

PROGRAM #22

REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

Sunday, February 29, 1948

NBC

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

ATX01 0310606

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
FEBRUARY 29, 1948

OPENING COMMERCIAL

LAING: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

LAING: Lucky Strike- and Lucky Strike alone - offers you
important evidence gathered in the tobacco country by the
world-famous Crossley Poll. This evidence clearly
reveals the smoking preference of the people who really
know tobacco - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen.
Here's what the Crossley Poll found:

RUYSDAEL: INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS -

AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE! -

LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND!

LAING: These experts know their business. Their overwhelming
preference for Lucky Strike, we believe, has a direct
relationship to the quality of tobacco we purchase for
luckies and to the smoking enjoyment you may expect from
fine tobacco. And when these veteran tobacco experts
name LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE for their own personal
smoking enjoyment, then you know

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So smoke the smoke
tobacco experts smoke - Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS -

AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE!

LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND!

bp

ATX01 0310607

(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 NIGHT JACK BENNY INVITED HIS
GIRL FRIEND GLADYS ZYBISCO TO ATTEND OUR SUNDAY MORNING
REHEARSAL..SO LET'S GO BACK AND PICK THEM UP ON THEIR WAY
TO THE STUDIO.

(SOUND: BUS UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Gosh, Gladys, it sure is a long bus trip from your house,
isn't it?

SARA: It sure is, Speedy.

JACK: The bus has been so crowded, I'm sorry you had to stand
all the way.

SARA: Oh, that's all right..look how long you had to stand before
you found a seat.

JACK: Yeah.

SARA: It was smart of you telling that old lady that it was
^{Frankford} Crenshaw when it was only Vermont.

JACK: Oh well..the walk will do her good...You know Gladys, you're
the first one I've ever invited to my rehearsal..I wanted you
to see how a big star operates.

SARA: You mean Phil Harris will be there?

JACK: Gladys, when I said a star, I meant ^{that} --

SARA: Oh Speedy, I was only kidding..stop pouting.

JACK: Well, I'm the star of the show, not Phil Harris..You hurt my feelings.

SARA: Oh, I know how it is, Speedy. Everyone likes to think they're the tops in their profession.

JACK: Certainly..how would you feel if I said that any plumber can solder a steam pipe as fast as you can...You know everybody's proud of *the things they do*

RYAN: NEXT STOP, SUNSET AND VINE.

JACK: Here's where we get off.

(SOUND: BUS STOPS..BUS DOOR OPENS..

water
the stop TWO STEPS DOWN..BUS DOOR CLOSES..
BUS DRIVES OFF..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Say Gladys, I'm early for rehearsal so let's go in the drug store and get a sandwich.

SARA: Okay.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS WITH TINKLY BELL..
CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Here are two vacant stools right here, Gladys.

SARA: Yeah...I'm hungry, what's on the menu?

JACK: Flies.. HA HA HA HA.

SARA: Oh Speedy, even when you're sitting down you're on your toes.

JACK: Yeah. Well, let's see, what's on the menu.. (MONOTONOUSLY)
Corned beef sandwich, fifty-five cents..roast beef sandwich,
sixty cents..ham and cheese, seventy cents..sardine sandwich,
Fifteen cents..steak sandwich, a dollar and a quarter...
Hey, that sounds good.

SARA: What are you gonna have, Speedy?

JACK: A sardine sandwich.

SARA: Again?

JACK: Yeah.. OH CLERK!

MEL: Just a minute, we're busy...Ready, Joe?

ARTIE: Ready.

MEL: Rubber gloves.

ARTIE: Rubber gloves.

MEL: Scalpel.

ARTIE: Scalpel.

MEL: Tweezers.

ARTIE: Tweezers.

JACK: Hey, what are you guys doing back there?

MEL: We're picking the garlic out of a salami.

JACK: You can do that later!

MEL: Okay..What'll you have?

JACK: We'll have two sardine sandwiches.

MEL: Two sardine sandwiches..would you like the domestic or the imported?

JACK: Imported?

MEL: Yes, those sardines come from Sweden, Norway, and Holland.

JACK: Where do the domestic come from?

MEL: Anaheim, Azusa, and Cucamonga.

JACK: Oh..well then we'll have the domestic sardines.

MEL: It'll take a little while,,we have to cook those over a smudge pot.

JACK: Never mind the jokes..I'm in a hurry.

MEL: *Well* Look, if you don't like the service here, go someplace else.

