

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

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AS BROADCAST

PROGRAM #34
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 23, 1948

NBC

4:00 - 4:50 PM - PST

dv

ATX01 0310926

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
OPENING COMMERCIAL

5-23-48
-A-

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

BOONE: (CHANT -- 57 to 59 -- AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike - first again with tobacco men.

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: First again...with tobacco men!

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

LAING: More independent tobacco experts smoke Lucky Strike
regularly than the next two leading brands combined!

RUYSDAEL: There you have the findings of a recent impartial
survey which reveals the personal smoking preference
of tobacco men -- auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen.

LAING: Yes, the survey shows -- Lucky Strike -

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: First again -- with tobacco men!

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

LAING: First again...with tobacco men! First again with
the men who can see the makers of Lucky Strike
consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that
naturally mild tobacco. So light up a Lucky. Puff by
puff, you'll see --

(MORE)

ATX01 0310927

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
OPENING COMMERCIAL - cont.

5-23-48
-B-

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! And in a cigarette
it's the tobacco that counts - so for your own real
deep-down smoking enjoyment, smoke the smoke tobacco
experts smoke - Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: First again ... with tobacco men!

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

bs

ATX01 0310928

(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 WEEK, ~~ROCHESTER~~, THE STAR OF OUR SHOW FELT THAT HE NEEDED A VACATION, SO HE TOOK THE WEEK OFF AND WENT TO NEW YORK..BUT TONIGHT I AM HAPPY TO ANNOUNCE THAT THE PRODIGAL SON HAS RETURNED... AND HERE HE IS, JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you...hello again, this Jack Benny talking, and Don, I think that was a very fitting introduction because I do feel like a prodigal son.

DON: Well, thank you, Jack, and welcome home.

JACK: And it's very appropriate too...the prodigal son being welcomed by the fatted calf....But Don, it's good to be back.

DON: Did you have a good time in New York, Jack?

JACK: Wonderful...I saw almost everybody I knew...Irving Berlin, Bea Lillie, Ed Sullivan, Fred Allen, Jack Eigen, and--

DON: Oh, you saw Fred Allen, huh?

JACK: Yes.

DON: Well...how'd you find Fred?

JACK: I just pushed aside those bags and there he was....Honestly, Don, he has the biggest bags over his eyes.

DON: Over his eyes?

mc

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JACK: Yes, he's wearing them in an upsweep this year...He got tired of stepping on them...^{But} You know, I saw Fred at his broadcast, and it's really amazing how lucky he's been.

DON: What do you mean, lucky?

JACK: The way he ran a case of sinus into a million dollars...

Honestly, Don, the way Fred talks, he sounds ~~like a doctor~~, *well* hello Mary.

MARY: Hello Jack, welcome home.

JACK: Well..that's a fine welcome home..Haven't you got a great big kiss?

MARY: I had one, but last week I gave it to Robert Taylor.

JACK: All right, so couldn't you save a little kiss for me?

MARY: Jack, when Taylor takes over a show, he takes it all.

JACK: Well, I will say one thing, he did a wonderful job..and so did you, Mary. You were great last week. I was in New York and I heard it.

MARY: The kiss?

JACK: No, the show...Anyway, I had a wonderful vacation in New York. You know, this year they're having one of the most successful theatrical seasons they've ever had...They charge a lot of money, ^{you know,} for the tickets, but it's worth it. What shows, "A Streetcar Named Desire", "High Button Shoes", "Inside U.S.A.", and "Mr. Roberts."

DON: ^{Oh} Gosh Jack, I certainly envy you...How did you like "A Streetcar Named Desire?"

JACK: Well...Well Don...^I I didn't get to see that show. And I'm sorry I missed it.

MARY: ^{Oh} That's too bad..But Jack, I'll bet you enjoyed "High Button Shoes". I heard it was a great musical.

JACK: ^{yeah} Well...I didn't see that one either...^{you see} Before I knew it, it was Thursday night, and that was the night I was going to see "Mr. Roberts".

