

*via Broadcast*

PROGRAM #17  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JANUARY 4, 1953

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED JAN. 2, 1953)

ATX01 0183307

THE JACK BENNY SHOW  
SUNDAY, JANUARY 4, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED JANUARY 2, 1953)  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

DON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM.... TRANSCRIBED AND PRESENTED  
BY LUCKY STRIKE! (PAUSE) You know, folks, nothing -  
no, nothing - beats better taste! And remember ...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!  
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco  
Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!  
Lucky Strike -- Lucky Strike!

DON: Friends, I think you'll agree that smoking enjoyment  
depends on the taste of your cigarette. For nothing -  
no, nothing - beats better taste. And Luckies taste  
better ... cleaner and fresher and smoother. You see -  
Luckies better taste starts with fine, mild, good-tasting  
tobacco. Remember, LS/MFT - Lucky Strike means fine  
tobacco. But equally important, Luckies are made better  
to taste better ... made round and firm and fully packed.  
That's why Luckies draw freely, smoke evenly, and give  
you a cleaner, fresher, smoother taste. So friends, get  
the one thing you want most in your cigarette ... better  
taste! On your next trip to the cigarette counter, be  
happy - go lucky! You'll find ...

THE JACK BENNY SHOW  
SUNDAY, JANUARY 4, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED JANUARY 2, 1953)  
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONTD.)

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike ... Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (PROGRAM THEME UP AND DOWN)

DON: The Lucky Strike program starring .....

ATX01 0183309

(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 .. WE'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU BACK TO NEW YEAR'S DAY ... IT IS MORNING AND JACK BENNY HAS JUST FINISHED HIS BREAKFAST.

(SOUND: RATTLE OF DISHES)

ROCH: DO YOU WANT ANYTHING ELSE, BOSS?

JACK: No, ~~no~~ that's enough <sup>you know</sup>. I never feel like eating too much after a big night out.

ROCH: OH YEAH .. I FORGOT TO ASK YOU .. WHAT DID YOU DO NEW YEAR'S EVE?

JACK: <sup>Well</sup> I went to a night club where they gave you all the drinks and all the food you wanted for six dollars.

ROCH: ALL THE FOOD YOU WANTED, EH?

JACK: Yeah .. Rochester, before you put my tuxedo away, take the lamb chops out of the pocket ... Now let's <sup>or let's</sup> get the table cleaned off, and I'll help you with the dishes .. I don't want to be late for the Rose Bowl Game.

ROCH: OKAY .. I'LL DO THE DISHES.

JACK: No, no, Rochester, I'll do them. I want to try out that new electric dishwasher I got for Christmas.

ROCH: BUT BOSS, THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH IT.

JACK: Nonsense, you probably don't know how to operate it....

I'll show you how <sup>how</sup> .. You put the dirty dishes in like this...

(SOUND: DISHES IN WASHER)

JACK: And <sup>you</sup> close the door ...

(SOUND: WASHER DOOR CLOSING)

JACK: Now you turn on the switch.

(SOUND: CLICK OF SWITCH...HUM OF MOTOR WITH  
ROTATING NOISE)

JACK: (HUMS "LOVE IN BLOOM") ..There, that oughta be enough...

(SOUND: CLICK...MOTOR STOPS)

JACK: And now to take the dishes out, you open the door like this.

(SOUND: DOOR OPEN...SOUND OF BROKEN DISHES DOWN  
COAL CHUTE)

ROCH: I TOLD YOU BOSS, THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH IT.

JACK: Well, there shouldn't be, it's a new machine...I'm gonna  
try it again .. Get some more dishes out of the cupboard.

ROCH <sup>But</sup> BUT BOSS --

JACK: Open the cupboard.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: CUPBOARD DOOR OPENS .. SAME COAL CHUTE  
EFFECT)

JACK: What was that?

ROCH: THOSE ARE THE DISHES I WASHED YESTERDAY.

