

AS  
Brought  
AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1951

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

ATX01 0181330

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
OCTOBER 21, 1951  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 67 to 70 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM....presented by LUCKY STRIKE....  
The cigarette that testes better!

SOUND: (TAPE RECORDING PLAYED BACKWARD...ESTABLISH THEN FADE  
AND HOLD UNDER)

ANNCR 2: Words...words...meaningless words...cigarette  
advertising fills the air with them! Claims...claims...  
claims. But how many facts?

SHARBUTT: Now this smoke screen of empty talk is swept away --  
for the first time in cigarette history!

ANNCR 2: Now -- a month-after-month continuing quality comparison--  
based on tests certified to be impartial, fair and  
identical -- proves Lucky Strike, by a wide margin, is  
the best made of the five principal brands of cigarettes!

SHARBUTT: That's a fact, friends -- not a claim -- a fact...  
verified and documented by leading laboratory  
consultants of Richmond, Virginia. They report.....

ANNCR 2: It is our conclusion that Lucky Strike is the best-made  
of these five major brands. Signed -- Froehling and  
Robertson.

(MORE)

TC

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THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
OCTOBER 21, 1951  
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT.)

SHARBUTT: Yes, friends -- Luckies are made better -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw -- with no annoying loose ends... a big reason why Luckies taste better.

ANNCR 2: And never forget -- LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. There's no substitute for fine tobacco -- don't let anybody tell you different.

SOUND: (TAPE RECORDING PLAYED BACKWARD - ESTABLISH THEN FADE OUT UNDER)

SHARBUTT: So, friends, don't be misled by claims and meaningless words! Remember the facts! Smoke the cigarette that tops the five principal brands for quality! Enjoy fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco in the cigarette that's made better -- the cigarette that tastes better -- Lucky Strike!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike  
Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

TC

ATX01 01B1332

(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) 2

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MANY TIMES IN THE PAST WE'VE SHOWN YOU WHAT HAPPENS BEFORE A JACK BENNY BROADCAST GOES ON THE AIR. TONIGHT WE WOULD LIKE TO SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENS AFTER A PROGRAM IS FINISHED. SO, LET'S GO BACK TO LAST WEEK IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE PROGRAM WENT OFF THE AIR.

(BAND PLAYS A LITTLE OF FINAL THEME SONG)

JACK: That's all, that's all. *that's all - that's enough - we're off - that's enough* ~~we're off.~~ Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, you were a wonderful audience...Okay Usher, you can close the curtains now.

(SOUND: CURTAINS CLOSING)

DON: Say, Jack, I'm awfully sorry I missed that line of mine during the broadcast.

JACK: Well Don, these things happen sometimes..but fortunately, Mary was alert and read your line.

DON: I know, but I don't think it was believable when Mary said, "Jack, how would you like to come with me to a Turkish Bath?"

JACK: All right, Don, so you made a mistake. *Don't worry* ~~don't~~ worry about it.

DON: *9/* But Jack, I've been an announcer for so many years, I shouldn't make mistakes.

VR

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PHIL: Forget about it, Donsy., ~~it isn't as though you did something~~ *forget about it*  
~~after all, you know, and I gonna give you~~  
~~that'll make Jackson fire you.~~

JACK: Of course not.

MARY: Or ~~make you take a cut in salary.~~ *cut your salary.*

JACK: Mary, you keep out of this.....Don, I'll let it go this time.

DENNIS: ~~Here~~, Mr. Benny..are you going to sign this?

JACK: Huh? Oh yes, Dennis.

(SOUND: SIGNING OF SIGNATURE)

PHIL: What's that he's signing, Dennis?

DENNIS: My contract..he does it after every show.

MARY: What? Jack, how come you've got Dennis on a week-to-week contract?

DENNIS: ~~I'm~~ *hell* getting older and he's afraid my voice might change.

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: Jack Benny, you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

JACK: What do you mean, ashamed?..that's just smart business.

~~I mean~~  
What good is he to me if his voice changes..after all, baritones are a dime a dozen.

DENNIS: According to my salary so are tenors.

JACK: Never mind..Now let's not get into any discussions. You're signed for next week so be happy, go lucky. *with that other thing*  
~~Now kids,~~  
~~check and add today~~ *Be happy - go happy - backwards - it is*  
~~supposing we~~

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

*(Sound: Phone rings)*

VR

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JACK: *Oh* Answer the phone, will you, Mary?

