

PROGRAM #23
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1954

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED FEBRUARY 10, 1954)

ATX01 0184737

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

-A-

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #23

FEBRUARY 14, 1954

7:00-7:30 PM EST
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...After all is said and
done, the reason you or anybody else smokes a
cigarette can be summed up in one word: enjoyment.
And certainly the enjoyment you get depends entirely
on the taste of a cigarette. Put it this way.
Smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. Well,
the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better.
Cleaner, fresher, smoother. Here's why Luckies
taste better. First, they're made of fine tobacco.

(MORE)

BA

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THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
FEBRUARY 14, 1954
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

-B-

WILSON: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- fine, naturally
(CONT'D) mild, good-tasting tobacco. Second, Luckies are
actually made better -- made round, firm, fully-packed
-- to always draw freely and smoke evenly. Yes, fine
tobacco in a better made cigarette gives you better
taste, every single time. After all, smoking enjoyment
is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter
is Luckies taste better. You'll know that's true the
minute you light up a Lucky. So next time you're
shopping for cigarettes get the carton with the red
bullseye -- Lucky Strike!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

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

BA

ATX01 0184739

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..TODAY, FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH IS
VALENTINES DAY...IT'S ALSO THE BIRTHDAY OF THE STAR
our own little Valentine
OF OUR SHOW..SO HERE HE IS...JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, thank you..Hello again, this is
Jack Benny talking..And Don, that was very nice of you
to remember my birthday...How did you ever think of it?

DON: Well Jack, a strange thing happened last night...I ate
at that Chinese restaurant ~~you~~ you recommended.

JACK: Uh huh.

DON: And I broke open one of those rice fortune cakes.

JACK: Uh huh.

DON: ~~And~~ ^a little paper said, "Tis Better to
give than to receive and Sunday is Jack Benny's
Birthday."

Um-hm - well,
JACK: ~~What~~...What did you bring me for a present, Don?

DON: Well, it was too late to go shopping, so I brought you a
pocket full of fried rice.

JACK: ~~Too~~...Too late to go shopping..I told you to have
lunch there..not dinner....Anyway, Don, I'll take the
rice, there's a friend of mine getting married
Wednesday.

DON: Jack, you can't throw this rice, it's fried.

BA

ATX01 0184740

- Anyway, Don -2-

JACK: So's my friend, it's Remley...Anyway, thanks very much.

DON: Well...Anyway, Jack, getting back to your birthday..
tell me, how does it feel being a year older?

JACK: Don..I don't know..it seems strange to advance another
year, but then on the other hand, there's something
exciting about reaching forty.....Yes sir *you know.*

DON: ~~Well~~, Jack, you may be forty, but I must say you look
much younger. *a*

JACK: *Well*, Don, *it's* it's nice of you to say that...but let's face it..
my age is beginning to show...a little wrinkle here,
a gray hair there....EHH...time marches on...Now let's
get on with the program.

DON: *Oh*, Wait a minute, Jack...before we get into the show...~~I~~ *have*
got a little surprise, for you.

JACK: A surprise, Don?

DON: Yeah, ~~the~~ the whole audience is gonna join in..ALL RIGHT,
EVERYBODY. ~~the whole audience~~

AUDIENCE: (SING) HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, JACK BENNY
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *Will* Thank you, *ladies & gentlemen,*...thanks ~~the~~, everybody..thanks very much.

DON: Wasn't that nice, Jack?

JACK: Yes, very nice, Don...but...er...but...er.

DON: But what?

JACK: Well, I was watching one fellow sitting in the front
row and he didn't sing at all...As a matter of fact,
he had a frown on his face...and I'm just curious to
know why...OH MISTER...MISTER...

BA

ATX01 0184741

MEL: (WAY OFF) ME?

JACK: YES ^L. WOULD YOU MIND COMING UP HERE ON THE STAGE FOR A MINUTE?

MEL: (WAY OFF) OKAY.

(SOUND: FOUR LOUD FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS)

JACK: Now look, Mister..Mister --

MEL: Fink..F, I, N, Q, U, E..Fink.