JACK: Hmm...I can't understand what's wrong.

ROCH: NEITHER CAN I. I PUT IT TOGETHER THE SAME DAY THAT I  
ASSEMBLED THE OTHER KITCHEN APPLIANCES.

JACK: Gee, I don't see why it should break the dishes .. It looks  
all right from the outside .. Let's take a look on the  
inside *there!*

(SOUND: SQUEAK OF DOOR OPEN)

JACK: .. Oh, for heaven's sake .. Rochester, *look it* the eggbeater belongs  
on the Mixmaster .. not in the dishwasher.

ROCH: THEN I MUST HAVE THE PART FROM THE DISHWASHER *in* ON THE  
MIXMASTER.

JACK: Why?

ROCH: THIS MORNING I TRIED TO MIX A CAKE .. WHEN I TURNED ON THE  
SWITCH, A BIG ARM CAME OUT, GRABBED ME BY THE BACK OF THE  
NECK, THREW ME IN THE BOWL, AND SCRUBBED ME ON BOTH SIDES.

JACK: What?

ROCH: AND BEFORE I KNEW IT, I WAS SITTING IN THE CUPBOARD ON THE  
THIRD SHELF.

JACK: Gee, it even puts them away for you *Amn* Rochester, call the  
appliance company and tell them to come out and fix the  
machine.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll get *the door* it, Rochester .. you finish the dishes.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS .. DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Coming .. coming.

MEL: Coming, coming, (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Hello, Polly.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS .. DOOR OPENS)

BOB: Hello, Jack.

JACK: *OK* Hello, Bob ... I thought you were going to the Rose Bowl Game, too.

BOB *Well* I am, but I decided to come by here to talk to you first.

JACK: What about?

BOB: I'd rather not talk about it here ... Can we go in the den?

JACK: Certainly. *Bob* Follow me.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Well .. here we are .. What is it you want to talk to me about?

BOB: Close the door first, *Jack*, please, Jack.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES.)

JACK: What is it, Bob, what is it?

BOB: .. Er .. would you mind closing the window.

JACK: *The* Window? .. Well .. all right.

(SOUND: WINDOW CLOSES)

BOB: And pull the shade down, too.

(SOUND: SHADE PULLED DOWN)

JACK: Bob .. for heaven's sake, what's the matter? .. What do you want to talk to me about?

BOB: ... Jack, you've got to stop kidding me about the way I *that*  
say Mannashevavitz!

GM

JACK: Oh Bob, that's not important .. after all, it was just a little fluff.

MEL: Little fluff ... little fluff .. (SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: Quiet, Polly ... Anyway, Bob, <sup>Bob</sup> it's nothing to worry about.

BOB: <sup>Well</sup> I know ... but you began kidding me about it ... and my wife began teasing me and <sup>she</sup> showed me <sup>how</sup> that all of our kids could pronounce it.

JACK: Well, that's not so ... wait a minute ... your youngest daughter is only seven months old .. she can't even talk.

BOB: <sup>Well</sup> She still says it better than I <sup>do</sup> can.

JACK: No.

BOB: Yes ... and it's not my fault <sup>either</sup> ... I tried to learn how to say it ... but I must have some <sup>kind</sup> of mental block because I <sup>never</sup> can say it right.

JACK: Well, <sup>look</sup> Bob, let me help you <sup>don't worry about it. Let me</sup> ... Let's break it up <sup>into</sup> <sup>syllables</sup> syllables and work on it. Now look, repeat after me ...  
Manna.

BOB: Manna.

JACK: Shevitz.

BOB: Shevitz.

JACK: Mannashevitz.

BOB: Mannashevavitz.

JACK: No, no, <sup>look Bob</sup> let's <sup>lets - lets</sup> try it again, Bob ... ~~Manna.~~

BOB: Manna.

JACK: Shevitz.

BOB: Shevitz.

JACK: Mannashevitz.

