

PROGRAM #30
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, APRIL 5, 1953

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED MARCH 31, 1953)

BB

ATX01 0183613

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
APRIL 5, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED MARCH 31, 1953)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM...TRANSCRIBED AND PRESENTED BY LUCKY
STRIKE! You know, in a cigarette...nothing -- no nothing --
beats better taste. And...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting tobacco.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

WILSON: This is Don Wilson. 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, fresher, smoother. Here's why:
Luckies better taste starts with fine, mild, good-tasting
tobacco. Remember, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.
And equally important, Luckies are made better to taste
better...made round and firm and fully packed to 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! Ask for a carton
of Lucky Strike. You'll find...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

CHORUS: Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

BB

ATX01 0183614

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...IT'S EASTER SUNDAY...AND IN CITIES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY PEOPLE ARE PARADING...RIGHT NOW IN BEVERLY HILLS JACK IS GETTING READY FOR HIS STROLL DOWN WILSHIRE BOULEVARD AS IS HIS CUSTOM EVERY EASTER...AT THE MOMENT HE'S TAKING A SHOWER, AND ROCHESTER IS LAYING OUT HIS CLOTHES.

ROCH: ~~WELL, I'VE GOT ALL HIS CLOTHES LAID OUT...SUIT, SHIRT, SOCK,~~
~~AND TIE~~...MMM MMM, MR. BENNY'S BEEN IN THAT SHOWER A LONG TIME...BUT HE ALWAYS STAYS IN THERE PRETTY LONG.. HE'D GET THROUGH SOONER IF HE'D SING IN THE SHOWER LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE INSTEAD OF PLAYING HIS VIOLIN...BUT IT WAS PRETTY CLEVER THE WAY HE TIED THAT BRUSH ON THE END OF HIS VIOLIN BOW...I'LL BET HEIFITZ CAN'T PLAY "LOVE IN BLOOM" AND SCRUB HIS BACK AT THE SAME TIME.

JACK: OH ROCHESTER...ROCHESTER.

ROCH: YES, BOSS.

JACK: I'm through with my shower..hand me my towel.

ROCH: YOUR TOWEL?

JACK: All right, the Statler's.. don't be so technical when I'm freezing.

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE...AND HERE'S YOUR SHORTS.

BB

JACK: Thanks...Gee, that shower was invigorating. You know, Rochester...since I've been dieting, I feel like a new man... and I look so much trimmer, don't I?

ROCH: YOU LOOK ABOUT THE SAME TO ME, BOSS.

JACK: *Oh* Don't be silly. I bet I lost a lot of weight. I'll get on the scale and show you.

(SOUND: STANDING ON SCALE...PENNY DROPPING...GRINDING OF MACHINERY AND CARD COMES OUT)

JACK: *Let's see* Here's the card...Let me see what it says..."You would be a financial success if you weren't such a spendthrift."

ROCH: OH, SCALE, COME NOW!

JACK: And here's *here's* my weight...Hmm...one hundred and two pounds... Rochester, this scale is way off.

ROCH: I COULDA TOLD YOU THAT WHEN YOU READ YOUR FORTUNE.

JACK: Never mind...Let's check this scale..Rochester, you get on... see how much you weigh.

ROCH: OKAY...LET'S SEE IF I'VE GOT A PENNY...

(SOUND: JINGLE OF COINS)

ROCH: YEAH, HERE'S ONE.

(SOUND: STANDING ON SCALE...PENNY DROPPING... GRINDING OF MACHINERY AND CARD COMES OUT)

ROCH: WELL, MY WEIGHT IS CORRECT.

JACK: Good...what does the card say on the other side?

ROCH: LET'S SEE..."TELL THE PREVIOUS SPENDTHRIFT HE PUT IN A SLUG".

JACK: *Well* It's my scale I can do what I want...Now, Rochester, did you lay out my clothes?

ROCH: YES SIR...YOUR BLUE SUIT IS ON THE BED.

