

PROGRAM #36  
REVISED SCRIPT

# AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 18, 1952

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PDST

(TRANSCRIBED, MAY 16, 1952)

JL

ATX01 0182124

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, MAY 18, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED MAY 16, 1952)  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

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

CHORUS: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

Be Happy -- Get Better Taste

Be Happy -- Go Lucky

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Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

SHARBUTT: Friends, while cigarettes may look the same on the outside -- there's an important inside difference in Lucky Strike -- an inside difference that proves Luckies are made better to taste better. And it's easy to prove this to yourself -- just tear and compare. From a newly opened pack, take a cigarette made by any other manufacturer. Then carefully tear a thin strip of paper straight down the seam, from end to end, and gently remove the tobacco. In tearing be careful not to disturb or loosen the tobacco. Now, in exactly the same way, remove the paper from a Lucky Strike. Then compare. Some cigarettes are so loosely packed they fall apart. Others have air spaces that burn too fast -- taste hot and harsh and dry. But look at that Lucky. See how it stays together - a perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco. See how round and firm and fully packed it is ... with long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting tobacco. Because Luckies are made this way they draw freely ... smoke smoothly and evenly .... taste fresh, clean and mild. So tear and compare. Prove to yourself that Luckies are made better to taste better. Then make your next carton Lucky Strike.

JL

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(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...JUST RECENTLY JACK BENNY RECEIVED ONE OF THE SYLVANIA PIONEER AWARDS FOR HIS CONTRIBUTION TO THE HISTORY OF RADIO..SO TONIGHT, IN KEEPING WITH THIS HONOR, I FEEL THAT I SHOULD GIVE JACK A DIGNIFIED INTRODUCTION..

JACK: Thank you, Don.

DON: IT'S TIMES LIKE THESE ~~THAT~~ I WISH I WERE A POET..

JACK: What a beautiful thought, Don...I can just imagine you a poet..Henry Wadsworth Fatfellow...But don't let me interrupt you...Go on.

DON: YES, FOLKS, IF I HAD THE GIFT OF POETRY WITH WHICH TO DESCRIBE OUR SCINTILLATING STAR, I'D --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Hmm..I'll get it, Don.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

ROCH: HELLO, MR. BENNY...THIS IS ROCHESTER.

(APPLAUSE)

TC

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JACK: Rochester, you certainly picked a fine time to call. Why aren't you listening to the program?

ROCH: THAT'S WHY I CALLED, BOSS...THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH ~~THE~~ <sup>our</sup> RADIO.

JACK: Oh..Well, maybe there's a break in the electric cord.

ROCH: I THOUGHT OF THAT, BOSS, SO I TRACED IT...I STARTED AT THE RADIO...WENT AROUND THE BASEBOARD..UP THE WALL...OUT THE WINDOW...ACROSS THE DRIVEWAY...THROUGH THE HEDGE...AND RIGHT TO THE PLUG ON MR. COLMAN'S BACK PORCH.

JACK: Ohh...~~Say~~, Rochester, I hope nobody saw you.

ROCH: WELL...JUST AS I REACHED THE PORCH, MRS. COLMAN CAME OUT, SO I DUCKED BEHIND THE HEDGE AND MEEOWED LIKE A CAT.

JACK: Did you fool her?

ROCH: I THINK SO...SHE LEFT TWO SAUCERS OF MILK.

JACK: Two?

ROCH: YEAH...ONE OF THEM HAD A NOTE ON IT..."THIS <sup>one is</sup> ~~IS~~ FOR MR. BENNY."

JACK: Good, I'll have it when I get home...~~Anyway, Rochester, if the cord is plugged in all right, maybe there's something wrong with the radio itself. Did you check the tubes?~~

~~ROCH: UH-HUH;~~

~~JACK: The condenser?~~

~~ROCH: UH-HUH.~~

~~JACK: The transformer?~~

~~ROCH: UH-HUH.~~

TC

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~~JACK: The dials?~~

~~ROCH: BOSS, I EVEN PUT MURINE IN THE "MAGIC EYE".~~

~~JACK: Oh:~~

ROCH: I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO...I HATE TO MISS YOUR PROGRAM.

JACK: Well, I've got an idea, Rochester...I'll leave the receiver off the hook and you'll be able to hear the whole show over the telephone.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

JACK: Okay, Don..let's get on with the program.

