

PROGRAM #30
REVISED SCRIPT

As Broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, APRIL 4, 1954

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED, APRIL 1, 1954)

BR

ATX01 0019632

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
APRIL 4, 1954

-A-

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. When you buy a pack of
cigarettes, are you sure they're going to be really fresh?
You can be if your cigarette is Lucky Strike. And one big
reason why -- is the carefully controlled moisture content
of Luckies' fine tobacco. The makers of Luckies know that
if the tobacco is too moist -- your cigarette will burn too
slowly -- or if it's not moist enough -- will taste dry.
So, Luckies' moisture content is constantly checked during
every step of their manufacture. That's important, friends,
because smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And
the fact of the matter is - Luckies taste better. Cleaner,
Fresher, Smoother. Why? First of all, because they're made
of fine naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. Who doesn't
know that -- LS/MFT. Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

(MORE)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
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-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: And then, Luckies are made better to taste better. So
(Cont'd) friends, if you want your next cigarette--and everyone
after it--to taste better--Be happy--Go Lucky---ask for a
carton of better tasting--Lucky Strike.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

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

TB

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(FIRST ROUTINE)

-1-

(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...AROUND THIS TIME OF THE YEAR, AN ANNUAL ACTIVITY TAKES PLACE IN HOMES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY...SPRING CLEANING...AS WE GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS, WE FIND ROCHESTER BUSY WITH THIS CHORE, AND HIS FRIEND ROY HELPING HIM WITH THE WORK.

(SOUND: SCUFFLING NOISES)

ROCH: YOU TAKE THE BOTTOM, AND I'LL TAKE THE TOP, ROY.

ROY: I got it, Rochester...Where shall we carry it..out in the yard?

ROCH: NO, MR. BENNY MIGHT SEE IT THERE AND MAKE US BRING IT BACK IN..LET'S CARRY IT OVER HERE.

ROY: Okay.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ...JUST A FEW...THEN STOP)

ROCH: THERE...NOW LET'S PUT IT IN THE FIREPLACE AND BURN IT.

ROY: Okay...Man, Mr. Benny sure hates to turn loose of his Christmas tree.

ROCH: YEAH.

ROY: How long did he keep the one from 1952?

ROCH: THIS IS IT...I BETTER SET A MATCH TO IT.

(SOUND: MATCH SCRATCHES...TREE LIGHTS...SOUND OF FLAMES FADE TO B.G.)

ROCH: NOW LET'S GET BACK TO THE DUSTING AND CLEANING.

ROY: Okay.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...AND DUSTING NOISES)

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ROY: Say, Rochester...this is the first time I've seen you since you came back from New York...Did you have a good time there?

ROCH: (ENTHUSIASTIC) MMMMM...MMMMMMMMMMMMMM.

ROY: Man, I ^{sure} envy you...going to New York...seeing Broadway with all those wonderful shows...Did you see "Tea and Sympathy?"

ROCH: HUH?

ROY: Did you see Tea and Sympathy?

ROCH: MY FRIEND, WHEN I GO TO NEW YORK, I'M NOT LOOKING FOR EITHER...NOW LET'S SEE...MMM, THE PIANO NEEDS DUSTING.

ROY: I'll do it.

(BAGBY MAKES SOUND OF DUSTER HITTING PIANO KEYS AT RANDOM)

ROY: Say Rochester, Mr. Benny's violin is on the piano...shall I dust that, too.

ROCH: WELL,...I DON'T KNOW...DO YOU THINK YOU MIGHT DROP IT?

ROY: Of course not.

ROCH: THEN LET ME DUST IT.

ROY: Rochester, maybe Mr. Benny doesn't play so good, but you shouldn't take it out on the violin...It might be valueble...It could be a Stradiverius..or a Gusrnerious... Do you know what kind it is?

ROCH: NO, HOW CAN YOU TELL?

ROY: Well, the maker's name's always on the inside of the violin. You can see it by looking through these holes... Let me see...Yep, there it is.

ROCH: WHAT DOES IT SAY?

ROY: The..Pep Boys.

BR

ROCH: OH YEAH...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: *21* Good morning, Rochester.

ROCH: *21* GOOD MORNING, BOSS.

ROY: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh, hello, Roy.

ROCH: HOW DID YOU SLEEP, BOSS?

