JACK:

Thank you, Don...You've got a good head on your stomach.....

Well, really,
I appreciate it.

DON: But Jack, in one way, I think you're very lucky.

JACK: Lucky? What do you mean, Don?

DON: ^{Well, since} ~~being stuck~~ you're stuck with such an awful band, you can take consolation in the fact that you do have a great quartet.

JACK: Yes Don, at least they -- What? You mean the Sportsmen?

DON: Yes, and Jack since next Friday is Hallowe'en and I thought it would be appropriate if the boys did something in the Hallowe'en spirit and ^{you can} ~~join in~~ join in.

JACK: ~~What?~~ *The?*

DON: Yes.

JACK: Oh, that'll be a lot of fun....What's the name of the number, Don?

DON: It's called "The Ghost Dance".

JACK: The Ghost Dance...say, that is good for Hallowe'en...Come on, let's run through it.

DON: Okay, take it, boys....

(ORCHESTRA ONE BAR)

~~MARY:~~
~~Benny~~ JACK: Shhhhhh!

QUART: L S M F T

(ORCHESTRA)

QUART: WE ARE THE GOBLINS WHO KNOW
WHERE THE WARM BREEZES BLOW
AND TOBACCO LEAVES GROW.

~~Benny~~ JACK: L S M F T

THAT'S THE SMOKE FOR ME.

QUART: SO, TAKE A TIP FROM A GHOST
USE TOBACCO THEY TOAST
IT'S THE ONE YOU'LL LIKE MOST OF ALL.

(GUN SHOT..BELL)

SARA & BEA: (SCREAM)

(GUN SHOT..BELL)

SARA & BEA: (SCREAM)

JACK: (LAUGH)

QUART: BENNY IS A SHMOE

Jack: That's
(GUN SHOT...BELL)

SARA & BEA: (SCREAM)

(GUN SHOT..BELL)

SARA & BEA: (SCREAM)

QUART: BEFORE YOU GET FRIGHTENED, YOU BETTER START LIGHTIN'

A LUCKY AND THEN YOU CAN GO.

WE ARE THE GOBLINS WHO KNOW

HOW TO LOUSE UP YOUR SHOW.

JACK: *Kids*
COME ON ~~let's~~ LET'S GO.

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PHIL & DON: RIGHT OUT ON THE STREET.
TO PLAY "TRICK OR TREAT".
QUART: NOW, IF YOU'LL HAND US OUR BROOM.
WE'LL BE LEAVING HERE SOON,
AND GO HAUNTING FOR F. E. BOON.

(ORCHESTRA FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, Don, this time I must give the boys credit.
They really prepared something great, ^{really} It was very *good*

DENNIS: It scared me silly.

JACK: Huh?..Oh, hello Dennis..What made you late?

DENNIS: I happened to be standing in the doorway when Phil
dismissed his boys.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: The next thing I knew I was in the bar across the
street.

JACK: Well, Phil's boys are a little rough.

DENNIS: Yeah..they tied me up, threw me on the ground, and
stuck a hot iron on me. *DENNIS: I should have said that!*

JACK: *They tied you up how'd you get away?*
Dennis, stop being silly. coming in here with jokes *JACK: the matter with you?*
like that, you sound like Jerry Colonna..How can you
do things like that?

DENNIS: (AS COLONNA) I don't ask questions, I just have fun!

JACK: Now cut that out!..Jerry Colonna.

MARY: Say Jack, that reminds me..did you read about Bob Hope
going to England to do a Command Performance?

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JACK: Yes..that ought to be exciting..being in England at this time with the royal wedding coming up and everything.

DON: By the way, Jack, did you get a reply to the letter you wrote to King George regarding the wedding?

~~JACK: Yes, I got a reply from King George.~~

~~MARY: Yes, I got a reply from King George.~~

~~JACK: Yes, I got a reply from King George.~~

~~DON: Yes, I got a reply from King George.~~

MARY: He said they wanted a whole orchestra, not just a violin.

JACK: Yeah... I can't understand it..I was willing to go just for expenses....You know Mary, it must take a lot of planning to get married in England with the shortages and everything ^{I mean} even for a princess.

DENNIS: Why doesn't she get married on the Bride and Groom program and get a mix master?

JACK: Dennis, are you crazy? ^{Are you out of your mind?} Princess Elizabeth is of Royal Blood...Her father is the king of England....Her grandfather was the King of England...Her Great ... Grandfather was the king of England.

DENNIS: A mixmaster is a mixmaster.

