

PROGRAM #23
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1950 CBS 7:00 to 7:30 PMEST

(NEW YORK CITY)

ATX01 0313226

-A-

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

7:00-7:30 PM EST FEBRUARY 12, 1950-Program #23 SUNDAY

OPENING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: The Jack Benny program...presented by LUCKY
 STRIKE!

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

HIESTAND: Let your own taste and throat be the judge!

SHARBUTT: For smoothness and mildness...

HIESTAND: There's never a rough puff in a Lucky Strike!

SHARBUTT: For smoothness and mildness...

HIESTAND: There's never a rough puff in a Lucky Strike!

SHARBUTT: Yes, let your own taste and throat be the judge.

HIESTAND: For smoothness and mildness....

SHARBUTT: There's never a rough puff in a Lucky Strike!
 And that's because....

HIESTAND: LS-MFT
 LS-MFT

(MORE)

ATX01 0313227

-B-

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
JACK BENNY PROGRAM
FEBRUARY 12, 1950

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONTINUED)

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco...fine, light,
naturally mild tobacco that gives you
smoothness and mildness.

HIESTAND: And no wonder, for years Lucky Strike has
maintained America's largest and most complete
cigarette research laboratory. Prior to the
auctions, the buyers for Lucky Strike send sample
leaves from all tobacco growing areas to this
great laboratory for scientific analysis--to help
determine which tobaccos are really fine.

SHARBUTT: And this is only one phase of the constant
research that helps make possible Lucky Strike's
unconditional guarantee. Check the cigarette
you are now smoking. Among all leading brands,
only the makers of Lucky Strike put an
unconditional guarantee on the pack!

HIESTAND: So smoke a Lucky! Let your own taste and throat
be the judge.

SHARBUTT: For smoothness and mildness, there's never a
rough puff in a Lucky Strike--so round, so firm--so
fully packed--so free and easy on the draw. Make
your next carton Lucky Strike!

ATX01 0313228

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: FROM NEW YORK CITY...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: ~~we~~, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS IS OUR SECOND WEEK IN
NEW YORK. SO LET'S GO OUT TO THE ACME PLAZA HOTEL
WHERE JACK IS STAYING. OUR LITTLE STAR IS STILL IN
BED.

JACK: (SNORES TWICE)

ROCH: BOSS...BOSS ...WAKE UP.

JACK: (SNORES ONCE)

ROCH: MR. BENNY, WAKE UP!

JACK: (COMING OUT OF A SNORE) Huh?....Oh, ^{at} it's you.

ROCH: YES BOSS, IT'S TIME TO GET UP. COME ON, OPEN YOUR
BABY BLUE EYES, *and look at me.*

JACK:There.

ROCH: NOW HERE'S YOUR TEETH, SMILE AT MR.

JACK: I'm smiling, I'm smiling...what time is it?

ROCH: FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON.

JACK: Four o'clock in the afternoon!...Didn't the sun shine
today?

ROCH: I DON'T KNOW, THIS ROOM HASN'T GOT A WINDOW..

JACK: What do you mean ~~it hasn't~~ got a window. ~~there are~~
~~there?~~ *Raise the shade.*

~~ROCH: DRAPES.~~

~~JACK: What are those?~~

~~ROCH: CURTAINS.~~

~~JACK: Then what do you mean we haven't got a window? Raise~~
~~the shade.~~

(SOUND: SHADE GOING)

JACK: There...What's that?

ROCH: A PICTURE OF CENTRAL PARK BY GRANDMA MOSES.

JACK: Well, you coulda fooled me. Yesterday when I lifted
the shade, I could have sworn it was snowing.

ROCH: *...* THAT WAS THE PLASTER FALLING OFF THE CEILING.

JACK: Oh yeah, look at the way it drifted up against the
baseboard.

ROCH: HEE HEE HEE...WHAT A HOTEL.

