

PROGRAM #32  
REVISED SCRIPT

AS PRESENT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, APRIL 20, 1952      CBS      4:00 - 4:30 PM    PST

TRANSCRIBED - MARCH 31, 1952

SAN DIEGO NAVAL AIR STATION

ATX01 0182012

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, APRIL 20, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED MARCH 31, 1952)  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: LUCKY STRIKE presents the JACK BENNY PROGRAM, but first  
here's an important message from The National Tobacco Tax  
Research Council.

Everyone likes to talk about the high taxes he pays, but  
you cigarette smokers have a right to do some special fancy  
talking yourself. Because you cigarette smokers give  
nearly two billion dollars a year in cigarette taxes.  
Every time you buy cigarettes, you give your Federal  
Government eight cents a pack -- and .... most of you give  
three or four cents more to city and State Governments. That  
adds up to better than a fifty per cent tax on every  
cigarette you smoke. Yes .... in buying cigarettes ... over  
half your packs go for tax!

(PAUSE) And now THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ...transcribed....  
presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

CHORUS: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike  
Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)  
(CONTINUED NEXT PAGE)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, APRIL 20, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED MAR. 31, 1952)  
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

-B-

SHARBUTT: Friends, TEAR AND COMPARE - see for yourself that Luckies are made better to taste better. From a newly opened pack take a cigarette made by any other manufacturer. Carefully tear a thin strip of paper straight down the seam, from end to end, and gently remove the tobacco. In tearing be sure not to loosen or dig into the tobacco. Now, do exactly the same with a Lucky Strike. Then compare. Some cigarettes are too loosely packed. Some even fall apart. But look at that Lucky! See how it stays together - a perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco. Now, what does this mean to you as a smoker? It means exactly this: Because your Lucky is so round and firm and fully packed, you avoid annoying loose ends that spoil the taste - hot spots that burn harsh and dry. Because your Lucky has long strands of fresh, clean good-tasting tobacco, it burns evenly, smokes smooth and mild. Yes, TEAR AND COMPARE. Prove to yourself that Luckies are made better to taste better. Then, make your next carton Lucky Strike.

ATX01 0182014

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: BROADCASTING FROM THE NAVAL AIR STATION IN SAN DIEGO  
... 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, SINCE WE'RE DOING OUR PROGRAM  
AT THE NAVAL AIR STATION IN SAN DIEGO, I BRING YOU  
THE STAR OF OUR SHOW ... A SAILOR WHO WAS IN THE  
FIRST WORLD WAR AND STILL HAS A TOUPAY WITH A CREW  
HAIR CUT ... JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, thank you ... Hello again, this  
is Jack Benny talking ... and Don, I'll ignore that  
attempt at humor but you are right ... during the  
First World War I was a sailor stationed at Great  
Lakes, Illinois ... and you wanta know something?

DON: What?

JACK: Before we leave here, I'm going over to the recruiting  
office and try to enlist again.

DON: Oh Jack, they won't take you. *Jack: What did you say, Don?*  
*Don: They won't take you.*

JACK: I know, but where else can you get a physical for  
nothing? ... Anyway, Don, it certainly ~~is~~ a thrill  
beomg here at a Naval Air Station .. *You know* They have so  
many different types of planes here ... Banshees ..  
SkyRaiders .. Corsairs .. and Don, did you notice  
those huge Navy planes landing right on the water?

DON: Yes Jack, but I was puzzled by those big things on the bottom where the wheels should be. What are they?

JACK: Oh, <sup>Don</sup> those are pontoons. <sup>You see</sup> they keep you afloat in the water.

DON: Pontoons?

JACK: Yes Don, those are the same things that automobiles use in Los Angeles ... Which reminds me, Don, I have to be in Los Angeles thirty seconds after this program goes off the air ... That's when I do my television show.

DON: <sup>But Jack</sup> How can you make <sup>from here</sup> it to Los Angeles in thirty seconds?

JACK: <sup>Don</sup> I'm going to use the quickest moving thing known to science.

DON: Oh, are you taking one of these jet planes?

JACK: No, I'm going to go piggy-back on a sailor with a twelve hour pass ... That's why I brought my spurs .. Anyway, Don --- Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, Mary, how do you like doing a show from the San Diego Naval Air Station?