JACK: Oh..oh...Well, Mr. Fink, I'm just curious to know...You were the only one who didn't sing "Happy Birthday" to me..Why was that?

MEL: Do you sing to me on my birthday?

JACK: No..no..but then how can I?..I don't even know when your birthday is.

MEL: It's December ^{the} 24th...and all you hear people singing is (SINGS) JINGLES BELLS..JINGLE BELLS..JINGLE ALL THE ~~THE~~...Not one word about Fink.

JACK: Well, that's too bad...Now look, Mister Fink.

MEL: F, I, N, Q, U, E.

JACK: ^L I know, I know.

MEL: That's French.

JACK: Yes, yes.

MEL: In Paris it's Finkay.

^{Will you certainly are:}
JACK: ^{to} ~~And~~ I don't care what it is..all I want, know is if you've got this chip on your shoulder..why did you come in here in the first place?

MEL: Who wanted to come in?...I was standing in line for the Amos 'n' Andy Show and some guy come over and ^{he} told me they ~~was~~ giving away refrigerators in here.

BA

ATX01 0184742

JACK: Giving away refrigerators?

MEL: In radio a program's either gotta give you entertainment or a refrigerator, now where's my ice-box?

JACK: You're not getting an icebox so go sit down.

MEL: Okay okay...(GOES OFF MUMBLING) Twelve programs this week, ~~and~~ I still ain't got a stick of furniture.

JACK: Keep quiet, please, ^{Mr. Link... Now}...Don, regardless of what just happened, I ~~am supposed to be~~ -

MARY: ~~Hello, Don.~~

DON: ~~Hello, Mary.~~

MARY: ~~Hello, Jack, Happy Birthday.~~

JACK: ~~Well, thank you, Mary...It was awfully sweet of you to remember it.~~

MARY: ~~Well, Jack, I must confess that I forgot all about your birthday, but a strange thing happened. Remember at rehearsal yesterday when you said I looked like I was gaining weight?~~

JACK: ~~Yes.~~

MARY: ~~Well...after rehearsal as I went through the lobby of C.B.S., I stepped on the scale to weigh myself.~~

JACK: ~~Uh huh.~~

MARY: ~~And a card came out saying, "You weigh a hundred and twelve pounds, you are kind to dogs, and tomorrow is Jack Benny's Birthday."~~

JACK: ~~No!~~

MARY: ~~I couldn't believe it either...So I put in another penny and a card came out that said, "Don't stand here all day, you've got shopping to do."~~

MG

ATX01 01B4743

JACK: Oh...Well, did you do it?

MARY: Yes, it'll be delivered to your home.

JACK: Good, good...You know, Mary, it's funny how a person feels on an occasion like this...Gosh, you become forty and all of a sudden you feel so mature and philosophical.

MARY: I know, I read your article in Colliers Magazine.

JACK: Oh, yes...I wrote that myself..I called it "How it Feels To Approach Forty."

DON: Say, I saw that issue, Jack..That's the one where they have your picture on the cover holding a big birthday cake.

JACK: That's right, Don..and since it came out, I've had so many people calling me to discuss that article.

DON: Well, I wanted to ask you something, too.

JACK: How it feels to approach forty?

DON: No, where can I get my hands on a cake like that?

JACK: Just what I expected from a man approaching fifty--around the waist.

MARY: Seriously, Jack, there is something I wanted to ask you.

JACK: What is it, Mary?

MARY: Well, many years ago you were in vaudeville, weren't you?

JACK: Yes.

MARY: And many times you were on the same bill with Eddie Cantor.

JACK: Yes yes, I was.

MARY: And at that time you and Cantor were the same age, weren't you?

JACK: Uh huh.

MG

ATX01 0184744

MARY: Well, Jack...today Eddie Cantor admits that he's over fifty..How come you're only forty?

JACK: Oh, I don't know..just lucky, I guess...Anyway, Mary... now that I'm approaching middle age, I'll have to slow down the mad social whirl and cut down my night life a little.

