

PROGRAM #21
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JANUARY 31, 1954

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED JANUARY 28, 1954)

EC

ATX01 0184677

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #21

7:00-7:30 PM EST

JANUARY 31, 1954

SUNDAY

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... transcribed and presented
by LUCKY STRIKE!

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, you know, I have a bit
of news that I think will be of interest to just about
everyone who smokes. In 1952 a survey was made of
smokers in leading colleges. It showed that those smokers
preferred Luckies to any other cigarette. Well, last year
another survey was made. It was nation-wide, supervised
by college professors, and representative of all
students in regular colleges from coast to coast.
Based on thirty-one thousand actual student interviews,
this survey shows that Luckies lead again! Lead over all
other brands -- regular or king size.

(MORE)

BA

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THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 31, 1954
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

-B-

WILSON: And by a wide margin. The Number One reason for smoking
(CONT'D) Luckies was again -- Luckies' better taste. Now,
smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact
of the matter is --- Luckies taste better. Taste better
because Luckies are made of fine tobacco. And, they're
actually made better to taste better. So for a
better-tasting cigarette, next time ask for a carton of
Lucky Strike.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!
Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

BA

ATX01 0184679

(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...LAST NIGHT WAS A BIG NIGHT IN HOLLYWOOD..THE OCCASION WAS A SPECIAL SHOWING OF SAM GOLDWYN'S ACADEMY AWARD WINNING CLASSIC, "THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES" WHICH IS CURRENTLY BEING RE-ISSUED...
NATURALLY ALL THE IMPORTANT STARS IN HOLLYWOOD RECEIVED INVITATIONS TO ATTEND THIS GALA AFFAIR..AND WHILE ALL THIS WAS GOING ON, WHERE WAS OUR LITTLE STAR?

JACK: Rochester, hand me my pajamas, I'm going to bed.

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE, BOSS.

JACK: No, no, my woolen ones..the nights are awfully cold.

ROCH: I KNOW IT'S COLD..BUT YOU'VE ALREADY GOT THREE COMFORTERS, TWO QUILTS, AN AFGHAN, AND FOUR ELECTRIC BLANKETS WITH A DIRECT LINE TO BOULDER DAM.

JACK: Never mind..Just turn out the light and I'll go to sleep.

ROCH: DON'T YOU WANT ME TO READ TO YOU LIKE I ALWAYS DO?

JACK: Well, yes...Pick up one of those trade papers..either the Variety or the Reporter or the Wall Street Journal.

ROCH: OKAY, I'LL READ VARIETY.

Jack: *Pray.*
(SOUND: NEWSPAPER OPENING)

ROCH: NOW LET'S SEE..SAY BOSS, ~~XXXX~~..LOOK WHAT IT SAYS.

JACK: What?

EC

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ROCH: TONIGHT AT THE ACADEMY THEATRE THERE WILL BE A SPECIAL
SHOWING OF SAM GOLDWYN'S "BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES."

JACK: I know, I know. *It's a re-issue. I know.*

ROCH: IT SAYS ALL THE BIG STARS IN HOLLYWOOD HAVE BEEN INVITED
TO ATTEND.

JACK: *Yes* I know.

ROCH: DIDN'T THEY MAIL YOU AN INVITATION?

JACK:Well...frankly, I don't know whether they did or not...
I didn't even bother looking.

ROCH: OH BOSS, ~~COME NOW.~~

JACK: What?

ROCH: THIS MORNING WHEN THE MAILMAN CAME BY, YOU GRABBED HIS BAG
AND WENT THROUGH IT LIKE AN OCTUPUS WITH A MIXMASTER IN
EACH HAND.

JACK: I was looking for a reply from Dorothy Dix....Anyway, who
wants to go to those special Hollywood showings...You
always see the same people..Lauren Bacall will be there
with Humphrey Bogart...June Allyson will be there with
Dick Powell...Zsa Zsa Gabor will be there with Jerry
Geisler...Eh, I'm glad I'm not going...But gee, I've
known Sam Goldwyn so long, I can't understand why he
didn't invite me.

ROCH: YEAH, HE CAN'T HAVE ANYTHING AGAINST YOU..YOU NEVER MADE A
PICTURE FOR HIM.

JACK: Yeah.

~~ROCH: MAYBE HE SIGNED A NON-AGRESSION PACT WITH THE WARNER BROTHERS.~~

~~JACK: Well, I don't care what he did..A fine way to treat me.~~

EC

ATX01 0184681

ROCH: ~~BOSS, DON'T AGGRAVATE YOURSELF.~~

JACK: ~~I'm not aggravated, Rochester.~~ But let me tell you something..If I got a phone call right now inviting me, I wouldn't even --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

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

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: (VERY SWEET) Hellooooo.

MEL: Is this Sam's Meat Market?

JACK: No, it isn't.

