

PROGRAM #38
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST
AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JUNE 20, 1948 NBC 7:00 - 7:30 PM - EDT

CLEVELAND, OHIO

ATX01 031103B

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JUNE 20th, 1948

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

RUYSDAEL: FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN.

MUSIC: THEME

LAING: More independent tobacco exports 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

RUYSDAEL: FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN!

MUSIC: THEME

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:

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

(MORE)

ATX01 0311039

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JUNE 20th, 1948

OPENING COMMERCIAL (Cont'd)

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

RUYSDAEL: FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN! LUCKY STRIKE!

(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... JACK BENNY AND HIS GANG ARE
APPEARING THIS WEEK AT THE PALACE THEATRE HERE IN
CLEVELAND.. RIGHT NOW JACK IS IN HIS DRESSING ROOM
AND ROCHESTER IS HELPING HIM MAKE UP FOR THE NEXT
STAGE SHOW...LET'S LOOK IN ON THEM.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: ^{Oh} / Rochester, how long do you--OUCH--^{how long} do you think it
will--OUCH--be before--OUCH OUCH.

ROCH: BOSS, HOLD STILL OR YOU'LL KNOCK THE TWEEZERS OUT OF
MY HAND.

JACK: All right, but try to go/^{Ouch}~~and take~~--OUCH.

ROCH: IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT, BOSS, IF YOU'D BUY A RAZOR BLADE
I WOULDN'T HAVE TO PLUCK OUT YOUR WHISKERS.

JACK: I can't get this close a shave with a razor.

ROCH: OKAY..I'M THROUGH NOW.

JACK: Good, I have to go on stage again in a half hour..
^{Gee} I'm glad business is so good..It was swell in
Detroit, too. What was the total receipts at the box
office in Detroit? Rochester

ROCH: WE TOOK IN NINETY-THREE THOUSAND, TWO HUNDRED AND
SIXTY-SEVEN DOLLARS, FORTY-THREE CENTS AND A HOOVER
BUTTON.

JACK: A Hoover button? Who put that in?

ROCH: HOOVER.

JACK: Hoover?

ROCH: YES, ~~HE~~ HE AIN'T WORKED IN SIXTEEN YEARS.

JACK: Oh...Now Rochester, I'd like to--

ROCH: OH SAY BOSS..YOU BETTER GIVE ME A LITTLE MORE PETTY CASH...I HAD TO PAY THE CLEANERS ~~FOR MY SUITS AND DRESS~~ ~~DOLLARS~~

JACK: Oh, I didn't even know my stuff came back from the cleaners...Where is it?

ROCH: WELL...I FOLDED YOUR SLACKS AND PUT ~~THEM~~ IN THE TRUNK..I BRUSHED ~~OFF~~ YOUR COAT AND PUT IT IN THE CLOSET..AND I PARTED YOUR HAIR AND PUT IT IN THE DRAWER.

JACK: Oh, was that my hair? I've been throwing it bread crumbs all morning.

ROCH: NOW HOLD STILL, BOSS, WHILE I FINISH MAKING YOU UP... I'VE GOTTA PUT A LITTLE MORE MASCARA UNDER YOUR EYES, ~~AN~~ THERE.

JACK: Thank you, Rochester..You know, during our last show yesterday, when the spotlight was shining on me, I heard a woman in the second row turn to her friend and say.."Oh Mildred, don't his eyes look like twilight on the blue waters of Lake Erie."

ROCH: WELL, I DON'T BLAME HER, BOSS...YOUR EYES ~~ARE~~ REALLY ARE BEAUTIFUL.

JACK: I know.

ROCH: IT'S A SHAME YOU HAVE TO BLINK AND CLOSE THEM EVERY ONCE IN AWHILE.

JACK: Yeah...especially here in Cleveland..There're so many people who paid to see ~~them~~ ^{as you know}..Anyway, you better finish--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Mary.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: ~~Hello, Jack~~
Hello, Rochester.

ROCH: HELLO, MISS LIVINGSTONE.

