

PROGRAM #24  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1952

C.B.S..

4:00-4:30 PM PST

AS BROADCAST

ATX01 0181796

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1952  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

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

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky

Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

SHARBUTT: Friends, smoking enjoyment depends on taste - and taste alone! Yes, in a cigarette, it's the taste that makes the difference - and you can taste the difference in a Lucky Strike -- so mild, so smooth, so firm and fresh -- with better taste in every puff. Yes, Luckies taste better, and here's why...first LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco....fine, mild tobacco that tastes better. There's no substitute for fine tobacco and don't let anybody tell you different. Second, Luckies are made to taste better. In fact, they're the best made of all five principal brands. Yes, that's a fact, established by tests measuring those important factors of workmanship that affect the taste of cigarettes -- tests made in the research laboratory of the American Tobacco Company and verified by leading independent laboratory consultants. So, remember, your smoking enjoyment depends on taste -- and taste alone -- and you'll find Luckies taste better! -- Always so mild, so smooth, so firm and fresh with better taste in every puff! Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

ORCH: (3-NOTE INTRO)

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky

Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

ATX01 0181797

(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: AND NOW, LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS. AT THE MOMENT, ROCHESTER IS CLEANING HOUSE.

ROCH: UMM UMM..WHAT A DAY. SO FAR I DID THE WASHING AND IRONING, SCRUBBED THE FLOORS, AND CLEANED THE WOODWORK...DOGGONE, I SURE HATE FEBRUARY..MR. BENNY MAKES ME WORK THREE HOURS A DAY LONGER BECAUSE IT'S THE SHORTEST MONTH..WELL, I BETTER GET ON WITH IT.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

MEL: Answer the door, answer the door. (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

ROCH: ~~BE~~ QUIET, POLLY, I'LL GET IT.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: OH, GOOD MORNING, MR. MAILMAN.

WRIGHT: Good morning, Rochester. There was too much mail to put in the box so I thought I'd bring it in. Here are the letters.

ROCH: THANK YOU.

WRIGHT: And here are Mr. Benny's magazines...Lonely Hearts.

ROCH: UH HUH.

WRIGHT: Woman's Home Companion.

ROCH: UH HUH.

WRIGHT: ~~Boo~~ Beautiful.

ROCH: UH HUH.

WRIGHT: And here's the Wall Street Journal.

ROCH: THAT'S FOR ME.

LW

WRIGHT: Oh yes, it is for you, Rochester. Do you own stock?

ROCH: UH HUH. I HAVE TWO SHARES OF MR. BENNY. HE'S INCORPORATED HIMSELF.

WRIGHT: Oh.

ROCH: I BOUGHT IT AT THIRTY NINE AND IT'S BEEN THERE TEN YEARS.

WRIGHT: I see..Well, I must be getting along.

ROCH: IS THAT ALL THE MAIL YOU HAVE FOR MR. BENNY?

WRIGHT: No, I'm still carrying that letter with postage due on it..But I guess there's no use going through that again.

ROCH: NO, I GUESS NOT. HOW LONG AGO WAS THAT LETTER MAILED?

WRIGHT: I don't know, it was handed down to me by my father...Goodbye..

ROCH: GOODBYE.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

ROCH: WELL, I'LL PUT THIS MAIL OVER BY THE--

JACK: Who was at the door, Rochester?

ROCH: OH, GOOD MORNING, BOSS. IT WAS THE MAIL MAN.

JACK: Oh.

MEL: (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

ROCH: NOTHING FOR YOU, POLLY.

JACK: Hello, Polly.

MEL: HELLO, DADDY..(WHISTLES)

ROCH: SAY, MR. BENNY, I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO SHOW YOU WHAT I TAUGHT POLLY A FEW DAYS AGO.

JACK: Something you taught Polly?

MEL (SQUAWKS)

ROCH: WATCH THIS, MR. BENNY...NOW, POLLY..WHY WAS LAST FRIDAY,  
FEBRUARY 22ND A HOLIDAY?

MEL: (SQUAWKS) BECAUSE IT WAS WASHINGTON'S..(WHISTLES)

ROCH: COME ON, POLLY, IT WAS WASHINGTON'S WHAT?