(SOUND: RECEIVER SLAMMED DOWN)

ROCH: WHO WAS IT, BOSS?

JACK: Some guy wanted Sam's Meat Market.

ROCH: SAM'S MEAT MARKET?..THAT'S THE NEW PLACE DOWN ON THE CORNER. THEY'RE HAVING A BIG OPENING TONIGHT.

JACK: They are?

ROCH: DIDN'T YOU GET AN INVITATION TO THAT EITHER?

JACK: I wouldn't go if I did..~~You always see the same things.~~

ROCH: ~~YEAH, LIVER WILL BE THERE WITH DAGON. GIRLOIN WILL BE THERE WITH---~~

JACK: ~~Now out there out!~~ ...Rochester, I'm going to bed, so turn out the light ~~and~~ --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

ROCH: ~~YOU'LL GET IT, BOSS, YOU'LL GET IT.~~

JACK: I ~~got~~ got it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

MARY: Hello, Jack, this is Mary.

EC

ATX01 0184682

JACK: Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: I'm glad I caught you. I thought maybe you had already left to see the special showing of "Best Years of Our Lives."

JACK: No Mary, I was supposed to go, but...I don't know..when you've been a star as long as I have, you don't get excited about those things.

MARY: Gee, and I thought we could go together.

JACK: No Mary, I'm ready for bed.

MARY: *Oh* That's too bad...I have two tickets. *what... what did you say, Mary?*

JACK: (FAST) What what what what... ~~what... what did you say, Mary?~~ what what did you say, Mary?

MARY: I said I've g-g-g-got two t-t-t-tickets to the picture.

JACK: Mary, just because you got invited you don't have to be so nervous about it...Look, I was ready for bed, but I wouldn't let you down..so while I get dressed, you jump in a cab and pick me up in ten minutes.

MARY: Okay Jack..I may be a few minutes late. I wanta stop off at the florists and get a corsage.

JACK: Oh good good, while you're there, get one for yourself, too... I mean, come over as soon as you can...Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: *Bye* ROCHESTER, ROCHESTER, I'M GOING TO THE OPENING.

ROCH: I KNEW SAM WOULDN'T LET YOU DOWN.

JACK: Not the meat market..Stop jabbering and help me dress.

BOB: Hello, Jack..the door was open so I came right in.

JACK: Oh, hello, Bob.

BOB: ~~What's the matter?~~ *you going somewhere?*

EC

ATX01 0184683

JACK: ^{Yeah} Oh, I promised Mary I'd take her to a special showing of
The Best Years Of Our Lives.

BOB: No kiddin', Jack, you mean you got an invitation?

JACK: I certainly did, that's why I'm putting on this tuxedo.
You may not know it, Bob, but for the past twenty years
I've been rubbing elbows with the most important people
in show business.

BOB: From the looks of those sleeves, you must've been rubbing
'em pretty hard.

JACK: All right, all right... Now pardon me while I get
dressed.

BOB: ~~Well~~, I'll help you, Jack. While you're putting on your shirt,
I'll button your shoes.

JACK: Thanks, ~~Bob~~... ^{thanks...} OH, ROCHESTER, HAND ME MY WING COLLAR, WILL
YOU, PLEASE?

ROCH: YES SIR... OH-OH.

JACK: What's the matter?

ROCH: YOU WEAR A SIZE FIFTEEN AND A HALF COLLAR AND THIS IS ONLY
A SIZE FOURTEEN.

JACK: Oh, that's all right.. We can make it work, put it on.

ROCH: OKAY.. HERE'S THE COLLAR BUTTON.. NOW HOLD STILL.. BOY, THIS
COLLAR IS REALLY STIFF.. JUST A MINUTE NOW.. (GRUNTS).. THERE..
I GOT IT.. HOW'S THAT, BOSS?

JACK: (STRAINED) I guess it's all right, but it's so tight I can
hardly --

(SOUND: BOINNNNNG)

JACK: Oh darn it.. it slipped off the collar button.. Try it again,
Rochester.

EC

ROCH: (GRUNTS) ...BOSS, THIS COLLAR'S ~~SO~~ ^{really} TIGHT FOR YOU.

JACK: ~~Well~~ Pull it harder.

ROCH: I'M GETTING IT..I'M GETTING ~~IT~~..HOLD STILL...THERE.

JACK: (STRAINED) Gosh, this collar's so tight I can hardly breathe..Bob, how do I look?

BOB: Like Herbert Hoover with a sunburn.

JACK: Don't be so funny..⁴Now all I have to do is snap on this bow tie and I'll be on my --

(SOUND: BOINNNNG)

JACK: Darn it..there it goes again..Rochester, where's my bow tie?

ROCH: IT WENT OUT THE WINDOW AND HEADED FOR CAPISTRANO.

JACK: Well, get me another one.

BOB: Say Jack, do you mind if I turn on the radio while you're getting dressed?