BB

JACK: My blue suit?...No, I wore that in the Easter Parade last year..I better wear something else.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Answer the door, Rochester, I'll pick out a suit.

ROCH: (FADING) ~~OKAY~~ *yes, sir.*

JACK: Rochester always tries to make me look so conservative...This is the Easter Parade...I should wear something Springy.... Let's see...what could I---I know, I'll wear my white suit.. I'll bet it's as good as the year I put it away.

ROCH: BOSS, MISS LIVINGSTONE IS HERE.

JACK: Oh yes..she's walking in the Easter Parade with me...Tell her I'll be right out.

ROCH: OKAY..WHAT ARE YOU PUTTING ON THAT WHITE SUIT FOR?

JACK: I'm gonna wear it in the parade.

ROCH: BUT BOSS, I THINK THE BLUE ONE WOULD LOOK A LOT--

JACK: Rochester, I'm gonna wear the white suit and that settles it.

ROCH: OKAY OKAY.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Is he ready, Rochester?

ROCH: HE WILL BE IN A ^{few} MINUTE...SAY, MISS LIVINGSTONE, THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL DRESS YOU'VE GOT ON.

MARY: *What?* Thank you, Rochester.

ROCH: AND THAT BELT! ARE THOSE REAL DIAMONDS ON IT?

MARY: Uh huh.

ROCH: WELL, IT SURE IS BEAUTIFUL...I'VE NEVER SEEN A BELT LIKE THAT.

MARY: It isn't mine. It belongs to my sister Babe.

ROCH: OH.

BB

MARY: Ring Magazine gave it to her when she retired undefeated.

ROCH: OH YES, SHE WAS A LIGHT-HEAVY, WASN'T SHE?

MARY: (LAUGHS) *Yeah. Yeah, M. L. Smith.*

JACK: (COMING IN) Hello, Mary...Happy Easter.

MARY: Happy -- JACK, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO WEAR THAT WHITE SUIT.

JACK: Why not, what's wrong with it?

MARY: I haven't seen one like that since Admiral Byrd came back from the South Pole.

JACK: What are you talking about?

MARY: Well, if you're going to wear it, at least wipe that tomato

JACK: *Tomato soup stain off the lapel. Stain everything. Wipe that tomato soup stain off the lapel.*

JACK: What for? From a distance it'll look like a red carnation...

Come on, Mary, let's go...See you later, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODBYE, BOSS...GOODBYE, MISS LIVINGSTONE.

MARY: Goodbye, Rochester.. By the way, *aren't you* ~~are you~~ going out ~~to walking~~ in the Easter Parade?

ROCH: YES, BUT FIRST I'VE GOTTA MAKE A CALL TO A GIRL I HAVE A BLIND DATE WITH. I'VE GOTTA TELL HER ABOUT A CHANGE IN PLANS.

JACK: Change in plans?

ROCH: YEAH, I TOLD HER TO BE ON THE CORNER OF SIXTH AND CENTRAL AND LOOK FOR A MAN WEARING A WHITE SUIT.

JACK: Oh, so that's why you -- well wear our blue one, it's your turn to be conservative....Come on Mary, let's go.

(SHORT TRANSITION MUSIC..."EASTER PARADE")

(SOUND: STREET NOISES...FOOTSTEPS CONTINUING ON CEMENT BEHIND FOLLOWING)

MARY: Gee, there are a lot of people out walking on Wilshire Boulevard.

BB

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JACK: Yeah... you know...this is a wonderful time of the year...
There's something in the air...a spirit of awakening...of
romance...It makes me feel so young..(COY) and you know what
they say, Mary...in the Spring a young man's fancy turns to
love.

MARY: Give me your hand, Jack.

JACK: Gee, do you feel romantic, too?

MARY: No, we're coming to a curb and I don't want you to fall on
your face.

JACK: Hmmm.

MARY: Jack, look who's coming this way...Isn't that one of the
boys in your Beavers Club?