JACK: Don't tell me to go someplace else. I came in here to get
a sandwich and you've gotta give it to me. You can't
push me around, I know my rights!

SARA: You tell him, Speedy, you've been on the Freedom Train.

JACK: You said it..Now go get our orders.

MEL: Okay okay.

JACK: And while you're making the sardine sandwiches, I'll have
a bowl of soup. What have you got?

MEL: Navy bean and Soup de Jour.

JACK: What's the Soup de Jour?

MEL: Navy Bean.

JACK: Oh, well, I'll have Soup de Jour.

SARA: I'll have Navy Bean.

MEL: Okay. FLOAT THE FLEET IN HALSEY'S EYEWASH.

ARTIE: (OFF) WHAT?

MEL: NAVY BEAN ... *He's* new here. *get our*

JACK: Oh..Well, hurry up and get our sandwiches.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: I thought I'd have a bite to eat before rehearsal.

JACK: Oh *good*, kld..Here's the menu..What're you gonna have?

DENNIS: I think I'll have a roast beef sandwich and a corned beef
sandwich.

JACK: A roast beef sandwich and a corned beef sandwich?

DENNIS: I've got two shows.

JACK: Imagine ordering two sandwiches just because you've got two
shows..By the way, Dennis, this is Gladys Zybisco.

W

ATX01 0310611

SARA: Hello.

DENNIS: Haven't we met before? Your legs look familiar.

JACK: Dennis! If you've met before, how come all you remember is her legs?

DENNIS: That's all I could see...she was fixing a pipe under our kitchen sink.

JACK: Oh yes yes...in fact, I recommended her. *I remember*

MEL: Here are your two bowls of soup.

(SOUND: DISHES ON COUNTER)

JACK: Thanks. Gee, this looks good.

SARA: Hey Speedy, look what's in my soup...a button.

JACK: Well, how do you like that...HEY WAITER!

MEL: Yeah.

JACK: There's a button in this soup.

MEL: Well, what do you want for fifteen cents, a zipper?

JACK: No, I don't want a zipper and I demand to know why there's a button in this soup!

SARA: Oh Speedy, don't argue with him, I just won't pay for my soup.

JACK: No no, Gladys, this is on me...I won't pay for it....Now ^{look} look, waiter...

MEL: Here's a roast beef sandwich and a corned beef sandwich..
Who ordered it?

DENNIS: I did.

MEL: What'll you have to drink?

DENNIS: Coffee, tea, and milk.

JACK: ~~What?~~ *Coffee, Tea, + milk?*

DENNIS: I did a guest shot last week.

JACK: Oh..Say Dennis, we're gonna rehearse pretty soon.

What song are you gonna do on the program?

DENNIS: Do you wanta hear it? I made a record of it and it's in the juke box.

JACK: Yeah, go ahead and play it.

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: How's your sandwich, Gladys?

SARA: Fine, Speedy.

(SOUND: COIN IN SLOT)

(DENNIS'S SONG.. "GOLDEN EARRINGS")

(APPLAUSE)

Jack: O, well come on kids we gotta hurry -
so let's eat -

(orchestra You can't even eat nowadays
applause) without people applauding.

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-7-

JACK: *Say was pretty sandwich.*
That's a very good record, ~~Dennis~~.

DENNIS: Thanks.

JACK: *Come on*
~~Well~~, we better get over to the studio..Come on, Gladys.

SARA: Right behind you, Speedy.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS) *folks,*

JACK: ~~Oh-oh~~, watch your step, ~~Gladys~~, there's water all over the floor.

RYAN: I'm the manager..I hope you'll excuse it. One of the pipes behind the soda fountain sprung a leak.

JACK: That's too bad..come on, Gladys.

RYAN: I have no idea what caused it.

SARA: Well, Mister, maybe the water is backing up because you're not getting enough air through the vent.

RYAN: No, I checked the vent.

JACK: (MUMBLING) Gladys, come on.

SARA: On the other hand, maybe the washer in the union behind the waste trap is shot.

JACK: (MUMBLING) Gladys! *let's go.*

RYAN: Well...

SARA: Of course, you can't always put your finger on it. But my guess is that your inside line is corroded or the valves in the hot water intake will have to be reseated.

JACK: Gladys, let's go! *will you.*

SARA: Speedy, this is business.

JACK: But this is Sunday.

SARA: That's time and a half.

