

PROGRAM #31  
REVISED SCRIPT

AS ~~REVISOR~~  
AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, APRIL 12, 1953

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED APRIL 8, 1953)

BB

ATX01 0183639

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
APRIL 12, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED APRIL 8, 1953)  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM.....TRANSCRIBED AND PRESENTED BY  
LUCKY STRIKE! You know...for real smoking enjoyment, 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 fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

WILSON: This is Don Wilson. Friends...no doubt about it....your  
enjoyment of a cigarette depends on its taste. For nothing --  
no, nothing -- beats better taste. And Luckies taste better--  
cleaner-fresher-smoother. You see, Luckies' better taste  
starts right off with the fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco  
that goes into Luckies. And then, Luckies are made better, to  
give you a cleaner, fresher, smoother-tasting smoke. Yes sir,  
only fine tobacco in a better made cigarette can give you all  
the deep-down smoking enjoyment you want. So why not switch  
to Lucky Strike. Yes, Be Happy -- Go Lucky! You'll find --

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

BB

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(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: AND NOW, LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOUSE IN BEVERLY  
HILLS. IT'S SUCH A LOVELY MORNING THAT OUTSIDE ON THE FRONT  
LAWN WE HEAR THE SPLASHING OF BIRDS IN THE BIRD-BATH.

(SOUND: SPLASHES AND BIRDS CHIRPING)

DON: WHILE UPSTAIRS WE HEAR THE SOUND OF THE SHOWER.

(SOUND: WATER COMING FROM A SHOWER)

ROCH: (SINGS) OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING  
OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY.  
I'VE GOT A WONDERFUL FEELING  
THAT EVERYTHING'S GOING MY WAY.

(SOUND: SHOWER OFF)

JACK: Rochester, I'm through showering, you can stop singing now.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: SHOWER DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JACK: Say, Rochester, I don't know where you're buying soap  
lately, but that new bar I just used didn't lather at all.

ROCH: I DIDN'T KNOW YOU TOOK A NEW BAR OF SOAP. DID YOU GET IT  
OUT OF THE SERVICE CLOSET?

JACK: No, I found it in the kitchen.

ROCH: IN THE DRAWER?

JACK: No, in a dish near the drainboard.

ROCH: WELL, CONGRATULATIONS, BOSS.

JACK: Why?

ROCH: YOU HAVE JUST SHOWERED WITH A PEELED POTATO!

JACK: *A* Peeled -- ~~Hmm~~..Imagine showering with a peeled potato.

ROCH: YOU NOW HAVE THE SKIN THAT LAMB CHOPS LOVE TO TOUCH.

JACK: Never mind that..Here, take this towel and dry my back,  
will you? *please?*

ROCH: Yes sir.

(SOUND: PATTING WITH TOWEL)

JACK: Ahh, that feels good.

ROCH: BOSS, YOU SURE HAVE WELL-DEVELOPED SHOULDERS.

JACK: *Oh*, Thank you, Rochester.

ROCH: YES SIR...DID YOU EVER DO ANY FIGHTING?

JACK: *Oh* Yes, <sup>yes</sup> a long time ago...As a matter of fact, I won twenty-two  
fights. I was known as the Waukegan Wildcat.

ROCH: WAUKEGAN WILDCAT?

JACK: Yes.

ROCH: WHY DID YOU QUIT?

JACK: They made us put on gloves and I couldn't scratch any more..  
So I got a manicure and retired.....Now Rochester, while I  
get dressed, how about fixing me some breakfast?

ROCH: YES SIR.

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

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ROCH: (SINGS) OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING,  
OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY,  
I'VE GOT A WONDERFUL --

~~UMM UMM...IMAGINE ANYONE SHOWERING WITH A PEELED POTATO...~~  
~~HEE HEE HEE... IF MR. BENNY'S WRITERS COULD CAPTURE HIS~~  
~~REAL CHARACTER, HIS PROGRAM WOULD BE HILARIOUS!~~

MEL: (TWO SQUAWKS AND A WHISTLE)

ROCH: GOOD MORNING, POLLY.