JACK: ...Well.. *Oh, for heaven's sake -*
MARY: Jack, *put down that branding iron.*
~~letting me of his necktie and his shirt.~~
JACK: Well, he drives me nuts.. Now let's sit down and get this rehearsal started.
DON: Jack, you're acting awfully irritable lately.
MARY: He's been like that ever since last Sunday when he lost the golf ball.
JACK: Mary that was a new golf ball..I only hit it once.
MARY: Go on, you lost it on the seventh hole.
JACK: I still only hit it once...I'm gonna call up the country club right now and see if Rochester's found it...Hand me that phone, Mary.
MARY: Here you are.
JACK: Thanks.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..CLICK CLICK..FADING TO BUZZ)

BEA: Oh Mable..
SARA: What is it, Gertrude?
BEA: Mr. Benny's line is flashing.
SARA: Yeah..I wonder what Temptation wants now.
BEA: I'll plug in and see.

(SOUND: PLUG IN)

BEA: Hello?....Yes Mr. Benny.....*See* ~~and~~ do it.

(SOUND: PLUG OUT)

BEA: He wants me to get the Hillcrest Country Club...You know he lost a golf ball there last Sunday...and what a thing he made over it.

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SARA: I know, he came in today wearing a black band on his sleeve.
BEA: Yeah...and speaking of golf, you shoulda seen what happened to me when I used to go out with Mr. Benny.

SARA: I'm listening.

BEA: One night he took me and my mother out to a driving range. I didn't know he was such a rotten golfer, so I let him drive a ball off my nose.

SARA: You did?

BEA: Yeah..and was I sorry!

SARA: Oh my goodness, did he hit your nose?

BEA: No, but he broke my mother's leg.

SARA: I wondered why I missed her at the Palladium.

(SOUND: BUZZING...PLUG IN)

BEA: Hello.....I'm trying to get them, Mr. Benny.....Well, you don't have to get so excited.....What?.....That's no way to talk to a lady....

SARA: (FAST) What did he say, what did he say, what did he say?

BEA: Quiet, he's still insulting me.....(VERY DIGNIFIED) Are you through, Mr. Benny?.....Are you through?.....
.....Are you through?.....Gee, Mable, he must have one of his writers with him.....(VERY MAD) I'm sorry, Mr. Benny, but the line is busy.

(SOUND: PLUG OUT...CLICKS OF RECEIVER SEVERAL TIMES)

JACK: Operator!...Operator!....Gertrude!....Snooksie!.....Hm..

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Oh well...if Rochester found the ball, I guess he would've called me...Gee, maybe I was too harsh on Gertrude...After all, she and Mable just sit there in that little room by themselves all day long...I wonder what they talk about... Well, I guess it's none of my business....Come on, Kids, let's get on with the rehearsal.

(APPLAUSE)

(PLAYOFF)

~~Mr. Speaker, Ladies and gentlemen, tomorrow is the 172nd birthday of our United States Navy.~~

States Navy will be 172 years old. Its origin is mingled with the very roots of American life and thought from the era of the wooden sailing ships to the present day, its tradition of seamanship and courage has been one of the proudest chapters in our country's history, and so tomorrow, all over the country grateful Americans will be saluting the United States Navy -- "Victor in War, Guardian in Peace." Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

~~Now, ladies and gentlemen, I am going to turn the floor over to the distinguished~~

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

OCTOBER 26, 1947

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

SHARBUTT: And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco and fine tobacco is what counts in a cigarette. Remember what happens at the tobacco auctions?

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - FAST SALES - FADING QUICKLY TO BACKGROUND NOISE)

SHARBUTT: At auction after auction, year after year, independent tobacco experts can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.
(CHANT UP 59 - AMERICAN AND OUT FAST)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. Fred Leonard Evans, independent tobacco buyer of Danville, Virginia, who has attended more than 3 thousand auctions. A recognized authority on tobacco - Mr. Evans said:

VOICE: At every auction I've attended, year after year, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine quality leaf ... that fine, ripe, mellow tobacco you can't beat for top smokin' quality. I've smoked Luckies myself for 19 years.

(MORE)

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JACK BENNY PROGRAM

OCTOBER 26, 1947

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SHARBUTT: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment -
remember ...

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

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

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

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

~~JACK: Shey, turn on the radio, the radio is on the table.~~

follows immediately and listen to a Day in the Life

Dennis Day Wednesday night. And meanwhile --

MARY: Say, Jack --

JACK: Yes?

MARY: A wire just came for you from Rochester.

JACK: From Rochester? Read it to me, Mary.

ROCH: DEAR BOSS, I HAVEN'T FOUND THE BALL YET BUT I GOT THE TENT
BACK UP, THE CAMPFIRE'S BURNING, AND WE'RE HAVING SQUIRREL
FOR DINNER.

JACK: Say Mary, that was a wonderful impersonation, you sounded just
like Rochester.

ROCH: HEE, HEE, HEE HEE...

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

Jack: Be with us next Sunday.

NOT