MARY: Some night life..You have a hamburger at a drive-in... squeeze the waitress's hand..give her a nickel tip...and then run home and dream you're Howard Hughes.

JACK: (MOCKING) Howard Hughes, Howard Hughes...Some joke... Mary, if you're so smart, let me ask you a question...If I was born in 1914, how old would I be today?

MEL: (OFF) DON'T ANSWER HIM, SISTER, HE AIN'T GIVING AWAY NOTHIN'.

JACK: YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS.

MARY: Who's that?

JACK: Some guy named Fink.

MEL: (OFF) F, I, N, K, U, E.

JACK: I KNOW, I KNOW...Don't pay any attention to him, Mary... There's one in every audience.

MARY: By the way, Jack, my mother wanted to send you a birthday card, but she didn't know your address, so she sent it to me.

JACK: Your mother? ... Have you got the card with you?

MG

ATX01 0184745

MARY: Yes, I'll read it to you.

"CONGRATULATIONS...

IT'S WONDERFUL TO BE FORTY, JACK,

I'VE BEEN THERE TWICE AND

I'M COMIN' BACK.

JACK: (LAUGHING) Say, that's kinda cute.

MARY: Mama has a wonderful sense of humor.

JACK: Yeah...remember the time she painted an extra toe on your uncle's foot and he thought he had seven? ... She does some of the.... Oh, hello Dennis..You're just in time for your song.

DENNIS: I'da been here sooner but on the way down I had to stop off at our family doctor's office and punch him in the nose.

JACK: You punched your doctor in the nose?

DENNIS: He had it coming, my mother told me what he did.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: When I was born, for no reason at all, he slapped me.

JACK: Dennis...

DENNIS: And my back was turned, too.

JACK: Dennis..never mind that, ^{silly talk} let's have your song.

DENNIS: Okay, Mr. Benny..but first..congratulations on your birthday.

JACK: (SWEETLY) Oh..well, it's awfully sweet of you to remember it, kid.

DENNIS: I never would've thought of it if you hadn't given me that ticket to the burlesque show last night.

JACK: Never mind, Dennis.

MG

DON: What did the burlesque show have to do with it?

DENNIS: Well, a girl came out to do a dance..her bubble broke,
and a sign fell out saying, "Sunday is Jack Benny's
Birthday."

JACK: Dennis --

DENNIS: You must be popular..what applause you got.

JACK: All right, all right.

DENNIS: They whistled and everything.

JACK: Dennis..

DENNIS: What a fuss over a man's birthday.

JACK: ~~Look~~ Dennis, you found out it was my birthday, that's all that
matters. Now come on, let's have your song.

DENNIS: Okay...(MUMBLES) Gee, when I'm forty, I hope I don't look
like him.

JACK: What did you say?

DENNIS: Sing, Dennis. *Tr!*

Jack: You said it!
(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Hold it a minute, Dennis...COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

RUBIN: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes.

RUBIN: Mr. Benny, I'm the head usher here at C.B.S and I came
here to tell you that you have twelve thousand birthday
cards in the lobby.

JACK: No!

RUBIN: Yeah, they're not selling, would you please take 'em home?

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Hm..Go ahead and sing, Dennis.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "SECRET LOVE")

(APPLAUSE)

MG

ATX01 01B4747

(SECOND ROUTINE)

"Secret"

JACK: That was a "Secret Love" sung by Dennis Day ... ~~very~~
very good, Dennis ... that was wonderful.

DENNIS: Congretulations on your birthday.

JACK: Dennis, you congretulated me already, forget it.

DENNIS: I tried, but I can't get that bubble dancer out of my mind.

JACK: Force yourself ... ~~force yourself~~ --

DENNIS: You know, Mr. Benny, it must be nice to have your birthday come on Valentine's Day.

JACK: Yes, kid, but there's only one thing against it *Dennis: Yeah, I mean* ... So many famous people were born in the month of February... Longfellow ... Lincoln ... Washington ... *It* It makes it hard for me to be outstanding.

DENNIS: I can imagine.

JACK: ~~Course,~~ *Course,* I don't want you to think for a minute that I'm compering myself to a man like Washington.