MEL: (SINGS) OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING,  
OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY (SQUAWK)  
I'VE GOT A WONDERFUL FEELING,  
THAT SOMETHING IS COMING MY WAY..(SQUAWK..SQUAWK)  
(SOUND: PLOP)

ROCH: SHE HAD A FEELING ALL RIGHT, SHE LAID AN EGG!...GOOD GIRL,  
POLLY.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: COMING. *Coming*  
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: (SINGS) OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING..DA DA DA DA DA DA..  
DA DA DA---

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Rochester.

ROCH: OH, GOOD MORNING, MISS LIVINGSTONE, COME RIGHT IN.  
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: You must be in a good mood. I heard you singing as you were coming to the door.

ROCH: OH, I ALWAYS SING WHEN IT'S GETTING CLOSE TO MY PAY DAY.

MARY: Really...When is your payday?

ROCH: SEPTEMBER FIRST.

MARY: September First! But this is only April. Why do you sing so long before payday?

ROCH: THERE AIN'T MUCH TO SING ABOUT AFTER.

MARY: I know what you mean.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (OFF) Oh good morning, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Jack. You know, it's so early I thought you'd still be in bed.

JACK: ~~In bed?~~ Who me? Are you kidding. I've already taken my shower. Rochester, how about breakfast?

ROCH: COMING UP.

JACK: Mary, would you care for something to eat?

MARY: No thanks, I'm not hungry.

JACK: You know <sup>why</sup> you look kinda cute this morning. You really do.. How about a kiss?

MARY: Okay.

~~(SOUND: KISS)~~

MARY: Hmm..that's funny.

JACK: What?

MARY: I just said I wasn't hungry, and now I've got a craving for potatoes.

ROCH: (SLIGHTLY OFF) WELL, WE'VE GOT THE CLEANEST ONES IN TOWN.

MARY: What?

JACK: Nothing, nothing..Rochester, just make my breakfast.

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack..What is Rochester talking about?

JACK: All right, I'll tell you. This morning when I was taking a shower, I thought I picked up a cake of soap but it turned out to be a peeled potato. It could happen to anybody.

~~MARY: (SARCASTIC) Oh, sure sure, Jack. Everything you do could happen to anybody. Like the time you were walking down the street without your glasses..you stopped, put a penny in a parking meter and then complained because no gum came out.~~

JACK: Well, I --

MARY: And what about the time you darned your sock and found out you sewed up the opening.

JACK: Mary --

MARY: And that time you spoke at the Womens Club. You were the only man there..and still when you left, you put on the wrong hat.

JACK: Look --

MARY: And this morning you took a shower with a peeled potato.

JACK: I still say it could happen to anybody!

JO

MARY: That couldn't happen to Gracie Allen!

JACK: All right, all right...so I showered with a potato!..What do you want me to do?

MARY: Kiss me, I'm hungry.

JACK: Never mind. Rochester, is breakfast ready?

ROCH: I JUST PUT THE COFFEE ON. WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU LIKE?

JACK: Well...I'd like a little bacon..and..er..er..one fried e-g-g.

ROCH: YES SIR. A LITTLE BACON AND ONE FRIED E-G-G.

MARY: Jack, what's the idea of the spelling? Why don't you just say you want a little bacon and one fried--

JACK: Uh-uh-uh-...don't say it, Mary, don't say it. We always spell it. You know, Polly lays an e-g-g every day and she'd go crazy if she ever found out we're eating them.

MARY: Oh.

MEL: (SQUAWKS) E-g-g..E-g-g...(SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: Isn't that cute?

MEL: (SQUAWK) E-g-g...E-g-g...E-g...(FAST) E-g-g!...Egg!  
(SQUAWKS HYSTERICALLY)

JACK: Polly...Polly, calm down. Rochester, no eggs. Fix me some pancakes.



ROCH: (SLIGHTLY OFF) YES, SIR.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Now, who can that be?

MARY: Oh, I'll get it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: (HUMS THE MELODY OF "OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING")

DA DA DA DA DA DA DA DA..DA DA DA DA DA DUM..DA DA DA--

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: (MAD) Hello, Mary, is Mr. Benny in?

MARY: Yes, he's having breakfast.

DENNIS: Well, I'm sure glad he's here because I've got plenty to tell him.

MARY: Dennis, what's the matter?