MARY: Okay, Jack.

HERB: It ain't the real telephone, Mr. Benny..I was just testing my sound equipment.

JACK: Oh, are you getting ready for your next show, Gene?

HERB: Yeah..I like to test all my sound effects out first to see if they're working.

MARY: Say..this is an interesting looking gadget..what is it?

HERB: Oh, this is how we make the sound of a body falling down a flight of stairs...Listen.

(SOUND: BODY FALLING DOWN STAIRS)

JACK: Gosh...What's this one here?

HERB: Oh, that's a Medieval torture rack..Here, I'll show you how it works.

(SOUND: CREAK OF RACK)

JACK: Gee.

DON: Say...what's this effect here?

HERB: Oh, that's a guillotine..That cuts off people's heads.. Listen.

(SOUND: THUMP OF GUILLOTINE DROPPING)

JACK: Gosh...Say, what is your next program?

HERB: Life Can Be Beautiful.

JACK: I must listen to it. You know I -- Oh for heaven's sakes..

PHIL!

PHIL: What's the matter, Jackson?

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JACK: Look at the way all your musicians are still sitting on the bandstand. <sup>the show is over -</sup> Get rid of them..I don't want to have to pay over-time again.

PHIL: Okay, okay.

(SOUND: RAPPING OF BATON ON MUSIC STAND THREE TIMES)

PHIL: <sup>Gentlemen</sup> ~~Men~~...BY THE POWER VESTED IN ME BY JAMES CAESAR PETRILLO, <sup>thee</sup> I DISMISS ~~you~~.....

(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF FEET AND INSTRUMENTS CHAIRS AND MUSIC STANDS)

PHIL: There, does that suit you?

JACK: No it doesn't suit me...Look how your musicians leave all their junk on the bandstand..have them come back here and clean it up.

PHIL: Okay..(YELLS) HEY FELLOWS, COME BACK HERE AND CARRY OUT YOUR MUSIC, YOUR INSTRUMENTS, AND REMLEY.

JACK: That's better.. You know, Phil, the trouble with you is you always think ~~that~~ ---

(SOUND: FAST APPROACHING HORSES HOOVES, 3 PISTOL SHOTS..MORE HOOVES)

DENNIS: HI YO, SILVER, <sup>away</sup>.

JACK: DENNIS, GET AWAY FROM THOSE SOUND EFFECTS.....Silly kid... and I'm stuck with him for another week. Well, there's nothing else to do here, I'm going to my dressing room, change clothes, and go home.

DON: <sup>Oh crap, just a minute - How would</sup> ~~Wait a minute, Jack. Wouldn't you like to go to a night club~~ tonight?

VR

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JACK: A night club?

DON: ~~Yeah~~...You know, the Sportsmen Quartet is appearing at Billy Gray's Bandbox and I thought it might be nice if we all went over there and had some fun.

MARY: Say, why don't we do that?

PHIL: Yeah, they've got a swell show. <sup>o</sup>

JACK: ...Well....

PHIL: Aw, come on, Dad...loosen up for once...Why don't you spend a little?...Try it, it might be fun.

JACK: Look, Phil, I'll tell you why I'm so careful about how much I spend....It's because I work plenty hard for my money.

PHIL: So what...I spend...and Alice works hard, too!

JACK: That I can *understand* - - -

(SOUND: BODY FALLING DOWN STAIRS)

JACK: DENNIS, STOP FOOLING AROUND WITH THOSE SOUND EFFECTS.

DENNIS: (OFF) THAT WASN'T A SOUND EFFECT, I FELL DOWN THE STAIRS.

JACK: Good good...Well, I think I'll go home.

MARY: Aw Jack, why don't you come to the Bandbox? We'll have a lot of fun.

PHIL: Yeah...and don't worry about the money, Dad.

JACK: What?

PHIL: Come on along and we'll all chip in and pay your share.

JACK: Look nobody has to pay for me...I'll pay my own check, and what's more, I'll pay Mary's, too.

MARY: Gee, I thought it was Dennis who fell downstairs.

VR

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JACK: It was Dennis, and if he doesn't cut out that foolishness, there'll be another singer on this show.

DENNIS: You can't fire me till my voice changes.

JACK: Oh yes..Well look, if you're still a tenor, let me hear the song you're gonna do on next week's show and then I won't have to bother listening to it later..Phil, can you get your orchestra back?