JACK: Oh yes, ^{oh,} it's Joey Hudson.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

MARY: Hello, Joey.

STUFFY: Hello, Miss Livingstone.

JACK: Hello, Joey.

STUFFY: Hello, Mr. Benny..Hey, dig that crazy carnation.

JACK: See...I told you, Mary.

~~STUFFY: Say, Mr. Benny..you should have been at our last meeting.
We formed a baseball team.~~

JACK: Really?

~~STUFFY: Yeah..and we're naming it after my father... We're gonna call
ourselves the Hudson Hurricanes.~~

JACK: The Hudson Hurricanes?

~~STUFFY: Don't you like it?~~

BB

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JACK: Yeah... you know...this is a wonderful time of the year...
There's something in the air...a spirit of awakening...of
romance...It makes me feel so young..(COY) and you know what
they say, Mary...in the Spring a young man's fancy turns to
love.

MARY: Give me your hand, Jack.

JACK: Gee, do you feel romantic, too?

MARY: No, we're coming to a curb and I don't want you to fall on
your face.

JACK: Hmmm.

MARY: Jack, look who's coming this way...Isn't that one of the
boys in your Beavers Club?

JACK: Oh yes ^{oh} it's Joey Hudson.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

MARY: Hello, Joey.

STUFFY: Hello, Miss Livingstone.

JACK: Hello, Joey.

STUFFY: Hello, Mr. Benny..Hey, dig that crazy carnation.

JACK: See...I told you, Mary.

~~STUFFY: Say, Mr. Benny..you should have been at our last meeting.~~
~~We formed a baseball team.~~

JACK: Really?

~~STUFFY: Yeah..and we're naming it after my father... We're gonna call
ourselves the Hudson Hurricanes.~~

JACK: The Hudson Hurricanes?

~~STUFFY: Don't you like it?~~

JACK: Well, your father's a nice man...but, Joey...I've been the Club treasurer for years...I've worked hard for you...and I'm also a charter member. The least you could do is name your team the Benny Bombers..

STUFFY: Oh, that's all right with us, Mr. Benny. It's just that we decided to name the team after whoever gives us the eighty dollars for the uniforms.

JACK:Tell me, Joey, when is the first game of the Hudson Hurricanes?

MARY: Well...that's the quickest change in baseball since Boston became Milwaukee.

JACK: Yeah, yeah...Now Joey, let me know when you play your first game. I wanta be there.

MARY: Are you going to play, Jack?

JACK: Well--

STUFFY: Oh, no, Mr. Benny can't play. It wouldn't be fair to have a professional on our team.

MARY: Professional?

JACK: Come on Mary, let's go.

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack...what do you mean, professional. Joey?

JACK: Mary, let's go.

MARY: Just a second...Joey, what do you mean a professional?

STUFFY: Well, didn't Mr. Benny ever tell you how he was the star of the 1929 world Series?

JACK: Come on, Mary, let's get out of here.

MARY: No, Joey, what about it?

STUFFY: Well, it was the last of the ninth, the score was tied, the bases were loaded, two out, Babe Ruth came up to bat, and Mr. Benny was pitching.

JACK: Mary --

~~STUFFY: And Mr. Benny only threw one pitch and struck out Babe Ruth.~~

~~MARY: Now just a minute.. How could he strike anybody out with one pitch?~~

~~STUFFY: Well, Mr. Benny threw his famous slow ball.. and it was so slow that Babe Ruth swung at it three times.~~

JACK: ~~Mary, if we're gonna walk in the Easter Parade, let's walk..~~
Goodbye, Joey.

STUFFY: So long, Mr. Benny.

MARY: Goodbye, Joey.

STUFFY: Goodbye, Champ.

MARY: It's my sister's belt.

