

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

DATE October 23, 1949

Network: CBS

Broadcast: 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

Repeat: 9:30 - 10:00 PM PST

AS BROADCAST

PROGRAM #7
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1949

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

RTX01 0312744

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
OCTOBER 23, 1949
OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 60 to 62 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: Luckies pay more! ...

HIESTAND: To give you a cigarette that's finer, milder, more
enjoyable ...

SHARBUTT: LUCKIES PAY MORE!

HIESTAND: Luckies pay millions of dollars more than official
parity prices for FINE TOBACCO!

SHARBUTT: And the men who really know tobacco -- the tobacco
experts -- can see the makers of Lucky Strike
consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that
naturally mild tobacco. (BEGIN CHANT UNDER) Yes,
at auction after auction, when a basket of really
fine tobacco is offered for sale ...

RIGGS: (CHANT UP AND UNDER)

SHARBUTT: As the price climbs up and up ... as the final bid is
made - the top bid ... time and again you hear ...

RIGGS: (CHANT SWEEPS UP TO 62 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

HIESTAND: And ANOTHER basket of really superior tobacco goes to
the ^{maker of} ~~maker~~ LUCKY STRIKE! No wonder ...

GM

ATX01 0312745

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
OCTOBER 23, 1949
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONTD)

SHARBUTT: IS -- MFT

LS -- MFT

HIESTAND: Lucky Strike MEANS fine tobacco ... fine tobacco that
means a milder more enjoyable cigarette for you!

SHARBUTT: So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!

HIESTAND: Yes for more real deep-down smoking enjoyment -- light
up a lucky! You'll agree ... in all the world there's
no finer cigarette than LUCKY STRIKE!

GM

ATX01 0312746

(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, AFTER SUFFERING FROM A BAD COLD FOR
SEVERAL WEEKS, JACK BENNY WENT TO THE HOSPITAL FOR A
NASAL OPERATION. TODAY HE IS HOME AGAIN, RECOVERATING.
AND AS WE LOOK IN, ROCHESTER IS TIDYING UP THE HOUSE.

(SOUND: DUSTING NOISES)

ROCH: GEE, IT'S GOOD TO HAVE THE BOSS HOME AGAIN... HE PUT
OFF THIS OPERATION FOR A LONG TIME, BUT WHEN WE GOT TO
THE HOSPITAL, HE SURE WAS BRAVE....I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER
THE SMILE HE GAVE ME AS THOSE FOUR NURSES DRAGGED HIM
UP THE STAIRS.....WELL, I BETTER FINISH UNPACKING HIS
THINGS.

(SOUND: OPENING OF SUITCASE)

ROCH: SAY...WHAT'S THIS...WELL...THE BOSS'S DIARY...HE MUST
HAVE TAKEN IT TO THE HOSPITAL WITH HIM....I WONDER IF
I OUGHT TO READ IT.....AW, WHY NOT..WHO AM I KIDDIN'
...AFTER ALL, I READ HIS DIARY, HE READS MINE, I PITY
HIM, HE ENVIES ME.....WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT HE HAS TO
SAY.

(SOUND: TURNING OF PAGES)

ROCH: HERE'S THE FIRST ENTRY.

GJ

AIK01 0312747

JACK: (FILTER) October seventeenth. Dear Diary. I am now in the hospital. I entered this morning for a minor operation. I'm not sure, but I think they put me in the wrong ward because the patient in the bed next to me just had a baby....The nurse corrected her mistake and moved me from the ward to a semi-private room....It's cozy here.. but one of the men in bed with me has cold feet.

ROCH: DOGGONE, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE BOSS DIDN'T GET A PRIVATE ROOM....AFTER ALL, HE OWNS THE HOSPITAL....

JACK: October 18th. Early this morning I was operated on... They gave me some ether and put me to sleep...I had the most wonderful dream.....I dreamed that I was the maid in Ciro's Powder Room.....When I came to, the operation was over...The nurse was standing behind me stroking my hair...I'm so glad I remembered to bring it.

ROCH: THAT'S MY BOSS WHO^{who} WEARS THAT.

JACK: October 19th. This morning I had my first visitor. It was Rochester. He told me that since I've been in the hospital, my phone has been ringing constantly at home. He said there have been calls from Lana Turner, Ann Sheridan, and Paulette Goddard...and they all told Rochester to send me their love.