0

ATX01 0310614

JACK: I know but -- *look it*

SARA: Look Mister, if you want, I'd be glad to check all the connections, or even run a snake through the line and see ^{that} if there's any obstructions between the elbow joint and the flush-out.

JACK: Hmmm.

RYAN: Well, I would appreciate it if you'd fix our plumbing.. That is, if your friend won't mind.

SARA: Oh, I thought you knew my friend..His name is--

JACK: ^{Herman} ~~Morris~~ Fishback..Now Gladys, let's go.

SARA: ^{Well} It'll only take a minute..hand me my bag.

JACK: You can't fix it now..anyway, there's nothing in there but a lipstick.

SARA: On the other end is a pipe wrench.

JACK: Oh, ~~for heaven's sake~~. Well Gladys, when you finish the job, I'll be over at the studio...Come on, Dennis, let's go.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES..STREET
NOISES UP AND DOWN..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)

DENNIS: Say, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Huh?

DENNIS: Are you in love with Gladys Zybisco? ^{we're}

JACK: ^{no} No Dennis, I wouldn't call it love..We're just friends, that's all.

DENNIS: Gee, a Plumber's Friend.

JACK: Yeah.

DENNIS: When did you first meet her?

JACK: Oh, it was just one of those unexpected things..One day I was walking down the street, fell in an open manhole and there she was...^{you know} Fate.

DENNIS: ~~You can have her, I don't want her, she's too fate for me.~~
Will love is where you find it.

JACK: ~~Dennis, that's comy.~~
yeah

(SOUND: TRAFFIC BELL)

JACK: Hold it, kid..we better stand here on the curb till the light changes.

MARTHA:Say Emily..isn't that Jack Benny over there?

EMILY: Where, Martha?

MARTHA: Standing on the corner.

EMILY: Why yes....so it is.

MARTHA: My, he always looks so handsome..those sparkling blue eyes.. that manly physique..that Grecian profile..that regal poise.. and when he smiles, something happens to my sacroiliac.

EMILY: That's strange, Martha..I thought South America took it away.

MARTHA: Emily, stop joking..the trouble with you is you've never been in love.

EMILY: Oh no? What about Cleveland?

MARTHA: ^{Cleveland} What happened there?

EMILY: Not Ohio..Grover.

MARTHA: ~~Oh yes, you've still got his picture in your pocket.~~ *O yes* But, Emily, I always keep dreaming that someday I'll be taking an ocean voyage on the same boat with Mr. Benny..and we'll get ship-wrecked..and we'll wind up alone on a desert island ...just me, Jack, and Errol Flynn.

you're
EMILY: Martha..if ~~you want to be~~ ship-wrecked with Jack Benny,
what do you want with Errol Flynn?

MARTHA: (AS COLONNA) What's the matter, you crazy or something?

EMILY: Oh, Martha, how you carry on.

(SOUND: TRAFFIC BELL)

JACK: Come on, Dennis, we can cross the street now.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

DENNIS: Oh gee, I left my music in the drugstore..I better go back
and get it.

JACK: All right, kid..but hurry..don't be late for rehearsal.

DENNIS: *oh* I won't.

h
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) THERE'S JUST ONE PLACE FOR ME...NEAR YOU
IT'S LIKE HEAVEN TO BE..NEAR YOU.

CHARLIE: (SNEAKS IN WITH ACCORDIAN)
TIMES WHEN WE'RE APART
I CAN'T FACE MY HEART

CHARLIE: Hey bud..

JACK: SAY YOU'LL NEVER STRAY
MORE THAN JUST TWO LIPS AWAY.

CHARLIE: Hey bud..bud.

JACK: Huh?

CHARLIE: This is my side of the street.

JACK: What?

CHARLIE: Unless you wanta team up.

JACK: No no, ~~thanks~~.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Maybe I should have taken him up, then I'd have two shows...
Nah, I'd have to play the violin and everything.. *O well*

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE)

JACK:Whoops!

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP...(PAUSE)...ON CUE FOOTSTEPS
CONTINUE)

JACK:Hmm, it was only a bottle cap....Well, here's the
studio.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE THRU FOLLOWING)

ARTIE: (IRISH) Good mornin', Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello Clancy, any fan mail for me?

ARTIE: Nope.