MEL: (SQUAWKS)

JACK: <sup>Come on</sup> Come on, Polly, it was Washington's <sup>a</sup> what?

MEL: WASHINGTON'S WHAT. (SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: No, no, Polly..It was Washington's....It was Washington's....  
I'll give you a hint..(HUMS TO HAPPY BIRTHDAY) Da da da da,  
da da...Da da da da da da.

MEL: (SQUAWKS) Motorola T.V...Motorola T.V. (WHISTLES)

JACK: Hmm...Never mind, Rochester..she lays an egg every day, what  
else do we want?....<sup>now - what's in the mail - Rochester</sup>  
~~Now let me see the mail, would you please?~~

~~ROCH: HERE YOU ARE.~~

~~JACK: Hmm...who's this from?~~

~~(SOUND: LETTER OPENS)~~

~~JACK: Oh, it's from my violin teacher, Professor LeBlanc...~~

~~"Monsieur Benny..As you know tomorrow I must give you a  
violin lesson..I will be there unless I catch pneumonia...~~

~~Please excuse the bad writing as it is dark here in the deep  
freeze."...Hmm...Open the next envelope, Rochester.~~

~~ROCH: YES SIR.~~

~~(SOUND: LETTER OPENED)~~

ROCH: <sup>From</sup> HERE'S A LETTER FROM MAX FACTOR.

JACK: Max Factor? What does it say?

ROCH: "DEAR MR. BENNY..THIS IS THE THIRD LETTER WE HAVE SENT YOU  
REMINING YOU THAT YOUR <sup>January</sup> ~~FEBRUARY~~ PAYMENT IS PAST DUE..EITHER  
PAY IMMEDIATELY OR WE'LL SNATCH IT OFF YOUR HEAD."

JACK: Let them snatch it. We'll have warm weather pretty soon...  
Now let's see.. What's this?

(SOUND: LETTER OPENS)

JACK: *Oh*, This is from the California Bank..It's another letter about  
that loan.

ROCH: WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO, BOSS?

JACK: I'm gonna turn them down.....Now let's see... *Here's - this is funny.*  
~~That's funny..~~  
here's one from the barbershop on the corner.

(SOUND: LETTER OPENS)

JACK: *Dear* "Dear Mr. Benny..We are writing to all of our customers who  
got shaved last Saturday..Are you missing an ear?.....P.S....  
If not called for in thirty days, we will put it with our  
collection." ....Is there anything else, Rochester?

ROCH: JUST THIS CIRCULAR. YOU WON'T BE INTERESTED IN IT.

JACK: Well, let me see it...Humm.."Now is the time to buy a new car.  
We're making very liberal allowances on trade-ins"... *Say.*  
You know, Rochester, maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea if I  
traded in my Maxwell and <sup>maybe get</sup> ~~got~~ a new--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll answer it, Rochester. You can take the mail up to my  
room.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

IW

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MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Mary..come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: Well.. what job have you got picked out for me .. cleaning  
out your garage or <sup>move -</sup> mowing the lawn?

JACK: *You can't move the lawn, I know that. the new first line she just got this.*  
Mary, I don't know what you're talking about. You're only  
<sup>he</sup> supposed to ~~work~~ on my show.

MARY: I know but I won't get paid for February <sup>unless I do some</sup> till I make up for  
<sup>after work.</sup> the two days it's short.

JACK: Oh.. I stopped that last year when you fell off the roof  
into the tar bucket. <sup>You know.</sup> Say Mary, I just got this circular  
from an automobile company and I've been thinking maybe I  
ought to trade in my car and buy another one.

MARY: Well, it's about time. What're you gonna get, an Esses or  
a Stutz?

JACK: Oh, don't be funny. I'm going to get a <sup>real</sup> ~~one~~ ---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh..hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello.

JACK: Come on in, kid.

DENNIS: Thanks.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DENNIS: How do you feel, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Fine.

DENNIS: How's everything going?

JACK: All right.

DENNIS: You know, I wasn't going to come over today but there's something I think you oughta know.

JACK: What's that?

DENNIS: I'm suing you for fifty thousand dollars.

JACK: ...What?

MARY: Dennis, what's this all about? Why are you suing Mr. Benny?