ROCH: HEE HEE HEE, THE WAY I LIE TO KEEP THAT OLD MAN HAPPY.

WD

RTX01 0312748

JACK: After Rochester left, the nurse brought me dinner..
my first meal since the operation..However, I was still
sick from the ether and couldn't eat a thing...but the man
in the next bed was very hungry, and fortunately I had
change for a five dollar bill.

ROCH: WHAT DOES HE MEAN, FORTUNATELY?.....HE'S GOT THE ONLY
PAJAMAS I EVER SAW WITH A HIP POCKET.

JACK: October 21st, the doctor told me I could leave the hospital..
I felt so good and it was such a beautiful day, I decided
to walk home..as I started up Santa Monica Boulevard,
people kept looking at me and smiling...I smiled back till
I realized I was still wearing my nightie....rather than
go back and get my clothes, I lit a candle and in the
next three blocks I sold twenty-eight Fisk tires...Those
hospital nightgowns are all right, providing the wind is
against you.

ROCH: WELL, THAT'S THE LAST ENTRY...MR. BENNY'S DIARY IS ALWAYS
THE SAME...DULL BUT CLEAN.... I BETTER GO IN THE
LIVING ROOM AND SEE IF HE WANTS ANYTHING.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...SEVERAL FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: WELL, MR. BENNY...HOW YOU FEELING?

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Oh fine, ^{fine} Rochester...It's amazing how much better I am
since I had that obstruction removed from my nose.

ROCH: HOW LONG WERE YOU IN THE OPERATING ROOM?

WD

ATX01 0312749

JACK: Twenty-eight minutes and forty-one seconds. My producer timed it...Anyway, I sure feel a lot---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (UP AND CHEERFUL) Oh, hello Mary.

MARY: Hello Jack. Gee, you look great...how are you feeling?

JACK: Wonderful, Mary..Come here and give me a great big kiss.

MARY: Okay.

(JACK KISSES MARY LONG AND GOOD....BUT VERY LONG)

MARY: Wow! Jack..you've never kissed me that long before.

JACK: I can breathe through my nose now. ^{Not} That was some kiss, wasn't it Mary.....Mary...what are you staring at me for?

MARY: Are you sure the only thing they gave you at the hospital was ether?

JACK: That's all..It was just ^{that} the operation made a new man out of me. Honestly, Mary, that Dr. Langley is a miracle worker..you know that for four weeks I could hardly breathe or talk..and to think he took me when I felt so low and miserable, and by his great surgical skill made me feel absolutely wonderful.

MARY: How much did he charge you for the operation?

JACK: A hundred dollars, the dirty crook.

MARY: ...But Jack, that doesn't sound like too much money for an operation.

JACK: But the whole operation only took 28 minutes and 41 seconds..^{Jack}Do realize that at that rate he's being paid over two hundred dollars an hour.

MARY: ^{ah} But Jack, he probably doesn't do more than one of these operations a month.

JACK: ^{well} Is it my fault ~~he~~ ^{he} can't get steady work
Why charge me for...

MARY: Oh Jack, take it easy, calm down.

JACK: Yeah...Have you got a cigarette, Mary?

MARY: Just a minute, ^{and} I'll see.

(SOUND: PURSE OPENS..JIGGLING OF SMALL OBJECTS...COINS, KEYS, ETC.)

MARY: Now I know I've got a package in here...I better dump everything out on the table.

(SOUND: MILLIONS OF SMALL OBJECTS DROP ON TABLE)

JACK: Mary, is that your purse or are you moving?

MARY: Here's a cigarette, Jack.

JACK: Thanks...You know, Mary, it's funny. If we were on the radio and I wanted a cigarette, I'd say "Mary have you got a Lucky Strike?" ...But here in my house and I just ask for a cigarette...We know it's a Lucky Strike.

RG

ATX01 0312751

MARY: Yeah.

Jack: Yeah.

ROCH: SAY BOSS..LOOK WHAT TIME IT IS.

JACK: Oh yes, yes..get the bottle, *will you Rochester.*

MARY: Bottle?

JACK: Yes, Mary..the doctor thought I ought to take a little brandy every three hours as a stimulant....Hand it to me, Rochester, I'll open it myself...Thanks.

(SOUND: JACK STRAINS AND GRUNTS SLIGHTLY...

FOLLOWED BY POP OF CORK)

JACK: There..