JACK: Rochester, you can stop laughing. This is a very
nice ---

(SOUND: LOUD BANGING ON DOOR)

PAUL: HEY, BENNY, YOU'RE WANTED ON DA PHONE!

JACK: Huh!

PAUL: YOU'RE WANTED ON DA PHONE!

JACK: Hand me my robe, Rochester.

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE.

(SOUND: BANGING ON DOOR)

JACK: Okay, Okay, I'm coming!

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

JACK: Where's the phone?

PAUL: Right down da hall. And while you're talkin' don't go tamperin' with da coin box.

JACK: I won't, I won't.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: *Gu* I wonder who ^{*could be*} ~~there~~.... Oh, here's the phone on the wall.....Hello.

PHIL: H'ya Jackson, it's about time you answered.

JACK: Oh, hello, Phil...Did you have any trouble getting this hotel?

PHIL: No, I just dialed B.O. 7236 and an Air Wick answered.

JACK: Now cut that out...what did you call for anyway?

PHIL: ^{*look,*} Well, ~~we~~ we'll soon be goin' back to California... and I wanted to know if it's all right with you if Alice and I stopped off at Niagra Falls for a few days ...You know, that's the place to go for a honeymoon.

JACK: But Phil, you and Alice were married eight years ago...didn't you go on a honeymoon then?

PHIL: Yeah, but this time we'd like to go without Remley.

JACK: Phil...Phil...you took Remley on your honeymoon?

PHIL: Didn't know it till we got there, somebody tied him to the back of the car.

JACK: Oh. Well, that could happen to anybody.

PHIL: Yeah. ^{Rem}~~Rem~~ Jackson, I gotta tell you about a funny coincidence. Yesterday Alice and I were walking down the street talking about a second honeymoon...and we ran into the man who married us.

JACK: Who was that?

PHIL: Petrillo.

JACK: Petrillo! how could Petrillo officiate at your wedding?

PHIL: Why not...my dues was paid up.

JACK: Oh, oh, I see.

PHIL: Well, ^{look}~~look~~ I gotta hang up now, Dad, ^I got a lot of things to do ~~and~~ tonight I'm gonna see South Pacific.

JACK: South Pacific?....You're gonna see South Pacific?

PHIL: Yeah.

JACK: ^{yes}~~Yeah~~, how I envy you. I pulled all kinds of strings to see that show, ~~but~~ I couldn't even get one ticket.

PHIL: Really?

JACK: I tried everything.

PHIL: Have you tried money?

JACK: Yes, ~~yes~~, I even washed Mary Martin's hair...Now Phil, if you're stopping off at Niagra Falls, will you be back in Hollywood in time for my next Sunday's program?

PHIL: (COYLY) Sure I'll be there, Jackson, you know I love you.

JACK: Huh?

PHIL: Your option is coming up, I wouldn't let you down.

JACK: Well, that's very thoughtful of you, Maestro...Goodbye.

PHIL: So long, Clyde.

Jack So long.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS "BYE BYE BABY") BYE BYE BABY...DA. DA. DA. DA.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: WHO WAS IT, BOSS?

JACK: Mr. Harris.... Well, I better get dressed now...
Miss Livingstone said she might ---

BRAD: (OFF) (BARKS)

JACK: Hm...there's that dog in the next room barking
again. He kept me awake half the night. I've
got a good mind to complain to his owner.

ROCH: HIS OWNER LIVES AT THE SHERRY NETHERLANDS.

JACK: The Sherry Netherlands?

ROCH: HE ONLY TOOK A ROOM HERE FOR HIS DOG.

JACK: Hmmmmm.

BRAD: (BARKS - OFF)

JACK: A fine thing. Imagine them putting a Cocker
Spaniel in the next room.

ROCH: THEY TRIED TO GIVE HIM THIS ONE BUT HE ~~CHOOSE~~ *he wanted*
~~ON~~ A WINDOW.

JACK: Well ...if he can afford it, why not? Rochester
hand me my tie.