MARY: Oh, it's fine, Jack ... but you wanta know something, I think the boys here are a little too playful.

JACK: What do you mean?

MARY: <sup>well</sup> When I was coming over here, one of the pilots grabbed my hat as a souvenir.

JACK: Grabbed your hat? Why didn't you grab it back?

MARY: I couldn't, he was in an F-9-F.

~~JACK: Oh Mary, the pilots here don't fly that low.~~

~~MARY: They don't, huh? All I know is when they have a date  
with a girl, they pick their flowers on the way.~~

JACK: Really? How do you know so much about these boys?

MARY: Well, when we got here yesterday, one of the pilots<sup>a</sup>  
took me in his airplane, and after twenty minutes he  
said, "All right, Honey, either kiss me or get out".

JACK: No!

MARY: So naturally I kissed him.

JACK: Well Mary, I don't blame you. You wouldn't want to  
jump out of a plane ten thousand feet in the air.

MARY: What are you talking about, it wasn't off the ground  
yet.

JACK: Oh, oh ... then getting you in the plane was just a  
trick to kiss you.

MARY: Yes, but then Captain Erdmann warned me.

JACK: *He* Warned you?

MARY: He said if I see any guy around here with puckered  
lips and he isn't carrying a bugle, watch out!

JACK: Well, that explains it. This morning the whole  
base looked like Guy Lombardo's brass section.

MARY: *Jack: what?*  
And Jack, this pilot who took me up wants to impress  
me and show me how sophisticated he is.

JACK: Uh huh.

MARY: So tonight he's gonna take me to a ~~night~~ club called  
the La Cantina.

JACK: *Oh - the* La Cantina?

MARY: Yes, that's Spanish for "Butter Your Elbows And We Can Squeeze Five More In".

JACK: Oh, is it that crowded?

MARY: Crowded! A Seaman walked in there one night and came out wearing an Ensign for a hat.

JACK: Mary, I think you're making this whole thing up ...  
Every time we come to a - -

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Dennis, how come you're late? Where were you?

DENNIS: Well, I'da been here earlier, Jackson, but I stopped off at a bar, you gotta live, Bub, live!

JACK: Jackson? ... Bar? ... Bub?

DENNIS: Oh, boy am I dizzy ... (WHISTLES) Yippee!

JACK: *Oh,* Dennis, do you mean to say they served you a drink?

DENNIS: No, they said I was too young, so they just spun me around on a stool.

JACK: What?

~~DENNIS: HEY, LIV, HOW ABOUT YOU AND ME PAINTING THE TOWN?~~

~~JACK: Dennis~~

~~DENNIS: WHAT'S EATING YOU, BUB, YOU WANTA FIGHT?~~

~~JACK: A fight?~~

DENNIS: HEY, DON, HAVE YOU GOT AN ALKA SELTZER?

JACK: You don't need one! ... Dennis, what's the matter with you? All they did was spin you around on a stool.

DENNIS: Yeah, but they held my head in one place.

JACK: Look, Dennis ... Well, it's my own fault. I didn't even want to bring him down here.

DENNIS: You're just mad because I got more applause than you did.

JACK: You did not.

MARY: Jack, why don't you admit he did get more applause than you got.

JACK: Well Mary, the only reason he got all that applause was because he came in and said, "Hello, Mr. Benny" ... How can he miss with a line like that?

DON: What do you mean, Jack?

JACK: I'll show you what I mean ... Dennis, go out and come in again ... and this time don't say "Hello, Mr. Benny" and see how much applause you'll get.

DENNIS: Okay.

(DOOR OPENS & CLOSES ... KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: All right, Dennis, come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Jones.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Hmmm ... And now, fellows - -



MARY: All right, Jack, what have you got to say now?

JACK: What have I got to say? Why shouldn't the name Jones get applause?

MARY: Who's Jones?

JACK: He was a great hero ... John Paul Jones, that's who ... now let's cut out this monkey business and get on with the show ... How about your song, Dennis?

DENNIS: Okay, John

JACK: ~~All right, all right, but I've heard enough of that~~  
~~Now cut that out, just sing.~~

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS' SONG -- "ANYTIME")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: *That* - That was "ANYTIME" sung by Dennis Day ... ~~and~~-very good, Dennis.