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...AS I WAS SAYING...EVEN THOUGH I'M NOT A POET, TODAY I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE OUR STAR WITH A LITTLE POEM....

JACK: A poem?

DON: Yes...."TO JACK BENNY"....

I LOVE MY BOSS BUT HE'S SO CHEAP,  
HE ONLY SPENDS A SLOW BUCK.

JACK: What a line..Slow buck.

DON: HIS SUITS ARE FROM MONTGOMERY WARD  
HIS HAIR FROM SEARS AND ROEBUCK..  
AND HERE HE IS...JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, *thank you*...He'll again, this is Jack Benny talking...Hmm..hair from Sears Roebuck...As a matter of fact, Don, I have a poem about you, *too*.

DON: About me?

TC

JACK: Yes...I don't know too much about poetry, but here's one I stole from Johnny Ray -- *This is to you, Don.*

When your boss writes you a letter of goodbye,

You'll feel better if you let your stomach down and cry.

.....Remember that, Don:

~~DON: Now wait a minute, Jack...fun is fun...but why exaggerate...  
I'm not so fat.~~

~~JACK: You're not, eh...Don, there's a three hour difference in time  
between your belt buckle and your back pocket. So don't try  
to match wits with me, my writers cost me a fortune.~~

PHIL: Hey Jackson, if you really wanta get some --

JACK: Wait a minute, Phil, wait a minute...I want to see what Rochester thought of that joke...Hello...Hello...Hello.

(SOUND: CLICKS OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Rochester!...Hello...

ROCH: HELLO...HELLO...

JACK: Rochester, I just told a joke, where were you?

ROCH: I HAD TO ANSWER THE DOOR.. ~~THE SHOEMAKER JUST DELIVERED THAT  
PAIR OF OXFORDS OF YOURS THAT YOU WANTED FIXED.~~

~~JACK: Oh yes...did you pay him?~~

~~ROCH: I DIDN'T HAVE TO, HE TOOK THE MONEY RIGHT OUT OF YOUR SHOE.~~

~~JACK: Oh.~~

ROCH: BY THE WAY, THE MAILMAN WAS JUST HERE AND HE DELIVERED A PACKAGE.

JACK: A package? Who from?

JM

ROCH: SEARS ROEBUCK, YOU CAN BE<sup>a</sup> BLONDE AGAIN.

JACK: Good, good...That's the one that makes me look like Nelson Eddy...Keep listening to the show, Rochester... Now Phil, what were you talking about?

PHIL: I was just gonna say, Jackson, how about doing something different on the show tonight...something entertaining... like, well like getting Livvy and me to sing a song together.

JACK: Hey, that sounds like a pretty good idea...You'll sing with Phil, won't you Mary?

MARY: No thanks, I sang with Phil before, and no matter what song he sings, it always comes out "That's what I like about the South".

~~JACK: What do you mean?~~

~~MARY: You remember last month when Queen Juliana was here and we wanted to sing that song about the flowers in Holland?~~

~~JACK: Yeah.....~~

~~MARY: You should have heard what came out of Phil--~~

~~(SINGS) Tiptoe through the haw-hocks~~

~~Through the garden--~~

~~Down in New Orleans,~~

~~Oh tiptoe--~~

~~JACK: No kidding,-----~~

JM

PHIL: All right, Livvy, you don't have to sing with me. I just thought, <sup>that</sup> you and I would make a nice trio.

JACK: Trio? You and Mary would make a nice trio?

PHIL: Yeah.

JACK: Look Phil, let me explain something to you..One is a solo.. Two is a duet...Now if you add a third person, you've got a trio.

PHIL: Oh.

JACK: And if you add a fourth person, you have a quartete.

PHIL: Uh huh.

JACK: Now Phil, if you had four people and you found a fifth, what would you have?

PHIL: Throw me that lead again, will you, Buster?

JACK: All right...if you had four people and found a fifth, what would you have?

PHIL: A quintet, fooled you that time, didn't I, Jackson.

JACK: (PROUDLY) Why Phil, that's right. <sup>You're right</sup> if you had a fifth, you'd have a quintet.

PHIL: Yeah, but they'd all be loaded.