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE, BOSS.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well!...Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Jack. Hello, Rochester.

ROCH: Q-- HELLO, MISS LIVINGSTONE.

JACK: *Jack: Yeah, don't be late there, Rochester. Roch: Hi, Miss Livingstone. You know Mary, when you -- can't wait till he gets to the room --*
You know, Mary, when you said you ~~would~~ come over, *this time*
... Mary ...
I wasn't sure that you would.

MARY: Well, I have a confession to make. I only came
over here out of curiosity. *Jack: Uh.* (LAUGHINGLY) And
Jack, this Acem Plaza certainly is different.

JACK: What do you mean different?

MARY: When I walked into the lobby, I asked the clerk
for you room and he said it was six floors down.

JACK: All right, so you had to take the elevator.

MARY: Some elevator, they lowered me in a bucket.

JACK: Mary ---

MARY: They've got a picture of John L. Lewis in the lobby.

JACK: Mary ---

MARY: And the Bell boys are on a three day week.

JACK: Oh stop...Be happy you found the place...did you
have any trouble?

MARY: No, I was lucky. I got into a cab and said, "Driver, do you know where the Acme Plaza is?"...and he said, "Yes, Ma'am, I used to live there when I was out of work."

JACK: Now I know you just made that up.

MARY: (LAUGHING) No I didn't. *Jack... a... a...* Say ~~Jack~~, have you got your program all set for Sunday?

JACK: Most of it, Mary. *^* The Sportsmen Quartet didn't come to New York, ~~so~~ *I don't know what to do about a* commercial.

ROCH: BOSS, YOU MENTIONED THAT YESTERDAY...SO I TOOK THE LIBERTY ~~to~~ *to* ASK ~~some~~ SOME FRIENDS OF MINE TO COME DOWN AND AUDITION FOR YOU.

JACK: Oh, thanks, Rochester...And you know, Mary, I thought that on the opening of the show, I might play my violin.... I haven't done that yet in New York.

MARY: Oh Jack, nobody wants to hear you play "Love In Bloom."

JACK: Mary, I've learned a new one... *Some Enchanted Evening*... *Wait, I'll get my violin and play it for you.*

ROCH: HERE IT IS, BOSS.

JACK: Thanks.

(JACK PLINKS ON VIOLIN STRINGS)

Oh, Mary

This will be swell *now... how much a minute... wait 4 you here* ~~Mary... listen... this...~~

(JACK PLAYS THREE LINES OF "ENCHANTED EVENING")

BRAD: (STARTS BARKING AND WHINING AS JACK CONTINUES TO
PLAY)

JACK: (STOPS PLAYING) ^{Look --} How do you like that?

(ORCH: VIOLINIST PLAYS "ENCHANTED EVENING" BEAUTIFULLY)

JACK: Hey, listen...there's another violinist in this
hotel.

ROCH: THAT'S THE DOG, HE'S PLAYING AT THE PALACE THIS
WEEK.

JACK: No kidding.

MARY: He used to be with the Met but he had trouble with
Rudolph Bing.

JACK: Oh yes, I read about that. Anyway, Mary, I'm gonna play my violin on the program and it'll be very good.

MARY: Okay, Jack, okay. Now how about going out and getting something to eat?

JACK: We don't have to go out, we can eat right here.

MARY: Jack, you mean we can eat right here in this room?

JACK: Certainly. Rochester, get room service.

ROCH: YES SIR, I'LL PUT A NOTE IN THE BUCKET AND TELL THEM TO LOWER A WAITER.

JACK: Stop being funny...I don't care how you do it.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: Jack, there are so many nice restaurants in town, why don't we go out?

JACK: Mary, they have very fine food here and there's nothing wrong with this hotel. It may be a little out of the way, but ---

Jack: *what was that?*
(SOUND: HEAVY FEET LANDING AFTER A JUMP)
DON: *Oh,* Hello, Jack. Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Don.