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS..RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

PHIL: Hey Jackson, did you just open a bottle of brandy?

JACK: Why yes..yes Phil, I did...But how--

PHIL: That's all I want to know.

(SOUND: RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Well, I'll be..how did he smell it all the way over in Encino?....You know Mary, sometimes I **think**--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: Here I am Jackson, brought my own glass.

JACK: Phil.... Phil... how did you get over here from your house so fast?

PHIL: *well,* I woulda been here sooner but I was in my underwear when I phoned, Hiya, Iivvy!

RG

ATX01 0312752

MARY: (LAUGHS) Hello, Phil.

PHIL: Well, come on, Jackson, lift that glass, tilt that bottle.

JACK: Just a minute, Phil..there's some trick here someplace. Now explain to me how you could possibly get here from---

PHIL: I'll explain it to you later, ^{later, later. Look} While I'm here I wanta ask you something. ...will it be all right if I miss rehearsal? I'd like to fly home to Mississippi and see my Alma Mater play football.

JACK: Football?

PHIL: Yeah, it's their traditional game..Dew Wah Ditty Tech against Ham Hock High.

JACK: Oh..Dew Wah Ditty Tech and Ham Hock High ... Tell me, Philip, in which of these great institutions of learning did you marticulate?

PHIL: Jackson, please..Mary's here!

JACK: ^{Phil - - I - - Look} No, no, Phil...I mean which one of those high schools did you attend?

PHIL: ^{oh oh} Oh, I went to Dew Wah Ditty Tech, ^{but} but I didn't graduate.

JACK: NO! Phil, I was always under the impression that you were a ^{Phi Beta Kappa} Harvard man.

PHIL: ^{Yeah} Yes, but don't bandy it about, let it be our little secret.

RG

ATX01 0312753

JACK: Phil, every time you open your mouth, your secret is safe.

PHIL: Ain't it the truth.

JACK: Yeah, *yah*.

PHIL: Anyway, Jackson, *it is* it's good to see you looking so---
--(SNIFFS TWICE FAST) So long, kids see you later.

JACK: Where you going what's your hurry?

PHIL: Remley just opened a bottle of bourbon in Glendale.
(SOUND: WIND WHISTLE DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: I can't understand how he got here from Encino in such a --
(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: If that's Phil calling from Glendale, I'm gonna--
(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

DON: Hello, Jack, this is Don. How are you feeling?

JACK: Oh fine, Don...I haven't felt so good in years..
Although as a result of the operation I did lose about eight pounds.

DON: Well, I wouldn't worry about it, Jack..You'll gain it back.

JACK: I guess so.

DON: You know, once when I was in the hospital, I lost *forty* forty-six pounds.

JACK: Well Don, forty-six pounds off you is nothing.

DON: *in the hospital* I was three weeks old at the time.

JACK: Oh..oh.

RG

ATX01 0312754

DON: Now Jack, I know you're confined to your house today,
^{but} so I just called to tell you that the Sportsmen
 Quartet is gonna be on the air in about ten minutes
 and I thought you might like to hear them. *they're Italian.*
^{then sang to you.}
 JACK: *to me:* Oh thanks, Don. I'm glad you told me... I'll be sure
 and listen in.. thanks again.

DON: You're welcome, Jack..see you later.

(SOUND: CRASH WITH SPLINTERING OF WOOD)

JACK: Don..Don..what was that?

DON: The phone booth, ^{my guide broke.} I never should have ~~tried~~ it.

JACK: *it's very good to let yourself go once in awhile like that*
~~It happens every time...~~ so long, Don.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Oh Mary, remind me to listen to the Sportsmen... *will you*
 quartet.. They'll be on the air in about ten minutes.

MARY: What station?

JACK: Oh my goodness, I forgot to ask Don..but I'll find
^{it. I hope I feel well enough to go to the Coconut}
~~it...I wonder what program they can--~~ *have Tuesday night*
^{for the Sportsmen's opening}
 (SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

MARY: *Jack* Jack, you sit down, I'll get it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mary.

MARY: Come on in and...Wait a minute..it isn't cold today..
 why are you wearing that muffler and a heavy overcoat?

DENNIS: I rode over on my bicycle and I don't wanna catch
 pneumonia.

RG

MARY: Now Dennis, what has riding your bicycle got to do with pneumonia?