JACK: Oh, pretty good, Rochester...but I had the most amazing dream...I dreamed that I finally got disgusted driving around in my Maxwell, so I decided to do something about it.

ROCH: WHAT DID YOU DO?

JACK: I bought a dollar raffle ticket on a Cadillac...And the amazing thing is that I won.

ROCH: NO!

JACK: Yes...then I dreamed that I took a ride in my new Cadillac, and gee, it ran so smoothly and quietly, it woke me up...But it was a wonderful dream...I felt so important driving around in that beautiful car...You know, I think I'll buy one.

ROCH: A NEW CADILLAC?

JACK: No, a raffle ticket...Is my breakfast ready yet, Rochester?

ROCH: I'LL GO FIX IT NOW.

JACK: You know, I'd like something a little different this morning.

ROCH: I WAS PLANNING SOMETHING DIFFERENT...I'LL FIX YOU SOME EGGS, BENEDICT CANYON.

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JACK: Rochester, you mean Eggs Benedict.

ROCH: I MEAN BENEDICT CANYON, THE GROCERY TRUCK HAD A WRECK
THERE THIS MORNING.

JACK: ...Good, good....

ROCH: I'LL GO FIX YOUR BREAKFAST.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS & CLOSSES)

JACK: Say, Roy, you and Rochester really have the place looking
spic and span.

ROY: Thank you, Mr. Benny.

JACK: It's nice having you come over to help out every once in
a while...I appreciate it.

ROY: Oh, don't mention it....Say, Mr. Benny, I've been meaning
to say this every time I see you...You sure keep yourself
in good shape.

JACK: What do you mean?

ROY: Well, you keep good hours, you get lots of sleep, play
golf, get enough fresh air and exercise...you sure look
great for your age.

JACK:Er...you mean... I look younger than thirty-nine?

ROY: No, but you look younger than you are.

JACK: Look Roy, when I say I'm thirty-nine, I'm not ---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Hmm...the front door...Excuse me, Roy.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

JACK: Hm, if I thought it funnier to be forty, I'd be forty...
No, that wouldn't be any good...Eddie Cantor is forty...
I guess I'll just have to remain --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

BR

JACK: ~~is coming.~~

(SOUND: THREE OR FOUR FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Come on in.

DENNIS: Thank you.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DENNIS: I came to say goodbye...I'm joining the Air Force.

JACK: The Air Force?

DENNIS: (SINGS) OFF WE GO, INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER CLIMBING
HIGH IN TO THE SUN.

JACK: Dennis --

DENNIS: HERE THEY COME, ZOOMING TO MEET OUR THUNDER,

JACK: Dennis --

DENNIS: AT 'EM BOYS, GIVE HER THE GUN.

(DENNIS IMITATES MACHINE GUN AND WHINE OF PLANE AND
MORE GUNS)

JACK: DENNIS, ^{Dennis} FOR HEAVEN'S SAKES -- *Dennis!*

DENNIS: (DOES HIGH WHISTLE OF PLANE)

JACK: Dennis, what was that?

DENNIS: I broke the sound barrier.

JACK: NOW CUT THAT OUT...Look, Dennis, why this sudden decision
to join the Air Force?

DENNIS: ^{that} Yesterday I was walking down the street, and I saw ^{one of} ~~the~~
~~poster that said, "Uncle Sam Needs You."~~ *with the finger pointing at it and it said*

"Uncle Sam Needs me."

BR

JACK: Oh, he does, eh?...Well, Dennis, if our Armed Forces are in such bad shape that Uncle Sam needs you, I'm moving to Tasmania....Now while I'm packing, let me hear the song you're going to do on next Sunday's show.

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG - "YOUNG AT HEART")

(APPLAUSE)

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(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{Dennis} Dennis, I know that usually I'm so busy that I haven't got time to compliment you on your singing..But you have, without a doubt, one of the finest voices ^{that} I've ever heard...

DENNIS: Hurry up, I've got to get down to the recruiting office.

JACK: Look, Dennis..forget about enlisting..You don't have to.

Now You did your duty during the last war when you were in the Service.

DENNIS: Yeah, you're right..I put in a couple of years in the Navy.....I was on a battleship for six months..and a destroyer for eight months, and a submarine for three months.

JACK: Dennis, I didn't know you had submarine duty.