JACK: No, go ahead, Bob..

(SOUND: CLICK OF RADIO)

JACK: Let's see..I think I better get a fresh handkerchief...

(BAND VERY SOFTLY PLAYS SONG BOB IS GOING TO SING..SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

JACK: ~~That's~~ that's a pretty catchy tune.

BOB: Yeah..funny coincidence, ^{but} I just did this song on my T.V. show this afternoon.

JACK: Gee, it's a shame I missed it--I ~~should have~~ liked to have heard it.

BOB: ~~Well~~, I ~~will~~ sing it for you right now.

(BOB CROSBY'S SONG - "HEART OF MY HEART")

(APPLAUSE)

EC

ATX01 0184685

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{Will you say that} That was a nice song, Bob.

BOB: ^{Will you} Thanks, Jack... ^{I think better} I ~~will~~ be running along.

JACK: ^{Will} So long.

BOB: ^{Jack....} Oh, by the way..if you're not going anyplace else after the show, why don't you take Mary down to the Cinegrill where Frankie Remley's band is.

JACK: No, no..I think I'll be too tired.

BOB: ^{Will he} Well, I ~~am~~ going over there tonight, and we might have a lot of laughs...I'll bet ^{that} Mary would enjoy it.

JACK: Probably, Bob...but she ought to get to bed early, too.... After all we have a rehearsal tomorrow and a hard day ahead of us... We all ought to get a good night's sleep.

BOB: Well, okay..but ^{well only} the reason I mentioned it is because the manager of the Roosevelt Hotel called me and ^{he} said that since Frank Remley works on your program, he'd like to have us all as his guests.

JACK: Oh...Well, make sure you get us a ringside table, ^{I'll} See you later.

BOB: ~~Okay, and Happy 1955.~~

JACK: ~~Happy 1955? Why did you say that?~~

BOB: ~~With everything free you may be there till next New Years.~~

JACK: ~~Oh, stop, I wouldn't--~~

(SOUND: AUTO HORN (OFF))

JACK: ~~See~~ that must be Mary.

(SOUND: AUTO HORN TWICE)

JACK: (CALLS) COMING, MARY COMING. See you later, Bob.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: NICE CAR MOTOR UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Say Mary, don't look now but ever since we've been riding in this cab there's been a moving van following us.

MARY: I know.

JACK: What?

MARY: So many times I've gone to the theatre and found out I left the tickets on the piano...so this time I'm taking the piano with me.

JACK: Say you know, Mary, that's a good --

MARY: Oh quiet, you fall for everything. I've got the tickets right here and the invitations, too.

JACK: Let's see it...~~Here~~... "SAM GOLDWYN CORDIALLY INVITES YOU TO ATTEND A SPECIAL SHOWING OF "THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES"

STARRING FREDRICK MARCH, MYRNA LOY, DANA ANDREWS AND THERESA WRIGHT"... ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~the~~ ^{the} must be the theater... Look at all the lights and ~~any~~ ---

(SOUND: BRAKES AND CAR STOPS)

HY: Here you are, folks, the Academy Theatre.

JACK: Come on, Mary.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS)

JACK: How much is that, Driver?

HY: A dollar sixty.

(SOUND: BOINING)

JACK: Oh darn it.

MARY: Jack, what happened?

JACK: ~~Nothing~~ ^{Nothing} nothing... Here you are, Driver... keep the change.

HY: Thanks.

(SOUND: CAR DRIVES AWAY)

ATX01 0184687

MARY: Jack, fix your collar.

JACK: I'm trying to..but darn it, I've lost my bow tie.

MARY: No you haven't...they've got the search light on it, it'll be down in a minute.

JACK: Oh yes..here it comes..There! I got it..Now wait till I fix my collar..(GRUNTS TWICE) There...Come on, Mary, let's go in. Gosh, look..all of us big stars are here... Come on..hurry.

MEL: Hold your own invitations, please..You spectators stand back..Let them in..How do you do, Mr. Gable...Good evening, Mr. Taylor.. How do you do, Miss Colbert...How do you do, Mr. Stewart...How do you do, Miss Livingstone...
I TOLD YOU SPECTATORS TO STAND BACK AND LET ~~ME~~ --

JACK: I'M WITH HER!

MEL: Oh, well then go right in, Mister.

JACK: Hmm..Mister... ~~he~~ doesn't even know I'm Jack Benny.

MARY: Well, don't tell him and he'll have something to look forward to.

JACK: What?

MARY: Come on, Jack, hurry..the lights are starting to dim.

JACK: Okay..

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hey Mary..here are two..right in this row..a little more then half way in, ^{two seats there...} Follow me...Pardon me...pardon me... pardon me.

MARY: Pardon me...pardon me..

JACK: Pardon me..pardon me..pardon me..pardon me...

MARY: Pardon me.