JACK: Don!...I didn't expect to see you ~~here~~. How did you know where I lived?

DON: *Well,* I didn't. I was walking along the street and fell down an open manhole.

JACK: Oh.

DON: Gosh, what a beautiful view of Central Park.

(SOUND: LOUD CLUNK)

DON: Ouch!

JACK: Don, what happened?

DON: I tried to stick my head out the window.

MARY: Look Jack, it's snowing.

JACK: Yeah.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Oh, that must be the waiter now. *Come in.*

(SOUND: THREE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

INKSPOT: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes.

INKSPOT: Rochester told us to drop by, he said you were looking for a singing group.

JACK: Oh, yes yes. Come on in fellows.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: *Yes.* It was nice of you boys to come over....What do you call yourselves?

INKSPOT: The inkspots.

JACK: The inkspots!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *well.* Boys, I'm ~~so~~ glad you're here. Rochester, told me you had an idea for a number that could be used on my program.

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INKSPOT: Yes sir...we took our theme song and made a special arrangement just for you.

JACK: Oh, how nice...Could I hear it now?

INKSPOT: Yes sir.

JACK: *hell*, Sit down, Mary....Don...come on, fellows, let's have it.

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INTRO

QUART: IF I DIDN'T CARE MORE THAN WORDS CAN SAY
IF I DIDN'T CARE, WOULD I FEEL THIS WAY.
IF THIS ISN'T LOVE, *there why do I thrill.*
~~WHY DO I FEEL THIS WAY?~~
And what makes my head go round and round
~~BUT I DO CARE, HONEY CHILE, I DO CARE~~
while my heart stands still.
~~AND I DO CARE, HONEY CHILE, I DO CARE~~
AND I DO CARE, HONEY CHILE, I DO CARE

IF I DIDN'T CARE, WOULD IT BE THE SAME
WOULD MY EVERY PRAYER BEGIN AND END
WITH JUST YOUR NAME
AND WOULD I BE SURE THAT THIS IS LOVE BEYOND COMPARE
WOULD ALL THIS BE TRUE, IF I DIDN'T CARE FOR YOU?

BASS: HONEY CHILE, IF I DIDN'T CARE...
IF I DIDN'T CARE WHAT I SMOKED, BABY,
I'D SMOKE ANY KIND OF A CIGARETTE.
BUT I DO CARE, HONEY CHILE
THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS SMOKE LUCKY STRIKE.
I SMOKE LUCKIES BECAUSE THEY'RE SO ROUND,
SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED, SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW.
AND ANOTHER THING, BABY, THERE'S NEVER A ROUGH PUFF
IN A LUCKY. *mm-mm - Lucky Strike.*

QUART: L S M F T, WHAT A CIGARETTE
L S M F T, THE VERY BEST THAT YOU CAN GET

TENOR: OF ONE THING I'M SURE THAT THEY ARE FINE BEYOND
COMPARE

QUART: THEN THIS MUST BE TRUE, LUCKIES ARE THE SMOKE FOR YOU.
QUALITY OF PRODUCT IS ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS.

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: *Oh that was ... that was really wonderful loop. Absolutely, wasn't it?*
~~Very good, boys, very good.~~ Rehearsal is tomorrow
at eleven o'clock.

INKSPOT: Thank you, Mr. Benny, we'll be there. Goodbye.

JACK: So long.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: *Oh.* You know, Don, the Inkspots are gonna be
~~wonderful.~~ *great.*

DON: They sure will, Jack. What else have you planned
for the show?

JACK: Well, as I was telling Mary, I think ~~I should~~ *that*

(SOUND: KNOCK ON THE DOOR)

JACK: *Oh.* That must be the waiter ... COME IN!

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

KRAMER: Room Service.

JACK: Oh, yes yes. Come in, waiter.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Mary, what do you want to eat?

MARY: *Oh.* I don't know ... Waiter, let me see that menu.