GM

*Now don't be nervous.  
Let's try it again. Now  
try it. Manna*



BOB: Mannashevavitz.  
JACK: Bob, <sup>Jack</sup> Once more .. I know you can get it .. Now let's try  
it again ... Manna.  
BOB: Manna.  
JACK: Shevitz.  
BOB: Shevitz.  
JACK: Mannashevavitz ... oh, darn it, now you've got me doing it.  
MEL: Let's try it again .. (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)  
JACK: What?  
MEL: Manna.  
JACK & BOB: Manna.  
MEL: Shevitz.  
JACK & BOB: Shevitz.  
MEL: Lucky Strike.. (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)  
JACK: You know, Polly is the only smart one here ... Now Bob,  
stop worrying about a little mistake .. it's nothing.  
After all, your singing is the most important thing.  
BOB: <sup>oh</sup> Now wait a minute, Jack. I'm primarily known as a  
bandleader. ... not ~~as~~ a singer.  
JACK: What are you talking about .. you have one of the best  
voices in the country.  
BOB: I'd be happy if I had the best voice in my family.

GM

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JACK: What?

BOB: *Will* I was second 'till Gary grew up.

JACK: Oh.

BOB: *Well, Jack, I'd better* *you* Well, Jack, have to be running along. You want me to give you a lift to the game?

JACK: No thanks Bob, Rochester is going to drive me.

BOB: Okay, see you later.

JACK: I'll see you to the door.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh, there's the phone.

BOB: *Will* You go answer it, I can walk to the door myself.

JACK: Oh yes...you're different from the other musicians... See you later. *Bob*

BOB: So long.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS. PHONE RINGS...FOOTSTEPS...  
RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

DON: Hello Jack, this is Don.

JACK: Oh hello, Don, I'm waiting for you.

DON: I'm afraid you'll have to go to the game without me. *Jack*

JACK: Why, what's wrong?

DON: Well, you know that new car, the M.G. my wife gave me for Christmas?

JACK: Oh yes Don...that *that* little English car...it's certainly a sporty job. *See*

DON: *yes* I know, but it's been giving me trouble for the last three days.

BB

JACK: What's the matter...can't you get it started?

DON: No, I can't get it off.

JACK: Look, Don --

DON: (LAUGHING) Ha ha.. you really bit on that one.

JACK: Yeah yeah, I bit...*not I bit on it. I bit on that one.* Now Don, hurry over..we still have to pick up my new girl friend, Iris, *I mean* to take her to the game.

DON: Well, Jack, I've been thinking it over and I don't feel that I should go with you.

JACK: But Don, we were going to the game and then we were going to come back to my house and have dinner together and make an evening of it.

DON: I know, Jack, but it'll be better without me...After all, you know the old saying...Two's company, three's a crowd.

JACK: *Will* Don, in your case, one is -- No, it's a new year, I won't say it, I won't say it.....Well, I'll tell Iris *I'll tell Iris* you couldn't come..... Goodbye.

DON: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Oh Rochester....ROCHESTER...

ROCH: (COMING IN) YES, BOSS.

JACK: Mr. Wilson won't be here for dinner tonight....it will be just the young lady and myself.

BB

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: Now Rochester... *his young lady - this girlfriend of mine*  
I'd like to impress her.

ROCH: DON'T WORRY, BOSS..THE TABLE IS SET BEAUTIFULLY...FLOWERS  
AND YOU'LL EAT BY CANDLE-LIGHT.

JACK: Good, good..what did you do about the champagne?

ROCH: SAME AS ALWAYS. *L*. TOOK A COLD BOTTLE OF SEVEN-UP AND SLAPPED  
A MUMMS LABEL ON IT.

JACK: What?

ROCH: AND WHEN YOU OPEN IT, I'LL BE BEHIND THE SCREEN WITH MY  
POPGUN.

JACK *Will* Good.

ROCH: SHALL WE SYNCHRONIZE OUR WATCHES NOW?