DENNIS: Fourteen years this has been going on and I've had all I can take...I've stood enough, believe me.

MARY: Dennis..Dennis,<sup>what</sup> what is it?

DENNIS: I wouldn't mind if it was only once or twice, but every week, the same thing..week in and week out...After all, what does he take me for? I'm fed up, I tell you, fed up.

MARY: Well, Dennis, I don't know what's on your mind, but obviously you should talk to Mr. Benny.

DENNIS: I'll say I'm going to talk to him...I'm gonna tell him off.

MARY: Come on..he's in the breakfast room.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: (VERY NICE) Hello, Mr. Benny. Gee, you're looking well today.

JACK: Thanks, kid. What did you come over for?

DENNIS: Oh, I just happened to be in the neighborhood and I thought I'd drop in.

JACK: Well, <sup>well,</sup> I'm glad you did.

MARY: (WHISPERS) Dennis, what are you waiting for? Why don't you tell him off?

DENNIS: What are you trying to do, start something?

JACK: Yes, Mary, what's the matter with you?

MARY: What's the matter with me? <sup>Dennis' face</sup> You've been mistreating Dennis and taking advantage of him for fourteen years.

JACK: What?

MARY: And he's had enough of it..After all, what do you take him for?

JACK: Mary, what are you trying to do, make trouble or something?

DENNIS: That's telling her, Mr. Benny.

~~MARY:—What?—~~

~~DENNIS:—You-dames-are-all-alike.~~

MARY: Now wait a minute..Look, Dennis, I'm gonna straighten this ~~out~~ out right now. Didn't you come to the door and tell me that you were mad at Mr. Benny?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

MARY: And didn't you tell me that you were fed up with the way he was treating you?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

MARY: And didn't you say you were gonna tell him plenty?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

MARY: Then why is it when you walked up to Mr. Benny, you were so nice to him?

DENNIS: When I saw his long fingernails, I lost my nerve.

~~JACK: Dennis, whenever you have any complaints to make, mention them to me personally.~~

DENNIS: Well, I was going to, but how did I know you weren't gonna answer the door?

JACK: Well, for heaven's sakes, when you saw it was Mary, why did you say it to her?

DENNIS: When you've rehearsed something as long as I have, it's hard to change.

JACK: What?

~~DENNIS: My cue was a door opening.~~

*Stop being silly. Now Dennis*  
JACK: ~~Well, all right, Dennis, I'll give you another cue. I want~~  
hear the song you're going to do on the program, so *go ahead*  
~~Rochester, why are you putting butter on both sides of the~~  
bread?

ROCH: IT MAKES IT EASIER TO FLIP OUT OF THE TOASTER.

JACK: Oh..oh..Go ahead and sing, kid...

DENNIS: Yes sir.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- SUDDENLY)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was very good, Dennis...it will be fine on the program...

Say, Rochester, is my toast ready yet?

ROCH: NOT YET, BOSS, *it's in the toaster.*

DENNIS: Say, Mr. Benny, what's this I hear about your going up to San Francisco for three weeks?

JACK: That's right, Dennis. Next Sunday, I do my television show. And my guest star is Fred Allen. Immediately after my T.V. show I fly to San Francisco and open at the Curran Theatre on April 20th and I'll be there for three weeks.

MARY: Jack, who are you gonna have on your <sup>stage</sup> show?

JACK: Well, Mary, I'm going to have the Will Mastin Trio featuring Sammy Davis, Junior...Gisele MacKenzie, and an all star cast including Frank Remley.

MARY: Frank Remley? What's he going to do?

JACK: Nothing, but the stage would look so empty without him lying there...It's going to be a great show and --

(SOUND: BOIINNG...SLIDE WHISTLE)

JACK: Rochester, what was that?

ROCH: THE TOAST, IT FLEW OUT THE WINDOW.

JACK: Oh my goodness...~~and it was buttered on both sides.~~

(SOUND: ~~SCUFFLING OF CHAIR...RUNNING FOOTSTEPS~~)

MARY: Jack!

JACK: (OFF) Huh?

MARY: Come back and sit down.