KRAMER: Here you are, kid.

JACK: Here Mary, *Maaf -* let me look at it. Now let's see ...
Beef stew ... Wieners and saurkrout ... goulash ...
~~How's the goulash?~~

~~KRAMER: Hungarian.~~

JACK: ~~Oh.~~ ... Spaghetti and meat balls ... Porterhouse
steak.... Say *that's reasonable for a Porterhouse.*
~~waiter, what's the price on the~~
~~Porterhouse steak scratched out?~~

KRAMER: ~~What's the deal with it?~~
We had to raise it.

JACK: Oh ... How much is it now?

KRAMER: Forty-five cents.

JACK: Wow!

MARY: (WHISPERS) Jack, can't we go somewhere else?

JACK: Don't worry about it, ^{Mary}... the food is fine here.

MARY: Oh all right ... Waiter, have you any lamb chops?

KRAMER: Yes, Ma'am.

MARY: ~~I'll have that too.~~
~~That's what I'll have.~~

JACK: ~~Me, too.~~

DON: ~~That's good enough for me.~~

JACK: Waiter, we'll all have lamb chops.

KRAMER: Yes sir. Would you mind saving the bones for the guest in the next room?

MARY: What?

KRAMER: He always likes something to eat after his last show.

JACK: ~~Don't pay any attention to him, Mary.~~ ^{Never mind} Waiter, go get the food.

KRAMER: ~~Yes sir. Do you want anything first.... like soup or tomato juice?~~

JACK: ~~I don't think so.~~

KRAMER: ~~Why don't you try oysters, you may be the lucky~~
~~one.~~

JACK: ~~Lucky? You mean I might find a pearl?~~

KRAMER: ~~No, they may be fresh.~~

JACK: ~~Never mind, just bring the lamb chops.~~

~~ARMER: YES Sir.~~

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

DON: *Oh*, Say Jack, you started to tell me something about the program.

JACK: Oh yes: *Don*... well, I was planning to play my violin ... and then, after the commercial, I thought we would do Allen's Alley.

MARY: Allen's Alley?

JACK: Yes Mary *look*... You see, Fred Allen has been off the air for nearly a year and as long as we're here in New York, I thought it would be a nice touch to bring back those wonderful people who lived in Allen's Alley.

DON: Oh, that's a swell idea, Jack.

JACK: I'm glad you like it, Don, because I've already hired Kenny Delmar, Parker Fenley, ~~Minerva Blue~~, and Peter Donald.

MARY: Who's gonna play the part of Fred Allen?

JACK: I am, Mary, and you'll be Portland.

MARY: But Jack, do you think we can play those parts?

JACK: Certainly, Mary *look*... here's exactly how it'll go on the program ... Now first I'll put a clothes pin on my nose, like this ... Now wait *swell* till I fix *here -- on the nose -- it have to sound like -- wait a minute --* it ... ~~There~~... And then you say ---

MARY: (AS PORTLAND) Oh, Mr. Allen, Mr. Allen.

JACK: (AS ALLEN) Well Portland, Gee Whiz.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well Portland, I see you're reading the newspaper...
What's new?

MARY: Well, here's an interesting item in the personal
~~ad~~ column.

JACK: A personal ad? ... read it to me.

MARY: Here it is ... "Two handsome young men with
sniffles would like to meet two attractive young
ladies with fever... Object, to share four
way cold tablet.

JACK: Gad, what romance. *Come on Portland, let's go down to Allen's
Alley.*

~~MARY: Oh, Mr. Allen?~~

~~JACK: What is it, Portland?~~

~~MARY: Are you going down to Allen's Alley this
evening?~~

~~JACK: If I don't, I've hired a bunch of actors for
nothing.~~

MARY: And what is your question tonight?

JACK: My question tonight is, "Do you think television
will replace radio?"

MARY: Shall we go?

JACK: As the man said when he stepped on his bathroom
scales ... "I'm on my weigh."