DENNIS: Yeah..that was exciting..Sometimes the submarine would stay submerged for days at a time...^{Boys} ~~that~~ ^{that was} tough.

JACK: It was?

DENNIS: I'll say, they ~~never~~ never let me inside....Well, I better go now, you're turning blue again....Goodbye.

If he should survive to 103, it would be my fault
(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)
JACK: Silly kid..most people think I don't like him..but I love when Dennis comes over.. ~~I~~ Always makes me feel so good when he leaves...sometimes he does ~~the~~ --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it, Rochester.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS.. PHONE RINGS..RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

BH

ARTIE: Hello, have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Benny?

JACK: Why, Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, it's nice hearing from you again...What can I do for you?

ARTIE: Nothing..this time I want to do something for ^{Jack: oh.} you...I want to invite you to me and my wife's wedding anniversary party Saturday night.

JACK: Oh, so you and your wife are celebrating your wedding anniversary....which one is it?

ARTIE: The thirteenth.

JACK: Number thirteen--isn't that unlucky?

ARTIE: What was so fortunate about the other twelve?

JACK: Oh...Well, I'll be glad to come to your party, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: ^{Wonderful} Thank you..and Mr. Benny.. it's going to be a masquerade.. Everybody is supposed to come as a famous movie star.

JACK: Oh, that's a cute idea...^{who} ~~what~~ are you coming as, Mr. Kitzel?

ARTIE: ^{Arthur: yes} William Holden, ^{Jack: 2 me}

JACK: Oh, because he won the Academy Award?

ARTIE: Uh-huh...And my wife is coming as Audrey Hepburn.

JACK: Oh, does your wife look like Audrey Hepburn?

ARTIE: No, William Holden.

JACK: Oh, I see...Well, ^{who} who's going to be at the party, Mr. Kitzel?

ARTIE: ^{well, me} Let's see...there's you, and me, and two more of my friends..my wife and her immediate family--sixty people in all.

BH

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, your wife has that many relatives living here?

ARTIE: *Oh* No, ~~some~~ *they* are coming from Cleveland..Pittsburgh..
Oklahoma
Minneapolis..New York, Philadelphia, and Boston.

JACK: All that distance just to come to a party.

ARTIE: Two of them are coming in from Tasmania.

JACK: No!

ARTIE: Yes.. Tondelayo and Irving.

Jack: Tondelayo and Irving? Artie: Yeah
JACK: Well, it certainly sounds like a lot of fun and I'll
be there.. Thank you very much, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: You're welcome. ~~Goodbye, Mr. Benny.~~

JACK: Goodbye.

ARTIE: Oh, by the way, Mr. Benny, if you run into Dennis Day,
congratulate him for me on his birthday.

JACK: All right, I -- wait a minute..how did you know that
April first was Dennis's birthday.

ARTIE: It figures

JACK: I see what you mean...Well, I'll see you Saturday..Goodbye.

ARTIE: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, that's a cute idea ~~of~~ having a masquerade party and
everybody comes as a famous movie star... I wonder if it
would be hammy if I came as me... Oh well, I better go
in and eat.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Say, that breakfast looks good, Rochester.

ROCH: I KEPT EVERYTHING HOT FOR YOU.

BH

JACK: *OK* That's ~~fine~~ *fine*.

ROY: Well, I'll say goodbye now, Rochester..we're all done.

ROCH: THAT'S RIGHT...THANKS FOR HELPING ME, ROY.

JACK: Oh, wait a minute, Roy.. I'd like to give you some money for coming over and helping out.

ROY: Oh, that isn't necessary, Mr. Benny.

JACK: No no, Roy, I want to give you something...What do you think is fair?

ROY: Well, I don't know.

JACK: Let me see... You came over here at eight this morning..~~it's~~ it's noon now...that's four hours...What would you say to three dollars?

ROY: Three dollars? Well do you think that's fair, Rochester?

ROCH: NO, BUT GRAB IT!

JACK: ~~That's~~..All right..here's five dollars, Roy.

ROY: *OK* Thanks..Goodbye, Mr. Benny..so long Rochester.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JACK: Rochester, I want to ask you something..what business is it of yours how much money Roy gets?

ROCH: MR. BENNY, WHEN YOU MAKE AS LITTLE AS I DO, YOU'VE GOT TO BORROW FROM SOMEBODY.

JACK: Well, in the future, Rochester, I wish ~~that~~---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: ~~Hmmmm~~.