JACK: Thank you...Gee, he's a nice fellow,...~~Everybody's nice as~~
~~N.B.C....they have good programs too.....Bing Bong Bell..~~
~~it's ten and only one can toll.....No, it's just a bell~~
~~Carmen Miranda...Maybe it's-- Oh, I'll think about it later~~

Well I better go in and start rehearsing.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

(INTRODUCTION)

PHIL: WON'T YOU COME WITH ME TO ALABAMMY

LET'S GO SEE MY DEAR OLD MAMMY

SHE'S FRYING EGGS AND BROILING HAMMY
AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

JACK: Okay, Phil..

Okay, I'm here.

PHIL: ~~Be with you~~ in a minute, Jackson..

THERE YOU CAN MAKE NO MISTAKEY

WHERE THE NERVES ARE NEVER SHAKY

YOU OUGHTA TASTE THAT LAYER CAKEY

JACK: PHIL..PHIL..

AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

HOLD IT!! *hold it,*
Phil, hold it.

JACK: We've gotta start rehearsing.

PHIL: Start rehearsing? That's what I've been doing.

JACK: Rehearsing "That's What I Like About the South"? For what?

PHIL: *Yeah* I'm gonna sing it today on your program.

JACK: Oh, you are, eh?

PHIL: Yeah.

JACK: Phil, I want to talk to you about that.

PHIL: Okay, go ahead.

JACK: Not here..I don't want to embarrass you in front of your

boys..Come on, step out in the hall.

PHIL: *all right* ~~okay~~..BE BACK IN A MINUTE, FELLOWS.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...ON CUE, DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES..

FOOTSTEPS)

PHIL: Okay Jackson, what is it?

JACK: *Not here* Let's go into my dressing room.

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

PHIL: All right, Jackson, all right..what's on your mind?

JACK: Sit down, Phil...Now Phil, I've heard you sing ~~that song~~ ^{"That's What I Like about the South"} fifty times a year for the last twelve years...and I defy you to show me where those lyrics make one bit of sense.

PHIL: (SOFTLY)Jackson..you've cut me deeply.

JACK: I have, eh? Well, do me a favor, will you. I want you to sing "That's What I Like About the South" right here and now. Sing it ^{slowly} and I'll show you ~~what I mean~~ ^{how ridiculous those lyrics are.}

PHIL: Okay.

JACK: Now go ahead. *I just want to show you. Go ahead.*

PHIL: *all right*
OH WON'T YOU COME WITH ME TO ALABAMMY

LET'S GO SEE MY DEAR OLD MAMMY

SHE'S FRYING EGGS AND BROILING HAMMY

AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

JACK: All right Phil, *all right now look* all right...That I can understand..You have a mammy, she lives down in Alabammy, and she's frying ham and eggs..Now that's fine *that's fine*..that makes sense. *now* Continue. *I just want to show you*

PHIL: THERE YOU CAN MAKE NO MISTAKEY

WHERE THOSE NERVES ARE NEVER SHAKEY

YOU OUGHT TO TASTE THAT LAYER CAKEY

AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

JACK: All right Phil, all right. *now* Hold it...*hold it now* That I can understand a tiny bit..Somehow your mother added a pinch of baking powder to the ham and eggs and it turned out to be a layer cake.

PHIL: Layer cakey.

JACK: All right, cakey. *cakey* Now go on. *Now go on. I want to hear the rest. Go on.*

PHIL: DOWN WHERE THEY HAVE THOSE PRETTY QUEENS.

THEY KEEP ON DREAMING THOSE DREAMY DREAMS

LET'S SIP THAT ABSINTHE IN NEW ORLEANS

Cause
AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

now wait a minute - wait a minute
JACK: Hold it ~~Phil~~, hold it.

PHIL: What's the matter?

look at it
JACK: Ten seconds ago you were eating ham and eggs in Alabammy,
~~and~~ now you're sipping Absinthe in New Orleans.

PHIL: Certainly.

JACK: Well, Phil, answer me this..if you're in Alabama..how can you
sip Absinthe in New Orleans?

PHIL: Long straw!

JACK: Well...all right, Phil, I'll even go along with that...Now
continue.

Roy
PHIL: HERE COME OLD ~~BOB~~ WITH ALL THE NEWS
the BOX BACK COAT AND *the* BUTTON SHOES

BUT HE'S ALL CAUGHT UP WITH HIS UNION DUES

AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

Bob
HERE COME OLD ~~ROY~~ DOWN THE STREET

those
OH CAN'T YOU HEAR ~~HIS~~ SCUFFLING FEET.

