

PROGRAM #25
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MARCH 2, 1952

C.B.S.

4:00-4:30 PM PST

(PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA)

AS BROADCAST

ATX01 0181823

-A-

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, MARCH 2, 1952
OPENING COMMERCIAL

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)

DH

ATX01 0181824

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: FROM PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA..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..ONCE AGAIN WE'RE BROADCASTING FROM
PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA..THIS BEING SUCH A ROMANTIC SPOT,
^{Did}
~~I WOULD~~ LIKE TO MAKE THE OPENING INTRODUCTION WITH A LITTLE
POEM...

JACK: A poem?

DON: NESTLED IN THE HILLS
FAR AWAY FROM CARE
IS A PLACE WE GO
TO BREATHE THE DESERT AIR.
AND THERE OUT BY THE POOL,
FAR FROM STRIFE AND TOIL,
IS OUR BLUE-EYED STAR
SELLING SUN TAN OIL AND HERE HE IS..JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ^{Thank you} Thank you, thank you, thank you....Hello again, this is
Jack Benny talking..and Don, since we're in a poetic mood,
I've written a poem for you, too.

DON: You have?

JACK: Yes.....I did not like your jingle,
And if one more joke you tell,
It's Bon Voyage Don Wilson
And Welcome Home VonZelle.....So let's not
have any more of your poems, eh, Henry Wadsworth
Fatfellow....Hmm?

DON: *Jack*, Wait a minute, Jack...If you get fresh with me, I'll follow you around all day and keep you in the shade.

JACK: Oh yes, *if* I'm sorry...Well anyway, it's sure good to get back to Palm Springs, isn't it, Don?

DON: Yes Jack, I always have a wonderful time here.

JACK: I do too...particularly because a fellow can have such privacy here .. You know, Don, yesterday I passed a big crowd in front of the drug store and not one person turned around or even bothered to look at me.

DON: Really? Well Jack, why was there such a crowd gathered?

JACK: They were getting Eddie Cantor's autograph...Imagine.

DON: ~~Now wait a minute~~ *But*, Jack. If you say people here have so much privacy, why did they ask Eddie Cantor for his autograph?

JACK: They didn't ask him.

DON: ~~What?~~ *They didn't?*

JACK: *Now*, Don, when a man stops you on the street, sings two choruses of "Ida", then stamps his name on your forehead, there's nothing you can do about it. *what an eager*...What an eager beaver.

DON: Jack, you're just mad at Eddie because he beat you on the golf course yesterday.

JACK: Sure, but he wouldn't have beaten me if he had played fair.

DON: Fair?

JACK: Yes..imagine this, Don..When we both got on the last green, just as I was getting ready to putt, he put down a dime to mark his ball.

DON: What's wrong with that?

JACK: He divided my point of interest....Then when I missed the putt, I got so mad, I took a swing at the dime and sliced it right into my pocket....It was the first hole in one I ever made....Anyway, Don, I'm glad you mentioned golf because tonight our program is dedicated to the formal opening of the new Tamarisk Country Club here in Palm Springs...And it's really one of the most beautiful golf courses in the --

PHIL: (COMING IN) PARDON ME, BUT DOES THIS DULL TWO-SOME MIND IF A FUNNY MAN PLAYS THROUGH H'YA, FOLKS.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, look who's here..Sir Thomas Beecham...Say Phil, Don and I were just talking about Tamarisk, the beautiful new golf course..And since you're such a good golfer, Phil, you'll love it.

PHIL: *Yes* I know, Jackson..I played in the tournament out there yesterday..it's a great course.

JACK: Say I thought I saw you out there yesterday, Phil. You were playing with some of your musicians, weren't you?

PHIL: No.

JACK: But I saw Remley, Sammy and Fletcher going around the course with you.

PHIL: Yeah, but they weren't playing..Remley was carrying my bag.

JACK: Well, what was Sammy doing?