MARY: (LAUGHING) Jack, I brought you some coffee and sandwiches.

JACK: Thanks, Mary..what are you laughing at?

MARY: Well, you'll find ~~it~~ out soon enough, so I may as well tell you...(LAUGHING) You know that big life-sized picture of you out in front of the theatre?

JACK: Yes.

MARY: (LAUGHING) Well, some kid with a crayon drew a moustache, whiskers, and long curls on it.

JACK: No!

MARY: Yes! (LAUGHING) You look like a cocker spaniel with padded shoulders.

JACK: Oh, that's terrible...a thing like that can hurt business. ~~you know. They're on a percentage, too.~~

MARY: Oh, calm down, Jack..you weren't mad in Detroit when someone touched up your picture in front of the Fox Theatre.

JACK: Well, that was different.

MARY: I'll say it was...they painted a fan in each hand and you broke the box office record.

JACK: Yeah, that picture even fooled me. Twice I bought tickets myself.

ROCH: BY THE WAY, BOSS...I BEEN MEANING TO ASK YOU..DO YOU WANT ME TO GO OUT AND BUY YOU A PAIR OF THOSE ELEVATOR SHOES?

JACK: What for?

ROCH: WELL, WHEN YOU DO YOUR LOVE SCENE ON THE STAGE WITH MISS MARILYN MAXWELL, SHE'S TALLER THAN YOU. ~~and~~

JACK: ^{well} Oh, that doesn't bother me.

MARY: ^{Well it should} ~~Shoes?~~...I caught the show from out front and you ^{certainly} could improve that love scene you do with Marilyn.

JACK: What do you mean?

MARY: Well..when you kiss her, you're supposed to put your arms around her and tenderly draw her up close to you.

JACK: Huh?

MARY: You're not supposed to grab her by the earlobes and pull yourself up.

JACK: Earlobes, earlobes..why don't you stop making things up.

ROCH: I'M FINISHED WITH YOUR FACE, BOSS..HERE'S A MIRROR SO YOU CAN SEE HOW YOU LOOK.

JACK: Hmmm...Well!!!! ... Say!!!! You did a wonderful job, Rochester. ^{Gee} There isn't even a trace of a wrinkle.. What did you use, a new wrinkle cream?

ROCH: NO...PUTTY.

JACK:Putty?

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: Mary, what's so funny?

MARY: Before a man can make up your face, he has to join the Plasterer's Union.

JACK: Look Mary, I'm nervous enough as it is without you coming in here and--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR..PHONE RINGS (OFF))

JACK: Oh my goodness, everything happens at once. There's the door and there's the phone in the other room.

MARY: I'll get the phone.

ROCH: I'LL ANSWER THE DOOR.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

GEORGE: How do you do..My name is Mink..I'm the manager of this theatre.

JACK: Oh..oh..won't you come in, Mr. Mink?

GEORGE: Thank you.

JACK: You know, you look very familiar..it seems that I know you.

GEORGE: Well, you should. I used to be in vaudeville, too. You and I were on the same bill together in Sandusky.

JACK: Say, that's right..in Nineteen----Nineteen---

GEORGE: Nineteen twenty-eight..I'll never forget it. You were celebrating your thirty-ninth birthday.

JACK: Oh
/No no, I wasn't thirty-nine years old/, ^{you see} I threw that party to celebrate what a sensation I was that week.. We took in thirty-nine dollars.

GEORGE: THIRTY-NINE DOLLARS!