JACK: Okay, I've got eleven seventeen and a half.

ROCH: ROGER!

JACK: Okay..now I want everything to go off smoothly because--  
(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll get it...you finish everything in the kitchen.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Coming..Coming.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: (SINGS FEW BARS OF "ON WISCONSIN")

On Wisconsin, On Wisconsin

Plunge right through that line.

JACK: Look, Dennis, *Dennis, Dennis, the house*  
just *just* come on in.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

EM

DENNIS: (SINGS) Run that ball clear round the Rose Bowl  
A touchdown sure this time.

JACK: Dennis..Dennis...why are you singing Wisconsin's Song?

DENNIS: ~~I'm gonna cheer for them~~ <sup>today</sup> ~~at the game today.~~

JACK: But why?

DENNIS: Because I want Wisconsin to win.

JACK <sup>Why</sup> Dennis...isn't that a little disloyal? After all, you've  
been living here in Southern California for nearly fifteen  
years.

DENNIS: Living here, yes...but look where I was born.

JACK: Oh, were you born in Wisconsin?

DENNIS: No, New York.

JACK: Wait a minute, Dennis..this is the start of a new year, don't  
make me mad..~~but I want to know something.. If you were born~~  
~~in New York, why are you cheering for Wisconsin?~~

DENNIS: Because Don Ameche plays on that team.

JACK: Look, Dennis, it isn't Don Ameche, it's Alan Ameche... Alan.

DENNIS: Now I know why you're mad, you don't like Fred Allen.

JACK: Dennis, come here a minute.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

(SOUND: LOUD SLAP)

DENNIS: OUCH!

JACK: Well..my first resolution didn't last very long...Now Dennis,  
~~please excuse me..I've got to get ready to go to the game.~~

DENNIS: Okay..but say, Mr. Benny..if you like Southern California..  
and I'm rooting for Wisconsin, maybe we could make a little  
bet.

JACK: Well..all right Dennis..how much would you like to bet?

DENNIS: Two million dollars.

BB

JACK: (COY) Oh, two million dollars, eh?...Well, Dennis, may I ask you something...where in the world would you get two million dollars?

DENNIS: I could borrow it from the boys in the band.

JACK: Oh fine,. I guess they have two million dollars.

DENNIS: Uh huh.

JACK: And when, pray tell, did the boys in the band get two million dollars?

DENNIS: A couple of years ago from someone named Brinks.

JACK: They did not...They weren't even in Boston at the time...But wait a minute...Remley was off that week...no, no...they'd never stoop to robbery. *they'd never. they'd never.*

DENNIS: Oh no..you ought to see Bagby dressed up as an old woman.

~~JACK: ... Bagby?...Dennis, we better drop this subject...It's ridiculous..But, there's just enough truth in it to scare me. Now look, kid...suppose you let me hear the song you're gonna do on the show next week.~~

DENNIS: Yes, sir, I just rehearsed it with the orchestra.

JACK: What's the name of it?

DENNIS: We're in the Money.

JACK: Now cut that out...just sing.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG)

(APPLAUSE)

EM

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Dennis, that will be great on the program.

DENNIS: Thanks, Mr. Benny..I better run along now or I'll be late  
for the game.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Goodbye.

JACK: So long...Oh, wait a minute, Dennis..

DENNIS: Yes, sir?

JACK: I want you to offer my congratulations to your brother..I read  
in the paper that he is going to marry Ann Blythe.

DENNIS: That's right.

JACK: But Dennis...there's one thing I don't understand...Your  
brother's name is McNulty..and your name is Day...Why is that?

DENNIS: Well, you know how it is...when you get into professional  
life, sometimes you change your name.

JACK: Oh...so you changed yours?

DENNIS: No, he changed his, he didn't want people to know I'm his  
brother.

JACK: Oh..well, he's a smart boy... When's the wedding?

DENNIS: In a couple of months.