JACK: (OFF) Mary, I'm not going after it to eat it...That piece of toast has a lot of butter on it, and it landed on the lawn, it'll attract ants. I'll be right back.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES..TWO STEPS DOWN THE PORCH...STEPS ALONG CEMENT WALK..STOP)

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JACK: Now let's see..it flew out through that window so it should be right on the lawn...I don't see it...Hmm..maybe it flew out into the street.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: That's funny, I don't see it around here either...Hmm, there's the Colman's garbage can and it hasn't got a lid on it...I wonder if the toast could have gone in there... Gee, I've gotta find it or we'll be loaded with ants.

(SOUND: MOVEMENT OF GARBAGE CAN ON PAVEMENT)

JACK: Hmm..there are several pieces of toast in here.

(SOUND: SHUFFLE OF CONTENTS OF GARBAGE CAN..  
FEW FOOTSTEPS FADING IN...STOP...  
SHUFFLE OF CONTENTS AGAIN)

BOB: Jack!

JACK: Huh?..Oh, hello, Bob...I was just looking for a piece of toast.

BOB: Jack, why didn't you tell me things were that rough. I'd work for nothing.

JACK: Bob, you don't understand.

BOB: Jack, you can be honest with me. Come on, I'll take you down to the market and buy you enough food to last for two months.

JACK: Bob, I'm trying to tell you that -- What'd you say?... Huh?

BOB: I said I'll take you down to the market and buy you enough food for two months.

MARY: (OFF) JACK, COME ON IN, YOUR BREAKFAST IS READY.

JACK: You eat it, Bob and I are going shopping.

BOB: Now wait a minute..you mean you have food in the house and yet you were going to let me buy some for you?

JACK: Bob, I was just going to teach you a lesson for being so silly. Now come on in the house, Bob.

~~BOB: Okay.~~

~~(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)~~

~~BOB: You know, Jack, you certainly have a beautiful home.~~

JACK: Thank you, Bob.

BOB: However, I do think the outside needs a coat of paint.

JACK: Oh, it's going to be painted this summer. And Bob, I hope you're careful when you do the window sills.

BOB: When I do the -- Well, at last I found out what that Japanese print says in my contract.

~~JACK: I thought you knew.~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP PORCH...DOOR OPENS &  
CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: HELLO, MR. CROSBY.

BOB: Hello, Rochester..H'ya, Mary.

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MARY: Hello, Bob.

DENNIS: H'ya, Bob.

BOB: ~~Hello~~<sup>H'ya</sup>, Dennis.

JACK: Sit down, kids..Mary, pour everybody some coffee.

MARY: Okay.

DENNIS: Make mine black.

JACK: Black? Dennis, I thought you always took cream. Why do you want it black?

DENNIS: I'm in mourning, my uncle died.

JACK: ~~What?~~<sup>Dennis</sup> Dennis, you're kidding.

DENNIS: No, I'm not. He committed suicide.

MARY: Suicide?

DENNIS: Yeah.

JACK: Did he shoot himself?

DENNIS: No.

BOB: Did he hang himself?

DENNIS: No.

MARY: Did he take poison?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: Well, for heavens sakes, how did he do it?

DENNIS: He bought a bottle of Stoppette and Poofed himself to death.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Joke's over, pass the cream.

JACK: Hmm...You know, Bob, ~~I~~<sup>Bob</sup> think it's only fair that I warn you.

BOB: Warn me about what?

JACK: Before Phil Harris met Dennis, he didn't drink a drop...  
Everything happened after he --

(SOUND: BACK DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: There's someone at the back door. Rochester, give everybody  
coffee, I'll answer it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

MEL: (MOOLEY) Duh, hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh..the man from the bakery shop.

MEL: Yeah..I got the stuff that you ordered...some doughnuts, some  
chocolate cake, some pastry, and a half dozen cimeron rolls.

JACK: Hmm...you still can't pronounce it, can you? Look, it isn't  
cimeron, it's cinnamon...Now let me ask you something. Maybe  
this will help you pronounce it. How are these rolls made?

MEL: Well, you take some flour..sugar..eggs..and..and..do you  
wanta know all the ingrediments?

JACK: No, <sup>lookit,</sup> ~~no,~~ it isn't ingrediments..it's ingredients...Yes, I  
want to know all of them.

