

W. B. ...
PROGRAM #11
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1952 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST
(TRANSCRIBED NOV. 20, 1952)

TC

ATX01 0183142

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED NOVEMBER 20, 1952)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

DON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... TRANSCRIBED AND
PRESENTED BY LUCKY STRIKE!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS CHEER: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco --
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco --
Cleaner, fresher, smoother!
Lucky, Lucky, Lucky!
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ...
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ...
Cleaner, fresher, smoother!
Better get a carton!
Better get a carton!
Better get a carton, today!

DON: Hello friends ... this is Don Wilson. You know,
millions of smokers in every walk of life are
cheering Luckies' better taste. And among all
those Lucky fans are a good many college students.
Matter of fact, a nation-wide survey, based on
actual student interviews in 80 leading colleges,
reveals that more smokers in these colleges prefer
Luckies than any other cigarette. And by a wide
margin! In addition, the survey shows that Lucky
Strike gained far more smokers in these colleges
than the nation's two other principal brands
combined.

(CONTINUED)

JM

ATX01 0183143

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED NOVEMBER 20, 1952)
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

DON (CONT'D): That's quite a record ... but this is even more
significant: The number one reason the students gave
for smoking Luckies was Luckies' better taste!
That's the same cleaner, fresher, smoother taste
that's waiting for you in every Lucky you smoke.
Nothing -- no, nothing -- beats better taste. So
for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment, make
your next carton Lucky Strike ... and believe me
you'll cheer Luckies, too!

CHORUS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ...
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ...
Cleaner, fresher, smoother!
Better get a carton!
Better get a carton!
Better get a carton, today!

MUSIC: (PROGRAM THEME UP AND DOWN)

DON: The Lucky Strike program starring

JM

ATX01 0183144

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED NOVEMBER 20, 1952)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... TRANSCRIBED AND PRESENTED BY
LUCKY STRIKE!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky
Be Happy - Get Better Taste
Be Happy - Go Lucky
Get Better Taste Today!

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, and, smokers, there's no doubt about
it - Luckies taste better. And this better taste starts
with Luckies' fine tobacco. Yes, L.S./M.F.T. -- Lucky
Strike means fine tobacco in a cigarette that's made better
to taste cleaner, fresher, smoother. Cleaner? You bet!
In a Lucky you have a perfect cylinder of fine, clean
tobacco -- free from those annoying loose ends that get in
your mouth and spoil the taste. Fresher? Of course!
Luckies are fully packed -- without air spaces - hot spots
that burn too fast - taste hot, harsh and dry. And every
pack of Luckies is extra tightly sealed to keep in Luckies'
fresher taste. And smoother? Yes, indeed! Luckies' long
strands of fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco are made into
a cigarette that draws freely and smokes smoothly. So,
friends, enjoy a better-tasting cigarette - a cleaner,
fresher, smoother smoke! Be Happy - Go Lucky! Make your
next carton Lucky Strike!

TO

ATX01 0183145

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, BOB CROSBY, AND "YOURS TRULY", DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..YESTERDAY ONE OF THE BIGGEST FOOTBALL GAMES IN THE COUNTRY WAS PLAYED HERE AT THE LOS ANGELES COLISEUM...BECAUSE OF THAT FACT, I HAD HOPED TO BRING YOU THE U.S.C. QUARTERBACK OR THE U.C.L.A. QUARTERBACK....

JACK: Don --

DON: UNFORTUNATELY, I WAS UNABLE TO GET EITHER OF THEM...

JACK: Don --

DON: SO TONIGHT, INSTEAD, I BRING YOU A MAN WHO IS AN EXPERT ON GETTING A QUARTER BACK, 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..I tried to interrupt you *because*. Not only did I know that you were gonna tell a corny joke, but I didn't even think it was funny.

DON: (LAUGHS) Gosh, Jack, I thought it was exceptionally funny.

JACK: Oh, you did, eh?

DON: Yes...and not only that...but I thought it was very topical.

JACK: I see....Well, speaking of things being topical, Don... about three weeks ago the nation decided it was time for a change...and I may make one around here, too.....Are you listening, Harry?

TC

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DON:Harry Truman?