(ALLEN'S ALLEY MUSIC)

JACK: Well, things look kind of quiet here in Allen's Alley ... but I think Senator Claghorn is home ... I can smell the aroma of poached Possum ... I'll knock on his door.

(SOUND SEVERAL SHORT SHARP KNOCKS ...

THEN DOOR OPENS)

DELMAR: Somebody ... I say somebody pizzicatoed my pine.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Yes, Senator ~~I~~

DELMAR: Speak up, don't stand there spinning your pivot tooth. It makes me dizzy.

JACK: Well, Senator, I'd ~~like to~~

DELMAR: Get to the point, son I'm busier than a bubble dancer with a slow leak.

JACK: All right, Senator. But I want ~~to~~

DELMAR: Make it fast son, I'm packing ... I'm leaving for Florida. ~~that is~~

JACK: Oh, is this your first trip?

DELMAR: Son ... I've spent so much time down in Florida, people think I'm Mayor O'Dwyer.

JACK: ~~How~~ Look ~~Senator~~

DELMAR: Ha, that's a joke, son.

JACK: I know. ~~I know~~

DELMAR: Well, you ain't laughin' ... When you hear a joke, you're supposed to yock it up.

~~JACK: Look, Senator~~

~~DELMAR: You let that one get past you, like a shortstop
for the Brooklyn Dodgers.~~

JACK: All right, all right ... ~~but~~ ^{man look} Senator, I have a question I'd like to ask you ... Do you think television will ^{men} replace radio?

DELMAR: I don't know about that, son ... but I do know that television will play a big part in the next Presidential election.

JACK: What do you mean? ^{man} Senator.

DELMAR: Well, there won't be any campaign speeches in 1952 ... For the Democrats, Margaret will sing and little ole Harry will play the piano.

JACK: I see.

Yes... and... (laughs)... the Republicans... they're 19-
DELMAR: "And the Republicans ~~are~~ going to make a song and

dance team out of Taft and Hartley.

JACK: Well, Senator, if television will play such a big part, who do you think will win the next election?

DELMAR: Milton Berle ... So long, son.

JACK: So long. *So long. So long.*

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: My, the Senator is a windy one ... I'll pick up my hat and go next door ... I wonder if Titus Moody is in.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR ... DOOR OPENS)

PARKER: Howdy, Bub.

JACK: Well ~~hello, Mr. Moody.~~ *(laughs)*

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Say, Titus, *say Titus* what's the matter ... you look like you've been crying.

PARKER: All night long.

JACK: Crying all through the night ... what's wrong?

PARKER: ~~uh~~ My friend, Lem Hawkins .. he up and died.

JACK: Oh, that's a shame ... When did Lem die?

PARKER: Last Spring.

JACK: Wait a minute, Mr. Moody ... how come you're crying now if Lem went last Spring?

PARKER: He died during the planting season and I was too busy then.

JACK: Oh ---How old was Lem?

PARKER: Ninety-seven..

JACK: Ninety-seven?

~~PARKER: Yes, but he was the only one ... Didn't wear glasses, had all his hair, and his own teeth.~~

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~~JACK: His own teeth, eh?~~

~~PARKER: Yep, just finished paying for 'em that week.~~

JACK: ~~Well, if he was ninety seven, he must have died of~~
old age. *Jack?*

PARKER: No, ^{no} it was an accident.

JACK: An accident?

PARKER: Yep. He worked over at the maple syrup factory.

JACK: Yes?

PARKER: One day he slipped, fell into a vat of maple syrup
and sweetened himself to death.

JACK: No!

PARKER: ^{Ypp - - -}Yep, ... That was last spring and they're still
fighting the ants off his grave.

JACK: Well, Mr. Moody, enough about the saccharined Mr.
Hawkins ... I'd like to ask you a question.

PARKER: Well, make it fast, Bub ... I've got to go slop the
hogs.