DON: Well, Jack, when I get to New York, that's the show I'm most anxious to see.

JACK: "Mr. Roberts?"

DON: Yes, ^{you} how did you enjoy that?

JACK: Well....that's the one I'm really sorry I missed...^{you see} I got as far as the lobby and the girl in the box office made me so mad I wouldn't go in.

DON: What did she say ^{to you?}

MARY: "Six-sixty, please."

JACK: ~~Six-sixty, six-sixty please.~~ ^{Some smart-alec gives you took over the show last week... six-sixty!}

JACK: ~~She did not..~~ Anyway money had nothing to do with it...Henry Fonda the star of "Mr. Roberts," gave me two passes ~~to that show....~~ I wish I hadn't sold them....~~anyway---~~

~~DON: Well, for heaven's sake, Jack, you were in New York for ten days. What did you see?~~

~~JACK: Well, the last night of my visit, I saw a wonderful show at the Flatbush theatre in Brooklyn.~~

~~MARY: What was it?~~

~~JACK: "The Horn Blows At Midnight" and "The Covered Wagon"I really enjoyed myself..Now what about you, Mary...anything happen with you while I was away?~~

MARY: ^{Oh} Nothing much, except that I received another letter from my mother.

JACK: Your mother? Well, what does the Republican Dark Horse of Plainfield have to say?

MARY: I've got it right here. Do you want me to read it to you?

JACK: No, but you're going to do it anyway, so go ahead.

MARY: All right... (CLEARS THROAT AND READS) MY DARLING DAUGHTER
Jack: Oh, Mary would say... if you don't read it... it's not worth it... same thing
MARY: *you know... go ahead, read it... it's not worth it... same thing*
I RECEIVED YOUR LETTER AND I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR *ahead, I'm* ~~FORGIVING~~ *along*
SENDING ME TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS FOR MOTHERS DAY... YOU'RE SO
GENEROUS... WHAT OTHER GIRL WOULD SEND HER MOTHER A WHOLE
WEEK'S SALARY.

JACK: Gee, you are generous.

MARY: MARY, I BOUGHT MYSELF A DRESS WITH SOME OF THE MONEY, AND WITH THE REST OF IT I BOUGHT PAPA A BEAUTIFUL MONOGRAMMED WALLET TO KEEP HIS UNEMPLOYMENT CHECKS IN.....AND THAT REMINDS ME... YOUR SISTER BABE IS NO LONGER ON VACATION... A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO SHE GOT A TELEGRAM FROM JOHN L. LEWIS TELLING HER TO GO BACK TO WORK.

JACK: Good old Babe... I'll never forget her in the Easter Parade... strolling down the avenue with that lamp on her hat..

MARY: Jack, please--

JACK: *Oh* I'm sorry, Mary..continuo.

MARY: I HEARD YOU ON THE PROGRAM LAST WEEK... THE BROADCAST YOU DID WITH ROBERT TAYLOR... AND I MUST SAY IT WAS A WONDERFUL SHOW WITHOUT JACK..

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: IT WAS THE FIRST TIME IN FIVE YEARS THAT MY AIRWICK TOOK A SUNDAY OFF.... NO OTHER NEWS SO WILL CLOSE NOW... YOUR LOVING MOTHER... NATURE GIRL LIVINGSTONE.

mc

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JACK: You know Mary, your mother writes some of the silliest....

DENNIS: Hello, Don..Hello, Mary.

JACK: Well, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Gee, Mr. Taylor, I don't know what happened to you since last Sunday, but you look awful now.

JACK: Dennis, for heaven's sake I'm not Robert Taylor, ^{look over here} I'm Jack Benny.

DENNIS: Oh.....I don't blame you for being mad.

MARY: ^{well} Dennis, aren't you happy that Mr. Benny's back?

DENNIS: I ^{certainly} ~~sure~~ am..You know, Mr. Benny, while you were gone, I sure missed you.

JACK: ^{well} Thanks kid.