JACK: Yes. ~~Oh that's all right.~~
ROCH: WITH GOOD LUCK WE MAY HAVE A PARTY HERE.
JACK: ~~Thank you. I'll be here on time. See~~
a vaudeville actor. How come ~~you gave~~ it up?
GEORGE: Well, I just played it smart. I saw my act was
falling apart, I was getting old, I was washed up...
so I quit and became a theatre manager.
JACK: Gee....I wonder if.....No. ~~No.~~
GEORGE: What is it, Mr. Benny?
JACK: Well..I thought maybe if you spoke to some ~~of~~ the
theatre owners, you could...No, why should I do
anything for Fred Allen? ~~I mean~~ Anyway, thanks for dropping
in, Mr. Mink.
GEORGE: You're quite welcome, Mr. Benny. ~~It was nice seeing~~
you again.
JACK: Oh, by the way, when I'm working on stage, I wish
you'd turn the microphone up a little higher..People
can't hear me beyond the third row.
GEORGE: Oh..well, as soon as we get people beyond the third
row, I will.
JACK: Thank you.
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)
MARY: (FADING IN) Oh Jack, I'm glad I answered the phone.
It was my sister Babe calling from Plainfield.
JACK: ~~Oh~~ Your sister Babe?
MARY: Yes, and she has wonderful news. She thinks she's
engaged.
JACK: Babe thinks she's engaged? ~~I mean~~ doesn't she know?

MARY: Well, she's not sure...Her boyfriend got down on one knee, but just as he started to speak, the battery in her hearing aid went dead.

JACK: Oh, ~~that~~^{that} is a shame...any other news from home?

MARY: Yes...Babe told me that--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: See who's at the door, Rochester.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: TWO FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

MAXWELL: Is Mr. Penny in, Rochester?

ROCH: YEAH..COME RIGHT IN....OH BOSS, IT'S MISS MAXWELL.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Hello, Marilyn, come on in..sit down.

MAXWELL: ~~Well~~^{Well} Thank you..Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Marilyn.

MAXWELL: Look, Jack, I don't like disturbing you in your dressing room, but I had something I wanted to talk to you about.

JACK: Oh, that's quite all right..what ~~is~~^{what} --

MARY: Say Marilyn..how come you're wearing your hair down like that?

MAXWELL: ~~Because of~~^{Because of} ~~my~~ my earlobes, they're six inches long now.

JACK: Hmm...Well, they were certainly pretty when we started...But Marilyn, I do want to thank you for your cooperation during this tour...You're really lending a touch of beauty to our vaudeville engagements.

MAXWELL: ~~Well~~^{Well} Thank you, Jack.

MARY: Jack's right, Marilyn..I caught the first show at the Palace and you certainly looked beautiful in that black gown.

MAXWELL: Oh, you mean that strapless one!

MARY: Yes, it's really gorgeous.

JACK: That's right, Marilyn..and all week long, I've been meaning to ask you something about that strapless gown:..^{what}What/keeps it up?

MAXWELL: The Cleveland Censor.

JACK: ~~Oh, Oh, that's pretty good~~ ^{Oh, Oh, that's pretty good} you must've brought your own writer with you..Now Marilyn, what number are you going to sing in the next show?

MAXWELL: "Hooray For Love."

MARY: Oh, that's a new one,

MAXWELL: ^{Yes} Yes, Mary, would you like to hear it?

MARY: I sure would.

MAXWELL: ^{Well} /All right..here goes.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Just a minute, Marilyn.. COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

TACK: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes, who are you?

TACK: I'm a hod carrier, I brought you some more make-up.

JACK: Oh good, ~~good~~..^{dump}just/~~drop~~ it in the corner....Go ahead, Marilyn, ~~and~~ let's have your song now.

(APPLAUSE)

(MARILYN'S SONG:.. "HOORAY FOR LOVE")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ~~Oh, that's~~ ^{Well that's, well that's} a wonderful song, Marilyn. ^{wonderful} I'm sure the audience will like it.

MARILYN: Thanks, Jack. By the way, I haven't seen Dennis around all week. Where is he?

JACK: Well, Dennis ^{isn't} here. You see when we went to the Railroad station in Detroit, he got mixed up and took the wrong train.

MARY: Where is he now?

JACK: Well, if the Republicans can't decide on anybody, he may be our next president. Anyway, ^{we'll} ~~he'll~~ probably--

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Phil.

PHIL: Hiya, Jackson.

(APPLAUSE)

PHIL: Hello, girls.