PHIL: Sure..NEXT ROUND IS ON THE HOUSE.

(SOUND: LOUD FOOTSTEPS, SCUFFLING, ETC.)

JACK: Thank you, Phil..Sing, Dennis.

(DENNIS'S SONG--"MAKE BELIEVE")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: <sup>Dennis</sup> Dennis, that sounded great and it will be wonderful on <sup>not a make</sup> the show.

DENNIS: Thanks, Mr. Benny, I'm glad you liked it..(NOW GOES INTO DEEPEST VOICE HE CAN)..because it's one of my favorite--

JACK: Dennis, give me back that contract!

DENNIS: (REGULAR VOICE) <sup>h</sup> I was only kidding.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Look Jack, if we're going to the Band Box, you'd better go to your dressing room and change.

DON: That's right, Jack, then we can all go together.

JACK: Okay kids, I'll hurry..wait for me..

(SOUND: WALKING FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS...

THUDDING SOUND)

JACK: OUCH....DENNIS!

MARY: What happened?

JACK: He opened the sound effects door and I walked into the wall...

<sup>Dennis:</sup> (Silly laugh)

<sup>Jack:</sup> Keep him out of mischief will you, fellows?

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS & CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS

IN HALL..SUSTAIN)

JACK: Gee, they're sure redecorating the studios....I like this new paint job they have in the hall..

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

VR

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JACK: Ham...look at all those fingerprints on the wall...(MAD)  
I can't understand it..Wet Paint signs all over the place,  
and yet people have got to touch it...They just can't believe  
*it in signs.*

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS START..A FEW OF THEM..

THEN DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: OH...HELLO, BOSS.

JACK: Hello, Rochester, did you hear the show?

ROCH: YEAH..IT WAS GOOD AND---SAY, HOW'D YOU GET THAT PAINT ON  
YOUR FINGER?

JACK: Never mind and hand me a towel....Thank you.

ROCH: YOU READY FOR ME TO DRIVE YOU HOME?

JACK: I'm not going home, Rochester...~~Me~~ <sup>and it</sup> and the gang are going to  
the Band Box tonight.

ROCH: YOU GOING TO A NIGHT CLUB, BOSS?

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCH: WITH THE WHOLE GANG?

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCH: DO YOU WANT TO PUT ON ANOTHER SUIT SO YOU CAN SAY YOU FORGOT  
YOUR MONEY?

JACK: <sup>no they're</sup> They're wise to that one... But I do have to change clothes..  
<sup>and</sup> Come on, help me.

ROCH: OKAY...I GOT EVERYTHING LAID OUT FRESH FOR YOU...SUIT...SOCKS  
...SHIRT...AND TIE...<sup>and</sup> HERE..WE MAY AS WELL START WITH THIS.

JACK: Well...I don't think I need a fresh one.

VR

ROCH: I DO...THE WEATHER'S KIND OF DAMP AND THE CURLS ARE ALL OUT  
OF THE ONE YOU'RE WEARING.

JACK: Gee, they shouldn't be...~~I thought that when I started using~~  
~~Richard Hednut's...when the rain comes down--~~

~~(HARP DOES FALLING RAIN AS ON WINCHELL SHOW)~~

~~JACK: My hair would stay up--~~

~~(HARP GOING UP AS ON WINCHELL SHOW)~~

JACK: But all right..I'll change....

ROCH: SAY BOSS..SINCE YOU'RE NOT GOING HOME, CAN I HAVE THE NIGHT  
OFF? REMEMBER, YOU'VE BEEN PROMISING ME ONE FOR A LONG TIME.

JACK: Oh yes..what was it you wanted to do?

ROCH: GET THAT APPENDICITIS OPERATION I NEED.

JACK: All right, Rochester, but be home early, *will you.*

ROCH: I'LL TELL THE DOCTOR.

JACK: Now, *I* better call the night club and make a reservation..

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..CLICKING..FADE TO  
BUZZING OF SWITCHBOARD)

BEA: Say, Mable.

SARA: What is it, Gertrude?

BEA: Mr. Benny's line is flashing.

SARA: Yeah..I wonder what Saturday's Hero wants now.

BEA: I'll plug in and find out.

(SOUND: PLUG IN)

BEA: Hello....Yes, Mr. Benny...I'll try and get them immediately.