JACK: Pardon me..pardon me..pardon me..pardon me...Oh, darn it, there's only one seat..We'll have to go back..Pardon me.. pardon me..

MARY: Pardon me..pardon me..

JACK: Pardon me..pardon me..pardon me..pardon me..

MARY: Pardon me..pardon me.

JACK: Pardon me..pardon me..pardon me..pardon me..

MARY: JACK, COME BACK, YOU WENT OUT THE EXIT.

JACK: Oh yes..Here we are, Mary..Here are two seats on the aisle

....

MARY: Good, and we're just in time, the picture's ^{just} about to begin.

(BAND PLAYS FANFARE OF PICTURE STARTING..INTO MUSICAL TRANSITION..)

(SOUND: BABBLE OF VOICES)

MARY: Gee, that was a wonderful picture.

JACK: Yeah but what a crowd...Hurry Mary, or we'll never get out of the lobby.

MARY: All right. ^{god} I really enjoyed the picture, Jack..and what a wonderful cast.

JACK: I agree with you....only I couldn't exactly accept Frederick March's conception of the husband..I personally would have done it differently.

MARY: Oh fine..March is an Academy Award winner, and you didn't like his conception of the role...I suppose you could have played it better than he did.

JACK: No, no, Mary..I don't think my fans would have liked me in March's part....But then, on the other hand, do you think the public would have liked March in The Horn Blows at Midnight?

MARY: They wouldn't have liked that picture if Eisenhower was in it.

JACK: Only the Democrats...And anyway, Mary, we're not discussing politics..I just said that as far as I'm concerned --

MARY: Jack, look..there's Sam Goldwyn coming towards us!

JACK: Where?..Oh yes.

BA

ATX01 01B4689

MARY: Hello, Mr. Goldwyn.

GOLDWYN: Hello, Mary.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: Gee, it's nice seeing you.

GOLDWYN: Thanks, Hello, Jack.

JACK: Hello.

MARY: You know, Mr. Goldwyn, I was ^{absolutely} thrilled with the picture...
I thought it was just wonderful.

GOLDWYN: Well, thanks, Mary..What did you think about it, Jack?

JACK: ²² I thought it was fine..excellent..But I was just telling
Mary that the part that Frederick March played was almost
a natural for me.

MARY: Jack.

GOLDWYN: It's funny you should mention it, Jack..You know, when I
was first casting the picture, I thought about you for that
role.

JACK: You did?

GOLDWYN: Yes, but then I realized ~~that~~ the part called for
someone older than 39.

JACK: ^{well, for} ~~Well~~ For heavens sakes, why didn't you call me, you know what
a liar I am....After all, the picture was made seven years
ago, I was older then..I mean younger..~~that~~..I'm all mixed
up.

GOLDWYN: Well Jack, I'll keep you in mind for ^{my} ~~any~~ future pictures.

JAC: ^{You know,} ~~Well~~ Thank you, Mr. Goldwyn..and remember, I'm quite versatile..
I'm not just a comedian..You see, I'm a dramatic actor, too..
Listen to this...Hamlet's Soliloquy...

BA

ATX01 0184690

MARY: Jack, please, not on the street.

JACK: Quiet, Mary, Mr. Goldwyn wants to hear this...TO BE, OR NOT TO BE..THAT IS THE QUESTION...WHETHER TIS NOBLER IN THE MIND TO SUFFER THE SLINGS AND ARROWS OF OUTRAGEOUS --

(SOUND: BOINNING)

JACK: Oh, there goes my collar again...Where's my bow tie?

GOLDWYN: I swallowed it.

JACK: No, no, *Mr. Goldwyn* here's my tie on the sidewalk...Excuse me a minute..

I swallowed it
.....Hm... where's my collar button?
GOLDWYN: ~~I~~ I swallowed something.

JACK: Well, *stop* worrying about it, Mr..Goldwyn...It's nothing serious...I've got another one in my pocket.

MARY: Say, Mr. Goldwyn..Jack and I are going over to the Cinegrill for some dinner and a cocktail....How about joining us?

GOLDWYN: Oh, I'd love to, Mary...but I've got another big opening ~~tonight~~ tonight.

MARY: Another picture?

GOLDWYN: No, Sam's Meat Market.

JACK: Sam's Meat Market?

GOLDWYN: Yes, I own that, too. *And*

JACK: Oh.

GOLDWYN: And that television can't hurt.

~~JACK: ...~~

MARY: *Now*, Come on, Mr. Goldwyn, why don't you join us..we'll have some fun.

GOLDWYN: Well..

MEL: There you are..four fingers of whiskey.

JACK: Aahhhh.

MEL: You know, Mister, you're the first man I ever saw drink out of a glove.

JACK: I always do. I'm the only man in Alaska that's got a hangnail with a hangover...Doggone...I've been trapped in this saloon for eight days by that darned blizzard.... How much longer do you think it will last?

MEL: I don't know.