DENNIS: Thanks, Mr. Benny. I tried to sing extra well for these boys because <sup>*you know*</sup> I used to be in the Navy, too. I spent two years in the South Pacific.

JACK: I know you did, Dennis ... and you know, I was in the South Pacific ~~too~~, and brother, I ran into some pretty rough seas.

DENNIS: So did I.

JACK: Were you ever tossed overboard?

DENNIS: Yeah, but the captain made the fellows cut it out.

JACK: Dennis ... the boys kept throwing you ~~overboard~~? That's terrible.

DENNIS: Oh, it was all right, the fish kept throwing me back.

MARY: Say Dennis, when you first joined the Navy, how did they know how to classify you? How did they know what rank to give you?

DENNIS: Oh, that was easy, Mary. <sup>*you see*</sup> First I had to fill out a lot of forms, answer a lot of questions, and then for two <sup>*whole*</sup> days they gave me a written test.

JACK: For two days? That must have been quite a test.

DENNIS: *Yeah*, And after it was over, they made me an Ensign.

JACK: An Ensign, eh?

DENNIS: Yeah ... I wonder what they'da made me if I'd passed

JACK: Dennis, let's go back to the part where they were  
throwing you overboard. *You know - I like that better* Sometimes you say the - -

PHIL: OKAY FELLOWS, HERE'S HARRIS THE STAR ... SO TEAR UP  
YOUR PASSES AND STAY WHERE YOU ARE.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Oh for heaven sakes, Phil, what you won't do to get  
a reception. What a ham!

PHIL: Well, I gotta do something. When we travel around  
you're the *only* *that* one who gets all the big receptions.  
Look what happened yesterday when we arrived here.  
Who took all the bows? You did. I didn't get no  
welcome at all.

JACK: What are you talking about? After I signed all the  
autographs, I sent everyone over to get your  
autograph, too.

PHIL: You did that just to show off, you know I can't  
write.

JACK: Well Phil, I really forgot that you couldn't write.  
I didn't mean to embarrass you.

PHIL: *Oh*, You didn't, eh? Then why did you hide my rubber  
stamp?

JACK: Because I thought you were going too far when you  
stamped your name on Admiral Baker's forehead *that's why*.  
I was so embarrassed.

PHIL: *wait a minute - - -*  
And another thing, Jackson. I know that trick you  
played on me last year.

JACK: What trick?

PHIL: You switched rubber stamps on me, and for the next three weeks I was signing my name, "FRAGILE, THIS END UP."

JACK: What?

PHIL: Mary told me, MARY TOLD ME!

JACK: Well, I knew nobody in your band could tell you because they can't read either.

PHIL: *You see,* There you go again, picking on my band. Hey *Liv - Liv -* Livvy, tell Jackson to lay off.

MARY: Phil's right, Jack. His boys may not be great musicians, but at least they're gentlemen.

JACK: Mary, just because they tip their hats when they pass a pool room doesn't mean they're gentlemen ... Now let's forget it.

PHIL: *No,* I'm not forgetting it, Jackson. My boys don't like that stuff ... they're sensitive.

MARY: *Jack -* Yes, the things you said about them at rehearsal made them cry.

JACK: Well Mary, that doesn't mean they're sensitive, *they'll* they'll cry at the drop of a bottle.

PHIL: Only if it breaks.

~~JACK: Phil, let me ask you something ... you're always bragging about how you love your boys and how long they've been with you ... and still I hear that you're gonna fire Sammy your drummer. Why?~~

~~PHIL: Because I don't like the way he votes, that's why.~~

JACK: Phil, that's awful. You mean you'd fire a man  
because of his political beliefs?

PHIL: Certainly. Downbeat Magazine had a poll and Sammy  
voted me the Band Leader Most Likely to Become A  
Bum.

JACK: *Stop kidding me!*  
~~Well, you can't blame one vote for a landslide.~~  
Phil, do me a favor and ~~will you~~ ...

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well.. Mr. Kitzel!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, what are you doing here at the San  
Diego Naval Air Station?

ARTIE: *Well,* I've got a nephew stationed here.

JACK: Oh, I didn't know that you had a nephew in the Navy.

ARTIE: Of course *Chave* ... In fact, during the last war he was  
stationed in Oahoo.

JACK: *Oh,* Oh, Honolulu, Oahoo?

ARTIE: No, Cleveland, Oahoo.