JACK: Come on, Mary. *Let's go.*

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

~~MARY: Jack, why do you tell those kids such fantastic stories?~~

~~JACK: Mary, when you're as weak as I am you have to make things up.~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: ~~Say~~ *hey* Mary, look at that poster in front of the theatre.. It's Rita Hayworth in "Salome" doing the dance of the Seven Veils.... Boy, would I like to see that in three Dimension... Gee, she's beautiful.

MARY: Jack, your glasses are steaming up..let's go.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Say Jack, look...that theatre across the street is showing a revival of "Easter Parade" with Judy Garland and Fred Astaire.

JACK: Oh yes.. remember how cute that picture started...Fred was walking along Fifth Avenue singing that song...and the people answered him?...How did that song go again?

(SHORT INTRODUCTION TO "HAPPY EASTER")

MARY: (SINGS) NEVER SAW SUCH A LOVELY DAY...HAPPY EASTER.

QUART: HAPPY EASTER.

JACK: IT'S SUCH FUN JUST TO NOD AND SAY...HAPPY EASTER.

QUART: HAPPY EASTER.

MARY: MY OH ME, THERE'S SO MUCH TO SEE
AS YOU STROLL THE AVENUE
AND YOU GREET ALL THE FRIENDS YOU MEET

QUART: HAPPY EASTER TO YOU.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP)

JACK: Isn't it nice, Mary, they all answered us, just like they did
in the picture.

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: Say Mary...isn't that Bob Crosby and his wife?

MARY: Where?

JACK: Walking on the other side of the street.

MARY: Oh yes.

JACK: Hurry up, let's cross the street and join them.

MARY: But Jack, it's the Easter Parade, maybe they'd rather walk
alone.

JACK: *Oh* Don't be silly, Mary...Bob would be insulted if he thought
we saw him and didn't say hello.

(SOUND: STREET NOISES)

BOB: Say June...isn't that Mary Livingstone across the street
there?

JUNE: Why, yes...it does look like Mary...But I wonder who that
is with her.

BB

BOB: *Well* I don't know. *but* from here he looks like Admiral Byrd...

Say Whoever he is, he's trying to attract our attention...He's waving his hand.

JUNE: Now he's waving his hat.

BOB: Now he's waving his hair, it's Jack...I'm amazed that he's this far down on Wilshire...He usually never gets past the California Bank.

JUNE: Gee Bob, I hope he doesn't join us.

BOB: Why?

JUNE: Well, I like Jack, but look at the way he's dressed.

BOB: Well *just* keep walking straight ahead. We'll pretend *that* we haven't *even* seen him.

JACK: (SLIGHT PAUSE...OFF MIKE) Oh, Bob...Bob.

BOB: Keep walking, honey, there are a lot of Bobs.

JACK: (CLOSER BUT STILL OFF) *Bob* Oh, Bob Crosby.

BOB: Keep walking...there's another Bob Crosby in Encino.

JACK: (STILL CLOSER) Oh, Bing's Brother.

BOB: He's got me.

JACK: Hello, kids.

BOB: Why, Jack Benny of all people, *gee* what a pleasant surprise.

JACK: Yeah.

JUNE: Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, June...Say, that's a beautiful outfit you've got on... That mink stole is just exquisite.

JACK: It sure is...is it new, ~~Bob?~~

BOB: Oh no...I got it for her last year when *he* ~~I~~ was with Campbell's Soup.

JACK: Campbell's Soup?

BB

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BOB: You know...the outfit that made your carnation.

JACK: Oh, oh.

BOB: Well, we better be running along now.

JUNE: Yes, Bob.

JACK: But aren't you going to walk with us?

BOB: ~~Gee,~~ ^{Gee,} we'd love to, Jack, but the kids are home ^{all} alone and we've just gotta get back to them...See you later.

MARY: Happy Easter.

JACK: Happy Easter.

BOB & JUNE: Happy Easter.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

(SHORT INTRO)

BOB: WALKING WITH YOU SIDE BY SIDE...HAPPY EASTER.

JUNE: HAPPY EASTER.