PHIL: He was carrying Remley.

JACK: Oh...well, what was Fletcher doing?

PHIL: He was carrying the stuff that made it necessary for Sammy to carry Remley.

JACK: Oh yes..Remley is your handicap.

PHIL: He ain't no water hazard.

JACK: I know, I know..

PHIL: Hey Jackson, how about you and me playing out at Tamarisk some day?

JACK: Okay, maybe we can make a match.

PHIL: *Yeah*, What do you usually go around in?

JACK: Well, my handicap is...*Wait* a minute..wait a minute..

Don - watch me
(ASIDE) Hey Don, "watch me get him this time...(UP) Phil, say that again, will you?

PHIL: Say what again?

JACK: What do you usually go around in?

PHIL: Shorts or slacks depending on the weather. (LAUGHS IT UP)
HA HA HA HA..OH HARRIS, SAMMY MAY BE CARRYING REMLEY, BUT YOU'RE CARRYING THIS PROGRAM.

JACK: Phil..~~Phil~~..if that joke is carrying the program, I'd rather it dragged a ~~little~~ *bit*....Anyway, Phil, I'll play golf with you any time you want to.

PHIL: Okay, Jackson..How much you wanta bet?

JACK: I don't wanta bet anything. All I want you to do is every time we get on the green, mark your ball with a dime.

PHIL: *What? A dime - why?*

JACK: I've got a slice that'll make me a fortune...Say Don, if you'd like to play at Tamarisk sometime, I'll get you a --

PHIL: Hey Jackson, I heard you and Don reciting poetry before.

JACK: So what?

PHIL: *Hey*, I've got one that's a pip.

JACK: *You have?* *A palm*

PHIL:

Yeah, it's about the weather. ^{that we had yesterday} Listen to this --

I was getting some sun

Then I went inside

Cause the Little White Cloud

Sat down and cried.

JACK:

^{Don't that rate. That's very cute.} Say Phil, that was pretty good. I expected something--

Oh, hello, Dennis--

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny. Hello, everybody. ^{you know}

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well Dennis, I hope you're having as much fun in Palm Springs as we are.

DENNIS: I sure am, but boy, am I tired!

JACK: Tired? What have you been doing?

DENNIS: Well, last night I went to the movies and I had to stand for two hours.

JACK: That crowded, eh?

DENNIS: No, there was plenty of room.

JACK: Then why did you have to stand in the movies?

DENNIS: I went to a drive-in and ^I didn't have a car.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Dennis, ^{how did you get into} ~~they won't let you in a drive-in~~ without a car.

DENNIS: ^{sh} I was carrying an umbrella and they thought I was a convertible.

JACK: ^{sh} Now stop being silly..and what's that on your nose?

DENNIS: A windshield wiper.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: (SHAKES HEAD FROM SIDE TO SIDE, GOING) PSSSST, PSSSST, PSSSST, PSSSST.

JACK: Now cut that out ...windshield wiper.. I suppose that thing on your forehead is your license number.

DENNIS: No, Eddie Cantor's autograph.

JACK: Oh yes, yes .. Now Dennis, stop being silly and answer me..Are you having a good time?

DENNIS: I'll say. Friday night I went to the Chi Chi and saw Sally Rand...I never laughed so hard in all my life.

JACK: You know, Don, the weather here has been so beautiful *today* ~~this~~ --

PHIL: *Wait a minute - hold it, let's go back here a minute - look at the kid*
Wait a minute, ~~Jackson~~..didn't you listen to what ~~the kid~~ just said?

JACK: *I* Listened to it, heard it, and ignored it.

PHIL: Well, I ~~can't~~ *quit it gentle* ignore it...Dennis..you went to the Chi Chi and saw Sally Rand's act?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

PHIL: The Sally Rand?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

PHIL: And when you saw Sally Rand's act.....you..laughed?

DENNIS: Yeah, I was sitting up ^{so} close, ~~and~~ those fans tickled.