(SOUND: PLUG OUT)

VR

BEA: He wants I should get him Billy Gray's Bandbox...I wonder why?

SARA: Say...I know...that's where the Sportsmen Quartet is singing..and I'll bet he's gonna try to get them to sing his song.

BEA: Did Mr. Benny write a song?

SARA: Yeah..didn't you know?

BEA: No..what's the name of it?

SARA: "When You Say I beg Your Pardon, Poopsy, Then I'll Come Back To You".

BEA: Is Poopsy in the title?

SARA: It was when he sang it to me last night.

BEA: Say, you didn't tell me you were going out with Jack last night.

SARA: Well, he called me at the last minute..so I put on my new dress and--

BEA: You didn't tell me you had a new dress either.

SARA: Well...it isn't exactly new...I bought it in that shop that sells clothes that used to belong to big stars.

BEA: Cosh..who did this dress belong to? Lana Turner?

SARA: No, Milton Berle.

BEA: Well...with your figure it musta fit perfectly.

SARA: Look who's talking..<sup>it wasn't for your buck teeth, you'd</sup>~~if they cut off your nose, you wouldn't~~  
have <sup>no</sup>any figure at all....Anyway, Jack liked me well enough to sing<sup>me</sup>his song.

VR

BEA: Imagine him writing a song...I thought he'd quit after he tried to write short stories and sell them to the magazines.

SARA: Why, what happened then?

BEA: He found out that they paid a nickel a word, so he made his hero stutter...You know, Mabel, I went out with Jack a couple of weeks ago..~~He took me to a romantic little cocktail bar, we sat in a cozy dark corner and the atmosphere was so romantic he leaned over and kissed me on the ear.~~

~~SARA: Gosh~~

~~BEA: I got so excited I knocked over his old fashioned.~~

~~SARA: Jack was drinking an old fashioned?~~

~~BEA: Yeah..Dad's Old Fashioned Root Beer.....You know, I--~~

- (SOUND: CLICKING AND BUZZING)

JACK: Operator, operator.

BEA: I'm sorry, The Bandbox's Number is busy.

JACK: Oh...well, keep trying it and when you get them..make a reservation in my name for a party of five.

BEA: Yes sir...

JACK: Thank you.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: RATTLE..LIGHT TINKLE OF GLASSES AND DISHES)

LEWIS: Oh, Charlie--

MEL: (SLIGHT MOOIEY) Yes, Mr. Lewis?

LEWIS: Jack Benny called and made a reservation for a party of five. Would you set up a table?

VR

MEL: Yes sir. How about that table over there?

LEWIS: No, that's too close to the exit.

MEL: What do you mean?

LEWIS: Last time he was here...when the check came, he lit a match, yelled "Fire", and that's the last we saw of him.

MEL: Gee  
*hell.*

LEWIS: But I'll say one thing, we didn't have any trouble getting the money from Mr. Harris.

MEL: You didn't?

LEWIS: No. We just reached under the table and took it out of his wallet.

MEL: Oh-oh, here comes Mr. Benny and his party now.. I better go set the table.

(SOUND: LIGHT BABBLE..TINKLE OF GLASSES AND  
DISHES..FADE)

LEWIS: Good evening, Mr. Benny, your table is ready...This way, please.

JACK: Thank you. Come on, kids.

(SOUND: BABBLE, ETC.)

PHIL: You go first, Liv.

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

LEWIS: Here's your table, folks.

JACK: Thank you.

(SOUND: MOVEMENT OF CHAIRS)

VR

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LEWIS: I'll have the waiter here in a moment.

JACK ~~Thanks.~~ *Good.*

(MUSIC: STARTS PLAYING--"I GET IDEAS")

MARY: Oh Jack, isn't that wonderful music for dancing?

JACK: It sure is. But Mary, you're the only girl and there are four fellows, so you'll have to dance with all of us.

MARY: Oh, certainly, Jack.

JACK: Good. Dennis --

DENNIS: Huh?

JACK: Dennis, would you like to have the first dance?

DENNIS: *Oh.* No thanks, I'd rather dance with Mary.

JACK: That's what I meant. *Dennis: Oh.* Come on, Mary, I'll dance with you first.

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: CHAIRS MOVED)

VR

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JACK: You know, I like dancing with you, Mary.

MARY: *hell*, Thanks, *Jack*.

JACK: (HUMS WITH TUNE) When we are dancing and you're dangerously near me...I get ideas...I get ideas.