ROCH: *You* YOU FINISH YOUR BREAKFAST, I'LL SEE WHO IT IS.

Jack: OK (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR BUZZER)

BH

ROCH: COMING..COMING.

(SOUND: COUPLE MORE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: OH, HELLO, MR. WILSON.

DON: *Hi*, Hello, Rochester..Come on in, oboys.

ROCH: OH, I SEE YOU'VE GOT THE SPORTSMAN QUARTET WITH YOU....
HELLO, GENTLEMEN.

QUART: HMMMM.

ROCH: MR. BENNY IS HAVING HIS BREAKFAST, I'LL TELL HIM YOU'RE
HERE.

DON: *Oh, no, no* *I -* No no, Rochester, I want to see you, not him.

ROCH: ME?

DON: Yes *let's* all go in the living room where the piano is.

(SOUND: BUNCH OF PEOPLE WALKING)

DON: *let's* Rochester.. we want to surprise Mr. Benny on next Sunday's
and show. we have an idea for the commercial..and we want you
to sing with the Quartet..You can sing, can't you?

ROCH: ANYTHING BUT SOPRANO...LET ME SEE THE MUSIC.

DON: Here you are.

ROCH: LET'S SEE...MMM...MM....UHHHHHHH HUH, *I -* I THINK I CAN
HANDLE THIS..LET'S HAVE A GO AT IT, SHALL WE?

BH

ROCH: OH BABY MINE

QUART: I GET SO LONELY WHEN I DREAM ABOUT YOU
CAN'T DO WITHOUT YOU,
THAT'S WHY I DREAM ABOUT YOU
IF I COULD ONLY PUT MY ARMS ABOUT YOU
~~ROCH:~~ ^{would} LIFE ~~BE~~ BE SO FAIR

Rock: - IF YOU WERE THERE

QUART: WE COULD HUG AND KISS AND NEVER TIRE
I'M ON FIRE, YOU ARE MY ONE DESIRE
I GET SO LONELY WHEN I DREAM ABOUT YOU
WHY CAN'T YOU BE FAIR
OH ROCHESTER.

ROCH: YES, YES.

QUART: OH, ROCHESTER

ROCH: I'M HERE.

QUART: THIS IS THE SPOT

ROCH: SO SOON?

QUART: FOR YOU KNOW WHAT

ROCH: WELL, HERE'S A THOUGHT
WHEN I GET LONELY I JUST LIGHT A LUCKY
FROM OLD KENTUCKY, A BETTER TASTING LUCKY
A LUCKY STRIKE IS MADE OF FINE TOBACCO
IT'S THE SMOKE YOU'LL LIKE

Quart: OH BABY MINE

~~ROCH:~~ AND DON'T FORGET THAT DEEP DOWN SMOKING PLEASURE
A SMOKE YOU'LL TREASURE
MUCH MORE THAN YOU CAN MEASURE
FOR REAL ENJOYMENT YOU MUST LIGHT A LUCKY
PUFF A LUCKY STRIKE
YOU KNOW THE MEANING OF THOSE LETTERS.

Rock: Chase letters

ROCH &
QUART: L S M F T

QUART: THEY STAND FOR LUCKIES FINE TOBACCO

{
 {Rock:- Just take a puff.
 {Quent: [REDACTED] PUFF AND YOU'LL AGREE

ROCH: ~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

QUART: BE HAPPY AND GO LUCKY
THERE'S A REASON IN ANY SEASON
A LUCKY IS SO PLEASING
WHEN YOU GET LONE ~~some~~ *some*
YOU'LL BE GLAD TO OWN SOME
YOU WILL LIKE

ROCH: OH BABY MINE

QUART: LUCKY STRIKE
Ch. Baby mine

ROCH: [REDACTED]

QUART: YOU WILL LIKE
Oh, baby mine.

ROCH: [REDACTED]

QUART: LUCKY STRIKE
24 baby min 2:

ROCH: ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

ROCH &
QUART: SMOKE A LUCKY STRIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

DH

(THIRD ROUTINE)

DON: ~~My, my, my, my~~ fellows, that sounded really good... Jack will love it when we do it on the show.

ROCH: I HOPE SO..MR. WILSON, WHY DON'T YOU GO INSIDE AND HAVE SOME BREAKFAST WITH THE BOSS?