JACK: Mr. Moody ... do you think television ^{will} ~~will~~ replace
radio?

PARKER: Why ... er ... no ... ^{no ...} the Farmers ^{day 'll} ~~will~~ never go for
television.

JACK: Why not?

PARKER: ^{see - - -}Well, I bought a television set myself and put it in
the hen house to step up egg production.

JACK: And did it work?

PARKER: Well, first I tuned in the wrestling matches for them
... but that didn't do any good.

JACK: It didn't?

PARKER: No, when Gorgeous George came on, the hen's would just
sit there and pant.

JACK: Uh huh.

PARKER: Then I tuned in Faye Emerson.

JACK: ~~Did that do any good?~~

PARKER: ~~No, then~~ I'd just sit there and pant.

JACK: I see.

PARKER: Finally I found the program that made the hens lay eggs -- Hopalong Cassidy.

JACK: How did Hoppy make those hens produce?

PARKER: Well, ^{see}... every time Hoppy shot his gun, they'd lay an egg.

JACK: No!

PARKER: Yep ... It was a pleasure to watch Hoppy in a six reeler ... Him a-shootin', and them a-layin'.

JACK: So now you're prosperous.

PARKER: ^{well -- no -- no} Woulda been, but in one picture Hoppy double-crossed

JACK: ^{mc. Hoppy} double-crossed you ... How?

PARKER: ^{in his} He pulled out a machine gun and all my hens dropped dead trying. ~~So long, Dad.~~

JACK: Goodbye, Mr. Moody.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well ... I wonder who I'll find in this next house.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR ... DOOR OPENS)

JACK & PETER DO IRISH CLAMBAKE ... ENDING WITH --

PETER: Oh, how do you do.

JACK: Well, Ajax Cassidy.

(APPLAUSE)

PETER: Sure and it's good to see you again.

JACK: The same to you, Ajax ... but wait ... you have a black eye.

PETER: ~~have ... I have me boy ...~~ Yes, tis a badge of honor I acquired last night during a fracas at Kerrigan's Cozy Corner.

JACK: You mean you were in a fight. Tell me what happened?

PETER: ~~I will.~~ Gladly. Last night, ~~you see~~ I entered Kerrigan's Cozy Corner, a peaceful man, with nothing on me mind but the delights of a tall foaming glass of beer.

JACK: Yes?

PETER: So I ordered my beer, ~~do you see ...~~ and over comes Kerrigan, and questions me credit.

JACK: ~~You owe Kerrigan a bill? I see.~~

PETER: Only since 1914.

JACK: ~~How ... 1914 ... and this is 1950 ... That means you've owed him this bill for thirty-six years.~~

PETER: ~~No, only twenty-two ... we declared a moratorium during the dark years.~~

JACK: ~~The dark years?~~

PETER: ~~Prohibition.~~

JACK: ~~I see ... but you still haven't told me how you got your black eye.~~

PETER: Well, when Kerrigan cast aspersions on me credit, we exchanged a few words.

JACK: Uh huh.

PETER: Then we ~~exchanged~~ *Jack, uh huh.* a few blows and Kerrigan started hitting me over the head with a bottle of four roses.

JACK: ~~And~~ What happened next?

PETER: He switched to Calvert.

JACK: ~~Or~~ ... well Ajax, the question I'd like to ask tonight is.... Do you think television will replace radio?

PETER: Well now *me boy* that's a hard question to answer.... You see, in my house we have both a television set and a radio.

JACK: I see, and what do you listen to most?

PETER: Me wife!!!! Goodbye to yez.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ~~Well~~, and now that brings us to the last little house in Allen's Alley ... I wonder who we'll find here.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR....DOOR OPENS)

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Allen.

JACK: Why, Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: (STILL AS ALLEN) Tell me, Mr. Kitzel, what are you doing here in New York?

ARTIE: ^{Mr. Allen} Well, last week in Hollywood I was walking down Sunset Boulevard and as I passed a radio station a man with a hook dragged me into a quiz program.