MARY: Oh, dad, come now!

JACK: Hm..Well, I don't care..I like to dance with you. *Mary* - You know Mary, you haven't changed a bit since the day I took you out of the May Company.

MARY: Oh yes I have, I'm much thinner.

JACK: Oh yes...maybe I oughta give you a raise...But no kidding, I -- ~~I love to --~~ Whoops!... (MAD) Hey, Mister, why don't you watch where you're dancing?

MARY: Jack, we're the only ones on the floor.

JACK: Oh, then it must have been me.

MARY: Jack, come on, let's go back to the table.

JACK: What's the matter, Mary, don't you like to dance with me?

MARY: My feet are too *small* ~~small~~ for both of us.

JACK: All right, let's sit down.

(MUSIC OUT)

(SCOUND: FOOTSTEPS..CHAIRS MOVED)

JACK: Hey kids, did you order yet?

DON: No, we were waiting for you and Mary.

JACK: Oh...OH, WAITER.....WAITER...

MEL: Yeah?

JACK: *we'll* We'll look at the menus now.

MEL: We don't use no menus here.

JACK: No menus! ... Then how will we know what food to order?

MEL: You name it, we got it.

JACK: Oh..Oh.. Well, I'll have some Prime Ribs of Beef.

WB

MEL: We ain't got no prime rib.

JACK: Oh..then I'll have some Southern fried chicken.

MEL: We ain't got no chicken.

MARY: How about steak?

MEL: We ain't got no steak.

PHIL: Pork chops?

MEL: Nope.

DON: Roast lamb?

MEL: ~~Nope.~~ *uh uh.*

JACK: Now, wait a minute. You said if we name it, you've got it.

MEL: You ain't named it yet.

JACK: Well, we're not gonna play guessing games. Bring us what you've got.

MEL: Okay. *shay.*

JACK: I don't know what it is. Every time I go someplace, I always have *trouble*...

(DRUM ROLL)

MARY: Jack, quiet, the floor show is going to start.

JACK: Oh yes.

LENNY: HOW DO YOU DO, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS IS YOUR MASTER OF CEREMONIES, LENNY KENT...WELCOMING YOU TO THE BAND BOX.

(APPLAUSE)

WB

RIX01 0181347

LENNY: AND BEFORE WE START OUR SHOW TONIGHT, I WANNA TELL YOU A FUNNY THING THAT HAPPENED ON MY WAY TO THE CLUB. <sup>You know</sup> I WAS WALKING DOWN THE STREET AND A PANHANDLER STOPPED ME AND SAID, "SAY, BUD, COULD YOU SPARE ME TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A BOAT TRIP TO BRAZIL?" I SAID, "TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A BOAT TRIP TO BRAZIL.!" <sup>Why you know</sup> MOST PANHANDLERS JUST ASK FOR A CUP OF COFFEE." HE SAID, "THAT'S WHAT I WANT, ~~BUT~~ I LIKE <sup>to</sup> ~~IT~~ FRESH."

JACK: Say, <sup>say Mary</sup> this guy is good.

LENNY: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AS I LOOK AROUND THE AUDIENCE, <sup>Gee</sup> I SEE SOMEONE I'M SURE <sup>all</sup> IS FAMILIAR TO ~~ALL~~ OF YOU.

JACK: (Oh darn it, this always happens.)

LENNY: A GENTLEMAN YOU ALL LOVE AND RESPECT.

JACK: <sup>Oh</sup> (I'll just take a quick bow and sit down.)

LENNY: A GENTLEMAN YOU WELCOME INTO YOUR HOME EVERY WEEK...YOUR TELEVISION REPAIR MAN, JOE GALLAGHER.

(SCATTERED APPLAUSE)

JACK: Hmm.

LENNY: AND NOW TO CONTINUE WITH OUR SHOW.

HERB: (OFF) HEY YOU, DOWN IN FRONT!

MARY: Jack, sit down.

JACK: Huh?...Gee, I thought sure he was going to introduce me..  
Oh well...

LENNY: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE NEXT ACT IS A REAL  
TREAT. WE HAVE WITH US THE FAMOUS SPORTSMEN QUARTET WHO  
WILL NOW DO A NUMBER DEDICATED TO THEIR BOSS...JACK BENSON.

JACK: That's Benny!.....Benson.