DENNIS: *well -* Because last week on his radio show where millions of people could hear, he called me stupid.

JACK: *well*, Dennis, why are you suing me now? For years I've been calling you stupid.

DENNIS: Well, I want to be addressed with dignity..My name is Dennis S. Day.

JACK: What does the "S" stand for?

DENNIS: If I told you, I'd lose my case.

JACK: I thought so.

DENNIS: *well* Anyway, after I collect the fifty thousand dollars from you, I'm suing someone else who called me stupid.

JACK: Who's that?

DENNIS: My lawyer.

JACK: Now look, Dennis, I don't want to hear any more of this silly talk about suing people. Instead of that let me hear the song you're going to sing on ~~next~~ Sunday's program.

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: What's the name of it?

DENNIS: "Sweet Sue."

JACK: Now cut that out....Just sing your song.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "I HEAR A RHAPSODY")

(APPLAUSE)



(SECOND ROUTINE)

-8-

JACK: Dennis, <sup>Dennis-</sup> that was beautiful, and I like the song <sup>very, very</sup> you're gonna ~~do~~ <sup>much</sup>. Now why don't you just run along?

DENNIS: Oh I can't leave now. I've gotta go under your house and spray for termites.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: <sup>This is February and I'd like my full salary.</sup> ~~I haven't done it since last February.~~

JACK: Alright, <sup>Dennis-</sup> but this time crawl out when you're through, don't wait for Ground Hog Day. Say, Mary --

DENNIS: Gee, that's my uncle's name.

JACK: What's your uncle's name?

DENNIS: Ground Hog Day.

JACK: Look Dennis, just get under the house and --

<sup>Dennis:</sup> ~~effs on~~ (SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

~~JACK: Thank goodness, I'm tired talking to him.~~

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

PHIL: H'ya, Jackson, I'm calling from the country club. <sup>And</sup> I thought maybe you'd come out and play some golf.

JACK: Well...I don't think I can today, Phil. You see, I'm going out and buy a new car.

(SOUND: LOUD CLICK CLICK CLICK OF RECEIVER)

PHIL: OPERATOR, OPERATOR, YOU GAVE ME THE WRONG NUMBER.

JACK: <sup>She's not</sup> ~~She did not, it's me.~~ And I am going to buy a car.

PHIL: <sup>Oh</sup> Oh...What kind of a car are you gonna get, Jackson?

JACK: Well, I don't know...I was thinking of a Cadillac.

(SOUND: LOUD CLICK CLICK OF RECEIVER)

PHIL: OPERATOR, OPERATOR, WHY CAN'T I GET THE RIGHT---

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JACK: YOU'VE GOT THE RIGHT NUMBER....*Phil* I TOLD YOU IT'S ME....  
You asked me if I wanted to play golf and I told you I  
couldn't....Why don't you call Remley?

PHIL: I called Remley. He's here right now.

JACK: Oh, Frankie's with you, eh?

PHIL: Yeah, he's sitting over at the table drinking a glass of  
milk.

a (SOUND: LOUD CLICK CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: OPERATOR! OPERATOR! SOMEBODY ELSE IS ON THE----

PHIL: NO, NO, JACKSON, IT'S ME. *It's me.*

JACK: Oh...*well - well -* what's this about Frankie drinking milk?

PHIL: Doctor's orders. He was drinking too much Bourbon.

JACK: Oh.

PHIL: And that caused a shortage of calcium in his system.

JACK: Uh huh.

PHIL: So the doctor made him drink milk.

JACK: So he could get more calcium?

PHIL: Yeah...that'll make his teeth stronger.

JACK: Why does he want to strengthen his teeth?

PHIL: So he can pull the corks out of bourbon bottles.

JACK: What?

PHIL: You can't gum them things, you know.

JACK: I know, I know. *Phil - goodbye.* ~~Anyway, I'm proud of Frankie drinking milk.~~

~~Let me talk to him, will you, Phil?~~

~~PHIL: Okay....Hey Frankie...FRANKIE...FRANKIE...He can't hear a  
thing since he got a shave last Saturday.~~

JACK: ~~Phil... Phil, do you mean that-----~~

-9A-

~~PHIL: Yeah, yeah... well, so long, we got eighteen holes to play.~~

~~JACK: Okay... Goodbye, Phil.~~

PHIL: *Not wait - Not*  
Or say, Jackson.