HE WOULD RATHER SLEEP THAN EAT

AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH..

DID I TELL YOU ABOUT THE PLACE CALLED DOO WAH DITTY

IT AIN'T NO TOWN AND IT AIN'T NO CITY.

Phil *Hold it*
JACK: HOLD IT, ~~PHIL~~, HOLD IT, HOLD IT...I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THAT
ONE!

PHIL: Huh?

JACK: Go on, go
on.

JACK: Roy? What
happened
to Bob? *Roy*

JACK: Yep - oh boy - just a minute.

PHIL: What's the matter?

JACK: Now wait a minute - wait a minute - Phil, I have the latest Rand-McNally map of the United States. Here, here, look at it ... Show me one place on it called Doo Wah Ditty ... I can see Walla Walla ... Ypsilanti ... Ashtabula ... Tucumcari ... Nakadocious ... and even Wauxihatchi ... but where in the name of Stephen Foster is Doo Wah Ditty?

PHIL: I told you. a

JACK: Or Petrillo - where in the name of Petrillo - Where is Doo Wah Ditty?

PHIL: Jackson, I just told you.

JACK: You told me what?

PHIL: IT AIN'T NO TOWN - IT AIN'T NO CITY
IT'S AWFUL SMALL, BUT AWFUL PRETTY
A DOO WAH DITTY

JACK: Don't describe it ... don't describe it ... I mean ... Just tell me, is it a real place?

PHIL: Certainly, Jackson, it ain't just a fig-leaf of my imagination.

JACK: That's figment ... but Phil, just answer me one thing ... Look just answer me one thing, Phil, look ... if Doo Wah Ditty ain't no town and it ain't no city ... what is it? Is it a village? Is it a hamlet? Is it a gas station? .. Is it a sack of Vigoro ... Is it Clyde ... Is it sulfa thiazole ... What is it? What is Doo Wah Ditty? That's all I ask.

PHIL: Jackson, will you wait. Don't get yourself worked up. You'll fall over. Wait a minute. If you're gonna pick everything to pieces, you got nothing.

JACK: What?

PHIL: Well, you can do that with any song.

JACK: What do you mean?

PHIL: Well, take Frank Sinatra .. last night on the Hit Parade right here at N.B.C. .. N.B.C...which is on Sunset and Vine, right in the middle of Hollywood .. what does he sing .. (SINGS)
RIVER, STAY WAY FROM MY DOOR ...

JACK: So what?

PHIL: River stay way from my door.. it ain't rained here for four months! *Jack: What about yesterday.*

JACK: Phil, that's a silly argument you're giving me..and anyway, *Phil: That wasn't enough to chase a jigger of four-ton*
what I said still goes. You're not going to sing "That's
What I Like About the South" *any more - on my* on my program..Now let's get
back to rehearsal.

PHIL: Okay okay.

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

JACK: Where's Don Wilson?

PHIL: He's in Dressing room "D" rehearsing the quartet.

JACK: Oh..well I better go over and see how they're doing. .

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: What a song..Did you hear about the place called Doo Wah
Ditty...and...here comes old Roy with ~~all the news~~ *a*...box back
coat and button shoes....The shoes I can understand, but I
haven't worn a box back coat in two years.....~~Here~~...Doo Wah
Ditty....Oh, here it is..I'll just peek in and see what the
quartet is rehearsing.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh Don?

DON: (MAD) STAY OUT OF HERE, CAN'T YOU SEE I'M --- Oh, hello,
Jack.

JACK: Look Don, I just came in-- *to see*

DON: I didn't know it was you.

JACK: That's all right, Don..Stop licking my hand.

DON: I like sardines.

PR

ATX01 0310623

JACK: Oh yes..darn those paper napkins...Don, were you and the boys rehearsing?

DON: Yes..we're doing "Sonny Boy" today. Would you like to hear it? *"Sonny Boy."*

JACK: Yes yes..Al Jolson's song...Go ahead.

DON: ¹ Are you ready, boys?

QUART: (ONE NOTE)

DON: TAKE IT.

QUART: CLIMB UPON MY KNEE, SPEEDY RIGGS.

L S M F T, SPEEDY RIGGS.

YOU'VE NO WAY OF KNOWING, THERE'S NO WAY OF SHOWING
WHAT YOU MEAN TO ME, SPEEDY RIGGS.

WHEN THERE ARE GRAY SKIES, I DON'T MIND THE GRAY SKIES,

YOU MAKE THEM BLUE, F. E. BOONE.