DENNIS: There's a leak in the front tire and everytime it comes around, it blows on me.

MARY: Well, from you that sounds logical...Come on in.
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (OFF) WHO IS IT, MARY?

MARY: You'll be sorry!

JACK: (OFF) OH, COME ON IN, DENNIS..h'ya kid.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny, I'm glad you're out of the hospital and feeling better.

JACK: Thanks, thanks.

DENNIS: When my mother heard you were home again, she told me to bring this package over.

JACK: (SWEET) Aww...from your mother..

DENNIS: Yeah, and this card goes with it.

JACK: Card?....What does it say?

DENNIS: "No starch."

JACK: Hm...Dennis, why don't you sit down? Mary and I are--

RG

ATK01 0312756

DENNIS: I am sitting.

JACK: Oh, I couldn't tell with that long overcoat you're wearing.

MARY: He's wearing a muffler too.

DENNIS: And three sweaters.

JACK: That's nice ... Anyway, if it's *about* --

MARY: Jack --

JACK: Huh?

MARY: Aren't you gonna ask Dennis why he's wearing a muffler, three sweaters and an overcoat?

JACK: Mary, if he came in here wearing hip boots, a grass skirt, and had Claude Rains on a leash, I wouldn't ask him why.

DENNIS: *Oh* You're just mad because one of my eyes is blue, too.

JACK: Yeah yeah *one of your eyes* -- (SOUND: DOOR OPENS) .. Now look, Dennis, if you came over to--

ARTIE: *hoo hoo* (OFF) HOO HOO HOO, ANYBODY HOME?

RG

ATX01 0312757

JACK: Huh?....Well, Mr. Kitzel!

ARTIE: *sh* Hello, Mr. Benny.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Come on in. *Come on in.*

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

Artie: Yes, pleasure to be here.

JACK: ~~Well~~, well, Mr. Kitzel, it's certainly nice of you to drop in to see me...and I wanna thank you for visiting me in the hospital.

ARTIE: Well...I believe in the old philosophy...if you can't be friendly when the weather is bad, don't say hello in the sunshine.

JACK: I know what you mean.

ARTIE: And, Mr. Benny, if you had taken care of your cold, maybe you wouldn't have had to go to the hospital.

JACK: No no, Mr. Kitzel, the cold had nothing to do with it.

ARTIE: *In B.* Don't belittle a cold. Last April my wife caught a cold, and it gave her laryngitis.

JACK: Laryngitis?

ARTIE: That was six months ago and she still can't talk above a whisper.

JACK: My goodness, why don't you do something about it?

ARTIE: If she starts to get better, I will....But seriously, Mr. Benny, if you ever have any more trouble, do yourself a favor and send for my nephew. He's a nose and throat specialty.

JACK: *Just*. Just nose and throat?

ARTIE: Once in awhile he takes out an appendix on the side.

JACK: *Oh, ho, ho* On ~~the side~~... (LAUGHS) That's *that's* quite a joke, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: Yes.. (LAUGHS).. My.. How are you feeling, Miss Livingstone?

MARY: *oh* I'm fine, thank you.. and by the way, Mr. Kitzel, you know our singer.

ARTIE: Oh yes *of course* yes... Doris Day.

JACK: No, it's Dennis Day, don't let those three sweaters fool you.

ARTIE: Oh, Dennis Day... Mr. Day, *excuse me for being excited, but* it's a pleasure to meet you. I buy all your records, *and* My wife is crazy about them.

DENNIS: *such* Thank you. *at the house talks a broken English - you know Mr. Day what my wife got in your collection - she's got*

ARTIE: Ireland Must Be Heaven... MacNamara's Band... Mother Machree...

But my favorite is "Clancy Lowered The Bagel".

JACK: *no, no* That's "Boom".

ARTIE: Eat one.

JACK: You're not kidding.

ARTIE: Well, Mr. Benny, I just wanted to wish you good health, and now I gotta be running along.

JACK: *well* Goodbye, Mr. Kitzel, and thanks for dropping in.

ARTIE: You're welcome, and as they say in French: Lafayette, I was here!

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *he came* What a nice guy... he visited me at the hospital and then here at the house.

MARY: Oh Jack, you told me to remind you...You wanta hear the Sportsmen Quartet.

JACK: Oh yes yes...*they singing about me...* I almost forgot...I better turn on the radio and find that station.