JACK: What?

PHIL: I know what month this is but do you mind if I paint  
your house in April?

JACK: Yes, that'll be allright. So long.

*Phil: Then, I'll mow the lawn. Jack: No, I will. So long.*  
(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: *that was ---*  
Mary, that was Phil, he wanted me to play golf.

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MARY: I know, I know...Say Jack, if you're really serious about trading in your car, you better do it now.

JACK: Now? Well, Mary, maybe I ought to *just* ---

(SOUND: SEVERAL MUFFLED THUMPS)

JACK: DENNIS, QUIET DOWN THERE....Mary, do you really think I should trade my car in?

MARY: Yes, <sup>d</sup>and I know you...if you put it off, you'll never do it.

JACK: Well.....

MARY: Jack, if you do it now, I'll go with you. Come on, let's go.

JACK: Well.....All right....maybe I can get a good trade-in.

ROCHESTER, GET MY CAR OUT, WILL YOU PLEASE?

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: LOUSY MOTOR ... HORN ... FADE TO B.G.)

JACK: Rochester, the traffic's pretty heavy....take it easy.

MARY: Jack, what kind of a car do you think you'll get?

JACK: *but* I'm not sure...all of the new models look so nice, and they have so many novel features....You know, Mary, maybe I oughta get a Nash. I like the way the seats make up into beds...

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: You'll have the only car in the country that takes in boarders.

JACK: I wasn't thinking of that, Mary...I just thought that---

ROCH: SAY BOSS, HOW LONG HAVE WE BEEN DRIVING?

JACK: <sup>Albac</sup>~~Exactly~~ fourteen minutes.

ROCH: THEN I BETTER FIND A SERVICE STATION FAST.

MARY: A service station? What's wrong, Rochester?

ROCH: NOTHING YET....BUT EVERY TIME <sup>this</sup>~~THE~~ CAR DRIVES FIFTEEN MINUTES, THE RADIATOR HEATS UP AND-----

(SOUND: POP...TERRIFIC WHOOSHING SPLASHING NOISE)

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake.

MARY: Rochester, did all that water come from the radiator?

ROCH: IT AIN'T FROM THE LITTLE WHITE CLOUD THAT CRIED.

JACK: Hmmm....Rochester, what does the water guage say?

ROCH: HAVE FAITH IN ALL KINDS OF WEATHER.

JACK: Now stop that and pull over.

(SOUND: CAR STOPS)

JD

JACK: Well...I guess we'll just have to sit here a few minutes now until it cools off.

(SOUND: STREET NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JANE: Say Emily...Emily...Isn't that Jack Benny over there?

GLORIA: Where?

JANE: Over there, in that Stanley Steamer!

GLORIA: Martha, that isn't a Stanley Steamer...It's a Maxwell  
that blew its top.

JANE: Then it is my dream man...Steady, girl, steady.

GLORIA: You really have a crush on him, haven't you?

JANE: Yes...did you see him on his last television show?

GLORIA: Uh huh.

JANE: When he choked Barbara Stanwyck, how I wish it had been me.

GLORIA: You know, Martha, he does his next television show two weeks from today.

JANE: In two weeks? Oh I'm ~~so~~ sorry you told me, I'll be a nervous wreck waiting.

GLORIA: I know, I know.

JANE: And Emily, I've got a confession to make..This month I sent Mr. Benny a Valentine poem.

GLORIA: Did he get it?

JANE: He must have, I put it in my laundry bundle.

GLORIA: In your laundry bundle? I'll bet he didn't even answer it.

JANE: He did too...he wrote:

Your lovely poem  
Made me shake and shiver,  
And starting March First  
We pick up and deliver!

DH

GLORIA: That was very sweet...Well, come on, Martha, or we'll be late for the wrestling matches.

JANE: Oh yes.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: .....Rochester, the car should be cool enough now...  
Let's go.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: LOUSY MOTOR UP AND SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

MARY: Jack, this street we're coming to is Figueroa...That's Automobile Row.