JACK: F. E. Boone?

YOUR AUCTIONEERING, MAKES YOU SO ENDEARING

ALL YOU SAY IS TRUE, F. E. BOONE.

YOU'RE FROM KENTUCKY AND I KNOW YOUR WORTH

YOU SELL THOSE LUCKIES, THE BEST RIGHT HERE ON EARTH.

BILL: THEY'RE TOASTED.

QUART: WHEN I'M OLD AND GRAY, DEAR; I'LL SMOKE NIGHT AND DAY, DEAR

I LOVE YOU SO, SPEEDY BOONE.

~~JACK: Speedy Boone?~~

DON: Yes..Speedy Riggs and F. E. Boone.....I remember them many

years ago....a pair of barefoot boys playing joyfully in the

tobacco fields.....and as the sun would set over the

magnolia trees..they would come trudging home with their

chubby little arms ^{filled} ~~loaded~~ with those big tobacco leaves.....

and who would meet them at the door?.....Basil Ruysdael.....

And then on their day off, they would go to the old swimming

hole...take off their clothes..and lie in the sun.....and

when Speedy Riggs turned to F. E. Boone and said, "Look at my

back, is it burned?".....F. E. Boone said--

BILL: IT'S TOASTED.

QUART: WHEN I'M OLD AND GRAY, DEAR; I'LL SMOKE NIGHT AND DAY, DEAR.

I LOVE YOU SO, ^{Lucky Strike} ~~SPEEDY BOONE~~.

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUNDTIME)

JACK: Don, ^{Don} that was very good. I'm glad the boys didn't go crazy.

DON: Thanks, Jack.

JACK: ^{See} See you later.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Well, I guess I better ^{get in there} ~~get in there~~

SARA: (OFF) OH ~~SPEEDY...SPEEDY~~ ^{Jack - Jackie}

JACK: Oh, hello Gladys....How did you get in without a pass?

SARA: They thought I was gonna fix the pipes.

JACK: Oh...well did you finish your job at the drugstore?

SARA: Yeah.

JACK: Well, we're rehearsing in Studio C..so---Wait a minute,
Gladys, what's that on your finger?

SARA: The hot water faucet, I can't get it off.

JACK: Oh, ^{Yes I was scared I thought we were engaged} ~~well~~ I'll help you with it later...Now wait for me in
Studio C...I've gotta go to my dressing room.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: HELLO, BOSS.

JACK: Oh hello, Rochester. What're you doing here?

ROCH: I BROUGHT YOUR GLASSES DOWN...YOU ~~LEFT~~ ^{your} THEM AT HOME AND I
KNEW YOU'D NEED THEM FOR ~~THE~~ SHOW.

JACK: Oh thanks, ^{Thanks} Rochester...hand them to me ~~and~~ I'll put them on.

There....Funny how I could forget my glasses... ^{you know I can} ~~I can see so~~
^{hardly see anything with} ~~much better with~~...Say, I wonder if that was a bottle cap.

ROCH: WHAT DID YOU SAY, BOSS?

JACK: Nothing, nothing...Oh by the way, Rochester, I won't be home for dinner tonight. I'm going to the Kay Kyser banquet. You know it's his tenth anniversary on N.B.C....Rochester, remember when N.B.C. gave me a tenth anniversary dinner?

ROCH: YEAH...I REMEMBER THAT NIGHT...THEY SERVED ROAST BREAST OF SARDINE.

JACK: Yeah, that's where I got the habit...But you know, Kay Kyser is a nice fellow and he deserves a testimonial...Say Rochester, what do you think I oughta wear tonight..my blue serge suit or my tuxedo?

ROCH: YOU CAN'T WEAR YOUR TUXEDO, BOSS...SOMEBODY ANSWERED THE AD YOU PUT IN THE PAPER AND I RENTED IT OUT THIS MORNING.

JACK: ^{my} My tuxedo? Who did you rent it to?

ROCH: KAY KYSER.

JACK: Oh oh...I hope he's careful with it.

ROCH: WELL BOSS, I MIGHT AS WELL ^{get} ~~BE GETTING~~ BACK HOME NOW.

JACK: Okay....so long, Rochester.

ROCH: SO LONG, BOSS.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JACK: Now let's see....where are the scripts?...Oh, here they are.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: I think they're all--

ROCH: OH SAY, MR. BENNY?