JACK: No, Von Zell...So let's be a little more careful with our ~~h~~ Oh, hello, Bob.

BOB: (COMING IN) *Hiya* Hello, Jack. *Hells* Hiya, Don.

DON: Hello, Bob.

BOB: *Say* Were you fellows at the game yesterday?

JACK: No, I wanted to go..but it was impossible to get tickets.

DON: Yeah, it was a complete sell-out.

BOB: *oh* I know, but I was lucky..Sammy the drummer got me mine.

JACK: Sammy the drummer...how did he get tickets?

BOB: Oh, it's easy for him..he's a graduate of USC. *UCLA*.

JACK: No!

BOB: Uh huh.

JACK: Sammy...graduated from college?

BOB: Yep...he has his sheepskin and everything.

JACK: Bob..I just won't believe you till I see the diploma.

BOB: Well, go take a look, it's stretched across his drum.

JACK: *Looks like he's got it on his head.*
~~Let's see....~~you mean the snare drum with the writing on it?

BOB: That's it.

JACK: Oh, is that a diploma..I thought it was his parole.....The governor's signature threw me ~~oh~~ *there*..Imagine Sammy being a college graduate. *oh*.

BOB: Well, I'm just as surprised as you are, Jack, but Sammy ~~told me~~ *that* he studied medicine. *he* passed all his examinations.. and he's a licensed physician and surgeon.

TC

ATX01 0183147

JACK: Well, I'll be....

BOB: *and* I'm getting lots of surprises from these *guys* boys. I heard about a thing that happened last New Year's Eve that was unbelievable.

JACK: What was it?

BOB: Well, the musicians were having a big New Year's party, when suddenly one of the boys got an attack of appendicitis.

JACK: Uh huh.

BOB: *Well* They couldn't get another surgeon, *so* so Sammy rolled up his sleeves..went to work..*he* and took out Remley's appendix.

JACK: (IMPRESSED) Gosh, that was wonderful.

BOB: *oh* No, it wasn't, it was Bagby who had the appendicitis.

JACK: Oh...well then, why did Sammy do a silly thing like that..
operating on Remley.

BOB: *Well that's* A natural mistake, Bagby was standing up and Remley was lying down.

JACK: Holy smoke...but, Bob..how come Sammy had his surgical instruments with him at a party?

BOB: *oh* He didn't.

JACK: Then how could he operate?

BOB: *well* He used a broken bourbon bottle.

JACK: No.

BOB: Yep, it cut and sterilized at the same time.

JACK: Well...this is the most amazing conversation I've ever had...Imagine, a doctor in the orchestra *there*.

DON: You know, Jack, we shouldn't be too surprised...You've *must be* noticed that every time Sammy signs his name, he puts M.D. after it.

JACK: I know, I ~~know~~, but I always thought that stood for marinated drummer...After all, just because a man has M.D. after his name doesn't --

MARY: (OFF MIKE) (LAUGHS..CONTINUES)

JACK: What's that?

BOB: *That's* It's Mary, over there in the corner.

JACK: Oh, yes..(CALLS) *idly* What's so funny, Mary?

MARY: Oh, I'm ~~sorry~~, ~~Jack~~, I was just reading this letter from my mother.

JACK: *oh another* A letter from your mother?

MARY: Uh huh.

JACK: Well, what does the Mrs. Peepers of Plainfield have to say?

MARY: *Well* I'll read it to you..(CLEARS THROAT)...MY DARLING DAUGHTER

MARY: *Jack: She always starts like that* ...JUST A SHORT NOTE TO LET YOU KNOW WE'RE ALL WELL

AND HOPE YOU ARE THE SAME *Jack: not that* ...YOUR FATHER ISN'T HOME MUCH

THESE DAYS AS HE'S BECOME MORE ACTIVE IN HIS LODGE *Jack: st.* ...IN

FACT, LAST NIGHT HE WAS THERE QUITE LATE PLAYING POKER *Jack: when* ...

I THINK HE LOST BECAUSE WHEN HE CAME HOME TO GO TO BED,

HE DIDN'T HAVE TO TAKE OFF HIS CLOTHES.

JACK: Poor Papa, he always was a sucker for drawing to inside straights.