JACK: Yeah...Turn right here, Rochester.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP FOR FEW SECONDS...SQUEALING OF  
TIRES...MOTOR IN B.G.)

JACK: Gosh...Look at all the automobile dealers on this street...  
(READING) ...The Smiling Irishman...<sup>the</sup>Lucky Dutchman.....  
Mad Man Muntz....Psychiatric Sam...Wild Man Pritchard...Ah,  
here's the place we want...Just Plain Bill....Stop in front  
of this place, Rochester.

(SOUND: CAR COMES TO STOP..LOUSY CAR DOOR OPENS  
AND CLOSES)

JACK: Come on, Mary. *Let's gonna look at the new cars first.*

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Gosh Jack, they certainly have some beautiful cars on display here.

JACK: Yes...

KEARNS: How do you do. May I help you?

JACK: Yes....I'm thinking of buying a new car.

KEARNS: Well, you've come to the right place. Were you thinking of any particular type?

JACK: Well....this car here looks awfully nice.

MARY: Yes, Jack...It's really a sporty looking number.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS) a

KEARNS: Get inside and see how roomy it is.

JACK: Okay....

(SOUND: SCUFFLING NOISES)

JACK: It sure is comfortable and...say...what are these buttons? *here?*

KEARNS: Oh, those are for the windows...I'll show you how they work.

(SOUND: HUMMING SOUND OF WINDOW GOING UP)

JACK: Gee!

KEARNS: Didn't you know the new cars had automatic window lifts?

MARY: He didn't even know they had windows.

JACK: Mary, please!...What other new features do they have?

KEARNS: I'm glad you asked that. *now* This is the only car on the market that comes equipped with the dynaflex superflowing, uni-jet turbovasculator which is synchromeshed with the multi-coil, hydro-tension, duo-vacuum dynamometer.

JACK: Gosh, what does that do for the car?

KEARNS: It empties the ash tray.

JACK: Well, that's quite a feature...Do you think I ought to get this car, Mary?

DH

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MARY: *Oh*, Certainly...I wouldn't think of having a car that's not equipped with the dynaflex super-flowing, uni-jet- turbo-vasculator which is synchromeshed with the multi-coil hydro-tension duo-vacuum dynamometer.

JACK: *She's got it right, but she moved the lever, you - you know, the more*  
Yes, the more I see of this car, the more I like it...But tell me, Mister...Mister..

KEARNS: Call me Plain Bill.

JACK: Well look, Plain Bill. *what's all these* ... What're all these other buttons for?

KEARNS: *well -* They're for the heater..the lights..and the top.

JACK: Uh huh...but what's this red button for?

KEARNS: Oh..that red button is for emergencies.

JACK: Emergencies?

KEARNS: Yes...like if you stall the car on the railroad tracks and a train is coming at a hundred miles an hour, you press the red button.

JACK: And that gets the car off the tracks?

KEARNS: No, it puts a tag on your big toe.

JACK: *Hummm.*

MARY: *You know -* You know, Jack..this is one of the prettiest convertibles I've ever seen...Why don't you take it?

JACK: I think I will, Mary...Tell me, Plain Bill, *what's the* ... what's the price of this car?

KEARNS: Four thousand two hundred dollars.

MARY: .....Say Mister.....do the windshield wipers on this car, squirt water when you press the button?

KEARNS: Yes.

MARY: Well, squirt some on him, he fainted.

BD

JACK: I didn't faint, Mary...It's just that four thousand two hundred dollars is a lot of money.

KEARNS: But don't forget we do make liberal allowances on trade-ins.

JACK: Well, my car is right outside. Suppose you come along with us and appraise it.

KEARNS: I'll be happy to. If you'll pardon me for just a moment, I'll go and get my appraisal book.

JACK: Certainly....You know, Mary, maybe you're right about my getting another car. After all, I've had my Maxwell since --

MARY: Jack...Jack...isn't that Don Wilson over there looking at a new car.

JACK: Yeah...Gee, Mary...Don didn't tell me (BEGINS TO FADE) he was thinking of buying a new car...I was with him yesterday and he didn't even mention --

RUBIN: Well Mister, how do you like it?

DON: *Oh, say, that's* ~~the~~ the prettiest convertible I ever saw....How much is it?