JACK: Yes, ^{yes} Rochester.

ROCH: I MEANT TO ASK YOU...AS LONG AS YOU'RE NOT COMING HOME FOR DINNER, DO YOU MIND IF I TAKE THE NIGHT OFF?

JACK: No, ^{no} I guess it would be all right, Rochester. Why?

ROCH: WELL, MY AUNT IS VISITING ME AND I'D LIKE TO SHOW HER THE TOWN.

JACK: Oh, your aunt, eh?

ROCH: YEAH, SHE'S NEVER BEEN TO LOS ANGELES BEFORE. SHE'S FROM WAY DOWN SOUTH.

JACK: Really? What part of the south?

ROCH: MISSISSIPPI.

JACK: Mississippi, eh? What town?

ROCH: A LITTLE PLACE CALLED^a DOO WAH DITTY.

JACK: ~~What?~~...Where did you say she's from, Rochester?...A little place called what?

ROCH: DOO WAH DITTY.

JACK:Rochester, close the door.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSE)

JACK: Hmmm.

ROCH: WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOSS?

JACK: Rochester, are you sure your aunt lives in Doo Wah Ditty?

ROCH: YEAH...SEE THIS PACKAGE I'VE GOT UNDER MY ARM?

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCH: ~~MY AUNT BROUGHT THIS~~ ^{It's} FROM MY UNCLE ROY.

JACK: Your uncle..Roy? ^{What} What did he send you?

ROCH: A BOX BACK COAT AND BUTTON SHOES.

JACK: Wait a minute...^{Rochester} your uncle Roy who lives in Doo Wah Ditty sent you a box back coat and a pair of button shoes?

ROCH: YEAH...WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOSS? YOU LOOK KINDA PALE.

JACK: Yeah yeah...I think I'll lie down. ^{You} You can go now, Rochester.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: And Rochester, you can have tonight off if you want it.

ROCH: OKAY BOSS, THANKS.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: OH ROCHESTER... ROCHESTER.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: When you pass Studio C, tell Phil Harris it's all right for him to sing "That's What I Like About the South".

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES) *I just*

JACK: Humm... *I* can't get over it... I wonder if--

(SOUND: ON CUE..RECEIVER UP...FIVE SLOW DIALS)

JACK: I just can't...Hello?...Public Library?...Miss, can you tell me...is there a little town in Mississippi called Doo Wah Ditty?...*no* Hummm...What's the population?...Hummmmm...
No no, that's all...thank you very much.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Gee, I've never been so embarrassed in all my life...I wouldn't blame Phil if he *if he* never talked to me again...Well, I'm not going to take this lying down.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP....FIVE FAST DIALS)

JACK: HELLO...RAND McNALLY?...I'M SUING YOU!

(SOUND: LOUD RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: I guess that settles that...Imagine leaving off an important place like Doo Wah Ditty.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

J

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, Americans want world peace, but there can be no peace without the brotherhood of man, both among nations and among ourselves. Do your part in Brotherhood Week, by advancing the principles of understanding and brotherhood in your life and your community. Make every week Brotherhood Week... Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first...

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
FEBRUARY 29, 1948

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS -
AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE!
LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND!

LAING: That statement is backed up by an impartial Crossley Poll
just completed in eleven southern tobacco states. This
poll - taken among tobacco experts clearly reveals the
smoking preference of the men who really know tobacco.
The Survey shows;

RUYSDAEL: INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS -
AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE!
LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND!

LAING: These are the experts, the top men in their field -
auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen - and we believe
their overwhelming preference for Lucky Strike has a
direct relationship to the quality tobacco we purchase
for Luckies.

RUYSDAEL: You've heard the poll results - now listen to what Mr.
Henre Snell, a tobacco warehouseman for ^{over} 32 years, recently
said:

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike
buy fine, mild, ripe tobacco. I've smoked Luckies 17
years.

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

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round, so firm, so
fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

ATX01 0310631

(TAG)

-24-

JACK: ~~I just can't understand it. I've traveled all over the world~~
~~and I never heard of Doo-Wai Ditty. Well, live and learn.~~

~~(SOUND: PHONE RINGS, RECEIVER UP)~~

JACK: ~~Hello? ... Oh, hello Mary. ... You better get over here~~
~~right away. The show goes on in a minute. ... Okay, goodbye.~~

~~(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)~~

JACK: Goodnight folks, ~~I've gotta go in and do my broadcast.~~