MEL: Well, there's flour..sugar..eggs..shortening..and cinnamon.

JACK: That's it...that's it...that's it..Now, <sup>lookit -</sup> ~~take~~ your time...  
think...Okay..now let me hear you say it.

MEL: Ingredients.

JACK: I don't mean ingredients. I'm trying to get you to say  
cimeron... <sup>I mean -</sup> I mean, cinnamon.

MEL: Why don't you order something else, you drive me nuts.

JACK: All right, just give me my stuff..Thanks... <sup>and</sup> Goodbye.

MEL: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS)

BB



MARY: Jack, who was that?

JACK: Oh, that silly guy from the bakery...the fellow who insists upon saying cimeron rolls...Well, here you are, kids, you can have some of these with your coffee..They're nice and fresh and --

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack..he's right.

JACK: What do you mean, he's right?

MARY: Look at the label on this paper box..."These are genuine Cimeron Rolls named after J. P. Cimeron, founder of the Cimeron Baking Company."

JACK: What?

MARY: "These Cimeron Rolls should not be confused with ordinary cinnamon rolls which are made from entirely different ingredients."

JACK: Hmm.

BOB: Well Jack, I guess that'll hold you.

JACK: Hold me, nothing...That silly guy had that label printed himself just because he can't say cinnamon...He must be crazy.

ROCH: WELL, BOSS, THERE'S ONE WAY OF FINDING OUT.

JACK: How?

ROCH: ASK HIM IF HE SHOWERS WITH A PEELED POTATO.

JACK: Now, ~~let's~~ <sup>let's cut</sup> cut out all of this nonsense...Do you kids want the rolls with your coffee or not.

MARY: I'll have some.

BOB: So will I.

JACK: Dennis, how about -- Dennis, <sup>Dennis,</sup> what are you stirring your coffee with?

BB

DENNIS: My Paper Mate Pen.

JACK: Dennis --

DENNIS: Don't worry, it's leak-proof.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Joke's over, pass me a spoon.

JACK: Will you stop being silly?

BOB: Well, I don't know how long Phil stood it, Jackson, but  
I'm slipping, get the ice.

JACK: You'll need more than ice before you get through with --  
(SOUND: FRONT DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: There's the front door.

ROCH: YOU WANT ME TO GET IT, BOSS?

JACK: No no, I'll get it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: All I did was shower with a peeled potato and the whole day  
is mixed up.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

KEARNS: How do you do. My name is Martindale. I represent a law  
firm that specializes in settling estates and tracing legal  
heirs.

JACK: Legal heirs?

KEARNS: Yes. Does Mr. Jack Benny live here?

JACK: I'm Jack Benny.

KEARNS: Well, then it's very possible that you're the man I'm looking  
for. May I come in?

JACK: Yes yes.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

BB

JACK: Have a seat, Mr. Martindale.

KEARNS: Mr. Benny, if you are the man we're looking for... <sup>can</sup> ~~and~~ aunt whom you have never seen has left you a legacy of five thousand dollars.

JACK: Five thousand dollars! (CALLS) HEY, KIDS...KIDS, COME <sup>on</sup> ~~IN~~ HERE!

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: What is it, Jack?

BOB: What's up?

*Dennis: Yeah, what? what? what?*

JACK: ~~you - you - you -~~ You tell them, Mr. Martindale.

KEARNS: Certainly. We have reason to believe that Mr. Benny's Aunt Matilda, whom he has never met, left him five thousand dollars.

BOB: Hey, that's wonderful.

JACK: Yes, where's the money, where's the money, where's the money?

KEARNS: ~~the money - my Aunt Matilda's - the money -~~ I've got the check right here in my briefcase, <sup>of</sup> but first I'll have to verify a few facts.

JACK: ~~Oh~~, Of course, of course. Go ahead, Mister, ask me anything you want..Good old Aunt Matilda.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh, darn it...Excuse me. I have to answer the legacy, I mean the money, I mean the phone.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

DON: Hello, Jack, this is Don.

JACK: Goodbye, Don...I mean, <sup>call me -</sup> call me back later, I'm very busy right now.

DON: ~~Oh~~, I can't call you later. The Sportsmen quartet is here and they're leaving town in a few minutes...we've got to settle something very important. <sup>Now -</sup> we've got the commercial two ways and I don't know which way is better.