RUBIN: Forty eight hundred dollars.

DON: Forty eight hundred dollars?

RUBIN: That includes the initials on the door.

DON: Well, that's fine...will you get the man who puts the initials on?

RUBIN: I'll do it myself right now. What initials would you like?

DON: L S M F T.

RUBIN: You have three middle names?

DON: No no, L S M F T means Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco.

RUBIN: Oh....I see.

DON: And put a dash between LS and M F T.

RUBIN: A dash..like this?

DON: That's it....Now, could you make the dash so it looks like a Lucky Strike Cigarette?

RUBIN: Sure...How's that?

DON: Fine, fine..Only could you make that Lucky Strike round and firm and fully packed?

RUBIN: Sure...Watch this.

DON: Uh, uh, uh...careful...no loose ends.

RUBIN: I'll be careful...<sup>Here, you are</sup> ~~There~~ it's all finished..

DON: Good...How much is that?

RUBIN: I told you...the car is forty-eight hundred dollars.

DON: I don't want the car, I just want the door.

RUBIN: The door? Very well.

(SOUND: LOUD RIPPING OF DOOR OFF CAR)

RUBIN: There you are.

DON: Just charge it to my account.

RUBIN: Yes sir.

MARY: <sup>Jack</sup> Jack, did you see that?

JACK: Yes, Mary. You should see Don's garage. No cars, just doors.

KEARNS: <sup>Don</sup> Sorry to have kept you waiting. Shall we go?

JACK: Yes, Plain Bill.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON STONE FLOOR...DOOR OPENS...

FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK...SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

KEARNS: <sup>well,</sup> ~~Now~~ which one of these cars is yours?

JACK: This is it right here.

KEARNS: Oh, you're joking.

JACK: Well...I'll admit it doesn't look like much right now, but a little paint and polish, and she'll be as good as new.

ROCH: WHAT DID YOU GET, BOSS...A CONVERTIBLE OR A SEDAN?

JACK: *hell*, Nothing yet..This gentleman is going to appraise ours..Now Plain Bill.. my car has a lot of advantages that the new cars haven't got.

ROCH: YEAH, IF YOU LIKE TEA, IT BOILS WATER EVERY FIFTEEN MINUTES.

JACK: Oh stop...This man is a good judge of cars...Now, Plain Bill...get in and I'll show you how it runs...Come on, Mary.

(SOUND: TINNY DOOR SHUTS)

JACK: Start the car, Rochester.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: STARTER...ENTIRE..MEL TAKES UP AND GOES  
THROUGH ENTIRE GAMUT OF COUGHS AND SNEEZES...  
MOTOR DIES.)

JACK: ~~How~~...Gee, the motor seems to be laboring a little harder than usual.

MARY: Jack, it's February.

BB

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JACK: Oh yes, <sup>yes</sup> Try it again, Rochester.

(SOUND: STARTER..STARTER..MEL JOINS IN..THIS TIME  
IT CATCHES AND STARTS..CAR GOES AND SUSTAIN  
IN BACKGROUND)

JACK: <sup>ah</sup> There it goes.

ROCH: DO YOU WANT ME TO DRIVE AROUND THE BLOCK, BOSS?

KEARNS: Just a second..If I'm going to appraise this car, I'd better  
drive. <sup>a</sup>

ROCH: NO, I'LL DRIVE, YOU SHOVEL THE COAL.

JACK: Never mind..You better let him drive, <sup>Plain - No more - his</sup> ~~Bill~~..He's more used  
to it.

KEARNS: Well, <sup>it is</sup> ~~it is~~ irregular...but okay.

(SOUND: CAR GOES FOR FEW SECONDS)

JACK: See, I told you...It rides very smoothly, doesn't it?

KEARNS: <sup>oh, it's</sup> Not bad!

~~(SOUND: WIND WHISTLE)~~

~~JACK: What was that that passed us?~~

~~ROCH: DON WILSON AND HEIS ONLY GOT A DOOR...~~

JACK: ~~Oh~~..Now, Plain Bill, How much of a trade-in do you think you  
can give me on my car?