DENNIS: Why not? ~~He~~ were a wig, too.

JACK: Very clever, very clever ... Did you make up that joke yourself, Dennis?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

JACK: And you like that type of joke?

DENNIS: Yeah... I thought it was very funny.

JACK: ~~Yeah~~ *Ah, you did? You thought it was funny, huh?*
Well, excuse me a minute.

(SOUND: FOUR FOOTSTEPS...RECEIVER UP ...

DIALING)

JACK: Hello, Kenny Baker? ... Come home, all is forgiven.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

CL

ATK01 0184748

JACK: You better watch it, Dennis... Another gag like that and you'll only have one show ... and another thing --

BOB: Say, Jack ..

JACK: Yes, Bob.

BOB: *Well, look,* I didn't want to interrupt anything, but I've got a little present for you from the boys in the band.

JACK: *Oh,* Well, this is really too much ... to think that the boys in your ~~band~~ *orchestra* would remember my birthday ... I mean with all their other worries and responsibilities.

BOB: Well, Remley was the one.

JACK: *Oh,* Remley, eh?

BOB: *Uh-huh.* ~~I~~ funny thing happened ... Last night Frankie was in a bar and he happened to look up and he saw a little sign that said, "Tomorrow is Jack Benny's birthday."

DON: Bob ... that was written on the ceiling?

BOB: No, under the table.

JACK: I put it there on purpose. I knew he'd see it.

BOB: Anyway, Jack, all the boys chipped in, *and* they appointed Bagby the piano player to go out and buy you a plaque, and they asked me to present it to you ... So Jack, on behalf of the boys in the ~~band~~ *orchestra*, here you are.

JACK: Well, that's very nice of them ... Gee, it's a fancy ~~plaque~~ *plaque*, too. Let me read the inscription ... "To Herman Heffelfinger ... Champion Bowler ... Anthracite Miners Tournament." ... Bob, what's the matter with Bagby? *I mean -* Why would he get me a plaque like ~~that~~ *that*?

WA

BOB: *Well* You don't have much choice when you deal with a second-story man.

JACK: Wait ~~that~~ ... You mean Charlie buys stolen merchandise?

BOB: *Well* Sometimes he buys, sometimes he sells.

JACK: *I - I* ~~He~~ ... I ~~can't~~ understand Bagby. There are so many decent, honest businessmen around ... why does Charlie have to buy from a burglar?

BOB: He gives Green Stamps.

JACK: ~~That~~ ... Well Bob, I'm not accepting a hot plaque.

BOB: But Jack, if you give it back, the boys'll be insulted!

JACK: Well, I'm not keeping it .

DON: Bob, I don't like to butt in, but Jack's right about that gift. What's the matter with the boys in the band? Why would they get him a thing like that?

BOB: Well, Don, I'm sure the boys wanted to do better ... but they don't have too much money lately. You know, they've been helping out Sammy.

JACK: Sammy the drummer?

BOB: Yeah, he's really down and out. Why, he's so broke he can't even afford a drum to practice on at home.

JACK: Gee, that's a shame ... I better talk to him.

BOB: Well, not now, Jack. He brought his 13-year-old son down here today .. That's him over there in the wings.

JACK: Sammy's son? Which one?

BOB: That kid on the right ... the bald-headed one.

JACK: Oh yes, there is a resemblance ... they both have that same reflection ... But Bob, you say the kid's only thirteen years old...How can he be completely bald already?

WA

ATX01 0184750

~~BOB: I told you, Boeing can't afford to leave the market off.~~

~~TACK: Oh... Oh... Oh... Well, I guess I better buy him a...~~

DENNIS: Happy birthday, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Huh?

DENNIS: That bubble dancer is driving me nuts.

JACK: Dennis, go sit down ... Now let's get on with the program.

DON: *Oh*, Say Jack, before you go any further, I think it's time for a song by the quartet.

JACK: Oh yes, that's right ... are the Sportsmen here?