JACK: Don't look to me for sympathy, Phil. Years of experience *years of experience* have taught me that the only way to get along with Dennis is to have nothing more to do with him than is necessary... Like this for instance..Now Dennis..we're doing a program and you have to do a song.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

JACK: What song are you going to sing?

DENNIS: The Date Boats Are Coming.

JACK: You mean Shrimp Boats.

DENNIS: This is Palm Springs, Bud.

JACK: Never mind, when I ask you to sing your song, all I want you
to do is go to the microphone and--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Hold it, kid...COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

FARRELL: Hello, everybody.

DON: Jack, look, it's Charlie Farrell, star of Seventh Heaven.

(APPLAUSE)

FARRELL: Well Jack, here I am and I'm all ready to --

JACK: Charlie, there must be some mistake..this week we're not
doing Murder at the Racquet Club.

FARRELL: Oh, then I'll go take the body out of the pool. Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: I can't understand it..Every time we come to Palm Springs
Charlie Farrell always wants us to do Murder At The---

DENNIS: If you'll shut up, I'll sing.

JACK: Oh yes...Go ahead, ~~kid~~ *and sing, kid.*

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG.."MISTAKES")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: *That was* That was "Mistakes" sung by Dennis Day and accompanied by Phil Harris and his Stumbling Tumbleweed Orchestra...And now, folks, I'd like to--

PHIL: Hold it, *excuse, just a minute* ~~Jackson, hold it.~~

JACK: Huh?

PHIL: *I mean* Look...I don't mind so much when we're at home, but when we're out of town, *let's be making* don't ~~make them~~ insulting remarks about ~~the~~ *my* orchestra, *huh?*

JACK: Well Phil, I've got a right to make comments about your band. After all, who's the star of this show?

PHIL: When I see my pay check, I know it ain't me.

JACK: Oh. stop complaining.

PHIL: I'm not complaining, Jackson. It's just that I'd like to pay income tax like everybody else.

JACK: What?

PHIL: They ~~don't~~ even think I'm a citizen.

JACK: Phil, *Phil* the only reason people don't think you're a citizen is because with that bottle of Lord Calvert in your hand all the time you look like an Englishman. *even a few are a little laugh* S. don't argue with me about money, salary, or any--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, it's ^{certainly} nice seeing you..What are you doing here in Palm Springs?

ARTIE: Oh, I just came down for a little visit.

JACK: ^{Oh}, Good, good .. ^{where} Where are you living?

ARTIE: At the Hacienda Paseo De La Sol.

JACK: ^{The} Hacienda Paseo de la Sol?

ARTIE: Sol is my brother-in-law.

JACK: Oh..oh. ^{his} He's married to your sister?

ARTIE: Yes, her name is Hacienda.

JACK: Oh, what about Paseo?

ARTIE: He's a silent partner.

JACK: Oh, I see..Well tell me, Mr. Kitzel, is your ^{your wife is} wife here with you?

ARTIE: Yes, and ^{all are} ~~have we been~~ having fun..We go swimming..we play tennis..and this morning my wife rented a bicycle built for two.

JACK: Oh, and you both went for a ride.

ARTIE: No, just her.

JACK: Then why did she get a bicycle built for two?

ARTIE: Believe me, she can use it.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, you mean your .. your wife is on the heavy side?

ARTIE: If it was only on the side, I wouldn't mind it.

JACK: Oh, well, what's the difference. As long as you're in love wither, Mr. Kitzel, that's all that matters.

ARTIE: That's what I keep telling myself...Well, goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: So long, Mr. Kitzel...Thanks for dropping in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, it seems that everybody's in Palm Springs this week.

DON: You know, Jack, I'm glad I'm here, too, because I did some research on this community that I'm sure will please our sponsor very much.

JACK: Please the sponsor? Why?

DON: Well, what's the name of the company that makes Lucky Strike cigarettes?