(SOUND: CLICK...STATIC WHISTLE)

BLANCHE: (FILTER) AND NOW A WORD TO LADIES WHO ARE OVERWEIGHT...DO YOU HAVE CARELESS HIPS? DO THEY SWING AND SWAY IN A DANGEROUS WAY? THEY DO? ..WELL, ^{Yes} WE CAN REDUCE YOUR HIPS IMMEDIATELY...NO DRUGS, NO EXERCISE..NO DIET...JUST COME TO OUR SALON AND BACK INTO OUR BUZZ SAW.

JACK: Oh, that's a ladies' program, I don't want that.

(SOUND: STATIC WHISTLES)

RUBIN: (FILTER) (HYSTERICAL) BELIEVE ME FELLOWS, I DIDN'T SQUEAL, I DIDN'T TELL THE COPS, DON'T PIN THE RAP ON ME, DON'T TAKE ME FOR A RIDE, I DIDN'T DO IT, BELIEVE ME, I DIDN'T DO IT.

JACK: That isn't it either. *what program is it?*

(SOUND: STATIC WHISTLES)

(INTRODUCTION TO: "ENCHANTED EVENING")

JACK: *I can't get that program.* This may be it.

SARA: (SINGS) SOME ENCHANTED EVENING,

YOU MAY SEE A STRANGER.

YOU MAY SEE A STRANGER

ACROSS A CROWDED ROOM

JACK: Oh my goodness....(SOUND: STATIC WHISTLE)..what station is that quartet on...

(SOUND: STATIC WHISTLES)

JD

ATX01 0312760

MEL: (FILTER) La báscula de la horca se hizo funcionar a eso de las seis horas, tal vez, en un patio de la prisión. El Gobierno guardó secreto sobre el lugar donde estuvieron detenidos los reos.

JACK: Oh, that's not it either.

(SOUND: STATIC WHISTLES)

RUBIN: (FILTER) BUT FELLOWS BELIEVE ME, I'M NO STOOL PIGEON, WHY WOULD I SQUEAL ON YOU? ^{Have guys are} ~~GUYS?~~ YOU'RE MY PALS. I'M NO RAT. NOW YOU GOTTA BELIEVE ME, YOU GOTTA.

JACK: Oh, that's the same thing. *I want to get the station with the quartet.*
(SOUND: STATIC WHISTLES)

SARA: (SINGS) WHO CAN EXPLAIN IT,
WHO CAN TELL YOU WHY,
FOOLS GIVE YOU REASONS
WISE MEN NEVER TRY...
SOME ENCHANTED EVENING ---

JACK: Oh darn it, why can't I get the quartet?
(SOUND: STATIC WHISTLES)

MEL: (FILTER) En mensajes amorados, por haberse averiado las líneas telegráficas, el superintendente de la División del Panamericano dió cuenta de que todo el tránsito entre Tapachula y Suchiate se encontraba interrumpido debido a los deslaves ocurridos.

JACK: Well, this is the darndest thing...I wonder if Don meant today.
(SOUND: STATIC WHISTLES)

JD

ATX01 0312761

RUBIN: FELLOWS, PLEASE PUT DOWN THOSE GUNS, YOU GOTTA BELIEVE
ME, YOU GOTTA, YOU GOTTA.

(SOUND: STATIC WHISTLE)

SARA: (SINGS) SOME ENCHANTED EVENING
YOU MAY SEE A STRANGER,
YOU MAY SEE A-----

MEL: (SCREAMS)

JACK: I guess the stranger saw her first.... I wonder ^{what static} ~~where the~~---

(SOUND: STATIC WHISTLES)

NELSON: (FILTER) AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, BEFORE WE HAVE
ANOTHER NUMBER FROM THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET --

JACK: This is it, ^{Mary} this is it!

NELSON: I'D LIKE TO REPEAT THE PRIZES WE ARE GIVING AWAY IN OUR
GIANT JACKPOT.

(ROLL OF DRUMS)

NELSON: ONE PACKAGE OF LIFESAVERS...A BOX OF RYE KRISP...^{and} ~~P.A.~~
REAL, GENUINE, IMPORTED THREE THOUSAND DOLLAR ^{fanfare} ~~RAISSTRAMP~~ --

MARY: What did he say?

JACK: I don't know, I didn't get it either.