JACK: Are you going to be the best man?

DENNIS: No, my mother is.

JACK: ~~Hmm~~..Look, Dennis...please go to the game.

DENNIS: Yes sir...Goodbye.

*Jack* *Goodbye*  
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

JACK: Oh, Rochester..

ROCH: YES, BOSS.

JACK: You better get the car out. I've gotta pick up my girl  
Iris.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: JACK'S CAR HUFFING ALONG)

JACK: Gee, Iris, I never saw you look so nice...You're sure pretty  
when you're all dolled up.

IRIS: This dress cost me thirty bucks.

JACK: Well, it certainly looks nice...Boy, am I lucky I met you...  
~~and~~ you know, Iris, I never would have met you if I hadn't  
been hungry that night...I'll never forget...I was driving  
along looking for a place to eat, and I drove right past  
Ciros and the Mocambo...and it was just fate that made me  
turn into Simon's Drive-in..And there...like a vision of  
loveliness..you came toward me...Gee, you smelled so good.

1-EM

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IRIS: Yeah, it was chicken gumbo night.

JACK: Uh huh...twenty-five cents a bowl...a meal in itself...

IRIS: Yeah...but I'm really the lucky one..Imagine me going out with a rich guy like you...a <sup>rich</sup> guy who can afford to wear a coat with a fur collar .

JACK: Fur..collar?

ROCH: BOSS, IT SLIPPED OFF AGAIN.

JACK: Never mind, Rochester..and watch your driving...Look at that sign, it says "Speed Limit 25 Miles An Hour."

ROCH: I'VE GOT HER WIDE OPEN BUT SHE'LL NEVER MAKE IT.

JACK: <sup>Now</sup> ~~Now~~ Rochester, drive up to the Rose Bowl entrance and let us off, then you can park the car.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND FADE.)

JACK: Come on, Iris...And hold my hand so we won't get separated.

RYAN: TICKETS, TICKETS...HOLD YOUR OWN TICKETS, PLEASE.

JACK: Here you are.

IRIS: Hello, Eddie.

RYAN: HELLO, IRIS, WHAT'S THE SPECIAL FOR TONIGHT?

IRIS: Beet soup and boiled potatoes.

JACK: Come on, Iris...forget business for awhile.

IRIS: Okay.

EM

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JACK: Now let's see...our seats are in tunnel nine and --

BOB: Hi, Jack.

JACK: Oh hello, Bob...Say, you know Iris, don't you?

BOB: Sure...Say, Iris, are you still workin' at the Shamrock Cafe?

IRIS: No, I'm back at the Drive-In...Jack thought I oughta be outside where it's healthier.

JACK: You're darn right...what's the use of being in California if you can't enjoy the sun?

IRIS: Yeah...but I sure wish I could get off the night shift.

JACK: You will, honey...just save your tips...that's all.

IRIS: I do, but every time I get a little ahead, you wanna go to a movie or something.

JACK: Well, it won't always be that way.

HERB: HEY, LOOK WHO'S HERE...HI YA IRIS, HAPPY NEW YEAR.

IRIS: SAME TO YOU, LEFTY.

JACK: Lefty?...Hm...you know everybody, don't you?

IRIS: That's Lefty Flanagan...What a sport, he always orders a la carte.

JACK *Well* Well, don't talk to him.

IRIS: But Lefty's a big tipper.

JACK: Oh...HI YA LEFTY...Now let's see, where do we --

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Why, Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mr. Kitzel...what are you doing here?

ARTIE: A question? I'm here to see the game, of course.

JACK: Oh...<sup>did you have</sup> did you have trouble getting tickets?

ARTIE: Did I have trouble...I came here the day before they were put on sale, and I stood in line all night.

JACK: Oh yes...people do stay in line all night for the Rose Bowl Game...what happened in the morning?

ARTIE: The Box Office opened at seven...I waited my turn...Bought my tickets...but they turned out to be tickets to a burlesque show.