JACK: A quiz program?

ARTIE: ^{Yeah} They asked me questions, I gave them answers ... and the next thing I know I'm spending two glorious weeks in the Bronx.

JACK: Well, that's wonderful ... tell me, Mr. Kitzel, are you having a good time?

ARTIE: HOO HOO HOO HOO.... ^{Mr. Allen} Every night a different show.

JACK: Really, what shows have you seen since you've been here?

ARTIE: I saw "The Rat Race" ... "Death of a Salesman" ... "Miss Liberty" ... and last night I saw "Max's Little Darling."

JACK: Ho Ho Ho... you mean ^{you mean} Texas Little Darling.

ARTIE: No, Max's Little Darling, I had dinner with my brother Max's wife.

JACK: Oh.

ARTIE: Some little darling, she weighs two hundred and forty pounds.

JACK: Two hundred and forty pounds!

ARTIE: ~~Conservatively.~~
in the present rate of exchange.

JACK: Well, getting back to the original question,
I'd like to ask your honest opinion.... Do you
think television will replace radio?

ARTIE: For this I am in no position to venture an
opinion.

JACK: You're not, eh?

ARTIE: No... I will admit that I didn't rush out to... *to... to...*
buy one ... being very practical, I listened
first to what people were saying about it ...
whether they were making them good enough, and
whether it was worth the investment.

JACK: Uh huh.

ARTIE: And after debating with myself pro and con ...
I finally decided ~~that~~ it was here to stay ...
so last week I went out and bought one.

JACK: A television set?

ARTIE: No, a radio.

JACK: Gad, what a display of confidence!
Well, that's all I wanted to know...
Goodbye, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: What?

ARTIE: With those blue eyes you didn't fool me for a
~~minute~~ *one second*.

JACK: ^{well---} Thank you, and goodnight.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ^{So} You see, Mary, it'll be a cinch to do Allen's
Alley on the program.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

DON: Ladies and gentlemen, THE AMERICAN HEART ASSOCIATION, has set a goal of Six million dollars to be used for research, for education and for community service. Heart disease is our greatest challenge because it takes more lives than any other illness, and causes tremendous disability. So won't you please help support the 1950 Heart Campaign. Send your contributions to Jack Benry, Box 500, New York City.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: JACK WILL BE BACK IN A MOMENT BUT FIRST.....

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
FEBRUARY 12, 1950

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

~~WILSON: Jack will be back in just a moment -- but first~~

HIESTAND: Let your own taste and throat be the judge!

SHARBUTT: For smoothness and mildness...

HIESTAND: There's never a rough puff in a Lucky Strike!
And that's because...

SHARBUTT: LS-MFT
LS-MFT

HIESTAND: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco...fine, light,
naturally mild tobacco.

SHARBUTT: Listen to what Mr. "BV" Bowen, an independent
tobacco buyer from Timmons ville, South Carolina,
recently said:

VOICE: At the markets I've worked as a buyer, I've seen
the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine, light,
ripe tobacco that makes a smooth, mild smoke.
For 22 years now, I've smoked Luckies regularly!

-C-

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
FEBRUARY 12, 1950

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONTINUED)

HIESTAND: Millions of smokers, including the famous
Shakespearian actor, Maurice Evans, take a tip
from the experts and smoke Lucky Strike. Just
recently, the popular Mr. Evans said....

VOICE: I like Luckies better than any other cigarette
I've ever smoked!

SHARBUTT: And for your own real deep-down smoking
enjoyment, light up a Lucky!

HIESTAND: Let your own taste and throat be the judge....
for smoothness and mildness there's never a
rough puff in a Lucky Strike! Get a carton
today!

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(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I just want to say we've had a very pleasant two weeks in New York and next week we'll be broadcasting again from Hollywood, California.
Goodnight everybody.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

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 C.B.S. ... THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.