JACK: Oh .. Oh .. Cleveland ...

MARY: Mr. Kitzel, I didn't know your nephew was stationed  
here ... What rank is he?

ARTIE: He's a Seaman Second Hand..

MARY: You mean Seaman Second Class.

ARTIE: No, Second Hand, they threw him out and took him back again.

JACK: *why* Why, *why* did they throw him out?

ARTIE: Well, he used to be the base barber, and one day he gave *the* ~~an~~ Admiral a poodle haircut.

JACK: Well, no wonder they threw him out ... Tell me, *a* Mr. Kitzel, are you having a good time in San Diego?

ARTIE: HOO HOO HOO *a*. Good time! Last night by wife and *that's a fact, we went to* I went to Tiajuana and we had ~~a real Mexican dinner~~ *Tiajuana and we had a real Mexican dinner.*

JACK: Oh, you went to Tiajuana, eh?

ARTIE: Yes, and all the natives are so polite there. *You know*

*Mr. Benny* All day long they kept calling me Monsieur Kitzel. *Artie: Yes, that's what they called me*

JACK: Monsieur Kitzel? But in Mexico, it's Senor.

ARTIE: I know but with my accent they thought I was French.

JACK: Oh ... oh ... Well, it was nice seeing you, Mr. Kitzel. Goodbye.

ARTIE: Au revoir, Mr. Benny.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well it certainly was a surprise running into Mr. Kitzel down here ... And now, ladies and gentlemen, since tonight we are broadcasting from the San Diego Naval Air Station, a base that services our aircraft carriers ... *from* ~~from~~ our feature attraction tonight - -

DON: Oh Jack - - *Jack* - -

JACK: Huh?

DON: Jack, before you go into the sketch, don't you think *the Sportsmen Quartet* we should do the commercial?

JACK: Not right now, Don ... So for our feature attraction tonight - -

DON: But Jack, the Sportsmen quartet came all the way down to San Diego.

JACK: I know, Don, I know ... we can do the commercial later ... Tonight, for our feature attraction -

DON: Jack, they want to do it now. After all, they did a lot of rehearsing and - -

JACK: I don't care how much rehearsing they did. We're not going to do it now. You'll do the commercial when I say and not before ... I'm running this - -

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Excuse me.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello? ... Yes ... Uh huh ..... Uh huh .....  
Oh ... Aye Aye, sir.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Don, do the commercial now.

MARY: Jack, who was that on the phone?

JACK: The Admiral of the American Tobacco Company ...  
Sing, boys.

*Jack: Oh yes, Don, the commercial. Certainly. Let's have it, fellows - come on.*

(INTRO)

QUART:

~~YOU KNOW~~ THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SAILOR  
SOMETHING ABOUT A SAILOR  
SOMETHING ABOUT A SAILOR THAT IS FINE FINE FINE  
HE MAY BE AN AVIATOR  
*Ne* MAY BE A NAVIGATOR  
*Ne* MAY BE A HUNGRY AIRMAN IN A LONG CHOW LINE.  
BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HIS BEARING  
SOMETHING IN WHAT HE'S WEARING  
SOMETHING ABOUT HIS SHOES THE WAY THEY SHINE SHINE  
SHINE  
OH A TATOOED SAILOR'S CHEST  
SEEMS TO SUIT THE LADIES BEST  
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SAILOR  
THAT IS FINE FINE FINE.  
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A LUCKY  
SOMETHING ABOUT A LUCKY  
SOMETHING ABOUT A LUCKY  
THAT IS FINE FINE FINE  
THERE'S NO WAY THAT YOU CAN MEASURE  
THE DEEP DOWN SMOKING PLEASURE  
YOU'LL GET FROM A GOOD OLD LUCKY  
EVERY TIME TIME TIME  
IF IT'S ON A CRUISE YOU'RE STARTING  
YOU'D BETTER BUY A CARTON  
YOU'LL WANT YOUR LUCKY STRIKES  
COME RAIN OR SHINE SHINE SHINE

(MORE)

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OH IT'S LSMFT  
ONLY LUCKY STRIKE FOR ME  
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A LUCKY  
THAT IS FINE FINE FINE.