MARY: Jack, the Sportsmen are gonna dedicate their song to you.

JACK: I know I know. Quiet everybody.

WB

RTX01 01B1349

(INTRO)

QUART: BLUE EYES, SMILING AT ME  
NOTHING BUT BLUE EYES DO I SEE  
BLUE EYES, NEVER ARE SAD (NEVER SAD)  
HE'S THIRTY-NINE  
BUT WE CALL HIM DAD.

NEVER SAW A MAN ALWAYS SO <sup>gay</sup> BRIGHT  
~~NEVER SAW ONE ALWAYS SO TIGHT~~  
*Except on the days we get our gay.*

WHEN HE NEEDS SOME DOUGH  
WHAT DOES HE DO?

HE GOES TO HIS VAULT  
OR TAKES OFF HIS SHOES, BUT  
YOU KNOW HOW HAPPY WE'LL BE  
WORKING FOR BLUE EYES, ON T.V.

JACK: <sup>many - many -</sup> (I'M GOIN TO JOIN THEM, ~~MARY~~) *Ami gonna join them?*

QUART: LUCKIES, TRY LUCKIES TODAY

JACK: WHEN YOU START TO PUFF  
YOU WILL LIKE 'EM SURE ENOUGH

QUART: LUCKIES, AND YOU WILL ~~SEE~~ <sup>say.</sup>

JACK: BETTER TASTING TOO  
FINE TOBACCO THROUGH AND THROUGH.

QUART: LUCKIES ARE Milder IT'S TRUE

JACK: TAKE A TIP FROM ME  
LIGHT AN L S M F T.

QUART: LUCKIES ARE MADE BETTER, TOO.

JACK: I WOULD REALLY GIVE A DIME  
JUST TO HAVE ANOTHER RHYME.

(MORE)

wb

QUART: LUCKY STRIKES ARE MADE BETTER BY FAR  
NO OTHER BRAND IS ON A PAR.  
EVERYONE AGREES, LUCKIES ARE BEST.  
QUALITY WINS IN EVERY TEST.  
SO BLUE EYES, WE WANT YOU TO KNOW  
BEFORE YOU GO  
'S 'GREAT TO BE WITH YOU ON YOUR SHOW.

(APPLAUSE)

WB

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: <sup>New - that</sup> That was very good, wasn't it, Mary? ..the way they sang about me.

MARY: Yeah,...well, your eyes are beautiful.

JACK: I know...and Joan Crawford didn't even name me in the first ten....Imagine.

DON: I wish the food would get here, I'm hungry.

JACK: Me too..I wonder what they're going to -- Dennis...Dennis, what are you doing?

DENNIS: Shhh...I'm gonna give Phil a hot foot.

JACK: Oh, is he down there already?..We've only been here long enough for one dance and --

ELVIA: Oh, Mr. Benny --

JACK: Huh?

ELVIA: I had no idea you were here in person until the quartet sang that number to you. Would you mind giving me your autograph?

JACK: My autograph?..Certainly.

ELVIA: It's not for me...it's for my sister.

JACK: Oh.

ELVIA: She thinks you're wonderful.

JACK: She does?

ELVIA: That's why I'm getting your autograph for her, it'll make her so happy.

JACK: Thank you.

ELVIA: Personally, I like Spade Cooley.

JACK: Hm. Look, Miss, do you want my autograph?

WB

ELVIA: ~~Yes, but~~ I'm getting it for my sister.

JACK: I know, I know.

ELVIA: She thinks you're the funniest thing on radio.

JACK: Thank you. .

ELVIA: All day long she goes around singing that lousy song you wrote.

JACK: <sup>a</sup> Look, Miss, I didn't send for you. You came over and asked for my autograph.

MARY: It's not for her, it's for her sister.

JACK: I know who it's for...Miss, what's your sister's name?

ELVIA: Dogmar.

JACK: You mean Dagmar.

ELVIA: Don't tell me what my sister looks like.

JACK: Oh, go away and don't bother me.

DON: Hey, kids, here comes the food! Just look at the size of that tray.

MEL: (FADING IN) One side, please,..step aside, please...Heads up!

JACK: *Yes* I better move over ~~an~~ *before* ---

MARY: *Jack* JACK, LOOK OUT!

(SOUND: CRASH OF DISHES, ETC.)

JACK: Ooooh!

MARY: Jack...Jack, are you hurt?