~~DENNIS: I didn't go anywhere or do anything.~~

~~JACK: --Gee.~~ ^{you won't believe it but}

DENNIS: I was like a lost soul...I felt awful..I couldn't even eat.

JACK: That's a shame.

DENNIS: Yeah...next time you go away you ought to pay us in advance.

JACK: What? Pay you in advance?...Dennis, you've got a lot of nerve suggesting anything like that. After all, Mary was on last week's program, too, and she didn't mention anything about being paid.

DENNIS: She doesn't care about money, she got kissed by Robert Taylor.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: He wouldn't even put his arm around me.

JACK: Dennis.

DENNIS: I may not look like much, but he oughta taste my potato pancakes.

JACK: Dennis!...Stop being so silly and ^{will you} get ready for your song.

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: Mary, before I forget it, will you wait and drive me home after the broadcast?

MARY: Where's your car?

JACK: Well, I'm thinking of getting a new one, so I sent Rochester out to see if he can get a good trade-in. ^{you see} I hope he---

PHIL: (COMING IN) Hi'ya Livvy..hello kids..Well, look who's back, Little Boy Blue Eyes, Hi'ya Jackson.

JACK: Hello, Phil... ^{Excuse's} how is ~~your~~ answer to ~~George's~~ ^{"It has to be ignorant?"} ~~that~~ what ~~he~~ didn't know us at ~~the~~ there. ^{He had} ~~.....~~ ^{one that wasn't nearly as funny.... (chuck)}

PHIL: Oh, I'm fine, dad, ^{Talk: are you} ~~glad~~ glad you're back. ^{Dad} what did you think of the program we did last week without you?

JACK: I thought it was an excellent show..~~and~~ I thought Robert Taylor did a wonderful job.

PHIL: Who did a wonderful job?

JACK: Robert Taylor.

PHIL: You don't by any chance mean Spangler Arlington Brugh?

JACK: Yes, what about it?

PHIL: Spangler Arlington Brugh. ^{Oh Spangler} what a name..Brugh....Before I met him, I didn't know whether I was supposed to shake his hand or blow the foam off him.

JACK: Phil!

PHIL: Anyway, what did you have to get him for..when you've got me.. me..the one and only inimitable Harris.

JACK: ~~Like~~ Phil..you're not inimitable..it's just that nobody wants to be like you. ^{I'm surprised you pronounced it right. Now} ~~Non-Bonnie~~ ^{look at Harris.}

PHIL: ^{Wait a minute} I don't care what you say, ~~but~~..I'd much rather be like me than like Spangler Arlington Brugh.

dk

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JACK: Oh, for heaven's sakes, Phil..what have you got against Robert Taylor?

PHIL: He burns me up...he's married to a beautiful actress..He's a good looking guy..he's got nice wavy hair...and a great personality.

JACK: So what, Phil..you're married to a beautiful actress...you're a good looking guy...you've got nice wavy hair..and you've got a great personality, too.

PHIL: I know.

JACK: Well...what about it?

PHIL: (DREAMILY) Nothin', I just wanted to hear you say it.

JACK: All right, Phil, I said it...Now Dennis, let's have your---
Phil, are you taking bows, or is your head so big it keeps bending you over...^{Now} Come on, Dennis, let's have your song.

DENNIS: What do you want me to sing?

JACK: I don't know..what've you got prepared?

DENNIS: Potato pancakes.

JACK: All right, sing that ^{song} anything..Shortening Bread..~~the song?~~

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG.."HAUNTED HEART")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "Haunted Heart" sung by Dennis Day...~~and that was~~ very good, Dennis....and now, ladies and gentlemen, in answer to thousands of requests, as our feature attraction tonight...we are going to repeat our version of that great Universal-International production, "The Egg and I."

MARY: Jack how come we aren't doing a new play tonight?

JACK: Because in order to do a new play, it has to be written and my writers lost their typewriter at the opening of Hollywood Park...Now in this sketch, I will---

MARY: All right, so they lost their typewriter at the races... couldn't they dictate the script to their secretary?