TC

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But anyway Papa has been awfully sweet to me lately. Saturday he bought me a lovely orchid & then he took me to Aunt Mildred's silver wedding anniversary.

MARY: ~~MARY, THE WARDEN OF THE STATE PRISON IS SENDING YOU A GIFT FROM YOUR LATE UNCLE WILLIE...IT'S A LEATHER BELT...I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IT BEING SCORCHED AS HE WORKED ON IT UP TO THE VERY LAST MINUTE.~~

JACK: He always was ambitious.

MARY: ~~I THINK THEY USED TOO MUCH VOLTAGE AS THAT WAS SIX WEEKS AGO, AND HIS TOMBSTONE STILL LIGHTS UP AT NIGHT....~~

JACK: ~~Mary, your mother makes up the silliest...~~

MARY: NO OTHER NEWS...YOUR LOVING MOTHER..BE-BOP LIVINGSTONE.

JACK: Be-bop Livingstone.

MARY: P.S.....MARY, DO YOU REMEMBER THAT CRAZY CRAZY TURKEY WE HAD IN OUR BACKYARD?...WELL, YESTERDAY PAPA GAVE IT A DOWNBEAT WITH AN AXE AND NOW IT'S REAL GONE.

JACK: *I'll have Fletcher explain that to me.*
Mary, your mother certainly keeps up with the times...

Oh, Dennis, it's time for your -- Where's Dennis?

DON: He isn't here.

JACK: That's funny, he was here at rehearsal...I wonder where that silly kid is....Just when he's supposed to do his number.

DON *Will* Jack, if you'd like a song now, the Sportsmen Quartet has one ready.

JACK: They have?...What's it about, Don?

DON: Well, Jack, the whole nation is talking about yesterday's football game, and they're doing a song in honor of both teams.

JACK: Oh, well, that's swell..Okay, fellows, let's hear it.

* Jack: *Mary, your Aunt Mildred has been married 25 years?*

Mary: No. 25 times

Jack. oh, oh, oh, oh

(INTRO)

QUART: YOU'VE GOTTA BE A FOOTBALL HERO
TO GET ALONG WITH THE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS
IN SPITE OF ALL A MILLION DOLLARS CAN DO
A TACKLE OR TWO
WILL MEAN MORE TO YOU.
THE FACT THAT YOU ARE RICH OR HANDSOME
WON'T GET YOU ANYTHING IN CURLS
YOU'VE GOTTA BE A FOOTBALL HERO
TO GET ALONG WITH THE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS.
YOU'VE GOT TO SMOKE THAT FINE TOBACCO
TO REALLY KNOW WHY A LUCKY IS BEST
YOU'VE GOTTA LIGHT A LUCKY
THEN AS YOU PUFF
YOU'LL KNOW SURE ENOUGH
THAT NO PUFF IS ROUGH
A LUCKY STRIKE IS BETTER TASTING
A LUCKY STRIKE WINS EVERY TEST
YOU'VE GOTTA TEAR AND THEN COMPARE 'EM
TO REALLY KNOW WHY A LUCKY IS BEST.
(YELL) LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO
LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO
CLEANER, FRESHER, SMOOOOOOOTHER
(More)

TC

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QUART: L S, L S M
(Cont.) L S, L S M
L S M, L S M, (BREAK) F T
A LUCKY STRIKE IS BETTER TASTING
SO ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED
A LUCKY STRIKE IS MADE MUCH BETTER
THAT'S NOT A CLAIM
NO, SIR, THAT IS A FACT
ON EVERY CAMPUS
BE HAPPY AND GO LUCKY STRIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

TC

ATK01 0183152

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was wonderful, fellows, *right in the spirit of foot-*
ball ~~very-good~~...Say, has Dennis
come in yet?

BOB: No, Jack. *I haven't seen him yet, Jack.*

JACK: Hmm...Don, can the quartet sing another number?

DON: Oh, they'd love to, Jack, but they've got to leave for
Wilmington right away. They're swimming the channel to
Catalina.

BOB: All four of them?

DON: Uh huh.

JACK: Gosh...what a publicity stunt! *huh!*

DON: Publicity stunt, nothing.