JACK: I knew it couldn't last...~~Mary, I don't blame you for not wanting to sing with him. He knows absolutely nothing about music.~~

~~PHIL: I do too.~~

~~JACK: Phil, what you know about music you could write on an ice cube with a branding iron. believe me~~

MARY: (LAUGHS)



JACK: What are you laughing at, Mary?

MARY: Did you see the way his arranger has to write the music so Phil can read it?

JACK: No, how?

MARY: An eighth note is a diamond, a quarter note is a heart, a half note a club, and a whole note a spade.

JACK: Phil...you have your music written out in diamonds, hearts, clubs and spades?

PHIL: Certainly.

JACK: How do you read it?

PHIL: It's simple. Here, I'll show you. *Now,* Look at this sheet of music see?

JACK: That makes no sense at all to me.

PHIL: Sure it does, Jackson...Take this bar for instance...You see these notes right here...one right after the other?

JACK: Oh, you mean the scale?

PHIL: Scale? What's that?

~~JACK: What's that? Phil, what do you call this?~~

~~PHIL: That's a flush.~~

~~JACK: A flush? Well look, Phil, what about this next bar. It has two notes, then a space, and then two more notes.~~

~~PHIL: That's an inside straight.~~

~~JACK: An inside straight? You mean you draw to it?~~

~~PHIL: If you play a violin...If you play a trumpet, you blow to it.~~

JACK: Phil, if you wanta play your music according to Hoyle, that's all right with me, but right now we have to have a song...Oh, Dennis...Dennis.

DENNIS: (YAWNS)

JACK: <sup>Dennis -</sup> What are you yawning about?

DENNIS: I didn't get any sleep last night...My mother and father had a big argument.

JACK: An argument?

DENNIS: Yeah...it was all about you.. My mother said you were a jerk.

JACK: Hmmm.

DENNIS: <sup>And</sup> Then my father got up and said you were a great guy and a fine example of a man.

JACK: Your father said that?

DENNIS: May he rest in peace.

JACK: Now stop being silly. Your father is sitting right out here in the audience.

DENNIS: Yeah, doesn't he look awful?

JACK: Now cut that out!

MARY: <sup>well,</sup> Dennis, why does your mother dislike Jack so much?

DENNIS: She used to go with Mr. Benny before she met my father.

JACK: <sup>Oh,</sup> She did not!

DENNIS: She says she did.

JACK: <sup>well, maybe</sup> What was your mother's name before she married your father?

DENNIS: I didn't know her then.

JACK: Of course you didn't!.....Now come on, kid, let's have your song.

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: ~~Phil, give Dennis his introduction~~ Phil,  
~~what's taking so long?~~

PHIL: ~~It's a new song, I've gotta break the seal~~

JACK: ~~All right, all right... let's have it.~~

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS' SONG -- "SOMEBODY BIGGER THAN YOU<sup>d</sup> AND ME<sup>u</sup>")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was ~~Dennis Day~~ singing "Somebody Bigger Than You <sup>and I</sup> ~~and Me~~" <sup>sung by Dennis Day - or - "You & I" rather - she gotta stay away from Phil.</sup> And now, ladies and gentlemen, for our feature attraction tonight --

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack, are we going to do a sketch tonight?

JACK: Yes Mary..a couple of weeks ago I saw <sup>the</sup> that Universal International picture "Ma and Pa Kettle At The Fair" and it gave me an idea. So I went home and wrote a play about life on a farm.

MARY: ~~You wrote it. Why didn't you get your writers to do it?~~

JACK: ~~I couldn't, Mary, they're working for N.B.C. now.~~

MARY: ~~(MAD) Well, of all the ungrateful --~~

JACK: ~~No no, Mary, I sold them. I never thought the one with the holes in his socks would bring a hundred thousand dollars...~~  
~~Anyway, I have written this sketch and we're going to do it.~~  
~~It's called "Down On The Farm."~~ <sup>now,</sup> I play the young husband and Mary, you're my wife! <sup>see</sup> We are newlyweds and have just bought a farm. We have some neighbors that are very much like Ma and Pa Kettle and also--

DON: Just a minute, Jack..Is there a part in it for me?

JACK: Well, Don, the scene takes place on a farm, so you can play the part of our pig. <sup>huh.</sup>

DON: Oh Jack, every time you do a farm sketch, I play the part of a <sup>huh</sup> pig..I want to do something else.

JACK: Well, what would you like to be, Don?

DON: A canary.

JACK: Don..you a canary?