NELSON: WE ARE ALSO GIVING AWAY A DOCTOR SCHOLL'S FOOT PAD...ONE
FREE DANCING LESSON AT ARTHUR MURRAY'S ... AND --

(TRUMPET FANFARE)

NELSON: A FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLAR KROCKENSOOM.

MARY: What was that?

DJ

ATX01 0312762

JACK: I don't know, it sounded like Krockensoom.

NELSON: AND IN ADDITION TO THESE .. A CAN OF STRONGHEART DOG FOOD...
A COMPLETE SET OF SHOE LACES... AND A LIFETIME SUPPLY OF
THAT NEW MIRACLE DRUG .. SUIFA-THIA-PAPA-GUYA.

JACK: Gee, that's a wonderful drug...I hope the person who wins
it is sick.

NELSON: AND NOW FOR OUR SPECIAL SURPRISE...YOU'LL LOVE THIS.

DENNIS: Mr. Benny, what's a Krockensoom?

JACK: Quiet, I wanta hear this.

NELSON: THIS WEEK WE ARE ADDING TO OUR LIST..EIGHT HUNDRED AND
TWENTY FIVE MORE PRIZES -- A CAN OF CIRCUS PEANUTS ...
COUNT THEM.

JACK: Gee, that's wonderful.

NELSON: AND NOW, THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET ASSISTED BY MEL BLANC --

JACK: Mel Blanc!

NELSON: WILL SING A NUMBER FROM THAT NEW PICTURE..."JOLSON SINGS
AGAIN"...SONNY BOY, *and it's dedicated to Jack Benny.*

JACK: I knew Mel Blanc would get into that. *I knew it.*

QUART: CLIMB UPON ^{our} MY KNEE, ^{Jackie boy} SPEEDY RIGGS
^{Though you're 53 Jackie boy}
~~LS MEL: SPEEDY RIGGS~~
^{we're no way of knowing}
~~YOU'VE NO WAY OF KNOWING~~
^{but how old you're growing}
~~THERE'S NO WAY OF SHOWING~~
^{But we love you so, Jackie boy}
~~WHAT YOU MEAN TO ME, SPEEDY RIGGS!~~

WHEN THERE ARE GRAY SKIES
^{we}
I DON'T MIND THE GRAY SKIES
YOU MAKE THEM BLUE, SPEEDY RIGGS.
YOU'RE AUCTIONEERING

*Jack Speedy Riggs
thought they were singing
about me.*

MEL: NNNYYAHHH.

JACK: That's Mel, Mary, that's

QUART: MAKES YOU SO ENDEARING

Mel Blane.

MEL: NNNYYAHHH.

I know it's me.

QUART: ALL YOU SAY IS TRUE, SPEEDY RIGGS

YOU'RE FROM KENTUCKY

AND WE KNOW YOUR WORTH.

^{Let's light a Lucky}
~~YOU SELL THOSE LUCKIES~~

THE BEST RIGHT HERE ON EARTH.

BILL: THEY PAY MORE.

QUART: WHEN WE'RE OLD AND GRAY, DEAR,
WE'LL SMOKE NIGHT AND DAY, DEAR.

MEL: NNNYYAHHH.

QUART: WE LOVE YOU SO, LUCKY STRIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

DJ

ATX01 0312764

(SECOND ROUTINE)

NELSON: AND NOW FOR THE ANNOUNCEMENT YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR....THE
WINNER OF ALL THOSE GRAND PRIZES..IS...IS...I HAVE IT HERE
ON A SLIP OF PAPER: AND I'LL READ IT TO YOU.....THE WINNER
IS FRANK NELSON...OF 1427 NORTH ---FRANK NELSON! THAT'S
ME! OOOOOOHHH, LUCKY ME!!!

JACK: Gee, he is lucky...Imagine winning a fifteen thousand
dollar Krockensoom....Mary, turn it off, there's nothing
else on the radio tonight.

(SOUND: CLICK)

JACK: I wonder if there's anything good on television...Rochester,
call up Sears-Roebuck Television Department and ~~ask~~

ROCH: BUT BOSS, YOU CALLED THEM LAST WEEK.

JACK: Oh yes...(THOUGHTFULLY) ...There must be some company that
hasn't given us a demonstration yet....Maybe I ought to --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: I'LL GET IT.

JACK: You know, Mary, I'm glad Don called me about the quartet..