KEARNS: Well...let me see...(HALF MUMBLING)...There's a little rubber <sup>left</sup>  
on the tires....the body needs a paint job...the upholstery  
isn't too bad...the motor runs...(UP)...Lock, would the deal  
include the car's radio?

JACK: Yes, yes, <sup>now</sup> How much will you allow me on the car including  
the radio?

KEARNS: Three dollars.

BD

JACK: What! <sup>Three</sup> I wouldn't think of trading in this car for three dollars...It's perfect mechanically...They don't make cars like this today...Everything built to last for years and give you <sup>the most</sup> excellent service and--

(SOUND: LOUD WHOOSHING AND SPLASHING OF  
ESCAPING STEAM)

MARY: Oh, Plain Bill?

KEARNS: Yes?

MARY: Lemon or cream?

JACK: Lemon in mine, Mary...Now Bill, all kidding aside, how much will you allow me on my car?

KEARNS: (MAD) I TOLD YOU, THREE DOLLARS AND THAT'S ALL I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU FOR THIS PIECE OF JUNK.

JACK: JUNK!! .... That settles it..Rochester, stop the car.

(SOUND: SQUEAL OF BRAKES..CAR STOPS)

JACK: Plain Bill, I'll thank you to get out!....

KEARNS: It <sup>will</sup> ~~be~~ be a pleasure...Goodbye.

(SOUND: TINNY GETTING OUT OF CAR)

JACK: Rochester, take me home.

BB

-21-

ROCH: YOU KNOW, BOSS, IF YOU'RE NOT GONNA GET A NEW CAR, WHY  
DON'T YOU HAVE THIS ONE FIXED UP..PUT SOME OF THOSE MODERN  
THINGS ON IT.

JACK: Like what?

ROCH: LIKE THE DYNAFLEX SUPERFLOWING UNI-JET TURBO-VASCULATOR WHICH  
IS SYNCHROMESHED WITH THE MULTI-COIL, HYDRO-TENSION DUO-VACUUM  
DYNAMOMETER.

JACK: No, then I'd just have to go out and buy an ash tray...Step  
on it, Rochester, I wanta get home.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

BD

ATX01 0181818

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, the chief hope of our enemies is to divide the United States along racial and religious lines, and thereby conquer us. Let's not spread prejudice. A divided America is a weak America. Through our behavior we encourage the respect of our children and make them better neighbors to all races and religions. Remind them that being good neighbors has helped make our country great and kept her free. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

BB

ATX01 0181819



THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1952  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-B-

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky

Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

SHARBUTT: Friends, whenever you want the smooth, mellow completely enjoyable taste of truly fine tobacco -- reach for a Lucky! For the difference between "just smoking" and really enjoying your smoke, is the taste of a cigarette and Luckies taste better -- for two important reasons..first, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco...fine, mild tobacco that tastes better. There's no substitute for fine tobacco and don't let anybody tell you different. Second, Luckies are made to taste better -- in fact, they're the best made of all five principal brands. Yes, you'll Be Happy when you Go Lucky because Luckies taste better -- so mild, so smooth, so firm and fresh -- with better taste in every puff. So next time you buy cigarettes -- try a carton of Luckies! You'll find Luckies taste better!

ORCH: (3 NOTE INTRO)

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky

Go Lucky Strike Today! (LONG CLOSE)

ATX01 0181820

(TAG)

(SOUND: LOUSY MOTOR UP...HORN..MOTOR FADES TO B.G.)

MARY: Jack, are you gonna stop off at any other car dealers?

JACK: No no, I've made up my mind. I'm going home..This one will have to do until--

(SOUND: WIND WHISTLE)

MARY: Jack..Jack..what happened. Your hair is gone.

ROCH: IT'S MY FAULT, MISS LIVINGSTONE. I NEVER SHOULD HAVE DRIVEN BY MAX FACTOR'S.

JACK: All right, ~~all right~~, let them keep it. *Let them keep it.*  
(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

DON: The Jack Benny program is brought to you by Lucky Strike-- product of the American Tobacco Company -- America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes. 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.

The Jack Benny program has been selected as one of the programs to be heard by our armed forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

Stay tuned for the Amos 'n' Andy show which follows immediately.

This is the C.B.S. Radio Network.

BD

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