DON: (HIGH VOICE) PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP!

JACK: Well, that's not so bad. ~~All right, Don, you can be the~~  
~~canary, but in order for people to believe it, do you happen~~  
~~to have a yellow suit?~~

DON: A yellow suit? No, I haven't.

JACK: Oh, well, why don't you step out in the street and put on a  
taxicab, that'll help. And now for our. Oh, wait a minute.  
Before we start, I want to go to the telephone and see if  
Rochester is enjoying the show. Hello, Hello.

ROCH: (TWO SNORES)

JACK: How do you like that? Rochester!

ROCH: (QUICK SNORE) PUT ON THE COFFEE, HONEY.

JACK: Rochester! We're going to do a play and I want you to hear  
it.

ROCH: OKAY, YOU'RE THE BOSS.

O JACK: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR OUR FEATURE ATTRACTION  
TONIGHT WE WILL PRESENT A RUSTIC PLAY ENTITLED, "DOWN ON THE  
FARM." SET THE SCENE, DON.

(FARM MUSIC LIGHTLY IN BACKGROUND)

DON: AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..OUR PLAY..DOWN ON THE FARM..  
AN EPIC OF RURAL LIFE..AS <sup>the</sup> OUR SCENE OPENS, WE FIND THE  
NEWLYWEDS SYLVIA AND DANNY KLINGENPEAL DRIVING OUT TO THEIR  
NEW HOME.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CAR MOTOR..FADE TO B.G.)

JACK: Gee, Sylvia, I hope you like the new farmhouse I bought.

MARY: (COY) Oh, I know I will, Mr. Klingenpeal.

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LW

JACK: You can call me Danny, we've been married a week now.

MARY: ~~Wasn't it a lovely wedding?~~

JACK: ~~Yes, and darling wasn't it exciting as we drove away  
from the church with those shoes tied in back of the  
car?~~

MARY: ~~Yeah.~~

JACK: ~~I wonder what made them bounce like that.~~

MARY: ~~My mother was still in them.~~

JACK: ~~Oh yeah... I cut her loose when we went through Anaheim.~~

(SOUND: MOTOR UP)

JACK: *well,* Here we are.

(SOUND: CAR STOPS...CAR DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Look darling....there's our new home.

MARY: ~~Gee, it sure looks run down.~~

JACK: ~~Yes, but we'll fix it up.~~ *And,* there's the man from the  
real estate office....Oh, Mister. Mister....

NELSON: How do you do!

JACK: *A strange -- Sir --*  
I'm the new owner of this house...Your name is Frank  
Nelson, isn't it?

NELSON: It was Frank, but I changed it to Ike, I want people to  
like me.

JACK: I see.

DH

MARY: This house looks like there's been a lot of work done on it recently.

NELSON: Yes, we completely remodeled it from the basement to the ceiling.

JACK: Good good, will you show us through the house?

NELSON: Yes, but don't expect me to play the piano.

JACK: Hmm, let's go inside...Come on, Honey.

NELSON: All right.

JACK: I'm talking to my wife!

NELSON: Oh...I thought everybody liked me.

JACK: Look, we want to see the house....Will you take us through, please?

NELSON: Follow me.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: This is the living room.

*Jack: Uh huh.*

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

NELSON: This is the dining room.

*Jack: Uh huh.*

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

NELSON: This is the breakfast room.

*Jack: Uh huh.*

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

NELSON: And this is the guest room.

JACK: Guest room?

RUBIN: How do you do.

JACK: How do you do.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DH

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JACK: What was that?

NELSON: He's been a guest here through five owners.

JACK: Five owners?

NELSON: <sup>Yes</sup> He spent half the time in escrow.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: <sup>Mister</sup> Mister, I'd like to see the kitchen.

NELSON: Right through this door.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: There, isn't it a beauty?

MARY: Well...I don't know...the stove looks very old...and awfully dirty.

JACK: Oh, <sup>oh - Sylvia</sup> that's just a little dust...I'll blow it off...(GIVES BIG BLOW)

(SOUND: STOVE COLLAPSING WITH MUCH CLANGING AND BANGING OF TIN AND METAL)

JACK: Hmm.

NELSON: .....Mister, have you tried Sen Sen?

JACK: Never mind.

NELSON: Well, it's getting kind of late, I better go.