JACK: No, I'm not hurt, but look at me...my suit is ruined...that waiter did this on purpose.

MEL: I did not..you bumped my shoulder and my feet went out from under me.

WB



JACK: Well, it's your own fault for wearing slippery shoes.  
MEL: What shoes?..I'm barefoot.  
MARY: Barefoot!  
MEL: In the second show, I do a Hula dance..  
JACK: What?  
MEL: (SINGS) I wanna go back to my little grass shack in  
Kialakeku Hawaii.  
JACK: Well, I've had enough of you. I'm gonna call Mr. Lewis.  
MEL: Me. Lewis ain't here, he just left.  
JACK: Well, I'm gonna talk to the Maitre De. Oh, Captain -  
Captain --  
NELSON: Yessssss!  
JACK: Are you the Captain?  
NELSON: Who do you think I am mixing this salad.....Caesar?  
JACK: Never mind that. Just look at me...look at my suit...  
meat and potatoes and gravy all over it.  
NELSON: Next time you come in, we'll give you a bib.  
JACK: I don't need a bib. This waiter spilled all this food  
on me.  
NELSON: Well, accidents will happen.  
JACK: Accident nothing, he did it on purpose.  
NELSON: Good!  
JACK: *Now lookit* --- Never mind ~~that~~...Just look at my suit.  
NELSON: Say! You are a mess....with all that gravy on you....  
I'll wipe it off.  
JACK: Not with a piece of bread!.... For heaven's sake.

WB

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MARY: Captain, just wipe him off with a napkin so we can go home.

NELSON: Certainly. Hold still, Mr. Benny.

(SOUND: SWIPE, SWIPE, ~~SWIPE~~)

NELSON: That does the coat...Now for the pants.

(SOUND: SWIPE, SWIPE, ~~SWIPE~~)

JACK: Don't forget my shoes.

NELSON: Oh yes, your shoes.

(SOUND: SWIPE, SWIPE, ~~SWIPE~~)

NELSON: There...Now, Charlie, hand me the scissors.

JACK: Scissors!

NELSON: As long as you have that bowl on your head, I might as well give you a hair cut.

MARY: A hair cut!.....That's ridiculous.

JACK: Mary, keep out of this...Charlie, hand me a magazine. Not too much off the side, Captain.

NELSON: Yes sir.

(SOUND: SNIPPING OF SCISSORS)

JACK: (CONTENTEDLY SINGS) When we are dancing  
And you're dangerously near me  
I get ideas, I get ideas.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight, through carelessness -- a fire could start. Don't let it happen! Be on guard constantly against fire. Make sure every match, every cigarette is put out. Always check the ash trays before leaving the house or retiring for the night. Observe all fire regulations. Remember, only you can prevent fires! Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
OCTOBER 21, 1951  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR 2: Luckies taste better!

SHARBUTT: Yes, Luckies taste better - and one big reason they're made better. Dramatic new proof has just been revealed that proves Lucky Strike is the best-made of the five principal brands of cigarettes!

ANNCR 2: This is not a claim, but a fact verified by leading laboratory consultants of Richmond, Virginia who report--

SHARBUTT: It is our conclusion that Lucky Strike is the best-made of these five major brands. Signed, Froehling and Robertson.

ANNCR 2: Yes, this authentic new proof sweeps away the smoke screen of claims made for other cigarettes.

SOUND: (TAPE RECORDING PLAYED BACKWARD -- ESTABLISH THEN FADE OUT UNDER)

SHARBUTT: So, friends, don't be misled by meaningless claims... Remember the facts...remember LS/MFT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Remember Luckies are made better! Remember - Luckies taste better!

ANNCR 2: That's it! Be Happy -- Go Lucky -- because Luckies taste better!

CRCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

TC

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(TAG)  
*Ladies and gentlemen ---*  
JACK: Sunday is fun day on C B.S. .... You'll hear such great comedy shows as Amos 'n' Andy, My Friend Irma, and Our Miss Brooks. And ladies and gentlemen, on my show next week my guests will be Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman... Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

DON: This is Don Wilson reminding you to listen to Your Hit Parade with Guy Lombardo every Thursday night, presented by Lucky Strike. Consult your newspaper for time and station.

Stay tuned for the Amos 'n' Andy Show which follows immediately....The Jack Benny Program is heard by our armed forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

....THIS IS THE C B S , RADIO NETWORK.

BJ

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