DON: Yes ... COME ON IN, FELLOWS ... Now Jack, the ~~new~~ boys want to dedicate this number to you on the happy occasion of your birthday because this song ~~has~~ been associated with you for years.

JACK: Well, that's very nice, Don.

DON: And ^{far} there's a part in it where you play the violin...
right at the opening.

JACK: Oh, Don, do I have to?

DON: No.

JACK: Well, I'm going to, it's my birthday...Now wait till I get the music stand up here...Say, Bob, can I get a violin from one of the boys in the band?

BOB: *Wally* I don't know about a violin, but Begby will make you
a good deal on a hot Cadillac.

JACK: I don't want that, I want a violin.

WA

BOB: Well, the boys can get you a genuine Stradivarius
next Thursday.

JACK: Thursday?

BOB: Yeah. Heifetz is playing here Wednesday.

JACK: Oh, oh...Well, I'll just take what they've got. Larry,
let me have your violin, will you?...Thanks...Hm...
What a gang in the orchestra....When they say that
Remley is playing a steel guitar, you can take that
word either way, ^{Where's that violin?}...All right, Don, I'm ready... ^{You want me to} take
the opening, huh?

WA

ATX01 01B4752

JACK: (PLAYS VIOLIN)

QUART: Oh no, it isn't the breeze
It's you know who.

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: Oh no, it's not Isaac Stern
It's you know who.

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: By now you know it's ^{not Mr. Link,} ~~as~~
It's you know who.
Can it be the trees
That fill the breeze
With fragrance that we all like?
Oh no, it isn't the breeze
It's Lucky Strike
When we stop to ~~tear~~ ^{and} then compare
Do we find they're ~~alike~~ ^{alike}
Oh no, there's none ^{can} ~~compere~~
With Lucky Strike.
Way down in Kentucky
They planted a seed
It grew to a Lucky
Just to give you all that smoking pleasure
LSMFT, we all agree
Is smooth and so pleasant like
Oh yes, the one smoke for me
Is Lucky Strike.

(APPLAUSE)
WA

(THIRD ROUTINE)

-15-

JACK: *That was really swell*
That was ~~was~~ boys ... Thanks very much ...
You know, Don, ~~was~~ ^{it} was ^{so} nice of the quartet ~~---~~

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

RYAN: Telegram for Jack Benny...

JACK: *Oh*, Here I am, boy, *Here... Here, boy, boy,* ~~here~~ here's a tip for you.

RYAN: (EXCITED) Oh, boy, a dollar! A whole dollar! Thanks,^q
Mr. Benny.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: I wonder who could be sending me a telegram right in
the middle of my --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

RYAN: Excuse me, Mr. Benny.

JACK: What do you want now, ~~what~~

RYAN: I forgot my bicycle.

JACK: You didn't forget it, I bought it... Now, goodbye

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: I hate when a guy makes a deal and then tries to get
out of it ...

(SOUND: ENVELOPE OPEN)

JACK: *Then* Gee, the telegram's from my sister Florence.

DON: *Oh*, What does she say?

CL

ATX01 0184754

JACK: She says ... "DEAR JACK...I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO YOUR PROGRAM AND I THOUGHT I SHOULD SEND YOU THIS WIRE IMMEDIATELY ... YOU'RE NOT FORTY YEARS OLD TODAY ... YOU'RE ACTUALLY -- Oh no ... no, this can't be ... this is awful.

BOB: *Well*, Jack, how old does your sister say you are today?

JACK: Thirty-nine ... Oh my goodness ... this is embarrassing ... But my sister Florence ought to know ... I guess instead of being born in 1914, it was 1915.

DENNIS: But, Mr. Benny ... how could you be born in 1915? ... You told me that in 1918 you were in the Navy.

JACK: WELL, OF COURSE I WAS IN THE NAVY, DO YOU THINK I'M A SLACKER?

DENNIS: WELL, HOW OLD WERE YOU THEN?

JACK: THREE ... THAT'S HOW OLD I --

DON: THREE!. HOW COULD YOU --

JACK: DON, DON'T ARGUE WITH ME, THEY MEASURED ME FOR A UNIFORM AND CUT OFF MY CURLS AT THE SAME TIME.