BOB: FILLS MY CHEST WITH SO MUCH PRIDE...HAPPY EASTER.

JUNE: HAPPY EASTER.

QUART: MY OH ME, THERE'S SO MUCH TO SEE
AS YOU STROLL THE AVENUE

BOB & JUNE: AND YOU GREET
ALL THE FRIENDS YOU MEET

QUART: HAPPY EASTER TO YOU.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...STREET NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: ~~MARY:~~ It was nice running into Bob and June.

MARY: ~~Yes, it was.~~

JACK: Yeah...what perfect weather...Spring...the skies are clear...
the flowers are blooming..the sun is shining...Gee, that Rita
Hayworth is beautiful...Mary, we oughta see that picture and--
Well, look who's ~~here~~ ^{coming over} my violin teacher.

MEL: Bon Jour, Monsieur Benny.

(APPLAUSE)

BB (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Well, Professor LeBlanc. What a surprise running into you.

MARY: Hello, Professor.

MEL: Bon jour, Mademoiselle.

MARY: Professor, you certainly look nice today...Is that a new Easter suit you're wearing?

MEL: Mademoiselle...I am a poor violin teacher...I cannot afford to buy new suits.

JACK: Well, what do you do with the money I pay you for my violin lessons?

MEL: I buy sleeping pills.

JACK: Oh, are they any good?

MEL: No, after a few days I wake up.

JACK: Oh...well, it was nice seeing you, Professor...and don't forget, you're giving me a violin lesson tomorrow.

MEL: I will not forget....I will tie a string around my finger.

JACK: *92* Good good.

MEL: Better I should tie a rope around my neck.

JACK: What?

MEL: Goodbye, Monsieur Benny.

JACK: Goodbye.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS START AND CONTINUE)

JACK: ~~Say~~ Mary, I can't understand why he hates to give me violin lessons.

BB

MARY: I can't understand it either. You play beautifully. I think you're as good a violinist as Fritz Krisler or Isaac Stern.

JACK: Well I...^{Oh} Mary, that was sweet...What made you say that?

MARY: I don't know, wearing this belt has made me a little punch-drunk.

JACK: Look, Mary.

MARY: (MOOLEY) Duhh, a flock of 'em flew over dat time.

JACK: Oh stop...Now come^{on}, Mary, let's keep walking.

(SHORT INTRO)

JACK: DA DA DA DE DE DA DUM DUM .. HAPPY EASTER.

QUART: HAPPY EASTER.

MARY: ^{you're}
~~YOU~~ LOOK SO CUTE IN THAT OLD WHITE SUIT, HAPPY EASTER.

QUART: HAPPY EASTER.

MY, OH ME, THERE'S SO MUCH TO SEE

AS YOU STROLL THE AVENUE

JACK: AND YOU GREET ALL THE FRIENDS YOU MEET

DON: HAPPY EASTER TO YOU.

JACK: Well, Don..Don Wilson!

DON: Hello, Jack .. Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Don..Are you walking in the Parade, too?

DON: No, ^{Mr.} I'm on my way home. I was just on a quiz program.

JACK: ^{you were on}
A quiz program?

DON: Yes, and I almost won the jack-pot..I answered every question correctly but the last one.

JACK: No kidding.

MARY: What did they ask you, Don?

DON: Well, the first question was, "What does L S M F T stand for?" And naturally I said L S M F T stands for Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco.

JACK: ^{Well} Naturally.

DON: Then they asked me, "Why are Lucky Strike Cigarettes so popular?..And I told them it was because people get the one thing they want most in a cigarette .. better taste .. and Luckies taste better .. cleaner, fresher, smoother.

JACK: Well, that was certainly the correct answer.

MARY: Don, what was the question that you missed?

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DON: Well, it was pretty tough .. they asked me who was the Secretary of State under President Rutheford B. Hayes.

MARY: What did you say?

DON: I said, "Nothing, no nothing beats better taste."