(APPLAUSE)

q

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That was very good, boys, very good ... And now, ladies and gentlemen, for our feature attraction, tonight we are presenting a dramatic sketch of the sea called "All Hands on Deck" ... or ... "Load the Guns With Tobacco Sauce, <sup>New, Come the</sup> ~~The~~ Shrimp Boats ~~Is~~ ... <sup>Mary...</sup> ~~That's the~~ <sup>Coming</sup> ... Now Mary, there are only men on this ship so there's no part in the play for you.

MARY: But Jack, I want to be in it.

JACK: I can't help it, Mary, there's no part for you.

MARY: You let me be in it or I'll tell all these fellows that when you were in the Navy, you saluted a barber pole because it had stripes on it.

JACK: I didn't salute, I just said "hello" .... Now let's get back to the play ... As the scene opens - -

DON: <sup>Oh wait a minute --- Jack ---</sup> Wait a minute, Jack ... You said you'd check the technical terms we use in the sketch to make sure that they were correct. Did you do it?

JACK: Oh my goodness, I forgot.

PHIL: Well, you better check on it, Jackson. <sup>In the last time we</sup> ~~did a~~ Navy sketch ~~we did~~, your writers called the Commander "warden".

JACK: I know, I know ... Well, I'll check everything right now ... I'll call up one of those <sup>Ensign</sup> ~~sailors~~.  
OH FELLOW, FELLOW ..... YOU IN THE FIRST ROW ...  
WOULD YOU COME UP, PLEASE .... THANK YOU .... I'll ask him, Don. He can tell us whether we're right or wrong ... <sup>Oh Ensign</sup> ~~sailor~~ tell me ... is the flat surface

on a carrier where the planes take off called a  
Flight Deck?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: Oh .. Well, *well, is the thing - - -* is the thing that the guns stick out of  
on a battleship called a turret?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: Well, is the front part of a ship called a bow?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: Well for heaven's sakes, a fine sailor you are. How  
did you ever get in the Navy anyway?

RUBIN: I was recommended by the ~~enemy~~ *manner.*

JACK: Oh get out of here, *will you.*

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

JACK: *Now, we'll just - - -*  
We'll just have to do our sketch without any help  
... Okay, Phil ... Music

(BAND PLAYS "ANCHORS AWEIGH" TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: As the scene opens, I, Captain MacBenny, commanding  
officer of an aircraft carrier, am standing on the  
bridge of my ship, the U.S.S. ULLYSSES S. SASSAFRASS.

MARY: Wipe your chin.

JACK: Quiet ... We're on the high seas, knifing silently  
through the night toward our secret destination.

(ANCHORS AWEIGH TRANSITION MUSIC)

PHIL: Captain McBenny.

JACK: What is it, Ensign Harris?

PHIL: We've been at sea twenty-four hours now, and it's  
time to open our sealed orders ... Here they are.

JACK: Good ... I'll open them.

(SOUND: TEARING PAPER)

JACK: Hmm ... it's from Vice Admiral Sprague

PHIL: Is it important?

JACK: Yes, men ... this is it! *We're going all the way across.*

PHIL: What does it say?

JACK: "Load Supplies and Head for Catalina".

JACK: Men, we haven't much time ... Let's send the planes up for reconnaissance.

PHIL: READY PLANES FOR RECONNAISSANCE.

(SOUND: SEVERAL PLANES START MOTORS WARMING UP)

JACK: Gee, those propellers sure stir up the wind.

PHIL: *You ain't* ~~you're not~~ kidding, your hair just went A.W.O.L.

JACK: Never mind.

(SOUND: MOTORS WARMING UP)

MEL: (P.A.) PLANE NUMBER SEVEN NOW TAKING OFF FOR RECONNAISSANCE.

(SOUND: PLANE ROARS OFF)

MEL: (P.A.) PLANE NUMBER FOUR TAKING OFF FOR TACTICAL MANEUVERS.

(SOUND: PLANE ROARS OFF)

MEL: PLANE NUMBER FIVE TAKING OFF FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA, AND CUCAMONGA

(SOUND: PLANE ROARS OFF)

JACK: Hmm ... Anaheim, Azusa, and Cucamonga ... We haven't been at war with them for years.

DENNIS: Captain MacBenny - -

JACK: Yes, Ensign McDay.

DENNIS: I would like to report the position of the U.S.S. ULYSSES S. SASSAFRASS.

JACK: Good good *wipe your chin -* What's our longitude?