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS) -- I wouldn't have known about---

ROCH: WELL, THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN.

JACK: Who is it, Rochester?

ROCH: IT'S THE BOYS FROM YOUR BEVERLY HILLS BEAVER CLUB.

JACK: ~~Hi~~ Joey, Stevie, Butch...come on in.

BOYS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

(APPLAUSE)

DJ

ATX01 0312765

JACK: Well, it's certainly nice of you kids to pay me this visit.

MACK: Go ahead, Joey, read the speech.

JOHNNY: I'm looking for it.

JACK: Speech?

JOHNNY: ^{well,} Here it is..Ahem..(READS)..Mr. Benny, your brother Beavers held a meeting and voted that this committee pay you a visit for four reasons:

1 - To welcome you home from the hospital.

2 - To wish you a rapid recovery.

3 - To invite you to our annual picnic.

4 - Your dues are three months behind...

JACK: ^{well,} That was just an oversight..I'll take care of it.

MACK: And Mr. Benny, we would like to make a request in regards to the picnic.

JACK: A request?

MACK: Yes. Our last picnic didn't turn out so good.

JEFF: We lost eighty cents.

^{shakes} MACK: ^{Yeah} Yes...so we thought it might help if you lowered the price of the sandwiches.

JACK: The dues I'll pay..but the sandwiches--

MARY: Jack!

JACK: Mary, I was gonna say, the dues I'll pay but the sandwiches I'll give them for nothing. By the way, boys, you know Miss Livingstone.

JOHNNY: Oh sure, we have a picture of her in our clubhouse.

DJ

ATX01 0312766

MARY: A picture of me?

JOHNNY: Yeah. You were voted as the girl who could make us
take cod liver oil and like it.

MARY: ^{well}
Gee, thanks, fellows.

JACK: And boys, this is Dennis Day.

MACK: Gee...is he the Dennis Day who sings on the radio?

JACK: That's him.

MACK: Gee...Mr. Day, can I shake your hand?

DENNIS: Sure.

JOHNNY: Can I shake your hand, too?

DENNIS: Certainly.

MACK: (ASIDE) Butch..Butch..it's Dennis Day...Why don't you shake
hands with him?

JEFF: I'm a Sinatra man!

JACK: Butch, that wasn't nice to say in front of Dennis.

DENNIS: ^{oh} That's all right, Mr. Benny, Frankie sends me, too.

JACK: He does?

DENNIS: Yeah, he's too weak to go himself.

JACK: Dennis, ^{Dennis} please.

JOHNNY: Say Mr. Benny, what was it you went to the hospital for?

JACK: Oh, I had an operation...but I'm home now and everything is
fine.

JOHNNY: Oh.

JACK: (SLIGHT PAUSE) What are you thinking about, Joey?

JOHNNY: Well, my mother once went to the hospital..and when she
came home she brought me a little brother.

DJ

ATX01 0312767

JACK: ^{Ah} Well, that was nice.

JOHNNY: Then she went to the hospital again..and when she came home, she brought me a little sister.

JACK: Well.

MACK: Say Joey, your mother went to the hospital again last week, didn't she?

JOHNNY: ~~Yes, but I guess she's mad at me.~~

JACK: ~~Why?~~

JOHNNY: ^{Yeah, but} When she came home, she didn't bring me nothing.

JACK: ^{Ah} Well, that's too bad, Joey. What did you want?

JOHNNY: A turtle.

JACK: Well, maybe next time.

ROCH: SAY BOSS, THIS IS YOUR FIRST DAY HOME AND YOU'VE BEEN UP AND AROUND QUITE AWHILE.

JACK: So what?

ROCH: DON'T YOU THINK YOU OUGHTA TAKE A LITTLE NAP?

JACK: Yeah, I guess you're right, Rochester. Well, I'm awfully glad you dropped in, fellow Beavers, I appreciate it.

MACK: We'll run along now, Mr. Benny, we'll see you at the next meeting.

JACK: I don't know if I'll be able to make it, Stevie. You see, I've had this trouble with my nose ^{and} that's why I was operated on. I was in the hospital for five days..and it'll be at least another week before I can leave the house.

JEFF: A little cold, he makes a big thing out of it.

DJ

ATX01 0312768

JACK: Did you say something, Butch?