MARY: Hello, Phil.

MARILYN: Hello, Phil.

PHIL: ~~Well~~ ^{Look} two new looks with one old Schnook.

JACK: Phil, don't be so smart.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, this dressing room you've got is wonderful..Mine ain't got nothing in it.

JACK: Well Phil, if there's anything you need, just take it out of here.

PHIL: Okay, I'll take this.

JACK: Put that down, that's rubbing alcohol...
~~You know~~
There's no telling what that will do to your stomach.

PHIL: Well, let's find out!

JACK: Phil..

MARY: It's too late, the bottle's empty.

JACK: Well..to each his own...Imagine anybody--

PHIL: Now look, Jackson--

JACK: Phil, turn around, your breath is scorching my suit.

MARY: You know, Jack, I think Phil ought to watch himself a little bit..especially here in Cleveland..After all, Cleveland is Bob Hope's home town.

JACK: Mary's right, Phil. You know, the people in Cleveland think so much of Bob Hope that I'm surprised we even got in here.

PHIL: No kidding, Jackson..do they really think that much of Hope ~~at~~ here.

JACK: Do they? You know those white lines that run down the middle of the street?

PHIL: Yeah.

JACK: Pepsodent...They put it on with a toothbrush yet.

PHIL: Look, Jackson, this ~~may~~ ^{might} be Bob Hope's home town.. but I heard you played here long before Hope even thought of being a comedian.

MARY: I didn't know that, Jack. When did you play here before?

JACK: Oh, I don't remember..it was a long time ago.

MARY: Phil, how long ago was it?

PHIL: I don't know, but when Jack was here, the Cleveland Indians were scalping people and the Carter Hotel was a wigwam.

JACK: Okay, Wonga, ~~Wonga~~^{Okay}...Gee, ~~look~~^{heh} what time it is.. Marilyn, you better go get ready for the next show.

MARILYN: All right, Jack.

MARY: Say Marilyn, I noticed during the first show you wore those lovely long false eyelashes, but during the second show you didn't have them on..

MARILYN: Well, Jack told me he was the star and made me give 'em to him.

MARY: Oh for heaven's sake..Jack, ~~come~~^{come} here a minute.

JACK: Okay.

MARY: Bend your head down.

JACK: Like this?

MARY: Yes.

(SOUND: TWO RIPS OF WINDOW SHADE)

MARY: Here, Marilyn.

MAXWELL: Thanks.

MARY: Come on, let's go to your dressing room.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JACK: Oh well, I didn't look good in them anyway... Say Rochester, how's the house out there for the next show? Is it packed?

ROCH: YEAH..VERY GOOD, BCSS, VERY GOOD.

JACK: That's fine..You know, Rochester, I'm doing everything to try and set a new box office record.

ROCH: I KNOW, BOSS, BUT DIDN'T YOU GO A LITTLE TOO FAR WHEN YOU MADE THE USHERS BUY TICKETS?

JACK: Well, if the orchestra boys aren't complaining, why should they?..And by the way, how are we doing ^{on the} on the ~~popcorn~~?

ROCH: NOT SO GOOD SINCE YOU SUBSTITUTED CHICKEN FAT FOR BUTTER.

JACK: Gee..I never thought they'd notice it...
Well, Rochester, I'm kinda hungry. Open those sandwiches and will you please get me a glass of milk?

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: Phil, what'll you have?

PHIL: Bicarbonate of soda.

JACK: Bicarbonate of soda?

PHIL: Yeah, something happened to my stomach when you mentioned milk.

JACK: Oh yes, I'm sorry, Phil..forgive me.

PHIL: ^{Look} ~~Well~~, I'm going in the other room and lie down for awhile.

JACK: Okay, Phil, but take off your shoes if you're going to--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Now who can that be..COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PELLER: Pardon me for disturbing you, Mr. Bonny, but may I have your autograph?

JACK: Certainly, certainly..who shall I make it out to?

FELLER: Bob Feller.