JACK: Well, I'm gonna take a look outside and see how the weather is.

(SOUND: EIGHT HEAVY FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS AND WE HEAR THE DAMNEDEST STORM WITH WINDS HOWLING LIKE CRAZY...ON CUE, THE DOOR CLOSES AND SOUND OUT...EIGHT HEAVY FOOTSTEPS BACK)

MEL: How is it outside?

JACK: Cloudy...Look, Bartender, being stuck in a place like this for eight days can drive a guy nuts...I've got to have a little excitement...~~Just~~ Tell you what..I'll bet you five dollars I can shoot those three glasses off the top shelf in three shots.

MEL: Five dollars says you can't.

JACK: It's a bet...Stand back, everybody.

(SOUND: SHOT...GLASS CRASH)

JACK: There's one.

(SOUND: SHOT..GLASS CRASH)

JACK: Certainly, and I'll tell you what, Mr. Goldwyn, you and Mary can be my guests.

GOLDWYN: Your guests?

JACK: Yes, I'll pay for everything.

GOLDWYN: Mary, we better go..this ^{will} ~~may~~ be the Best Year of Our Lives.

JACK: Yeah!...Come on, let's go.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: NIGHT CLUB NOISES..BABBLE OF VOICES..
SOME DISHES AND SILVERWARE.

MARY: Jack, ask the waiter to get us a table.

JACK: I don't have to...Bob Crosby said he'd get me a--Oh, there he is, right over by the orchestra..Follow me, Mary, Mr. Goldwyn.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

BOB: Hi, Jack..Mary.

MARY: Hello, Bob.

JACK: Hello, Bob..I'd like you to meet my friend Sam Goldwyn...
Mr. Goldwyn, this is Bob Crosby.

BOB: ^{Hi} Pleased to ~~meet~~ ^{know} you, Mr. Goldwyn.

GOLDWYN: Crosby?...Crosby?...~~Crosby~~..That name is ~~so~~ familiar...
Oh yes.. you have a newpew named Gary, haven't you?

JACK: Yes, yes..come on..let's get seated.

(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF CHAIRS)

(BAND FANFARE)

JACK: There's two.

(SOUND: SHOT)

MEL: (PAUSE) You lost.

JACK: No, I didn't.

MEL: I've got twenty dollars more that says you did.

JACK: It's a bet.

(SOUND: GLASS CRASH)

JACK: That slow bullet has made me a fortune...Anybody else want to bet?

(BAGBY STARTS SAME SONG ON LOUSY PIANO)

JACK: Hey, you at the piano.

(BAGBY STOPS)

JACK: Don't you know any other ~~songs~~ ^{music?}

MEL: Nah, he's iggerant...But those ~~four~~ ^{four} fur trappers in the

*MEL: Those four - (Jack at the same time): You must have had five fingers yanked.
corner...they can sing some songs.
MEL: I say, those four fur trappers in the corner, they can sing some songs.*

JACK: Well, let's hear some.

MEL: I don't think you'll understand them...They're French Canadians and speak very little English.

JACK: What's their names?

MEL: Pierre, Alphonse, Gaston and Remley.

JACK: Frankie Remley? What's he doing up here?

MEL: He came up here to hunt.

JACK: What's he hunting?

MEL: Them dogs with the brandy around their necks.

JACK: What?

MEL: They don't always find you, you know.

JACK: Well, let's hear them sing a song.

MEL: Okay...take it fellows.

(INTRO)

QUART: ALOUETTE GENTLE ALOUETTA
ALOUETTE JET'Y PLUMERAIS
ALOUETTE LIGHT A CIGARETTA
LUCKY STRIKE
JE SAIS TRES BON JO'LE
JET'Y PLUMERAIS LA TET
LIGHT A LUCKY ALOUETTE
JET'Y PLUMERAIS LA TET
LIGHT A LUCKY ALOUETTE
ALOUETTE ALOUETTE CIGARETTE CIGARETTE AH
ALOUETTE PUFF HER CIGARETTA
MADE OF FINE TOBACCO OOH LA LA
ALOUETTE GENTLE ALOUETTA
WROTE A LETTER TO HER DEAR PAPA
HERE IS WHAT ZE LETTER SAY
"SEND MORE LUCKIES RIGHT AWAY"
SONAMAGUN THE ESKIMO
ZAY SMOKE LUCKIES TOO, YOU KNOW
ESKIMO, ESKIMO, SMOKE YOU KNOW, SMOKE YOU KNOW
ALOUETTE ALOUETTE CIGARETTE CIGARETTE
ZAY ALL LIGHT, ZEY ALL LIGHT
LUCKY STRIKE, LUCKY STRIKE - AH --
ALOUETTE PUFF HER CIGARETTE
SHE IS JUST AS HAPPY AS CAN BE
WITH HER LUCKIES, MADE OF FINE TOBACCO
LSMF, LSMFT
LIVING MID ZE ICE AND SNOW
WE'RE^{so} VERY GLAD TO KNOW

(MORE)

ATX01 0184695

HY: GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...ON BEHALF OF FRANK REMLEY AND HIS ORCHESTRA I WANT TO WELCOME YOU HERE TO THE CINEGRILL IN THE HOTEL ROOSEVELT..TONIGHT WE ARE HONORED BY HAVING SEVERAL CELEBRITIES IN THE AUDIENCE, AND I'M SURE WITH A LITTLE PERSUASION WE CAN GET THEM TO STAND UP AND TAKE A BOW...LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET.