JACK: Goodbye, Mr. Nelson.

NELSON: Goodbye.

~~MARY: Goodbye, Mr. Nelson~~

~~(SOUND: LOUD KISS)~~

~~JACK: MR. NELSON!~~

~~NELSON: Oh...Nobody wants me to have any fun...Goodbye.~~

JACK: Well darling...here we are in our own little home...(YAWNS)  
And we better start getting to sleep....On a <sup>you know</sup> farm, you have to get up at four in the morning.

MARY: You're right, sweetheart...Goodnight.

JACK: Goodnight.

~~NELSON: Goodnight.~~



( ~~JACK: Get out of here.~~

~~(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)~~

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

MEL: (CROWS ONCE LIKE ROOSTER)

JACK: (SOFT) Darling.

MEL: (CROWS ONCE LIKE ROOSTER)

JACK: Darling.

MEL: (CROWS ONCE LIKE ROOSTER)

JACK: DARLING..YOU'RE SNORING.

MARY: No no, that's the rooster..It's morning.

JACK: Oh, oh..Well, you hurry and get breakfast ready..I'll go out and milk the cows..It's a good thing I slept in my clothes.

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

O JACK: My, it's pitch dark this early in the morning.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Now where's <sup>the</sup> ~~that~~ milking pail...Ah, here it is...Easy, bossy, easy..

(SOUND: MILKING PAIL BEING SET DOWN)

★ JACK: That's a good girl, bossy.

(SOUND: PATTING OF ANIMAL)

MEL: (MOOS LIKE COW)

JACK: Easy bossy, easy....Gee, I can't seem to find...Oh! Oh! Wrong end!..Oh, here we are.

MEL: (MOOS LIKE COW)

Jack: *Gee, that cow looks like the rooster.*

LW

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*Benny -*  
JACK: Now hold still while I fix the pail and stool...There...  
That's a good cow...

(JACK SINGS TO TUNE OF BLUE DANUBE) OH LA LA LA LA

(SOUND: TWO SQUIRTS OF SELTZER BOTTLE IN PAIL  
IN RHYTHM..THEN TWO MORE SQUIRTS)

JACK: OH LA LA LA LA

(SOUND: SQUIRT SQUIRT..SQUIRT SQUIRT)

JACK: OH LA LA LA LA .....(LONG PAUSE).....OH LA LA LA LA....  
(LONG PAUSE).....Hmmm, better change.

MARY: (OFF) OH DANNY...ARE YOU THROUGH MILKING?

JACK: I'm not but I think the cow is...Hey <sup>Sylvia</sup> what are you holding?

MARY: (COMING ON) Look, I just found it...It's a black kitten with a white stripe down its back.

JACK: Well shucks...if that isn't the cutest little--Kitty, have you tried Sen Sen?...Now Sylvia, don't stand around.. We've got to feed the animals.

MARY: Okay.

DON: PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP.

MARY: <sup>Oh</sup> Look Danny, isn't it cute the way our canary follows us around?

JACK: Yeah...Now shoo, canary, shoo! We've got to feed the chickens... Here chick, chick, chick, chick, chick, chick,...

(SOUND: CHICKEN SOUNDS)

JACK: Come on, chick, chick..Here's some corn for you.

MEL: (CHICKEN CLUCKING)

MARY: Oh Danny, look at that hen sitting on the nest.

JACK: Where?...Oh yes...

MEL: (CHICKEN TRYING TO LAY EGG..TRIES AGAIN..AFTER THIRD TIME--)

(SOUND: TEMPO BLOCK)

MEL: Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, that's all, folks.

JACK: Gee, now we've got breakfast...Well, I better get some oats for the horse..hay for the cow...and---

MEL: OINK, OINK, OINK...OOOOOOOOOIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNNNNK!

JACK: What happened?

MARY: Our <sup>house</sup> canary stepped on the pig and killed it.

~~JACK: Mary, that line is "our canary stepped on the pig and killed it. It's amazing --~~

~~JACK: Gee, that's so bad. he does an imitation of a pig - Mary says it stands on the cow and kills it -- Well, he looks like everybody.~~

~~DON: PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP.~~

MEL: (WHINNIES LIKE A HORSE)

JACK: Take that line -- "our canary stepped ----"

MARY: All right.

MARY: Our canary stepped on the pig and killed it.

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JACK: Gee, that's too bad.