JACK: They lost her, too...She looked so forlorn as they pushed her through the five dollar window...Now in this sketch, I will play the part of--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh darn *it*

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

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

JACK: Oh hello, Rochester..have you done anything about trading my car in?

ROCH: YEAH, I WAS BUSY ALL MORNING..FIRST I TOOK IT TO MAD MAN MUNTZ.. HE LOOKED THE CAR OVER VERY CAREFULLY...BUT HE DIDN'T OFFER MUCH.

JACK: Well, how much did he appraise it for?

ROCH: BOSS...WHEN A CAR GETS THAT OLD, THEY DON'T APPRAISE IT, THEY WEIGH IT!

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: SO THEN I DROVE OVER TO HONEST JOHN'S PLACE, HE LOOKED AT THE CAR AND OFFERED US TEN DOLLARS AND SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS.

JACK: Well, of all the nerve..the license plate alone is worth that much.

ROCH: THAT'S THE ONLY PART HE WANTED.

JACK: Hmmm.

ROCH: A TRIFLE DISCOURAGED, BUT UNDAUNTED, I DROVE ~~OVER~~ ^{WHERE} TO THE SMILING IRISHMAN'S LOT..AND THERE ~~WE~~ ^{WE} HAD A LITTLE TOUGH LUCK.

JACK: Why, what happened?

ROCH: AS THE SMILING IRISHMAN CLIMBED INTO OUR CAR TO INSPECT IT.... HE SLAMMED THE DOOR AND THE FENDER FELL OFF.

JACK: Which fender?

ROCH: THE FENDER, THE FENDER!

JACK: Oh, my goodness..then what did you do?

ROCH: I DECIDED TO GO HOME.

JACK: Uh huh.

~~ROCH: BUT THE MAN CALLED ME BACK AND TOLD ME TO TAKE THE CAR WITH ME.~~

~~ROCH:~~ ^{And} SO WHILE I WAS DRIVING ~~THE~~ DOWN WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, SOMETHING WENT WRONG WITH THE STEERING WHEEL...AND THE CAR RAN RIGHT INTO THE LA BREA TAR PITS.

JACK: Oh, that's terrible.

ROCH: WORSE THAN YOU THINK...THE PITS THREW IT BACK OUT AGAIN.

JACK: Well gee, Rochester, I expected you to sell the car today... you can try ^{it} again tomorrow.

ROCH: YES SIR...GOODEBYE.

~~ROCH:~~ ^{Goodbye}

~~JACK: Goodbye.~~

~~ROCK: Oh my, Bob.~~

~~JACK: How was it?~~

~~ROCK: When you come home tonight, I've got a big surprise for you.~~

~~JACK: What is it?~~

~~ROCK: All your life you've wanted to take a milk bath. Tonight you can do it. I've got the bathhouse fixed to the gym.~~

~~JACK: Rochester, all that talk, what will you do for me?~~

~~ROCK: Don't get excited, Bob. When Mr. and Mrs. Colman left for England, they forgot to take the milk.~~

~~JACK: Well, what do you know, Bob? Will you be my lover, Rochester?~~
~~Goodbye.~~

~~ROCK: Goodbye.~~

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Come on kids, let's get on with our play, ~~because I want it~~
~~with me get home...~~ AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...WE WILL
PROCEED WITH OUR VERSION OF...THE EGG AND I...IN THIS SKETCH
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: Aw 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.

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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. AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...THE EGG AND I...AS THE SCENE OPENS..WE FIND THE NEWLYWEDS..CLAUDETTE AND FRED... DRIVING OUT TO THEIR NEW HOME.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CAR MOTOR UP AND DOWN) *(Dog barks)*

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

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

JACK: you can call me Mac

JACK: (SIGHS) You know, honey..I can't believe we're really married at last.

MARY: Yeah....it was such a wonderful wedding ceremony...but you were so nervous.