MARY: Jack, stop bowing and sit down.

JACK: Oh..You can sit down, too, Bob.

BOB: Okay..you better sit down, too, Mr. Goldwyn.

JACK: Yeah, yeah, let's all sit down.

HY: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I'M SURE THAT IF WE GAVE THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET A GREAT BIG HAND, THEY WOULD DO ONE OF THEIR SPECIAL NUMBERS FOR US.

QUART: HI TIME, HI TIME
HI, HI, HI, HI, HI HELLO
IT'S ^{all} HIGH TIME FOR US, TO GET ACQUAINTED
IT'S ^{high} ~~SHOW~~ TIME
AND WE'RE HERE TO ENTERTAIN
SO HI TIME, ^{hello} ~~TIME~~ TIME
LET'S GO YOU KNOW IT'S SHOW TIME
THEY WARNED ME WHEN YOU KISSED ME
YOUR LOVE WOULD RICCOCHET
YOUR LIPS WOULD FIND ANOTHER
AND YOUR HEART WOULD GO ASTRAY
I THOUGHT THAT I COULD HOLD YOU
WITH ALL MY MANLY CHARMS
BUT THEN ONE DAY YOU RICCOCHETED
~~TO~~ TO SOMEONE ELSE'S ARMS
AND BABY, I DON'T WANT A RICCOCHET ROMANCE
I DON'T WANT A RICCOCHET LOVE
IF YOU'RE CARELESS WITH YOUR KISSES
FIND ANOTHER TURTLE DOVE
I CAN'T LIVE ON RICCOCHET ROMANCE
NO, NO NOT ME
IF YOU'RE GONNA RICCOCHET, BABY
I'M GONNA SET YOU FREE

BILL: Hey, Marty, ^{Marty: Yeah, Bill.} isn't that Mr. Benny who just came in?

MARTY: ^{see you're} ~~That's~~ right, we better get into a commercial, right ^{away} ~~we~~.

BILL: But we don't have ~~any~~ commercial lyrics for this song.

MARTY: ^{away from} That's ~~that's~~, we'll ad lib them. ^{Now listen.}

BILL: ~~That's~~ ^{Yeah.}

CB

RTX01 01B4697

QUART: I KNEW THE DAY I SMOKED YOU
THAT YOU WERE MEANT FOR ME.
THERE'D NEVER BE ANOTHER
LIKE AN LS MFT
I PROMISED I'D BE FAITHFUL
AND FROM YOU NEVER STRAY
SO ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED
YOU ARE MADE THE FRESHER WAY.
BUY LUCKY

YOU ARE MADE OF FINE TOBACCO
SO MUCH CLEANER SMOOTHER, TOO.
YOU ARE MADE FOR SMOKING PLEASURE
DO I LOVE YOU, DEED I DO
I AM NOT A BICCOCHET SMOKER
NO, NO NOT ME
YOU ARE SO MUCH BETTER TASTING
LS MFT

I'LL BE HAPPY PUFFIN' A LUCKY
I CAN COUNT ON LUCKIES, I KNOW
ALWAYS WITH ME WHEN I TRAVEL
FULLY PACKED AND READY TO GLOW
ALWAYS CLEANER, FRESHER, ^{and} SMOOTHER
THE BEST SMOKE YET.

LET'S BE HAPPY, HAPPY GO LUCKY
WHAT A CIGARETTE

LET'S BE HAPPY, HAPPY GO LUCKY

LET'S LIGHT A LUCKY STRIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

CB

ATX01 0184698

(THIRD ROUTINE)

BOB: *Boy, these* Sportsmen ^{*Certainly*} ~~are~~ Have some ^{*wonderful*} ~~very~~ arrangements.

MARY: ~~Yes~~... Gee, the place is kind of crowded tonight...

Remley really packs them in. *doesn't he?*

JACK: ~~You're darn right. You see, Bob, like I told you when you came to work for me, being on my program is a big asset. Look at Remley, when he came with me, he was just another guitar player, but we kept mentioning his name on the program, and now he has his own orchestra and everything. He's really getting up in the world.~~

BOB: Yeah...Now if he'd just get up off the floor.

JACK: Oh, is that him down there?

MARY: Yes...when he led that last number, his baton looked like the windshield wiper on an M.C.