JACK: Tickets to a burlesque show...how could they make a mistake like that?

ARTIE: I made the mistake...in the smog, I got in the wrong line.

JACK: Oh...are you here at the game alone?

ARTIE: No, I'm <sup>we got</sup> supposed to meet my wife, but she's not here yet.

JACK: Oh, that's too bad...I'd like to have seen her again...

Tell me, has she lost any weight?

ARTIE: No...~~and~~ that's why she's delayed.

JACK: How could <sup>how could</sup> that delay her?

ARTIE: She was carrying a corsage of roses and they thought she was a float in the parade.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, you're joking.

ARTIE: Joking, he says..she won second prize.

JACK: What do you know..Well, we better get to our seats...I hope you enjoy the game.

ARTIE: ~~/~~ This is a certainty...Well, goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: Oh, Mr. Benny...you know it's a coincidence running into you today, because it was exactly six years ago at the Rose Bowl Game that I first met you.

JACK: *Say* That's right...You had a little hot dog stand here.

ARTIE: Yeah...and I made so much money from my hot dog stand that I opened a little cafe and sold hamburgers and quick lunches.

JACK: Well...

ARTIE: This, too, was successful, so I went down town and I opened up a regular fine big restaurant which became very popular.

JACK: Isn't that wonderful.

ARTIE: Then I built branches in Glendale, Pomona, Burbank and Pasadena.

JACK: No.

ARTIE: To supply my chain of restaurants, I opened a meat packing house and my own bakery.

JACK: Say, your business really grew.

ARTIE: *Heu* Hoo hoo hoo hoo...Last week I sold out everything.

JACK: You did?

ARTIE: Yes, and after paying all my income taxes, I will have enough money.

JACK: To retire?

ARTIE: No, to buy a hot dog stand.

JACK: What?

ARTIE: This is my third time around.

JACK: Well, all I can say, Mr. Kitzel, is good luck again....  
See you later.

ARTIE: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *Will* Come on, Iris, let's get to our seats.

BOB: (CALLS) Hey Jack, I'll be right with you... *going to get some* I'm getting a  
program

JACK: Okay...hurry up, Bob...Now come on, Iris...our seats should  
be in this aisle here.

RUBIN: Stubs, please, let's see the numbers on your stubs.

JACK: Here you are, usher.

RUBIN: Right this way...up this aisle to row number -- OH, HELLO  
IRIS.

IRIS: Hello, Nick, how are things?

RUBIN: FINE, I'M ON PAROLE NOW.

JACK: (SORE) Come on, come on, Iris, for heaven's sake...Bob,  
let's get to our seats.

BOB: Okay.

(SOUND: CROWD CHEERS UP AND DOWN)

(BAND STARTS COMMERCIAL)

JACK: Hey, here comes the band out on the field.

BOB: Yeah...Look *there*, they're spelling out LS/MFT.

JACK: Well, naturally. On college campuses all over the country  
Lucky Strike sells more than the two other leading brands  
combined...Don't they look nice marching up and down the  
field? *Just look at 'em - Boy what a sight!*

QUART: SMOKE LUCKY STRIKE  
WE WILL MAKE A BET  
IT'S A CIGARETTE YOU'LL LIKE  
JUST TEAR AND COMPARE  
NOT A PUFF IS ROUGH  
IF YOU PUFF A LUCKY STRIKE  
SO ROUND AND SO FIRM  
OH L S M, OH L S M  
IT'S M F T  
IT'S LUCKIES FOR ME  
A CLEANER FRESHER SMOOTHER SMOKE IN '53.  
RAH RAH USC, LS, MFT  
RAH RAH USC, LS, MFT  
TO LOOK SHARP  
SMOKE A LUCKY STRIKE  
TO FEEL SHARP  
PUFF THE SMOKE YOU LIKE  
TO BE SHARP  
AND GET BETTER TASTE  
LIGHT A FRESHER, SMOOTHER, LUCKY STRIKE.  
(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD MONTAGE)

JACK: *Say* Say, these seats are okay *isn't they*

IRIS: They sure are.