JACK: Don.. Wait a minute .. they asked you who was the Secretary of State under President Rutheford B. Hayes, and you said, "Nothing, no nothing beats better taste?....Why did you say that?

DON: I didn't know the answer so I took a wild guess.

JACK: Well Don, I'm surprised at you..a college man.. not knowing who the Secretary of State under Rutherford B. Hayes was.

DON: Well, Jack, do you know?

JACK: Certainly..It was William M. Evarts. Any schoolboy would know that.

MARY: Especially if he went to school with Rutherford B. Hayes.

JACK: Quiet, Champ. ... Well, so long, Don.. it was nice running into you.

~~DON: Jack, it was nice running into you, too...especially this time.~~

JACK: What do you mean, this time?

DON: Well, Jack, I don't want you to think I'm sensitive, but this is the first time in months that I've seen you and you haven't made some comment about my being fat or over-weight.

JACK: Gee Don, if you feel that way, I'll stop joking about your size.

DON: Thank you.

MARY: Say Don, would you like to walk down Wilshire Boulevard with us?

ES

~~DON: I'd love to, Mary, but I'm on the other side of the street.~~

JACK: ~~Oh, yes... lift your stomach, Don, here comes a bus...~~
See you later .. Come on, Mary.

(SHORT INTRO)

JACK: NEVER SAW SUCH A LOVELY DAY .. HAPPY EASTER.

MARY: HAPPY EASTER.

JACK: DA DA DA DE DE DUM DUM DUM..RITA HAYWORTH.

MARY: HAPPY EASTER.

QUART: MY OH ME, THERE'S SO MUCH TO SEE
AS YOU STROLL THE AVENUE
AND YOU GREET ALL THE FRIENDS YOU MEET

JACK
& MARY: HAPPY EASTER TO YOU.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gosh, there are a lot of people out today. *your house* it seems like--

MEL: Duh..Hello, Mr. Benny..Happy Easter.

JACK: Huh? Oh, happy Easter..Mister....Mister...

MEL: Don't you remember me.. I'm the clerk that waited on you in
the bakery shop.

JACK: *In the* In the bakery shop?

MEL: Yeah..don't you remember..You came in and I sold you a
chocolate cake..some doughnuts..some pastry and a half dozen
cimeron rolls.

JACK: Oh, yes..Say Mary, this is the fellow I told you about..He
can't pronounce Cinnamon.

MEL: I can, too..

JACK: All right, let's hear you say Cinnamon.

MEL: Cimeron.

JACK: You see, Mary.

ES

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MARY: Look, Mister, it's such a simple word..you just pronounce it like it's spelled..C I-N-N-A-M-O-N.

MEL: C-I-N-N-A-M-O-N?

MARY: Yes..Cimeron.

MEL: Oh, thanks, Lady, it's ^{well} easy when you spell it first.

JACK: Yes, yes, it's easy. ^{well} Come on, Mary.

(SHORT INTRO)

QUART: NEVER SAW SUCH A LOVELY DAY..HAPPY EASTER.

MARY: HAPPY EASTER.

QUART: IT'S SUCH FUN JUST TO NOD AND SAY..HAPPY EASTER.

JACK: HAPPY EASTER.

MARY: MY OH ME, THERE'S SO MUCH TO SEE

AS YOU STROLL THE AVENUE

JACK: AND YOU GREET ALL THE FRIENDS YOU MEET

ARTIE: HAPPY EASTER TO YOU

JACK: Well..Mr. Kitzel!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ^{Mr. Kitzel} It's nice running into you today.

ARTIE: Thank you, Mr. Benny..and how are you, Miss Livingstone?

MARY: I'm fine, thank you.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, you certainly look nice in those striped pants, cut-away coat and top hat..It's just right for Easter.

ARTIE: Thank you, but I am also wearing it for sentimental reasons. This is the suit in what I got married.

JACK: ^{by me} You wore it when you got married? ^{yes} That must have been about twenty years ago.