DENNIS: Sixty-two degrees South. <sup>a</sup>

JACK: Our latitude?

DENNIS: Forty-eight degrees ... Would you like to know the altitude?

JACK: Altitude? What do you mean altitude?

DENNIS: You know that last plane that took off?

JACK: Yes.

DENNIS: We're still tied to it.

JACK: Oh my goodness, where are we now?

DENNIS: Three thousand feet over TiaJuana.

JACK: TiaJuana?

DENNIS: I thesenk.

JACK: Three thousand feet!

PHIL: *ain't* I haven't been this high since last night at Sherman's.

JACK: Stop reminiscing ... And Ensign McDay...

DENNIS: Yes, Captain MacBenny.

JACK: I got a report that you disobeyed my orders. Last night you went swimming.

DENNIS: It wasn't my fault, sir.

JACK: What do you mean?

DENNIS: I took a walk around the deck and this ship isn't as long as I thought it was.

JACK: Oh ... Now look, men, the good ship U.S.S. ULYSSES S. SASSAFRASS <sup>*Dennis' wife from ship.*</sup> is out on operational maneuvers. We are now entering a blackout zone, so turn out all the lights.

PHIL: Why, can the enemy see us?

MARY: No, but the audience can.

JACK: Hm. How did that WAVE get on deck? ... What are you doing here?

MARY: I was assigned here, Sir, by the Navy Department.

JACK: Assigned here?

MARY: Yes.

JACK: What's your rank?

MARY: Manicurist First Class

JACK: A manicurist! Good, there will be no hangnails on the U.S.S. ULYSSES S. SASSAFRASS.

MARY: <sup>*Wipe your ship.*</sup> ~~Wipe your ship.~~

JACK: Thank you ... Now men, man your battle station and prepare for - -

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: ~~Oh now,~~ who can that be?

MARY: <sup>*Oh*</sup> I'll get it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

MARY: Hello?

ROCH: HELLO, MISS LIVINGSTONE, THIS IS ROCHESTER.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: Oh for heaven's sakes, Rochester, why call now?  
We're in the middle of ~~the~~ sketch.

ROCH: I WANT MR. BENNY TO KNOW I'M IN SAN DIEGO. I JUST  
GOT IN.

MARY: Just got in? I thought you drove down with Mr.  
Benny in the car?

ROCH: NO, I HAD SOME WORK TO DO, SO I LEFT YESTERDAY.

MARY: *Well,* Well, what made the train so late?

ROCH: I DIDN'T COME BY TRAIN, I WAS ON HIGHWAY 101,  
FREELANCING.

MARY: *You,* You mean you hitch-hiked?

ROCH: YES, MA'AM.

MARY: Why?

ROCH: WELL, INSTEAD OF BUYING ME A TRAIN TICKET, MR.  
BENNY GAVE ME A ROAD MAP AND A SHORT TALK ON THE  
GENEROSITY OF THE AMERICAN MOTORIST.

JACK: *have* Who is it, ~~Mary?~~

MARY: Rochester.

JACK: How do you like that, right in the middle of the  
sketch ... Give me that phone ... Hello Rochester.

ROCH: HELL, BOSS, IT WASN'T SO BAD HITCH-HIKING, AND YOU  
WERE RIGHT.

JACK: I was right about what?

ROCH: IF YOU LIE DOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HIGHWAY, NINE  
OUT OF TEN CARS WILL STOP.

JACK: Certainly.

ROCH: BUT WHEN THAT TENTH CAR COMES ALONG, IT BETTER HAVE  
A HIGH CRANKCASE.

JACK: Well look, Rochester, you didn't have to call me in the middle of my show, did you?

ROCH: YES, BOSS, THIS IS IMPORTANT. I MET AN OLD GIRL FRIEND HERE IN SAN DIEGO AND ... ER ... I THOUGHT ER ... WELL, I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D LET ME USE YOUR CAR.

JACK: *oh you met* A girl friend, eh? Well, Rochester, of course you can have my car, but the tank is empty.

ROCH: THAT'S ALL RIGHT, I'LL PUT IN A GALLON.

JACK: *why* Only a gallon?

ROCH: ~~YEAH,~~ I WANT TO RUN OUT OF GAS WHEN I REACH THE SILVER STRAND.