JACK: What?

DON: They have to make an appearance in Avalon, and on what you
pay them they can't afford to take the boat.

JACK: What?

DON: (LAUGHS AND LAUGHS)

JACK: (LOOKS AT AUDIENCE) *Hey, look* Look at him shake, folks....And the
song says it takes two to tango....Control yourself, Don.

MARY: Oh, say, Jack, I meant to ask you something.

JACK: Ask me what, Mary?

MARY: Why didn't you pick me up and take me to the studio this
morning? I had to take a cab.

JACK: (SURPRISED) But, Mary, I didn't know I was supposed to
pick you up.

MARY: *well* I told Rochester to tell you.

TC

RTX01 0183153

JACK: That's funny...Rochester never mentioned it to me.

MARY: Hmm..when I saw him yesterday afternoon, he said he wouldn't forget to tell you.

JACK: Wait a minute..when did you see Rochester?

MARY: Late yesterday afternoon...he and a girl were coming out of the movies....It was ^{the} Grauman's Chinese Theatre.

JACK: You saw Rochester coming out of Grauman's Chinese Theatre?

MARY: Uh huh..^{That's where} ~~They were playing~~ "Snows of Killimonjaro" ^{is playing}

JACK: Hmm..and he told me his best friend was getting married and that's why he wanted the day off..I'm gonna call ^{him} ~~home~~ right now and find out about that.

(SOUND: CLICK OF PHONE AND ONE DIAL)

JACK: Operator..

(SOUND: JIGGLE OF HOOK)

JACK: OPERATOR --

SARA: When you hear the tone, the time will be four-twelve.

JACK: What?

SARA: Oh, excuse me, I was on time signals all day yesterday.. Number, please.

JACK: I want Crestview ^{5:00} ~~7:00~~ --

SARA: You know, when you're on time signals you keep saying the same thing over and over and over and over --

JACK: Look, Miss, all I'm trying to get is --

SARA: The day before yesterday they had me on information.

JACK: Look, operator --

SARA: That drives you nuts altogether.

TC

JACK: Well, Miss, I know how you feel, but --

SARA: (MAD) You don't know how I feel..When Myrtle and I came

Jack: What, what, what, what
to work here, they promised to make me a supervisor.

Sara, you don't know how I feel. When Myrtle & I came to
JACK: Listen -- *work here, they promised to make me a supervisor.*

SARA: Myrtle's my girl friend, and she ain't got half the education I got.

JACK: Look. *I must*

SARA: So who do you think they made a supervisor?

JACK: All right, Myrtle.

SARA: No, a complete stranger.

JACK: Now look here, Miss, I'm sorry about all your troubles, but
5-4124
will you please get me my home...Crestview *7-6061?*

SARA: Okay.

JACK: *Look* I must be the fatherly type, everybody tells me their *troubles*

(SOUND: BUZZING...CLICK OF PHONE)

MEL: (LITTLE MOOLEY) Hello, Joe's Fish Market.

JACK: Oh...I'm sorry, I didn't want you.

MEL: Why, what's wrong with fish?

JACK: Look, I didn't *mean* there was anything. *wrong*

MEL: Hundreds of men go out on the rough ocean during stormy weather, risking their lives in small boats, and you don't like fish.

JACK: But Mister.

MEL: It's guys like you that's eatin' up all the cows in the country.

JACK: Me? I never ate a cow in my life.

MEL: Well, you better start, Buddy, cause I ain't sellin' you none of my fish....Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER SLAMS)

Sara: What I was trying to say... you don't know how I feel.
Jack: I do know how you feel. It is.

JACK: How did I ever get into that.

(SOUND: JIGGLING OF HOOK)

JACK: Operator, operator.

SARA: Long distance.

JACK: What?

SARA: You see how they push me around?

JACK: Look, you gave me the wrong number...I want Crest ~~six-view~~ ^{Lexi-gan}
~~seven~~ ⁵⁻⁴¹²⁴...I mean Crestview ~~7-6601~~.

SARA: Okay.

JACK: Wait'll I get Rochester on the phone, I'll tell him a
thing or two...I'll..Oh, Mary, what is it I'm mad at
Rochester about?