JACK: But, Don --

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DON: You're the only one who can help us, and it'll only  
take a minute. Boys, <sup>boys,</sup> come over to the phone....let him  
hear it the first way.

JACK: Don --

DON: Now, <sup>listen</sup> Jack, listen closely...Take it, fellows.

QUART: BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY,  
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY STRIKE  
BE HAPPY GO LUCKY  
GET BETTER TASTE TODAY.

DON: (SINGS) Poodle-ee-poo-poo-poo-poo-poo.

JACK: Look, Don --

DON: That's the first way. Now fellows, give it to him the  
second way.

QUART: BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY  
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY STRIKE  
BE HAPPY GO LUCKY  
GET BETTER TASTE TODAY.

JACK: I haven't got time for this.  
I've got a man --

DON: (SINGS) Poodle-ee-poo-poo-poo-poo-poo... <sup>Now</sup> Well, Jack, which  
way did you like better?

JACK: .....Which way did I like better? ... Don, I didn't  
hear any difference.

DON: You didn't!

JACK: No.

DON: Well, for heaven sakes, why don't you pay attention?

JACK: Look, Don --

DON: Fellows the first way again.

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QUART: BE HAPPY GO LUCKY  
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY STRIKE  
BE HAPPY GO LUCKY  
GET BETTER TASTE TODAY.

34-20-21 To have a man here -  
at eleven 4 got time -

DON: (SINGS) Peedle-ee-poo-poo-poo-poo-poo....Now that was the first way.

JACK: I know, I know.

DON: Now, fellows, the second way. JACK: Don, I don't -

QUART: BE HAPPY GO LUCKY  
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY STRIKE  
BE HAPPY GO LUCKY  
GET BETTER TASTE TODAY.

DON: (SINGS) Poodle-ee-poo-poo-poo-poo-poo....Okay, Jack, which way do you like better?

JACK: Don, are you crazy?...Both ways were exactly alike.

DON: (MAD) What do you mean exactly alike! ...I sit up all night working this thing out, and you say there isn't any difference.

JACK: Well, there isn't.

DON: There's a big difference. In the first one when the boys finished singing, I went Peedle-ee-poo-poo-poo-poo-poo...

JACK: Uh huh.

DON: And in the second one I went Poodle-ee-poo-poo-poo-poo-poo.

JACK: Don...Don...You called me to decide between peedle-ee  
and poodle-ee?

DON: That's right, Jack, which way do you like it better?

JACK: Well --

DON: Fellows, the first way again.

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JACK: No no, Don, no. <sup>no</sup> I've already reached a decision.

~~DON: Well, don't keep me in suspense, Jack. What is it?~~

~~JACK: Would you really like to know?~~

DON: Well, certainly. *Good - what is it?*

JACK: ~~All right, Don, I'll tell you.~~ It is my considered opinion that nothing, no, nothing beats Harry Von Zell! Goodbye!

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: I'm sorry about this interruption, Mr. Martindale.

KEARNS: That's quite all right, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Now, I'll answer any questions...and then you can give me the five thousand dollars my Aunt Matilda left to me.

MARY: Jack --

JACK: Huh?

MARY: Jack, come here a minute.

JACK: ....(ASIDE) What is it ~~now~~, Mary?

MARY: (ASIDE) Bob and I have been talking it over. If your Aunt Matilda never saw you, why should she leave <sup>us</sup> all that money <sup>?</sup> to you?

JACK: Because she was my own flesh and blood....That's why.

MARY: (ASIDE) Jack, if she had any of your blood, she wouldn't leave anything to anybody.

JACK: (ASIDE) Oh, quiet. (UP) Okay, Mr. Martindale, I'll answer those questions. <sup>now</sup>.

KEARNS: Very well. Mr. Benny, were you born in Waukegan, Illionis?

JACK: Yes, yes. You see, Mary? It's me.

KEARNS: And at the age of six you started to practice a musical instrument.

JACK: That's right, that's right. *That's right, That's right.*

KEARNS: And that instrument was...

JACK: The violin, violin, violin, violin. I still play it.