DON: No thanks, I just had lunch, and I never have snacks between meals.

ROCH: BUT YOU WON'T BE EATING AGAIN TILL DINNER.

DON: No, at two o'clock I have lunch again.

ROCH: OH.

DON: Well, we better be running along..So long, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODBYE, MR. WILSON..SO LONG, FELLOWS.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

ROCH: NOW LET'S SEE..OH YES..ROY FORGOT TO PUT MR. BENNY'S VIOLIN IN ITS CASE WHEN HE CLEANED IT...I BETTER PUT IT AWAY.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..THEN WE HEAR PLINKS OF EACH VIOLIN STRING)

JACK: (OFF) Rochester, is that my violin?

ROCH: YOUR VIOLIN?

JACK: Yes, it's plinking.

ROCH: IT SURE IS.

JACK: ~~I said plinking.~~ *S.H. Rochester* Now stop fooling around with it and put it away.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

JACK: ~~And if~~ if there are any phone calls for me, I'll be in the library...I'm going to read for awhile.

CB

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS & CLOSSES)

JACK: Gee, I haven't read a good book in a long time. ~~Look~~ Look at the ones on this shelf..they've all been made into great pictures ~~the~~.. "The Caine Mutiny" by Herman Wouk.. "The High And The Mighty" by Ernest Gann.. "From Here To Eternity" by James Jones... "From Here to Tijuana" by Aly Kahn.....Let's see, what else I have.. "It Takes All Kinds" by Maurice Zolotow... Oh, look, here's that new book that Frank Remley wrote about the orchestra.. "The Seagrams Around Us"..... Say, here's a new one that looks interesting.. "The Secrets of a Psychiatrist".... I think I'll read ~~it~~.. *this one.*

(SOUND: MOVING CHAIR..SITTING)

JACK: I better move that lamp over here.

(SOUND: LAMP MOVING)

JACK: There we are... Now let's see... "The Secrets of a Psychiatrist"... Chapter One.

(MUSIC)

JACK: (FILTER) MY NAME IS DOCTOR WILLIAM JACKSON, P.H.D., B.A., L.L.B., M.A., B.S., M.D.... YES, MY LAST NAME IS PHIDBALLEMMABSMD.... I MAJORED IN PSYCHIATRY IN MEDICAL SCHOOL AND WAS ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S MOST SUCCESSFUL PSYCHIATRISTS, THANKS TO ALL YOU CRAZY MIXED UP KIDS... HOWEVER, I AM NO LONGER WEALTHY AND SUCCESSFUL BECAUSE ONE DAY --BUT, I'M GETTING AHEAD OF MY STORY.. IT ALL STARTED NORMALLY ENOUGH ONE DAY LAST SPRING WHEN MY NURSE CAME INTO MY OFFICE.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

CB

SHIRLEY: Excuse me, Doctor.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Yes, nurse?

SHIRLEY: Mr. Jones is waiting outside to see you.

JACK: Which Mr. Jones -- the one who goes around with an onion on his head because he thinks he's a pickled herring?

SHIRLEY: No no, Doctor...the one who thinks he's a refrigerator.

JACK: Oh..well, send him in...And get me my dark glasses..every time he opens his mouth, that light inside hurts my eyes...Now please hurry, I have a busy schedule.

SHIRLEY: Yes, Doctor.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

SHIRLEY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) You may go in now, Mr. Jones.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF APPROACHING MEN'S FOOTSTEPS..DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Hello, Mr. Jones.

MEL: (SLIGHTLY MOOLEY) Duhh, hello, Doctor.

JACK: Well, Mr. Jones, do you still think you're a refrigerator?

MEL: Oh no, Doctor...I'm all over that.

JACK: Good.

MEL: Now I think I'm a coffee percolator.

JACK: A percolator?

MEL: Yeah..(REDACTED)

JACK: I see.

MEL: (PLEADING) Doctor, can't I please go back to being a refrigerator?

JACK: No no..we'll cure you of all these delusions.

MEL: But I don't want to be cured, I was so happy as a refrigerator.

CB

JACK: ~~Why?~~

MEL: ~~I was in love with Betty Furness.~~

JACK: ~~Hum...~~

MEL: ~~Every time Betty Furness would do a commercial and put her hands on me, chills would run up and down my freezing coil.~~

JACK: Now don't worry, Mr. Jones..I'll cure you..I want you to go home, and sit in a corner and say to yourself, I'm a man, I'm a man..until you're positive you ^{are} not a refrigerator.