DON: Peep, peep, peep, peep.

JACK: Sylvia, maybe the canary is hungry.

MARY: He can't be. A little while ago I gave him a side of beef.

JACK: Well, give him the other side...Now let's get on with the----  
Oh look, here comes someone..(CALLS) Hello.

PHIL: (RULE) Howdy, neighbors. <sup>Hardy</sup> Zeke Harris is my name...Live right  
over the hill.

JACK: Well, do you have a farm over there?

PHIL: Yep..raise a little of this and <sup>a little</sup> that...mostly corn.

JACK: For your pigs?

PHIL: Nope, for my still.

JACK: Oh, you have a still?

PHIL: Yep, it'll make twenty gallons a day.

JACK: Twenty gallons a day? <sup>well</sup> That isn't much.

PHIL: Tain't bad, my old lady don't drink.

MARY: We <sup>just</sup> moved in here, Zeke. How long have you been living  
around this section?

PHIL: Well <sup>now</sup> let me see...I moved here in 1918...and this is 1952...

That's twenty years.

JACK: Wait a minute, Zeke...from 1918 to now is thirty-four years  
you've lived here.

PHIL: <sup>well</sup> We don't count the fourteen years of prohibition as living!

JACK: Oh, oh....Got any children?

PHIL: <sup>Yeh - I got two boys</sup> ~~Yep - two sons~~...but we ain't seen 'em since they ran away with  
the circus ten years ago...Sure miss the boys...

JC

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MARY: *h* It's a shame both of them left, maybe one of them will come back.

PHIL: Tain't likely..they're Siamese twins.

JACK: Oh, twins, eh?

PHIL: Yep...they're pretty attached to each other...HEH HEH HEH, OH ZEKE, YOU MAY NOT HAVE A COW BUT YOU SURE MILKED THAT ONE.

JACK: By the way, Zeke..is that field over there part of your farm?

PHIL: <sup>a</sup> Yep..that's the place where I raise <sup>my</sup> tobacco. Those are my hired hands out there picking it.

JACK: Where?

PHIL: Right over there.

(INTRO FOR "RUBEN, RUBEN")

QUART: RUBEN, RUBEN, WE BEEN THINKIN'  
WHAT A FINE JOB WE HAVE HERE  
GROWING ALL THIS FINE TOBACCO  
FOR THOSE LUCKIES EVERY YEAR.

(MUSIC)

QUART: WE KNOW ALL ABOUT THOSE LUCKIES  
THEY'RE THE BEST WE DO DECLARE  
YOU WILL FIND THEY'RE MADE MUCH BETTER  
IF YOU TEAR AND THEN COMPARE.

(MUSIC)

③ MARTY: RUBEN, RUBEN, IS IT TRUE  
HAVE YOU BEEN TO THE COUNTY FAIR  
DID YOU SEE THOSE BURLESQUE DANCERS  
DID YOU STARE AND THEN COMPARE.

(MUSIC)

\* QUART: COUNTRY FOLKS ENJOY A LUCKY  
IT'S THE SMOKE THEY RECOMMEND

BILL: ROUND AND FIRM AND BETTER TASTING  
FULLY PACKED

QUART: WITH NO LOOSE ENDS.

U JM

(MUSIC)

QUART: EVERYBODY'S SMOKING LUCKIES  
MA AND PA AND GRANDPA, TOO  
IT'S THAT TASTE OF FINE TOBACCO  
ONLY LUCKIES GIVE TO YOU.

BILL: WE GET MAIL HERE IN THE COUNTRY  
STAMPED WITH LETTERS R.F.D.  
BUT THE LETTERS WE ALL LOOK FOR  
BEAR AN L S M F T.

QUART: LS, LS, MFT  
IT'S LS, LS, MFT  
LET'S BE HAPPY AND GO LUCKY  
THAT'S THE CIGARETTE FOR ME.  
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY STRIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

JM

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Say Zeke, your farm hands are pretty good.

PHIL: Yep, they sing all the time.

ELVIA: H'ya, neighbors...Howdy, Zeke. Good to see you all.

JACK: Well, hello...er...er...

ELVIA: Maw Kettle is the name...Live right down the road.

JACK: Which house?

ELVIA: No house, just down the road.

MARY: No house?

PHIL: Yep...she's married to Paw Kettle, the laziest man in the state.