BOB: Yeah, we can see the whole field swell.

MEL: (DRUNK) Parm me, folks, parm me.

JACK: Huh?

MEL: What do you think I oughta get my wife for Christmas?

JACK: Christmas -- Mister, Christmas was a whole week ago..  
This is New Years.

MEL: You mean it's already 1949?

JACK: It's 1953.

MEL: Oh my goodness, I better get home..(HICCUP)

JACK: Yeah, yeah, ..go home to your wife.

MEL: *Will* I can't, *because* she's here at the Rose Bowl game..Have you seen her?

JACK: For heavens sakes, I don't even know your wife...Now leave us alone.

MEL: Okay...HAP.....PY NEW YEAR.

JACK: Yeah, go..go *already*.

BOB: Gee, it's a shame, a guy in that condition being allowed *to get* out.

JACK: Yeah...Comfortable, Iris?

IRIS: Uh huh...only I'm a little hungry.

JACK: Hungry?

BOB: Say, if you want me to, I'll *get* some hot dogs.

JACK: Okay, go ahead, Bob. Bring three hot dogs.

BOB: *okay* Sure, I'll be right back...What about mustard?

IRIS: I've got some in my pocket, I came straight from work.

JACK: *Bob just* Just get the frankfurters, Bob.

BOB: Okay, I'll be right back.

JACK: You know, Iris, I think this game will be one of the --

MEL: (DRUNK) Parm me..folks, parm me, folks.

JACK: Oh no...it's The Happy Time again..What is it now?

MEL: Have you seen my wife?

JACK: Look, Mister..I never saw your wife in my life....I don't know her...now leave me alone.

MEL: Okay, okay...HA.....PY NEW YEAR.

JACK: Hmmm.

IRIS: Gee, the people you meet at football games.

JACK: Yeah....If this wasn't going to be -- Hey, look, a guy just jumped out of a plane in a parachute... Hey, he's trying to land right here in the Rose Bowl... of all the silly things to do.. I wonder who would---

DENNIS: (WAY OFF) HELLO, MR. BENNY.

JACK: DENNIS, *Dennis* BE CAREFUL.... What a crazy guy.

BOB: *hey* Here I am with the hot dogs, kids.

JACK: Oh, thanks, Bob.

IRIS: Yeah, thanks.

BOB: Well, I just got back in time... *hey* look, here comes the U.S.C. team out on the field.

(SOUND: CROWD CHEERS UP AND DOWN)

BOB: *Bye-bye they* ~~See, they're~~ a husky bunch of fellows...And just listen to that crowd.

JACK: Hey, here they *are* come ~~running~~ right past us.

BB



ORCH: (YELLS) HELLO, IRIS.

JACK: Iris, that settles it...I take you to a football game and you know everybody.

IRIS: Well, I can't help it...the boys on the U.S.C. football team always eat at the Drive-In...They all like me.

JACK: Well...

IRIS: In fact, they voted me Miss Unnecessary Roughness of 1952.

JACK: I don't care what they -- Oh for heaven's sakes, here comes that drunk again. *Don't that's awful*

MEL: Parm me...Mister, have you seen my wife?

JACK: Look. I told you I don't even know...Hmm...(SOTTO) Hey, Iris, *Yes* watch me fix him...What did you say, Mister?

MEL: Have you seen my wife?

JACK: Yes, *yes* as a matter of fact, that's her sitting there two rows in front of us...the lady in the red hat.

MEL: *Oh* Thank you.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

MEL: I'm sorry I'm late, sweetheart.

JENNY: What took you so long getting here?

JACK: How do you like that...out of a hundred thousand people I picked the right *one* woman...That's amazing.

BOB: Well, I'm glad you got rid of him so he won't bother us during the game.