KEARNS: *The violin, the violin, the fiddle - the violin.*  
Now, you graduated from Central Elementary school and went to Waukegan High School.

JACK: That's right, that's right, right right. *That's right*

KEARNS: *Violin in high school - that's right*  
At the age of seventeen you left Waukegan, became an actor and went into....

JACK: Vaudeville, I went into vaudeville, vaudeville, vaudeville.

KEARNS: *I played the violin in vaudeville - that's right, right, right.*  
Mr. Benny, I'm sure that further questioning is unnecessary.

I'm firmly convinced that you're the man we're looking for.

JACK: Where's the money, where's the money? *The money - where's the money?*

KEARNS: Oh, just a minute...here's one question I neglected to check...How old are you?

JACK: Thirty-nine.

KEARNS: Thirty-nine? That's strange..Every other answer seemed to fit, but the Jack Benny we're looking for was born in 1894. That would make him fifty-nine.

JACK: Hm..But, Mr. Martindale, it must be me..There was no other Jack Benny born in Waukegan who plays a violin.

KEARNS: I'm sorry, but the Jack Benny we're looking for, who gets this five thousand dollars was born in 1894 and is fifty-nine years old.

JACK: Hmmm.....Well.....Fifty-nine?

KEARNS: Yes.

JACK: ... Well...

BOB: (SLOWLY) This is a tale, well calculated to keep you in Suspense.

JACK: Mr. Martindale, I'm sorry, but I'm not the Jack Benny you're looking for. I am only thirty-nine.

KEARNS: Well, I'm sorry, Mr. Benny...I was hoping my search was over. Good-day.

JACK: Goodbye, Mr. Martindale.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM) DA DA DA DA DA, DA DA, DA DA, DA DA...

MARY: Jack...

JACK: (CONTINUES HUMMING) DA DA DA DA DA....

MARY: Jack...*Jack*

JACK: What is it, Mary?

MARY: I can't believe what I just heard.

JACK: What do you mean, you can't believe it?

MARY: Jack...all you had to do was to say you were fifty-nine and you would've gotten the money.

JACK: Uh huh.



MARY: But by insisting that you were thirty-nine, you lost  
five thousand dollars.

JACK: That's right.

MARY: I can't understand it. Why?

JACK: Mary, I may not be a spendthrift, but I know a *good bargain*  
~~deal~~ when I see one.

MARY: ~~What?~~ *Bargain?*

JACK: Where else can you buy twenty years for five thousand  
dollars?.....Come on, kids, let's have some coffee and  
Cimeron Rolls.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

WILSON: Ladies and Gentlemen: our forests are among our most vital resources. Last year, through carelessness, forest fires destroyed millions of acres of valuable timber. This shameful waste weakens America...protect our forests! Don't toss away lighted matches or cigarettes. Make sure every camp fire is completely out. Remember, only you can prevent forest fires! Thank you...

(APPLAUSE)

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

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

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
APRIL 12, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED APRIL 8, 1953)  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-B-

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, it just 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 better ... cleaner, fresher and  
smoother. 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 an even  
better taste. And Luckies also taste better because  
they're made better. They're made round and firm and  
fully packed, to draw freely and smoke evenly. Yes, made  
better to give you a cleaner, fresher, smoother-tasting  
smoke. So enjoy the better taste that only fine tobacco  
in a better-made cigarette can give. When you buy  
cigarettes, ask for a carton of Lucky Strike!

SPORTSMEN  
QUARTET: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

Get Better Taste Today! (LONG CLOSE)

ATX01 0183665

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, that concludes another program  
and we'll be with you next week at the same---

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Excuse me.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello...Yes, this is Jack Benny.... Yes, Fred Allen  
is going to be my guest on my television program next  
Sunday, April 19th... That's right...What? <sup>yes</sup> Yes, he'll  
get paid in cash right after the show...You're welcome.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: Jack, who was that?

JACK: The manager of the hotel where Fred's staying...  
Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: *Program*  
The Jack Benny ~~Show~~ *Program* ~~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.

The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by Lucky  
Strike product of the American Tobacco Company....

America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

*Annecr: Stay tuned now for the American Lucky Show which  
follows immediately over most of these stations.  
This is the C. B. S. Radio Network.*