DON: BUT JACK, IF YOU WERE ONLY THREE YEARS OLD, HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLE GET IN THE NAVY?

JACK: I OWNED A BATTLESHIP AND SHUT UP! ... Anyway, this thing has got me puzzled ... I'm going to call

Rochester and have him look at my birth certificate.

(SOUND: FOUR STEPS)

JACK: (OVER FOOTSTEPS) My sister Florence says I'm thirty-nine ... and I think I'm forty ... I ~~was~~ *gotta* to find out.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..CLICKING..FADE TO BUZZING OF SWITCHBOARD)

CTC

ATX01 0184755

BEA: Say, Mable?

SHIRLEY: What is it, Gertrude?

BEA: Mr. Benny's line is flashing.

SHIRLEY: Yeah, I wonder what Colliers Cover Girl wants now.

BEA: I'll plug in and find out.

(SOUND: PLUG IN)

BEA: Yes, Mr. Benny. I'll call your house immediately.

(SOUND: PLUG OUT)

BEA: He wants I should get him Rochester.

SHIRLEY: Well, be nice to him ... you know today's his birthday.

BEA: It is? How did you find out?

SHIRLEY: Dial ULRICK 8-900.

BEA: *Yeah*, But *how did you* ---

SHIRLEY: Dial, dial.

BEA: Okay.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..DIALING UL 8-900...

BUZZ AND CLICK)

JENNY: (FILTER) The time is four...twenty-one and ten seconds.

(SOUND: TIME TONE BEEP)

JENNY: (FILTER) And today is Jack Benny's birthday ... The time is four -- twenty-one and twenty seconds.

(SOUND: TIME TONE BEEP)

JENNY: (FILTER) His shirt size is fifteen and a half ... The time is --

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

BEA: How do you like that ... Imagine Benny having his birthday announced on the telephone. How does he get away with it?

CL

ATX01 0184756

SHIRLEY: He used to be a personal friend of Alexander Graham Bell.

BEA: Gee, with all the advertising, he must be getting a lot of gifts.

SHIRLEY: I can imagine. What did you send him?

BEA: A beautiful calfskin glove.

SHIRLEY: One glove? Why in the world would you give him only one glove?

BEA: That's all he needs ... He never takes his right hand out of his pocket.

SHIRLEY: Very true.. Say, Gertrude, can you give me a lift home tonight?

BEA: I guess so, what's wrong?

SHIRLEY: I've got another flat tire.

BEA: Gee, you've been having more trouble with that motorcycle.

SHIRLEY: Yeah.

(SOUND: CLICKING OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Operator

(SOUND: CLICKING)

JACK: Operator..Gertrude...get me my home.

BEA: I'm trying, I'm trying...You know, Rome wasn't built in a day.

JACK: Well, you ought to know, you helped build it.

BEA: Well, thank you Julius Caesar.

JACK: Never mind...Now please ring my home.

BEA: Okay, okay, I'm ringing it.

CL

ATX01 0184757

JACK: Hm...smart sleek Gertrude... She takes you out for dinner once ~~she~~ she thinks she owns you ... Oh well.

(SOUND: CLICK)

ROCH: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE,,STAR OF STAGE, RADIO, TELEVISION AND SILENT PICTURES.

JACK: Rochester ... it's me.

ROCH: OH OH OH OH ... HELLO, BOSS.

JACK: What took you so long to answer the phone?

ROCH: WELL, TODAY'S YOUR BIRTHDAY AND I WAS OUT IN THE KITCHEN FINISHING YOUR CAKE.

JACK: *oh, you baked* A cake? *for me?*

ROCH: YEAH *and* YOU OUGHTA SEE IT, BOSS...ACROSS THE TOP IN WHIPPED CREAM, I WROTE "HAPPY BIRTHDAY".

JACK: *oh,* ~~well,~~ that's nice, Rochester.

ROCH: BY THE WAY, HOW MANY "P'S" IN HAPPY?

JACK: Two.

ROCH: OH-OH.