JACK: I was not nervous.

MARY: You were too..you put the ring on the ~~the~~ ^{your own} ~~finger,~~ ^{knissed the best}

man and gave ~~me~~ ^{the preacher} a potato pancake.

JACK: ~~Gee, I was nervous..~~ ^{a friend of mine makes them} But darling, wasn't it exciting as we drove away from the church with those ^{old} 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....They can always use another smudge pot there. ^{Oh} Look, there's our farmhouse.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP)

JACK: Here we are.

(SOUND: CAR STOPS..CAR DOOR OPENS) (big car)

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

MARY: Gee, it sure looks run down.

JACK: Yes, but we'll fix it up...There's the real estate man...Oh,
Mister...Mister.

NELSON: HOW DO YOU DO?

JACK: How do you do..I just bought this house..You're the man from
the real estate office, aren't you?

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: Hmm..let's go inside..Come on, honey.

NELSON: Allright.

JACK: I'm talking to my wife!

NELSON: Oh...Just follow me, folks, and I'll show you through the
house.

(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.

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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: What?

NELSON: Well, it's getting kind of late..~~It~~^{It} better go.

JACK: Goodbye, Mr. Nelson.

NELSON: Goodbye.

MARY: Goodbye, Mr. Nelson.

(SOUND: LOUD KISS)

JACK: MR. NELSON! STOP KISSING HER!

NELSON: If Robert Taylor doesn't care, why should you?

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Hmm...Well darling..here we are in our own little home..

(YAWNS) And we better start getting to sleep. ^{too} On a farm you have to get up at four in the morning.

MARY: You're right, sweetheart..But it's so nice to be alone, just the two of us.

JACK: Yeah..well, darling, goodnight.

~~Goodnight, sweetheart.~~

NELSON: Goodnight.

JACK: Get out of here!

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

MEL: (CROWS ONCE LIKE ROOSTER)

JACK: (SOFT) 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..CLOSES)

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: (MOOS LIKE COW)

JACK: Now hold still while I fix the pail and stool. ~~A. There...~~

*off the air tonight... Here (easy) there...
That's a good girl.... Hold still while I fix the pail and stool*

(JACK 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) ^{Oh} 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, now we've got ^{to get} breakfast...Well, I better get some oats for the horse..^{hay} for the cow..and--

MEL: OINK, OINK, OINK, OOOOOOIIIIIIINNNNNNK!

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JACK: 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....Now let's get ~~on with the~~.... Oh, look..here comes someone...(CALLS) Hello.

PHIL: (RUBE) ^{Howdy} Howdy neighbors. 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 have a still?

PHIL: ^{yeah} ~~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: ^{Little old town} Well, let me see...I moved here in 1918..~~and there's~~ ^{4/5} 1948... That's sixteen years.

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

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

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

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

MARY: ^{Well} 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: ^{yeah} ~~Yep~~..they're pretty attached to each other..HEH HEH HEH HEH..

OH ZEKE..YOU'RE THE BARNYARD'S ANSWER TO PHIL HARRIS.

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

PHIL: ^{yeah} ~~Yep~~..that's the place where I raise tobacco ^{you.} Those are my hired hands out there picking it.

JACK: Where?

PHIL: Right over there.

(INTRODUCTION TO "RUBEN, RUBEN")

QUART: (RUBE) RUBEN, RUBEN, WE BEEN THINKIN'
WHAT A SAD WORLD THIS WOULD BE
IF WE HAD NO BETTY GRABLE
~~AND~~ ^{OR} NO L S M F T.

(ONE VAMP)

QUART: 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)

QUART: 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) *Puff Puff*

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Say Zeke, your farm hands are pretty good.

PHIL: ^{yes sir, yes sir} ~~Yes~~, they sing all the time.

ELVIA: H'ya neighbors...Howdy Zeke. Good to see you all.

JACK: Well, hello. ~~anwer...~~ ^{how are you?}

ELVIA: Maw Kettle is the name..Live right down the road.