JACK: Well, let's get some food...I'll call the waiter...and remember, kids, you're my guests tonight, so order any anything you want...OH WAITER..WAITER.

NELSON:YESSSSSSSSSS.

JACK: We'd like to order some food...may I have a menu, please?

NELSON: Here you are.

JACK: Thank you...Now let's see..Hey wait a minute...the prices are all scratched off my menu--who did that?

NELSON: I did, I hate suicides.

JACK: Never mind.

MARY: *Well* I know what I want..I'll have a Caesar salad, Lobster a la Newburgh and broccoli.

NELSON: Yes, Madam.

BOB: *Ind* I'll have a minute steak, rare...^{*some*} French fried potatoes, and coffee.

GT

ATX01 01B4699

NELSON: Yes, sir.

MARY: What are you going to have, Mr. Goldwyn?

GOLDWYN: I'll just have a glass of milk.

MARY: Are you sure you don't want anything to eat?

GOLDWYN: No, I'm not very hungry, I just had a collar-button.

JACK: ~~Waiter~~ ^{Mr. Goldwyn} he'll just have a glass of milk.

NELSON: ~~Well~~ I'm sorry sir, but I can't serve milk at this table.

GOLDWYN: Why not?

NELSON: It's too close to the orchestra, it will make them sick...
...Well, I'll go get these orders.

JACK: Wait a minute, you haven't taken my order yet.

NELSON: Oh yes, what'll you have, Stranger In Paradise?

JACK: ~~I~~...I'll have the potage du jour, et salade avec
Roquefort, et le boeuf bordelaise et pomme de terre.

NELSON: Well get him.

JACK: Never mind, just bring what I ordered...and we'd also like
some champagne with our dinner.

NELSON: What kind?

JACK: I don't know..what would you suggest?

NELSON: Well, when it comes to champagne, I always say..Mumms the
word.

JACK: Waiter, that's a pretty corny joke.

CB

ATX01 0184700

NELSON: Well, what did you expect for thirty-five dollars a week..
Martin and Lewis?

JACK: Never mind the wise cracks...You ought to pay a little
more attention to your job...some waiter...look at this
tablecloth and napkins...I've never seen such dirty linen.

NELSON: Well, you do them for us, Wong Foo.

JACK: ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ (LOUD) WAITER, NEVER MIND THE
IMPERTINENCE, JUST BRING US OUR DINNER...AND GIVE ME THE
CHECK.

NELSON: OKAY, BUT YOU'LL HATE YOURSELF IN THE MORNING.

JACK: THAT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS...NOW GO GET OUR FOOD.

NELSON: OKAY...JUST LOWER YOUR VOICE.

MARY: (PAUSE)....Psst, Mr. Goldwyn...Mr. Goldwyn..you can come
out from under the table, people have stopped staring.

JACK: ~~Now~~ let's all have a pleasant evening..Let's eat,
drink, and be merry.

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS VERY SOFT DANCE MUSIC)

JACK: Oh, the band's playing again...Everyone's getting up to
dance.

BOB: Hey, look who's coming over to our table..Hello, Don.

DON: Hi ya, gang...Hello, Mr. Goldwyn.

GOLDWYN: Hello, Don.

CB

ATX01 01B4701

JACK: I didn't know you were here, Don.

DON: Yeah, I came with the Sportsmen..Fellows, I hope you won't mind if I ask Mary for this dance?

JACK: No, no..of course not.

MARY: I'd be delighted, Don.

(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF CHAIR)

MARY: Excuse me, fellows.

(MUSIC UP A LITTLE THEN FADE TO B.G.)

DON: You know, Mary, it's funny...I've known you all these years and yet this is the first time we've ever danced together.

MARY: That's right..And Don, I'm very pleasantly surprised.. For such a big man you dance wonderfully..You're so light on your feet.

DON: Part of me is still sitting down.

MARY: Don, stop belittling yourself..You are a good dancer.

(MUSIC COMES UP FOR A FEW SECONDS..THEN FADES AGAIN)

DON: Say Mary, is Jack trying to get Mr. Goldwyn to star him in a picture?

MARY: Yes, but I don't think Jack is going to get him to do it.

DON: Why not?

MARY: The only thing Mr. Goldwyn is drinking is milk..He's pretty cagey.

DON: Yeah..

(MUSIC UP A FEW SECONDS TO FINISH..THEN SPRINKLING OF APPLAUSE)

DON: How about another dance, Mary?

MARY: I'd love to, Don..but I see they've already brought the food to our table..I better go back.

GT

DON: Okay. See you later.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Sit down, Mary, your food's getting cold.

MARY: Where's Bob?

JACK: Oh, he had to eat and run..he's cutting some more records early in the morning...Come on, Mary...let's eat.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: LIGHT NIGHT CLUB NOISES..SILVERWARE..ETC)

JACK: (SIGHS) That ^{food} was really delicious.