JACK: BOB FELLER!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ~~Well Feller~~
/ Bob, it's certainly a pleasure having you drop in to see me.

FELLER: Well Jack, when I saw your name in front of the theatre, I just couldn't walk right on by like everybody else.

JACK: Oh, you mean you ~~you~~ bought a ticket and saw my stage show?

FELLER: I sure did, Jack..I thought you saw me. When you took a bow, you ~~knocked~~ ^{know you} a bag of popcorn out of my hand with your eyelashes.

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry.. ~~well~~ ^{well}, let me wipe the chicken fat off your sleeve....Well Bob, you're still with the Cleveland Indians, aren't you?

FELLER: ~~Oh~~ ^{twelfth} Yes, this is my ~~seventh~~ ^{twelfth} season. Jack ~~isn't that right~~

JACK: And you're a pitcher, ~~aren't you?~~

FELLER: That's what it says in my book. ~~Well, yeh, yeh~~ ^{didn't you}

JACK: ~~aren't you?~~ you wrote a book.. "How to Become a Pitcher"..I read it.

FELLER: You know..maybe I should.

JACK: ~~Jack:~~ ^{No, not after that game today. Not after that game today}
(LAUGHS) Say, that's pretty good. You must have brought your own writer, too.

PHIL: (FADING IN) Hey Jackson, how do you expect anybody to get any sleep around here with all this--

JACK: Oh, Phil..come on in..I want you to meet Bob Feller.. pitcher for the Cleveland Indians.

PHIL: Hi'ya Bob.

FELLER: Hi'ya, Phil... Say Phil, you're a pitcher too, aren't you?

PHIL: Me a pitcher? No, I'm a musician..didn't you see me leading the band?

FELLER: ~~Is~~ that what you were doing?

PHIL: Certainly.

FELLER: Gee, I wish I could do that.

PHIL: Why?

FELLER: With a wind-up like that, there'd be no ~~one that could hold me.~~ ~~nothing like~~

JACK: You're not kidding..And say, Bob, I meant to tell you. I like that nice stadium you have here in Cleveland.. Have you seen it, Phil?

PHIL: Yeah, it's a wonderful ball park, and right on the edge of Lake Erie..I saw a game the other day and... heh wait a minute..I just thought of something..The other day when you were playing Boston, you only had eight men.

FELLER: No no, we had nine.

PHIL: ~~So, so~~ But I counted everyone on the diamond..and there were only eight.

FELLER: Oh..you could only see eight..When Ted Williams is up, we put the Left Fielder out in a canoe.

JACK: ~~Phil~~, that'll teach you to ask questions..Now don't--

DON: (OFF) OH JACK..JACK,

JACK: I'M HERE, DON.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: Jack, I've got the quartet with me and--

JACK: Wait a minute, Don. First I want you to meet Bob Feller.

FELLER: Hello, Don.

DON: Well, I'm certainly glad to know you, Bob, and I'm particularly glad you're here because the quartet is going to do a number dedicated to the Cleveland Indians.

JACK: Say, that'll be swell, and Don, Hey, wait a minute, Don, why is your coat so wrinkled?

DON: Well, I was at the ball game Friday night..it rained and they used my coat to cover the infield.

JACK: Oh yes, I read about that..One of the ground crew got lost in your pocket...Well Don, where's the quartet for the commercial?

DON: In my other pocket.

JACK: Well, bring them out...Oh, hello, fellows.

QUART: HMMMMM.

JACK: Don't mind that, Bob..I have to pay them extra if they talk...All right, Sportsmen, we haven't got much time, so let's hear the number.

DON: Okay..HIT IT, BOYS.