MARY: He told you he wanted a day off to go to his best friend's
wedding, and he went to Grauman's Chinese theatre instead.

JACK: Oh yes. ^{yes} No wonder I'm mad.

(SOUND: JIGGLING OF HOOK)

JACK: What's the matter with that operator?

(SOUND: JIGGLING OF HOOK)

SARA: Number please?

JACK: Look operator..I told you before...I'll tell you again..but
listen carefully and please...please try to get it right...

(SLOWLY) Crestview...^{5 4 1 2 4}
~~7...6...0...6...1~~

SARA: Yes sir.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF SECONDS PAUSE..THEN BUZZING
OF PHONE TWICE...THEN CLICK)

JENNY: Hello, N.B.C.

JACK: Oh...excuse me.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MG

MARY: Wrong number, Jack?

JACK: OOOOOOHHH, WAS IT!

MARY: Look, Jack, ^{look} you're having so much trouble with this operator, why don't you use the phone booth in the hall and dial your number direct?

JACK: Mary, that's a good idea...You keep things going here, I'll be right back.

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

FOOTSTEPS SUSTAIN)

JACK: I don't know where they get such operators...*one is on* Wrong-number, *information now she's back I don't* wrong-number, wrong-number...Gee...I'm thirsty...Ch, good, *know* there's a Coca Cola machine.

(SOUND: FEW MORE FOOTSTEPS..STOP..JINGLE OF CHANGE

OUT OF POCKET)

JACK: Hm, the smallest I've got is a quarter. Oh well, that's all right...this is one of those machines that makes change. Let's see...where's the quarter slot...There it is.

(SOUND: QUARTER IN SLOT..WE HEAR IT FALL INTO MACHINE.

A PLOP OF A BOTTLE COMING OUT)

JACK: There's the bottle of Coke.

(SOUND: DIME DROPS INTO RETURN SLOT..THEN A NICKEL)

JACK: And there's my change..a dime and a nickel.

(SOUND: ANOTHER DIME DROPS)

JACK: Hmm..an extra dime came out..Say, this machine is returning too much change. I'll put that dime back in, I might get even more.

(SOUND: DIME IN SLOT..FALLING INTO MACHINE, THEN

PLOP OF BOTTLE COMING OUT)

MG

JACK: Well, there's the bottle of coke..and..*hmmmm*..no change *at all*
Wait a minute, that bottle is empty, and-there's a note
in it. I wonder what it says.

(SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER)

JACK: "You had your chance." ..Hm, what a machine, it even has *writes*
a writer. I can't understand how a coke machine ---

DENNIS: *uh* Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Dennis..where have you been?

DENNIS: *uh* I'm sorry, Mr. Benny..but right after rehearsal I went
outside to drive around in my new car and I forgot what time
it was.

JACK: *uh* New car?

DENNIS: Uh huh...I got one of those M.G.'s.

JACK: Oh, that's an English car, isn't it?

DENNIS: (ENGLISH) Right you are, Governor.

JACK: *hmmmmmm*.

DENNIS: I bought it while I was with you at the Palladium in
London....It's not new, though..I bought it from England's
largest used car dealer.

JACK: *uh* An English used car dealer? What was his name?

DENNIS: Mentally Impaired Marmaduke.

JACK: Oh yes. *yes* he's on the corner of Picadilly and Figueroa...
Dennis, on this English car of yours, is the steering wheel
on the right side or the left side?

DENNIS: Neither.

JACK: Well where is your steering wheel?

DENNIS: In London, they won't send it to me till I make my last
payment.

MG

JACK: Then for heavens sakes, how do you steer it?

DENNIS: My mother runs alongside and kicks the front wheel.

JACK: Kicks the wheel? Dennis, how could you get your mother to do a thing like that?

DENNIS: *my father's*
I put your picture on the tire.

JACK: *I'm not going to continue this conversation*
~~I had to ask him...I had to ask him...I couldn't let well~~
~~enough alone...I even had to come out here in the hall to~~
~~ask him...~~Now Dennis, I've got to make a phone call...so go into the studio and sing your song.

DENNIS: I will if you'll get rid of Sammy the Drummer.

JACK: Why?