JACK: The American Tobacco Company.

DON: That's right..Now, who were the earliest Americans in America?

JACK: Why, the Indians, of course.

DON: That's right..Now here around Palm Springs there are many Indians..So yesterday I went out in the desert till I met some members of the tribe that first settled Palm Springs... The Caweela Indians.

JACK: The Caweelas?

DON: Yes, and do you know what these Indians said to me?

JACK: No, Don..what?

DON: (GIVES INDIAN WAR WHOOP)

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sakes! ^{what else} What else did they say? ^{Don}

DON: (AS INDIAN) ME..LIKE-UM LUCKY STRIKE..ME..SEND-UM SMOKE SIGNALS..LS / MFT-UM..LS / MFT-UM.

JACK: T-um?

DON: YOU BETCHUM..LUCKY STRIKE HEAP ROUND..HEAP FIRM..HEAP FULLY PACKED..HEAP FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW.

JACK: Now look, Don.

DON: NO CALL ME DON..ME HEAP BIG INDIAN CHIEF.

JACK: You big heap, that's all *and I got another word, here*..Ugh.

(SOUND: INDIAN TOM TOMS)

JACK: What's that?

DON: SHHH..THEY SEND-UM SIGNALS FROM RESERVATION.

(SOUND: MORE TOM TOMS)

DON: IT SAY..ONLY FINE TOBACCO CAN GIVE-UM GOOD TASTE IN CIGARETTE, AND DON'T LET ANY DRUM TELL YOU DIFFERENT.

JACK: Don, that was very good.

(SOUND: HORSE GALLOPING AWAY)

JACK: What are those horses hooves?

DON: (INDIAN) Commercial finished, take-um plug back to reservation.

JACK: Oh, me Catch-um on, me Catch-um ... And Don, that was a very educational commercial..but you made one little mistake..It was the Tahquitz Indians who founded Palm Springs...not the Caweelas.

DON: *He no* You're wrong, Jack..it was the Caweelas.

JACK: I'm not wrong, Don..I'll prove that I'm right...There are quite a few Indians in the audience so I'll ask one of them. *He ask*..I'll ask that one in the front row..he must be a chief..he's wearing a head dress...Excuse me..but was it the Tahquitz Indians or the Caweelas who founded Palm Springs?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: Well, what tribe do you belong to?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: Well, where's your reservation?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: You don't know anything..you're a fine Indian.

RUBIN: I'm not an Indian.

JACK: Then how come you're wearing those feathers in your hair?

RUBIN: I went to the Chi Chi last night and sat too close.

JACK: Oh...Well, then Smarty..if you went there last night you must be an Indian because I know you had a reservation...
(LAUGHS IT UP)...Hey, that was pretty funny, wasn't it, Dennis?

DENNIS: (A LA RUBIN) I don't know.

JACK: Look, Dennis, why don't you just --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

JENNY: I have a long distance call for Jack Benny.

JACK: This is Jack Benny.

JENNY: It's collect.....Hello...Hello....

JACK: I'm here, I'm here...A collect call, huh? ... Operator, find out who's calling.

JENNY: Just a moment...Mr. Benny will not accept the charges till he knows who's calling.

ROCH: TELL HIM IT'S LANA TURNER.

JACK: ROCHESTER!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, I thought you'd be down here by now. Where are you calling from?

ROCH: *From* POMONA.

JACK: Pomona? What did you stop there for?

ROCH: I GOT A FLAT TIRE.

JACK: Oh, that's bad.

ROCH: NO, THAT'S GOOD, IT WAS LAYING IN THE ROAD AND IT'S
BETTER THAN THE ONE WE HAD ON.

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: IF I FIND THREE MORE I'LL BE THERE BY MORNING.

JACK: Well, you better be here by morning. I'm gonna play golf
and I want you to caddy for me.

ROCH: OH BOSS, I HATE TO CADDY FOR YOU AT PALM SPRINGS.