(INTRO TO " TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME")

QUART: TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME
TAKE ME OUT WITH THE CROWD
BUY ME A PACKAGE OF LUCKY STRIKES
THAT'S THE CIGARETTE EVERYONE LIKES
SO LET'S PUFF PUFF PUFF ON A LUCKY
JUST REMEMBER THE NAME
FOR IT'S ONE, TWO, THREE LUCKY STRIKES
AT THE OLD BALL GAME.
TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME
TAKE ME OUT WITH THE CROWD
~~YOUNG HONKY FELLER, HE PITCHED TODAY~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~THEY HAD TWO HONK DONS BUT HE WON'T BUY~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
LET'S
SO RUN RUN RUN FOR A LUCKY
WHEN THEY'RE PUT OUT IT'S A SHAME
FOR IT'S ONE, TWO, THREE LUCKY STRIKES
AT THE OLD BALL GAME.

(BOYS GO INTO WALTZ CLOG)

JACK: ~~Boys, wait a minute, boys don't dance, wait a minute, wait a minute~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
Wait a minute, boys
Boys..Wait a minute...Wait a minute....
WAIT A MINUTE...WAIT A MINUTE!!!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Don..Don..I'm so embarrassed in front of Bob Feller..

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Why is it every time we--

MARY: Oh Jack, Marilyn and I would like to know if--

JACK: Oh, come in, girls. I want you to meet Bob Feller...

Bob, I want you to meet...Bob..Bob..why are you staring at the girls like that?

FELLER: If I had half the curves they've got I coulda beat Boston.

JACK: Very good, Bob..very good...Bob, this is Mary Livingstone, and this is Marilyn Maxwell.

MARY & MAXWELL: Hello, Bob.

FELLER: Hello...Say Mary.

MARY: Yes, Bob.

FELLER: I feel as though I know you because I met your mother about two years ago.

MARY: My mother? Really?

FELLER: Yes, she pitched against me in Plainfield.

JACK: Gee, that's funny, I thought she was in the National League.

MARY: You're both wrong, her arm went bad. She's wrestling now.

JACK: All right, ~~alldright~~...Well, Bob, we'll be going on stage in a few minutes..why don't you wait till after the next show and we'll all go out to dinner.

FELLER: I'd love to, Jack..do you mind if I call my wife?

JACK: Not at all.

FELLER: Which reminds me, Jack..You oughta know my wife.. she comes from Waukegan.

JACK: She does? I didn't know you married a girl from Waukegan.

FELLER: Oh sure..her name was Miss Winther.

JACK: Winther..Winther...Oh, I not only know her.,
I used to take her out...~~Marcella~~ Winther,

FELLER: No no, that's her mother..My wifo's name is Virginia.

JACK: Let me see..her mother..But it can't be..
I remember carrying her books to school..she had long blonde curls.

FELLER: ~~Yes~~ With a little freckle on the right cheek?

JACK: Yes.

FELLER: ~~Oh~~ That was her father.

JACK: Now cut that out....Say Bob, I'd like to ask you
a question..~~isn't~~ ^{there some guy from radio and movies, some fellow} part owner of the ~~that's~~
Cleveland Indians?

FELLER: Yes, ~~he~~ ^{there} is.

JACK: Well, I own the Waukegan Bloomer Girls and--~~I was just~~
~~wondering~~
(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN. Well look whose here.
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

THE FOLLOWING IS A SUMMARY
OF THE

BOB: Now as you do ladies and gentlemen. This is Bob back at his home town of Cleveland to watch the Browns play Togo, telling you all if you was Togo's like the baseball players do, you'll be helping Bob - Failure.

JACK: At least my balls to me or something.

BOB: Please, please.

Well here I am. I saw both games today. What a team. You know they don't have big league baseball here in Hollywood, and I'll tell you why. It's tough sliding into second base with a home strike.

JACK: This happens to be my program.

BOB: Nothing for the tailor please.

JACK: Well, it's a wind we'll be out off the air today.

HOPE: Ah. It's great being home again. All my relatives met me at the station yesterday and I was really touched. I -- I really have a lot of relatives here in Ohio. I have one brother doing fine in NEW Canton, and another doing fine at Columbus.

JACK: Bob, will you wait a minute.

HOPE: Please, who is this, a house detective, please.

JACK: Hey, you might as well quite, you're not getting paid for this. You know that.