JACK: ~~Oh, that thing ... No, it isn't dependable ... Well,~~  
*she is, eh?*  
I don't know, Rochester, I don't think I should let you have my car.

ROCH: BUT YOU GOTTA ... THIS GIRL IS BEAUTIFUL.

JACK: What does she look like?

ROCH: YOU WANT ME TO DESCRIBE HER TO YOU?

JACK: Yes.

ROCH: (SLOWLY AND POETICALLY) HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A CALIFORNIA SUNSET ... JUST AS MOTHER NATURE EXTINGUISHES IT'S LAST GOLDEN GLOW WITH THE TRANQUIL WATERS OF THE BLUE PACIFIC?

JACK: Yes.

ROCH: WELL, PUT A SWEATER ON IT AND YOU'VE GOT IT.

JACK: Oh, I see.



ROCH: WELL, I BETTER RUN ALONG NOW ... SO LONG, BOSS.

JACK: So long, Rochester. Have a good time with your girl, but be back at the hotel by nine o'clock.

ROCH: WHAT!!!

JACK: I said be back by nine.

ROCH: ..... YOU WANT ME TO DESCRIBE HER TO YOU AGAIN, BOSS?

JACK: ~~No, never mind~~... Goodbye, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODBYE ... OH SAY, BOSS --

JACK: What?

ROCH: AREN'T YOU DOING A TELEVISION SHOW TONIGHT?

JACK: Yes, Rochester, in just a few minutes.

ROCH: ON THE ENTIRE C.B.S. TELEVISION NETWORK?

JACK: Yes, on the entire C.B.S. Television network.

ROCH: AND ARE YOUR GUEST STARS GOING TO BE ISAAC STERN AND DENNIS DAY?

JACK: That's right. You mention everything, don't you?

ROCH: HEE HEE HEE.

JACK: What are you laughing at?

ROCH: I MAY BE A LOUSY BUTLER, BUT I'M A GREAT PUBLICITY MAN.

JACK: You certainly are, Rochester ... Goodbye.

ROCH: GOOOOOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, our stockpile of blood plasma has been gravely depleted by the demands of the Korean campaign, and it is imperative that action be taken to insure an adequate supply ready for immediate use . . . . So, please go to the blood bank in your cities and contribute. It's needed badly. This is an urgent request. Remember folks, a gift of blood is a gift from the heart.

(APPLAUSE)

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

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, APRIL 20, 1952  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(TRANSCRIBED MAR. 31, 1952)

-0-

CHORUS: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

SHARBUTT: Friends, you can TEAR AND COMPARE - and see<sup>a</sup> with your own eyes how Luckies are made better to taste better. From a newly opened pack take a cigarette made by any other manufacturer. Carefully tear a thin strip of paper straight down the seam, from end to end, and gently remove the tobacco. In tearing, be sure not to loosen or dig into the tobacco.. Now, do exactly the same with a Lucky Strike. Then compare. You'll see some cigarettes are so loosely packed they fall apart. Others have air spaces - hot spots that burn harsh and dry. But - you won't find that in a Lucky. Look at that perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco so free of annoying loose ends that spoil the taste. Notice those long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting tobacco - so firmly packed - to smoke smooth and even, giving you a milder, better tasting cigarette. Yes, friends, TEAR AND COMPARE - prove to yourself that Luckies are made better to taste better. Then make your next carton Lucky Strike.

CHORUS: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

(REPRISE) Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

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(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank Vice Admiral  
Thomas L. Sprague, Commander <sup>of the</sup> Air Force Pacific Fleet,  
Captain William L. Erdmann, Commanding Officer of the  
Naval Air Station, and Lieutenant Harold C. Boudreau,  
Special Service Officer, for inviting us down here.  
And fellows, I want to <sup>Thank you, too, and</sup> tell you it's been wonderful  
being ~~here~~ <sup>here -- you've been a great audience, and</sup>

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes, what is it, Sailor?

MEL: I'm ready to take you to your television show, Mr.  
Benny.

JACK: Fine.

MEL: I've got my pass, just jump on my back and let's  
go.

JACK: <sup>well,</sup> Good, good. So long, kids, I'll see you on  
television in <sup>just a</sup> minute.

(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.

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.

Answer: *The Jack Benny Program was transcribed -  
This is the C. B. S. Radio Network.*