JACK: Oh stop complaining. *Pomona is* ~~it's~~ a very level course..there's
nothing tough about it.

ROCH: NOTHIN' FOR YOU, BUT HOW ABOUT ME? .. I HAVE TO CARRY A
GOLF BAG, TWELVE CLUBS, A BASKET OF SANDWICHES, A GALLON
OF LEMONADE, A FIRST AID KIT, AND A PARASOL!

JACK: So what?

ROCH: YOU DON'T NEED A CADDY, YOU NEED A BURRO!

JACK: Oh Rochester, you don't carry so much.

ROCH: I DON'T...REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED LAST TIME I WENT OUT
LOADED DOWN LIKE THAT?

JACK: What happened?

ROCH: AN OLD PROSPECTOR TIED A ROPE AROUND MY NECK AND LED ME
OFF INTO THE MOUNTAINS.

JACK: Well, *why* did you go with him?

ROCH: I COULDN'T SEE WHERE I WAS TILL HE UNLOADED ME!

JACK: Un-loaded you..Stop making things up..Anyway, I'm going to
play golf in the morning, and I want you to caddy.

ROCH: OKAY I'LL DO IT, BUT DO ME A FAVOR THIS TIME, WILL YOU?
JACK: What is it?
ROCH: IF WE LOSE A BALL, LET'S FORGET IT, THOSE BLOOD-HOUNDS ARE
HARD TO HANDLE.
JACK: Okay, okay...goodbye.
ROCH: GOODBYE..OH, SAY, BOSS..
JACK: Now what?
ROCH: AREN'T YOU DOING ANOTHER TELEVISION SHOW NEXT SUNDAY,
MARCH NINTH ON ~~THE~~ C.B.S. NETWORK AT FOUR-THIRTY P.M.
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME?
JACK: That's right, why?
ROCH: YOU'RE PAYING FOR THIS PHONE CALL, LET'S PUT A COMMERCIAL
IN IT.
JACK: Oh yes..yes..Thank you, Rochester..Goodbye.
ROCH: GOOOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: And now, ladies and gentlemen, in honor of the opening of
Palm Springs newest golf course, Tamarisk, we are going
to do a --
DON: ~~Jack~~ Jack, before we go any further, I must tell you something
and I know you're gonna be surprised.
JACK: Surprised? What is it, Don?
DON: There's a friend of yours who also belongs to Tamarisk and
he'd like to come on and say a few words.
JACK: A friend of mine? Is it ~~George~~ ^{Don} Anderson, the President
of Tamarisk?
DON: No.

JACK: Is it Ben Hogan, the Pro at Tamarisk?

DON: No.

JACK: Well, who is it?

DON: Danny Kaye...COME ON IN, DANNY.

JACK: Danny Kaye!

(DANNY KAYE COMES OUT)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, hello, Danny.

DANNY: Hello, ~~Jack~~ *Jack Benny*.

JACK: But Danny, this is such a surprise, coming right out on my program...it's...it's...well, it's...it's..

DANNY: *Oh*, Stop stuttering, I'm not gonna charge you for it.

JACK: Oh..oh.

DANNY: Now Jack, the reason I'm here is *well* because every time you come to Palm Springs you always do an informal show, *isn't that right?*

JACK: That's right.

DANNY: Well, some of ~~us~~ *the* boys at the club cooked up an idea that I'm sure ~~you'll like~~ *you're gonna like*.

JACK: What is it?

DANNY: Well, we decided to form a quartet and sing the song you wrote.

JACK: My song? .. "When You Say I Beg Your Pardon, Then I'll Come Back To You."

DANNY: Suddenly I'm sick.

JACK: What?

DANNY: Anyway, Jack, the other three fellows are right outside..

Can
~~Shall~~ I call them in?

JACK: Three fellows? Who are they?