JACK: *Oh,* So you'll have to add one.

ROCH: I'VE GOTTA TAKE ONE OFF, I'VE GOT THREE.

JACK: *Will look it* You can do that later ... Now Rochester, here's why I called you... I don't know what to do...I thought today was my fortieth birthday...but I just got a wire from my sister and she says I'm thirty-nine.

ROCH: WELL, DON'T ARGUE WITH HER, BOSS, GRAB IT.

JACK: Roch~~ester~~, I've got to be honest with myself...Now I want you to look at my birth certificate and tell me the date on it.

CL

ATX01 0184758

ROCH: YOUR BIRTH CERTIFICATE?

JACK: Yes, do you know where it is?

ROCH: IT'S RIGHT HERE ON THE DESK.

JACK: What's my birth certificate doing on the desk?

ROCH: YOU GOT IT OUT THE OTHER DAY WHEN YOU APPLIED FOR YOUR OLD AGE PENSION.

JACK: Oh, I just did that for a gag.

ROCH: WELL, THEY MUST BE LAUGHING, YOUR FIRST CHECK CAME TODAY.

JACK: Rochester, stop making things up...Now look at my birth certificate.

ROCH: I'M LOOKING AT IT.

JACK: Now in the space where it says "Date of Birth" ... what's there?

ROCH: A HOLE.

JACK: A hole in the paper?

ROCH: YEAH, WE ERASED IT ONCE TOO OFTEN.

JACK: Oh ... Well then there's nothing I can do ... and I'll have to take my sister's word for it.

ROCH: I GUESS SO, BOSS...YOUR SISTER MUST BE RIGHT.

JACK: ^{I guess} Yep, ^{Well,} I'm thirty-nine, ... Goodbye, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODBYE... OH SAY, BOSS ... HEE HEE HEE HEE.

JACK: What?

ROCH: AREN'T WE DEVILS?

JACK: You and Me?

ROCH: NO, ME AND YOUR SISTER.

JACK: Yeah, yeah ... Goodbye, Rochester.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL
FEBRUARY 14, 1954

-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, you can count on American College students to know a good thing when they see it. A survey made in 1952 of smokers in leading colleges showed that Luckies were the favorites in those colleges. 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, the survey shows that Luckies lead again! Lead over all other brands, regular or kingsize and by a wide margin. Luckies' better taste was the reason given most often. When you come right down to it smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste -- and the fact of the matter is ... Luckies taste better.

(MORE)

CL

ATX01 0184760

7-
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)
FEBRUARY 14, 1954

WILSON: Taste better because they're made of fine tobacco.
(CONT'D) Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And then, Luckies
are made better... So make that next carton Lucky
Strike, the cigarette that tastes better.

SPORTSMEN
QUARTET: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

(LONG CLOSE) Get better taste today!

CL

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ALLOCATION
FEBRUARY 14, 1954
(Transcribed Feb. 10, 1954)

-21-

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm not the only one who's celebrating a birthday.. Last week, more than three million, three hundred thousand Scouts and Leaders of the Boy Scouts of America had a candle-lighting job on their hands. It was the beginning of Boy Scout Week, and these Scouts added the 44th candle to their birthday cake ... candles that through the years have lighted boyhood's path to manhood, brightening the way with fun and fellowship, guiding boys to a future of good citizenship. And ladies and gentlemen today's Scouts are tomorrow's citizens.

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

CL

ATX01 0184762

(TAG)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Come on, Don, the car's right around the corner. I'll drive you home.

DON: Okay.

JACK: You know, Don, that was a pretty good program we just did, but I think --

MEL: HEY, BENNY ... BENNY ...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Huh? Oh, it's you, Mr. Fink.

MEL: Yeah *hey*, don't you know some program I can go on and win a refrigerator?

JACK: No, I don't ... Come on, Don.

MEL: Well, I'm gonna get a refrigerator even if I have to buy one.

JACK: Well, I don't care -- Buy one? ... Get in the car, Mister *Fink* Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

CL

ATX01 0184763

DON:

The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Sam Ferrin, 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.

CL

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