ARTIE: Yes, it's funny how a little thing like that sticks with you.

JACK: Yes yes.

ES

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ARTIE: But Mr. Benny, I'll never forget ^{that} ~~the~~ ceremony. When they said, "If anyone has any objections to this marriage, speak now or forever hold your peace."

JACK: Yes?

ARTIE: A voice from the back hollered, "Don't marry her".

JACK: Oh my goodness, who was it?

ARTIE: Me, I'm a ventriloquist.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, you're joking.

ARTIE: Unfortunately.

JACK: Oh...Well, Mr. Kitzel, it was a pleasure running into you on Easter..but we've got to be moving along.

ARTIE: I've gotta run along, too...I'm going to see a wonderful picture.

JACK: What is it?

ARTIE: Rita Hayworth in "Salomi".

JACK: Rita Hayworth in --

ARTIE: Mr. Benny, what's ^{happening} ~~happened~~ to your glasses?

JACK: Mary, where'd he go, where'd he go?

MARY: He's standing right here.

JACK: Oh ^{Oh, say you - well goodbye - where are you? Well goodbye.} Well, goodbye, Mr. Kitzel..Happy Easter.

ARTIE: The same to you, Mr. Benny. And you, too, Miss Livingstone.

MARY: Thank you, Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: You know, Mary..it's always nice running into Mr. Kitzel. He seems so cheerful and -- Hey look, Mary, there's a photographer taking pictures of couples on the street.

MARY: Oh yes.

JACK: I'm gonna have him take our picture.

ES

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MARY: Oh no, Jack..I'm not going to have a picture taken with you wearing that suit.

JACK: All right..I'll have one taken by myself....Oh, Mister...

NELSON: YESSSSSS.

JACK: *I'd like to*
I'd like to have my picture taken.

NELSON: Well, good..just stand over there, Admiral.

JACK: I'm not Admiral Byrd...Now how would you like me to pose?

NELSON: Well, first I'd better line you up..~~Here, just place your nose on this string.~~

~~JACK: My nose on the string? What for?~~

~~NELSON: I used to take photo finishes at Santa Anita.~~

~~JACK: Hmm.~~

NELSON: There, that does it..Now would you mind rolling your trousers up above the knee.

JACK: Why, do you want to see my legs in the picture?

NELSON: No, but the less I get of that suit the better.

JACK: Now wait a minute, I've had enough insults from you.

NELSON: Hold still..I've got you in focus...Now open your mouth and smile.

JACK: Like this?

NELSON: Wider.....Wider.....Wider.....

JACK: Why do you want my mouth open so wide?

NELSON: The less I get of that face the better, too.

JACK: Now cut that out...If you're a photographer, I'm a monkey's uncle.

NELSON: Have a peanut.

JACK: Come on, Mary, I'll get my picture taken some other time.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS.)

ES

JACK: How a guy like that ever expects people to--

MEL: (DOES WOLF WHISTLE)

MARY: Jack, roll down your pants leg.

JACK: Oh oh..oh ~~OH~~..Well, come on, Mary, we'll walk as far as La Brea.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

(SHORT INTRO)

MARY: NEVER SAW SUCH A LOVELY DAY..HAPPY EASTER.

QUART: (WHISTLES "HAPPY EASTER")

MARY: IT'S SUCH FUN JUST TO NOD AND SAY..HAPPY EASTER.

QUART: (WHISTLE "HAPPY EASTER" AND CONTINUE TO WHISTLE RELEASE)

JACK: AND YOU GREET ALL THE FRIENDS YOU MEET

DENNIS: HAPPY EASTER TO YOU.

MARY: DENNIS!

JACK: Keep walking, Mary.

MARY: Jack, it's Easter..be nice to him.

JACK: ~~Oh~~ All right..Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Dennis..Mary and I are walking down as far as La Brea.. would you like to join us?

DENNIS: Sure, I'm not stuck up.