JOHNNY: thHe didn't say anything. Come on, fellows, let's go.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Gee, they're nice kids. *hops*

MARY: Jack, I think I'll run along, too.

DENNIS: Me too, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Okay..I'm glad you came over, kids..So long, Mary.
Goodbye, Dennis.

MARY & DENNIS: Goodbye, *Jack*

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Ahh, it's nice to be home again, Rochester...And you know,
it isn't bad being sick once in awhile either..people are
so nice to you.

ROCH: YEAH..NOW COME ON, BOSS, LET ME HELP YOU UPSTAIRS.

JACK: No no, Rochester, I'll go in the other room and stretch
out on the couch..If I fall asleep, wake me in time for
dinner.

ROCH: YES SIR..NOW TAKE IT EASY AND DON'T EXERT YOURSELF.

JACK: I won't.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS
AND CLOSES..COUPLE MORE FOOTSTEPS..
CHAIR PULLED OUT)

JACK: Now let's see, where's the---Oh, here it is...

(SOUND: PEN SCRATCHING)

DJ

ATX01 0312769

-24-

JACK: Dear Diary.....This is my first day back from the hospital,
and I feel wonderful....I had a lot of visitors and they
were awfully nice....but there are two things I can't
figure out....How Phil got here so fast from Encino...and
what in the world is a Krockensoom.....Oh well...I'll
figure it out when I'm stronger.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

ATX01 0312770

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen....every year fires that start through carelessness lay waste to approximately 30,000,000 acres of timberland! Help prevent this shocking destruction of our forests! Be careful with matches and when you smoke....Never discard a match or cigarette without putting it out! Help fight fires!

(APPLAUSE)

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

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
OCTOBER 23, 1949
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 60 to 62 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

HIESTAND: To give you a finer cigarette ... a milder, more
enjoyable cigarette ...

SHARBUTT: LUCKIES PAY MORE!

HIESTAND: Yes, at the tobacco auctions, at market after market,
Luckies pay millions of dollars more than official
parity prices for fine tobacco.

SHARBUTT: IS -- MFT

IS -- MFT

HIESTAND: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Fine ripe, mild
tobacco that gives you more -- FAR more real, deep-down
smoking enjoyment!

SHARBUTT: No wonder a recent survey reveals -- more independent
tobacco experts -- auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen
-- smoke Lucky Strike regularly than the next two
leading brand combined!

HIESTAND: And now -- listen to what Mr. Doug Dudley of Clinton,
North Carolina, recently said about his experience at
the tobacco auctions ...

WF

ATX01 0312772

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
OCTOBER 23, 1949
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

EXPERT: In my 12 years as a tobacco auctioneer I've sold about one hundred eighty million pounds of tobacco and season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine, ripe tobacco ... tobacco that's tops for mild and mellow smoking. I've smoked Luckies myself for 10 years!

SHARBUTT: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment, smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke -- Lucky Strike!
Remember ...

HIPSTAND: There's more for you in a Lucky ... because Luckies pay ^{partly} more -- millions of dollars more than official prices for fine tobacco they know will give you a finer, milder, more enjoyable cigarette.

SHARBUTT: Good reason to make your next carton LUCKY STRIKE!

WE

ATX01 0312773

(TAG)

ROCH: WELL, BOSS, YOU TOOK A NICE NAP. DO YOU WANT ME TO GET YOU
SOMETHING TO EAT?

JACK: No Rochester, I don't think ^{so}

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Answer it, will you please?

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: HELLO?.....YES.....HE'S FEELING MUCH BETTER, MISS LA
MARR.....YES MA'AM I'LL TELL HIM. THANKS FOR CALLING.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: That was sweet...Who was that, Rochester, Hedy LaMarr?

ROCH: NO NO, BOSS, THAT WAS DOROTHY.

JACK: Oh, you mean Dorothy Lamour.

ROCH: NO, DOROTHY LA MARR, SHE'S THE COOK NEXT DOOR.

JACK: Oh, her..Well, she works for the Colman's..Ronnie probably
wants to know how I'm getting along.

ROCH: YOU'LL MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF IT, WON'T YOU, BOSS?

JACK: Well, that's undoubtedly what it was...Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

DON: Be sure to hear Dennis Day in "A Day In the Life of
Dennis Day". Stay tuned for the Amos 'n' Andy Show
which follows immediately..

THIS IS CBS....THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

DJ

ATX01 0312774