MARY: Yes, I enjoyed mine, too.

JACK: Anything else..dessert..Some champagne, Mr. Goldwyn?

GOLDWYN: No thanks, Jack.

NELSON: Will there be anything else?

JACK: No, thanks.

NELSON: Well, here's your check.

JACK: (WHISPERS) Waiter, come here a minute.

NELSON: What?

JACK: (WHISPERS) We're not supposed to get any check..we're guests of the management, *you see*.

NELSON: I'm sorry, I don't know anything about that..the check is thirty-five dollars and sixty cents.

JACK: (WHISPERING, BUT LOUDER) Look, I'm telling you..we were invited here by the management.

NELSON: I'm sorry, but I've heard that one before.

JACK: Look, do you think I'd tell you that if it weren't true..
I'm Jack Benny.

NELSON: I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE KING FAROUK.

JACK: WHAT?

GT

NELSON: I'VE GOT A CHECK HERE FOR THIRTY-FIVE SIXTY AND YOU'RE GOING TO PAY IT.

JACK: I'M NOT GOING TO PAY IT.

MARY: JACK, FOR HEAVENS SAKE, YOU'RE CREATING A SCENE..WHY DON'T YOU PAY THE CHECK?

JACK: YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS, MARY. NOW WAITER, GET ME THE MANAGER.

NELSON: THE MANAGER HAS GONE HOME.

JACK: WELL, GET ME SOMEONE, I'M NOT GOING TO PAY THIS CHECK.

GOLDWYN: JACK, PLEASE..THIS IS EMBARRASSING.

JACK: YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS, TOO..YOU INVITE ME TO YOUR PREVIEW AND THEN YOU COME IN HERE AND STUFF YOURSELF AT MY EXPENSE. *Im* I'M WISE TO YOU.

GOLDWYN: All I had was a glass of milk.

JACK: I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU HAD...LET FREDRICK MARCH PAY FOR IT.. AND LET ME TELL YOU ANOTHER THING--

(SOUND: BOINNNNG)

JACK: OH, DARN ^{if} THERE IT GOES AGAIN.

GOLDWYN: (COUGHS AND ALMOST CHOKES)

MARY: MR. GOLDWYN, MR. GOLDWYN...WHAT'S THE MATTER?

GOLDWYN: I JUST HAD DESSERT.

JACK: ~~HEY~~, AND YOU'RE GOING TO PAY THE CHECK, TOO...COME ON, MARY, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

GT

ATX01 01B4704

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 31, 1954
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-C-

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first a word to
cigarette smokers.

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: You know, friends, there are three words that pretty
well sum up why so many millions of smokers prefer
Lucky Strike. And those three words are, "Luckies taste
better". "Taste" that's the key to real smoking
enjoyment. After all, smoking enjoyment is all a matter
of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste
better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. Luckies come by
their better taste in two ways. First, from fine tobacco --
and that's right where you'd expect better taste to start.
LS/MFT, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- fine, naturally
mild, good-tasting tobacco. Second, Luckies are made
better to taste better.

(MORE)

BA

ATX01 01B4705

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 31, 1954
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

-D-

WILSON:
(CONT'D) You can see for yourself that they're round, firm,
fully-packed, to draw freely and smoke evenly. You'll get
more enjoyment from smoking if you remember: smoking
enjoyment is all a matter of taste! And the fact of the
matter is Luckies taste better. So, Be Happy -- Go Lucky.
Next time ask for a carton of Lucky Strike.

SPORTSMEN Be Happy -- Go Lucky
QUARTET:
(LONG Get Better Taste Today!
CLOSE)

BA

ATX01 0184706

TAG

JACK:

Well, home at last.

(SOUND: KEY IN DOOR...DOOR OPENS)

JACK:

I hate those big arguments in public places. And I'm glad Mr. Goldwyn paid the check. He should have..After all, I went to his picture.

ROCH:

(OFF) WHO'S THAT?

JACK:

It's me, Rochester.

ROCH:

OH, BOSS, THE MANAGER OF THE HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT JUST CALLED.

JACK:

Oh he did?

ROCH:

YES SIR. HE WANTED TO APOLOGIZE. HE SAID THAT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE HIS GUESTS TONIGHT BUT THE WAITER MADE A MISTAKE AND GAVE YOU A BILL.

JACK:

I know, I know.

ROCH:

HE TOLD ME TO TELL YOU HE'S MAILING YOU A CHECK FOR SIXTY-FIVE DOLLARS AND SIXTY CENTS.

JACK:

Oh.. Well then, Rochester, call Mr. Sam Goldwyn the first thing in the morning --

ROCH:

YES SIR, WHAT SHALL I TELL HIM?

JACK:

Tell him I've left town ... Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE)

MG

ATX01 0184707

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

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

MG

ATX01 0184708