~~JACK: (PLEADING) Mary....~~

~~MARY: I know, but be nice to him, anyway.~~

JACK: I'll try...Well, Dennis...are you having a nice Easter?

DENNIS: Yeah..my girl gave me a basket with two chocolate rabbits in it.

JACK: Two chocolate rabbits..well!

DENNIS: Pretty soon I'll have hundreds of 'em, won't I?

JACK: Mary, you talk to him. I'm still a little sick from that photographer.

ES

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY)—Okay... Say, Dennis, you're really dressed up today.. Is that a new suit?

DENNIS: Yeah. I won it on a quiz program.

JACK: On a quiz program?

DENNIS: Uh huh.. I answered all the questions correctly.

JACK: You... you knew the answers to all the questions?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

MARY: What did they ask you? *Dennis*

DENNIS: Well, first they asked me what my name was and I told them Dennis Day.

JACK: Gosh, you remembered!

DENNIS: Uh huh. *and* Then they asked me what holiday we celebrate on March 17th...and quick as a flash, I said "St. Patrick's Day".

JACK: Well, you're a whiz.

DENNIS: *and* Then they asked me who was the Secretary of State under President Rutheford B. Hayes.

JACK: Uh huh.

DENNIS: And I told them William M. Evarts.

JACK: Dennis.. that's right.. that's wonderful.. How did you know?

DENNIS: I didn't know, I took a wild guess.

JACK: Dennis.. you took a wild guess.. and got it right? *worked?*

DENNIS: It worked when they asked me my name; *too* what did I have to lose?

MARY: Jack, we're coming to the La Brea Tar Pits..You grab his left arm and I'll grab--

JACK: Be nice to him, Mary.. *Be nice to him* — — — That's what you told me to do... Say, Dennis, instead of talking and annoying everybody.. why don't you sing something?

ES

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DENNIS: Gee, do you think it would be all right ^{out here} on the street?

JACK: Sure..everybody feels good today.. It's Easter..

DENNIS: Okay.

(DENNIS'S SONG..."EASTER PARADE")

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

ES

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-22-

WILSON: 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!

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

WILSON: Friends, the taste of your cigarette is all-important. For in
a cigarette, nothing -- no, nothing beats better taste! And
Luckies taste better ... cleaner, fresher and smoother. You
see, Luckies better taste really begins with fine tobacco.
Yes.. LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, long strands
of light, mild, good-tasting tobacco with a wonderful aroma.
Then too, Luckies taste better because they're made better.
Made to give you a cleaner, fresher, smoother-tasting smoke.
So, friends, remember how important better taste is to your
enjoyment of a cigarette. Remember that Lucky Strike gives
you the better taste of fine tobacco, in a better made
cigarette. But most of all, remember to pick up a carton of
Luckies tomorrow. Yes, Be Happy -- Go Lucky!

ORCH: (SHORT VAMP)

SPORTS-

MEN: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

Get Better Taste Today!

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(TAG)

-23-

(SOUND: STREET NOISES...FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Jack, for heaven's sake, we've been standing here for fifteen minutes.. Let's go on home.

JACK: Well--

MARY: Well, I'm going anyway because I've gotta get home.

JACK: Okay.. Goodbye, Mary Happy Easter.

MARY: Happy Easter, Jack. See you tomorrow.

(SOUND: DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS)

~~JACK: Hum.~~

(SOUND: 10 FOOTSTEPS)

JENNY: How many tickets, please?

JACK: Just one, down front ...

(SOUND: TICKET MACHINE GIVING TICKET)

JACK: Thanks, *you*.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, it's dark in here.. I'll find a seat... Excuse me.....
Excuse me.... Pardon me..... Pardon me..... Excuse me...
oops.. I'm sorry.

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel! *Happy Easter, very happy.*

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tackaberry, and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

Be sure to hear The American Way with Horace Heidt for Lucky Strike every Thursday over this same station.

Consult your newspaper for the time.

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ES leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

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