DANNY: Frank Sinatra, George Burns, and Groucho Marx...COME ON
OUT, -BOYS: *fellows.*

(SINATRA, BURNS & MARX COME OUT)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well....George..Frankie..and Groucho..Hello, fellows.

GEORGE: Hello.

FRANKIE: Hello.

GROUCHO: Hello..There's brilliant dialogue.

JACK: ~~Never mind,~~ *hell* Groucho..Welcome to the show, *fellows* and if you say
the magic word, you get a bottle of sun tan oil.

FRANKIE: ~~Hey~~ *Jack.* Jack, that reminds me, that bottle of sun tan oil
you sold me was *much* too greasy, *and* Boy, was I embarrassed!

JACK: Why, what happened?

FRANKIE: Yesterday *when* I put some on, *I* and slipped right out of my suit.

JACK: No kidding?

GEORGE: Look fellows, I came here to sing, ~~now~~ ^{so} let's do it and get
it over with. *Okay.*

George: When you say it--
GROUCHO: Okay.. (VOCALIZING) I-I-I-I-I-I-I. *Sammy: Hold it, hold, not yet, not yet.*

JACK: Groucho, that's Me me me me.

GROUCHO: I may sing lousy, but I'm grammatically correct. *L-L-L-L-L.*

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry.

GROUCHO: I'm Groucho.

JACK: Now look, fellows--

DANNY: ~~Yeah,~~ *fellows,* boys, come on, let's sing Jack's song.

JACK: And fellows, I want to tell you how much I appreciate
your coming over to do it. No one but real friends...
real pals...would give up a Sunday afternoon just to come
over here and do this wonderful song that I--

GEORGE: Jack--

JACK: What?

GEORGE: Shut up.

JACK: Oh.

DANNY: All right, fellows...let's take it.

FRANKIE: What key do we sing it in? *Danny?*

GROUCHO: It'll help if we all take different ones.

JACK: Look, boys--

DANNY: *All right*
All right, fellows..let's go. *Can we have a nice introduction, fellows.*

(INTRO)
Danny!

QUART: WHEN YOU SAY I BEG YOUR PARDON,

THEN I'LL COME BACK TO YOU,

WHEN YOU ASK ME TO FORGIVE YOU

I'LL RETURN.

LIKE THE SWALLOWS AT SERRANO

RETURN TO CAPISTRANO

FOR YOU MY HEART WILL ALWAYS, ALWAYS YEARN.

WHEN YOU SAY THAT YOU ARE SORRY

THEN I WILL UNDERSTAND

NEATH THE HARVEST MOON WE'LL PLEDGE OUR LOVE ANEW

SO MY DARLING, THOUGH WE'VE PARTED

COME BACK TO WHENCE WE STARTED

AND SWEETHEART, THEN I'LL COME BACK TO YOU.

(SECOND CHORUS HOT)

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

DON: 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 behaviour 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 ...

-B-

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, MARCH 2, 1952

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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 01B1B43

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank Danny Kaye, George Burns, Frank Sinatra, ~~and~~ ^{and Benny Reubin} Groucho Marx for appearing on my program today..We'll be back with you next Sunday on radio at the same time and on television a half hour later when I hope you will all be watching.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Excuse me.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

MEL: (MOOLEY) Hello, is this Jack Benny?

JACK: Yes.

MEL: Is this the Jack Benny that was born in Racine, Wisconsin?

JACK: No no, I was born in Waukegan, Illinois.

MEL: Well you have got a sister named Jeanette, haven't you?

JACK: No no, ^{no,} my sister's name is Florence.

MEL: Well, are you the Jack Benny that drives a light green DeSoto?

JACK: No no, ^{no.} I have a Maxwell.

MEL: But you play the piano, don't you?

JACK: No, ^{no - I'm sorry - - -} I play the violin.

MEL: Oh..Well, I'm sorry..goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

DON: ^{Jack,} Jack, who was that?

JACK: A Phone Call From A Stranger....Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

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.~~

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