JACK: Say, *Bob* you're really a rabid football fan, aren't you?

BOB: I sure am... In fact, I'm so interested in the game, *that* I'm writing a book based on the life of that All American line backer from U.C.L.A.

JACK: What's the name of the book?

BOB: I remember Moomaw.

JACK: Oh, Bob, that's one of the worst --

(SOUND: CROWD CHEERS UP AND DOWN)

BOB: *hey* Look, Jack, look...here comes the Wisconsin team.

JACK: Say, those Wisconsin players look awfully good, too,  
don't they, Iris?

IRIS: They sure do.

ORCH: (YELIS) HELLO, IRIS.

JACK: WELL, THAT'S THE LAST STRAW...I'M LEAVING...I'M NOT EVEN  
GONNA STAY AND SEE THE GAME...AND LET ME TELL YOU  
SOMETHING ELSE, IRIS...YOU AND I ARE THROUGH....OUR  
ENGAGEMENT IS BROKEN.

IRIS: WAIT A MINUTE, IF YOU'RE BREAKING THE ENGAGEMENT, WHAT  
ABOUT THE RING?

JACK: I'M NOT GIVING IT BACK TO YOU...GOODBYE.

(SOUND: CHEERS UP AND DOWN)

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

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JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, when a feller needs a friend...he needs a helping hand. And the hands of the BIG BROTHERS have helped thousands of growing boys to find the way to a useful life... Be a BIG BROTHER yourself... All you have to invest is your time and your interest.... Write - BIG BROTHERS OF AMERICA - Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

BB

ATX01 0183333

THE JACK BENNY SHOW  
SUNDAY, JANUARY 4, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED JANUARY 2, 1953)  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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

Nothing - no, nothing - beats better taste! And  
remember ....

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike ... Lucky Strike!

DON: Friends it stands to reason. The cigarette for you to  
smoke is the one that tastes better because when all is  
said and done, nothing - no, nothing - beats better  
taste. And Luckies taste cleaner, fresher and smoother.  
You'll agree, once you try them, and here's why - Luckies  
better taste really begins with fine tobacco. Most  
anyone can tell you - LS/MFT - Lucky Strike means fine  
tobacco ... fine, light, naturally mild tobacco with a  
wonderful aroma and even better taste. And Luckies also  
taste better because they're made better. They're  
round and firm and fully packed, to draw freely and  
smoke evenly -- to give you a cleaner, fresher, smoother  
smoke. So get the better taste that fine tobacco in a  
better-made cigarette can give. When you buy cigarettes,  
ask for Lucky Strike!

SPORTSMEN  
QUARTET

Be Happy -- Go Lucky!

Get better taste today! (LONG CLOSE)

ATX01 0183334

(TAG)

ROCH: THAT WAS A PRETTY TIGHT GAME, WASN'T IT, BOSS?

JACK: It sure was.. seven to nothing.. How do you like that?

ROCH: BOSS, BE CAREFUL, DON'T DRIVE SO FAST.

JACK: All right, all right, so you won, don't tell me how to drive.

ROCH: (SINGS) FIGHT ON FOR USC

FIGHT ON FIGHT ON TO VICTORY

JACK: Just sit back and relax.. Oh Rochester, don't let me forget to hear that new Lucky Strike Program "The American Way" starring Horace Heidt... It's on every Thursday night on the CBS Radio Network... Goodnight, folks, everybody we're a little late.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC) \*

DON: The Jack Benny Program is written by Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tackaberry, 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.

\*\* ~~THIS IS THE CBS...RADIO...NETWORK!~~

\*DON: Be sure to hear "The American Way" starring Horace Heidt for Lucky Strike every Thursday night over this station. I'm sure you'll enjoy this great new program. Consult your newspaper for the time.

\*\*ANNCR: Stay tuned now for the "Ames 'n Andy" show which follows immediately over most of these same stations. This is the CBS Radio Network.

EB

RTX01 0183335