DENNIS: *Will*
During rehearsal, I opened my mouth to sing, and he took out my tonsils.

JACK: Dennis, get into that studio and do your song.

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

MARY: *at the*
Dennis, where have you been? Jack was looking for you.

DENNIS: *at that's all right, Mary*
I just saw him out in the hall. *He told me to sing.*

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG - "WHY DON'T YOU BELIEVE ME")

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

MARY: Ladies and gentlemen, that was Dennis Day singing --

JACK: I'll handle it, Mary, I'm back...That was Dennis Day singing
"Why Don't You Believe Me"...And very good, Dennis.

MARY: Say Jack, did you finally get Rochester?

JACK: No, the phone rang and rang at my house but nobody answered..
I can't believe it.. He was home when I left.. Oh well, I'll
try it again.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..CLICKS A COUPLE OF TIMES)

MURIEL: Number please?

JACK: I want..hey, you're not the same operator who answered the
phone before.

MURIEL: No.. I'm new here.

JACK: Well thank heaven's... Get me Crestview ⁵⁻⁴¹²⁴~~4-6061~~.

MURIEL: I used to work in Bullock's Department Store...I sold girdles.

JACK: ~~Look~~ I don't care whether you sold girdles or not...Look, Miss,
this is Jack Benny, and I--

MURIEL: JACK BENNY!

JACK: Yes.

MURIEL: My my, what a small world...Here I am saying to you "What
number, please," and only last week I said to you "What size,
please?"

JACK: Look, you're a telephone operator now, so will you please
give me --

MURIEL: My girl friend is selling those girdles now.

JACK: ~~Look~~ I'm not interested in girdles.

BB

ATX01 0183160

MURIEL: They have a new model called Fatty's Secret.

JACK: *Jack* That came out five weeks a--- I don't know anything about Fatty's Secret...Now please get me my number.

MURIEL: Would you mind repeating it, sir?

JACK: Yes..I'll repeat it..that's all I've been doing all day... and I'll repeat it slowly because if I don't get the right number, there's gonna be trouble....I want Crestview *five* seven... *four one two four* six...oh...six...one.

MURIEL: Yes sir.

(SOUND: THEN BUZZING OF PHONE ONCE..TWICE..AND IN THE MIDDLE OF THIRD BUZZ..CLICK OF RECEIVER)

MEL: (STRAIGHT) Hello, California Bank.

JACK: (MAD) Now look, I've had all the--(COMPLETE SWITCH TO VERY SWEET) Helllllloooooohhhhhhhh!....I'm awfully sorry to disturb you, but--I got the wrong number...Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: Another wrong number, huh Jack?

JACK: (HAPPY) Yes, but a nice one this time.....Darn it, this new operator isn't any better than the other one...

DENNIS: *well* Why are you so anxious to get Rochester, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Because he told me that he wanted yesterday afternoon off to go to his friend's wedding, and instead he went to Grauman's Chinese Theatre and saw the "Snows of Kilimanjaro"...Mary, are you sure you saw him with a girl?

MARY: *Well certainly* Yes, Jack.

JACK: Well, I'll bet he was with Susie..I'm going to call her up and find out.

BB

ATX01 0183161

DON: Do you know the number?

JACK: I should. Rochester calls her five times a day..Give me that phone.

(SOUND: RECEIVER...COUPLE OF CLICKS)

SARA: Number please.

JACK: I want--oh, it's you again.

SARA: Uh huh.

JACK: Now operator, this time I want Republic 1-1426.

SARA: Good, I was getting tired of Crestview anyway.

JACK: *Oh glad, I'm glad, now*
~~All right, all right~~, get me the number...

(SOUND: BUZZING)

JACK: I hope Susie's home.)

(SOUND: CLICK)

THERESA: Hello.

JACK: *al* Hello, Susie, this is Mr. Benny.

THERESA: Oh, hello Mr. Benny.

JACK: Susie, is Rochester there?

THERESA: No, he isn't.

JACK: Oh...Well, Susie, where did you and Rochester go yesterday afternoon?

THERESA: Well...Where did Rochester tell you we went?

JACK: *er* To his best friend's wedding.

THERESA: That's right. That's where we went.