JACK: Which house?

ELVIA: No house, just down the read.

~~Jack~~
JACK: No heuse?

PHIL: Yep..she's married to Paw Kettle, the laziest man in the state.

ELVIA: He's the laziest man in the world. He won't even pick his teeth, I had to go down to the store and pick 'em for him.

JACK: No kiddin'.

ELVIA: 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, ^{Jack: Better talk faster...we won't get off the show} that feels better...Anyplace to lie down around here? ^{Dennis}

ELVIA: Oh Paw, stand up for awhile.

DENNIS: ^{Oh} By the way, what are you folks figuring on raising here?

JACK: Chickens.

DENNIS: ^I 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: (STRAIGHT)....Ooooooh..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....HE HE HE HE..OH, PAW KETTLE, YOU'RE SHARPER THAN A POTATO PANCAKE.

JACK: You said it.

MARY: Well look, folks, my husband and I are just going in to have breakfast. Why don't you 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: ^{ck}He had to run along, he's got his own show.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I can stay till Wednesday.

JACK: ^{well}Good good..come folks..breakfast is on me.

ELVIA: On you?

MARY: Yes, we haven't got a table..HA HA HA HA..OH, CLAUDETTE, YOU'VE ONLY BEEN ON THE FARM ONE DAY, BUT YOU'VE GOT CORN ALL OVER YOU.

JACK: YOU SAID IT, ^{and we just made it.} COME ON, EVERYBODY, LET'S GO.

(RUBE MUSIC)

(APPLAUSE)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I AM SURE YOU AGREE THERE IS NOTHING MORE PATHETIC THAN A HELPLESS CHILD SUFFERING FROM STARVATION, EXPOSURE AND SICKNESS. THOUSANDS OF KIDS IN THE DEVASTATED COUNTRIES ARE EXACTLY IN THIS PREDICAMENT. SO IT IS UP TO US TO GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO SURVIVE. WE MUST HELP THEM GROW UP TO BE HEALTHY CLEAR-THINKING CITIZENS. SO LET'S HELP THOSE UNFORTUNATE CHILDREN BY SENDING OUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO CRUSADE FOR CHILDREN, NEW YORK CITY. SAVE A CHILD, SAVE THE FUTURE. THANK YOU.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: JACK WILL BE BACK IN JUST A MINUTE, BUT FIRST..

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

5-23-48
-0-

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 57 to 59 -- AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike - first again ... with tobacco men.

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: First again ... with tobacco men.

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

LAING: As a recent impartial survey reveals - more independent tobacco experts smoke Lucky Strike regularly than the next two leading brands combined! More than the next two leading brands combined -- Lucky Strike --

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: First again ... with tobacco men.

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: That's what the survey shows. Now listen to what Mr. Garland Fletcher Tilley, 25 years a tobacco buyer, recently said --

VOICE: At auction after auction, I've seen fine, ripe, mild tobacco bought by the makers of Lucky Strike ... tobacco you can't beat for smoking quality. I've smoked Luckies 17 years.

bs

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THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
CLOSING COMMERCIAL - cont.

5-23-48
-D-

LAING: Light up a Lucky and, puff by puff, you'll see --

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. So
smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke -- Lucky Strike.

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: First again ... with tobacco men!

MUSIC: (THEMES NUMBER ONE AND TWO)

(TAG)

-22-

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to take this opportunity to thank Robert Taylor for taking my place on the program last week. He certainly did a great job and I--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Mary, answer the phone, will you?

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

MARY: Hello?.....Yes, he's here.....It's for you, Jack. It's your sponsor.

JACK: Oh.....Hello, L.S...How's M.F.T.?.....What?...

Oh I was only trying to be cute.....Robert Taylor?...No no, he was on last week.....But he was only supposed to be on for one week.....But I don't need another vacation.....

Look I don't want to go to New York. I've been there.....Where?....
I don't want to go there, either.....But.....but but.....
but.....but.....

Cut

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