ELVIA: Yep, you just can't make him move..One day he sat on an acorn...twenty years later we had to get him down out of the tree.

JACK: No kidding.

ELVIA: Well, what do you know...here comes Paw Kettle, <sup>now...</sup> the lazy critter now...Name is Dennis but folks call him Paw.

PHIL: H'ya, Paw.

DENNIS: (LIKE PERCY KILBRIDE) H'ya Zeke....Hi folks...Maw, put your arms around me and squeeze me...I feel like exhaling...(BIG EXHALE) There, that feels better...Any place to lie down around here?

ELVIA: Oh Paw, stand up for awhile.

DENNIS: By the way, what are you folks figuring on raising here?

JACK: Chickens.

DENNIS: Wouldn't try it if I were you. Tried to raise some myself a few years ago....never had any luck.

EE

ATX01 0182147



JACK: What happened?

DENNIS: Bought ten hens...they laid lots of eggs...but none of 'em never did hatch.

JACK: How many roosters did you have?

DENNIS: ...Ooooooh...Roosters!

JACK: Hmmm.'

DENNIS: Well, guess I better be going along now...Gotta go home and help my pig write a letter.

JACK: Your pig writes a letter?

DENNIS: *My* I just give him the paper...he already has the pen and oink. ....HEH HEH HEH HEH..Oh, PAW KETTLE, YOU MAY BE A HICK BUT-----

JACK: .....Why don't you finish?

DENNIS: Too lazy.

JACK: Oh...well look, my wife and I are just going in to have breakfast. Why don't you folks come in and join us?

ELVIA: That's okay with me.

DENNIS: Me too....pick me up, Maw.

JACK: Well come on, let's all go in and eat.

(SOUND: DINNER GONG OR DINNER TRIANGLE HIT SEVERAL TIMES)

MARY: Come on in, folks...breakfast is on me.

ELVIA: On you?

MARY: Yes, we haven't got a table... HA HA HA, OH SYLVIA, YOU'VE ONLY BEEN ON THE FARM ONE DAY BUT YOU'VE GOT CORN ALL OVER YOU.

JACK: ~~You said it~~...COME ON, EVERYBODY...LET'S EAT.

(RUBE MUSIC.....PLAYOFF.....APPLAUSE)

EE

( JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to solicit your help for the victims of Muscular Dystrophy. There are over two hundred thousand victims. Three-fourths of this number are males and two-thirds of these males are boys under eighteen. It is commonplace that when the cause of a disease is found, the cure usually follows. So won't you please contribute as much as you can. Send your contributions to M.D.A., Los Angeles 19, California. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

JL

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, MAY 18, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED MAY 16, 1952)  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-B-

CHORUS: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

SHARBUTT: Friends, people everywhere are -- tearing and comparing --  
seeing for themselves that Luckies are made better to taste  
better. Try it yourself. From a newly opened pack take a  
cigarette made by any other manufacturer, and carefully  
remove the paper by tearing down the seam, from end to end.  
Don't dig into or crumble the tobacco. Now, do exactly the  
same with a Lucky Strike. Then compare. Some cigarettes  
are so loosely packed they fall apart. Some have air  
spaces -- hot spots that burn harsh and dry. Others have  
too many broken bits of tobacco giving you those annoying  
loose ends that spoil the taste. But just look at that  
Lucky - a perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco -- so round,  
so firm, so fully packed -- so free and easy on the draw.  
Notice those long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting  
tobacco. Yes, Luckies are made better to taste better - to  
give you far more enjoyment from every puff. So for your  
own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment, Be Happy -- Go Lucky,  
make your next carton Lucky Strike.

CHORUS: (SHORT VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

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

JL

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(TAG)

JACK: Well ~~kids~~, *ladies and gentlemen* that concludes the thirty-sixth program of our present series and next week we will...Oh my goodness, Rochester is still on the phone. I wonder how he liked the show...Oh Rochester...Rochester....how did you like the program?

ROCH: WELL.....WELL.....

JACK: Well, how did you like it?

ROCH: BOSS...IN THE SKETCH WHAT DID THAT CHICKEN DO?

JACK: She laid an egg.

ROCH: NEED I SAY MORE?

JACK: Good night, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

EE

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.

*Announcer: Tonight's program was transcribed -- this is the C. B. S. Radio Network.*

EE