JACK: Uh huh...Well, listen, Susie, where did this wedding take place?

THERESA: At Grauman's Chi-- Oh-oh!

BB

JACK: Grauman's what?

THERESA: Grauman's Chapel.

JACK: Chapel, huh?...Then you really did go to the wedding of
Rochester's best friend.

THERESA: Yes, sir.

JACK: What's his name?

THERESA: Who?

JACK: Rochester's best friend.

THERESA: ...Oh, him!

JACK: Yes, him...what's his name?

THERESA: I don't know, he just got married and it's been changed.

JACK: Now wait a minute..when a couple gets married, it's the girl
who changes her name.

THERESA: When did they start that?

JACK: (SARCASTIC) November fourth, when the Republicans got in....
Now, Susie, I think Rochester fibbed to me...Didn't he take
you to the movies?

THERESA: Oh, no sir.

JACK: I see..Well, what time did you get to the wedding?

THERESA: Just before the prices changed.

JACK: What?

THERESA: I mean, two o'clock.

JACK: Who gave the bride away?

THERESA: Gregory Peck.

JACK: THAT DOES IT...Now Susie..I know this isn't your fault and
you're trying to protect Rochester..but he did take you to the
movies, didn't he?

BB

THERESA: Well..yes sir, he did.

JACK: That's all I wanted to know. Now I'm not mad at Rochester,
I just wanted him to tell me the truth, that's all...Goodbye,
Susie.

THERESA: Goodbye.....Oh, Mr. Benny..

JACK: What?

THERESA: If I happen to see Rochester, is there anything you want me
to tell him?

JACK: Yes, Susie..tell him that I'm not angry and he can come home.

THERESA: Okay...ROCHESTER, YOU CAN GO HOME NOW.

JACK: What!

THERESA: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

(SOUND: RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Susie...Susie...~~Ham~~. wait till I see Rochester.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

DON: Friends, 90 per cent of all forest fires each year are man-caused. A campfire that is almost out ... a lighted match or cigarette that is tossed away too often bursts into hungry flames that destroy millions of acres of vitally needed timberland. So when you're in the country be absolutely sure you put every fire ... every match ... every cigarette -- completely out. Remember: only you can prevent forest fires. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

EB

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED NOVEMBER 20, 1952)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS CHEER: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco --

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco --

Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky, Lucky, Lucky!

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ...

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ...

Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Better get a carton!

Better get a carton!

Better get a carton, today!

DON: *Let's* -- Good idea, friends! Get a carton of Luckies today, and you're all stocked up for the finest kind of smoking ... because nothing -- no, nothing--beats better taste --... and Luckes taste better ... cleaner, fresher, smoother. They give you the better taste of Luckies' fine, mild tobacco. For LS/MFT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. What's more, Luckies give you the better taste of a better-made cigarette. Yes, Luckies are made round, firm and fully packed, to taste cleaner, fresher, smoother. No wonder a nation-wide survey, based on actual student interviews in 80 leading colleges, reveals that more smokers in these colleges prefer Luckies than any other cigarette!

JM

(CONTINUED)

ATX01 0183166

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED NOVEMBER 20, 1952)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

DON (CONT'D): And besides, Luckies gained far more smokers in these colleges than the nation's two other principal brands combined. Yes, these college men and women, like so many of us, prefer Luckies ... the cigarette that tastes better. You'll prefer Luckies, too, once you smoke them. So be happy -- go Lucky. Make your next carton ... Lucky Strike!

SPORTSMEN
QUARTET:

Be Happy -- Go Lucky

Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

JM

ATX01 0183167

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, next week immediately following my radio show I will do my third television show of the season on the CBS Television Network. Appearing with me will be Bob Crosby, Rochester, Don Wilson, and --

DON: Oh say, Jack, *Jack* I meant to talk to you about that.

JACK: About what, Don?

DON: Well, with television demanding so many novelties and new faces.. do you think it might be a good idea if I grew a moustache.

JACK: You with a moustache?... I don't know..Let me look at you. *Don*
Let's see...Hm....HmHey maybe ~~yes~~ No, it would confuse people. You'd look too much like King Ferouk.....
Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Program is written by Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Belzer, John Takaberry and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

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

BB