BOB: Don't ruin our finished gag, will you please.

BOB: Wait a minute.

BOB: But my relatives just met me yesterday morning with a big brass band. That is, I thought it was a big brass band. They turned out to be a lot of apitons going to the Republican Convention.

THE (COMMERCIAL)

BOB:

And it was different when I lived here years ago.

This time the cops drove us from the station. Of course, the city has changed quite a bit. I can remember a lot of little things about this town. I can't seem to get them on the phone, though.

JACK:

I might as well go home.

BOB:

Come on. What is that, something left over from the Eagle's Convention? That is that.

I went out to my old grammar school yesterday, Fairmount Junior High and there was the same old desk, the same old ink well, the same old shaving kit. I want to tell you it was thrilling.

That memory that brought back. I'll never forget second grade where I met my first gal. She was seven, I was eighteen. And I was so proud. On my desk they have a plaque. It says, Bob Hope slept here.

And today I went back there and saw the house where I used to live. Boy, what a tough neighborhood. It was so tough, the freight trains used to tip too past.

But it was wonderful. I'll never forget when I left home to go on the road. Father said I would go a long way. In fact he nailed the door of the box car. He did, yes he did. Father said I would go a long way. In fact he nailed the door

JACK:

I know, we heard. We know the joke.

BOB:

That's where you should have come in.

JACK:

Bob, I want to know what are you doing here, what are you doing here.

BOB:

I'm getting laughs. What are you doing here.

-204 (CONTINUED)

JACK: Bob, Bob, here's one of your boys. Bob Fuller
BOB: One of our boys, That's an awfully good, this boy.
BARTON: Hello, Bob.
BOB: Hello, Bob.
JACK: Two Bobs. That'll get you a warm beer in England.
Thanks for letting me have that one job.
BOB: I have a line you gave me which is no good which said,
You didn't get anything here which you have a lot of.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Bob..Bob..what are you doing here?

HOPE: Getting laughs, what're you doing here?

JACK: Trying to....Bob, here's one of your boys,
Bob Feller.

HOPE: I know, I know..Hello, Bob.

FELLER: Hello, Bob.

JACK: Two Bobs..that'll get you a warm beer in England.

HOPE: Well, it didn't get you anything here. *see attached sheet*

JACK: Look, Hope, let me ask you something..What're you
doing here in Cleveland?

HOPE: I came here to watch out for my interests..I found
out you were playing here and this is my home town.

JACK: Well, what about it?

HOPE: How much money have you taken in at the theatre
already?

JACK: So far thirty four thousand dollars.

HOPE: Well, give me half or I'll sue you.

JACK: What're you talking about..I'm playing this whole
circuit..Last week in Detroit I took in ninety-
three thousand, two hundred and sixty seven dollars,
and forty three cents.

HOPE: And a Hoover Button.

JACK: How do you know?

HOPE: I ain't spending any Dewey buttons to see you.

JACK: You know, you're cheaper than Fred Allon and he's
almost as cheap as me.

HOPE: So...And Crosby's cheaper than all of us.

JACK: I think you've got something there...

-B-

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JUNE 20th, 1948

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN!

MUSIC: THEME

RUYSDAEL: FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN.

MUSIC: THEME

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

RUYSDAEL: FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN!

MUSIC: THEME

RUYSDAEL: Yes, that's what the survey shows. Now listen to
a statement recently made by Mr. James Alfred
Walker, veteran tobacco buyer of Durham, North
Carolina. From what he knows -- from what he sees --
listen to what he said:

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky
Strike buy good, ripe tobacco...tobacco that makes
a real, fine smoke. I've smoked Luckies 17 years!

LAING: So light up a Lucky. Puff by puff, you'll see!

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

ATX01 0311064

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JUNE 20th, 1948

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (Cont'd)

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 exports smoke--
Lucky Strike.

MUSIC: THEME

RUYSDAEL: FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN! ~~LUCKY STRIKE!~~

RTX01 0311065