MEL: But Doctor, I know I'm a refrigerator.

JACK: How can you be so positive?

MEL: You can be sure when you're a Westinghouse.

JACK: Oh..well, you certainly fooled me..with that uniform on I thought you were General Electric.

JACK: (FILTER) APPARENTLY HE DIDN'T LIKE MY JOKE BECAUSE HE LEFT MY OFFICE CLOSING BOTH DOORS BEHIND HIM...MINE AND HIS...THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON WAS RATHER UNEVENTFUL.. HOWEVER, I DID HAVE ONE OTHER INTERESTING CASE..IT WAS A MUSICIAN...A DRUMMER NAMED SAMMY..THIS POOR FELLOW BELIEVED HE WAS A SAINT BERNARD...HE ALWAYS TIED A KEG OF BRANDY AROUND HIS NECK AND WENT OUT LOOKING FOR PEOPLE LOST IN THE SNOW..THIS IN ITSELF WASN'T SO BAD..BUT WHEN HE FOUND THEM, HE WOULD ROB THEM AND DRINK THE BRANDY TO CELEBRATE...IT WAS RATHER DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND WHY SAMMY THOUGHT HE WAS A SAINT BERNARD...HE LOOKED MORE LIKE A MEXICAN HAIRLESS...AFTER HE LEFT, MY NURSE CAME INTO THE OFFICE ONCE MORE.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

CB

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Are there any more patients, Miss Mitchell?

SHIRLEY: No, Doctor..Do you mind if I leave for the day?

JACK: No, you may go. Just a minute.

SHIRLEY: Yes, sir.

JACK: Miss Mitchell, I want you to know that you've been a great help to me..I'd never have gotten where I am without you.

SHIRLEY: Thank you, Doctor.

JACK: How long have you been with me?

SHIRLEY: Seven years.

JACK: And what am I paying you now?

SHIRLEY: A dollar an hour and carfare.

JACK: Gee, that's not very much.

SHIRLEY: It is when you consider I live in Tasmania.

JACK: (FILTER) IT WAS AT THIS MOMENT THAT I MADE UP MY MIND TO MARRY HER..I PROPOSED TO HER IMMEDIATELY, BUT OUR WEDDING HAD TO BE POSTPONED BECAUSE I RECEIVED AN URGENT CALL TO FLY TO MEXICO AND SEE A PATIENT WHO WAS BADLY IN NEED OF MY SERVICES...I FLEW DOWN THERE, ARRIVING LATE IN THE EVENING..I STOPPED IN AT A RESTAURANT AND HAD A DINNER CONSISTING OF CHILE CON CARNE, ENCHILADAS, TACOS, TORTILLAS, AND RED PEPPERS, WHICH I WASHED DOWN WITH A BIG GLASS OF TEQUILLA...THEN I WENT TO MY HOTEL ROOM AND FELL INTO A SOUND SLEEP WHICH WAS MARRED ONLY WHEN I SNORED AND SET THE DRAPES ON FIRE...THE FOLLOWING MORNING, I WENT TO SEE MY ^{My patient} PATIENT..THIS WAS A SIMPLE CASE..THE MAN WAS OVERWORKED AND NEEDED FRESH AIR AND EXERCISE..I RECOMMENDED THAT HE GO HORSEBACK RIDING, AND THREE DAYS LATER HE RETURNED TO ME.

CB

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JACK: (REG. MIKE) Have you taken my advice?

MEL: Si.

JACK: You've gone horseback riding every day?

MEL: Si.

JACK: And you've been riding ten hours every day?

MEL: Si.

JACK: How do you feel now?

MEL: Sore.

JACK: Sore?

MEL: Si.

JACK: (FILTER) I WENT BACK TO ^{Los Angeles} ~~AMERICA~~ SADLY REALIZING I HAD FAILED AND THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO FOR THIS PATIENT, WHO WAS OBVIOUSLY CRAZY WITH THE HEAT..HE WOULD HAVE BEEN MUCH BETTER OFF HAD HE REMAINED A REFRIGERATOR... ~~■~~ SOON AS I GOT BACK, MISS MITCHELL AND I SET OUR WEDDING DATE FOR THE FOLLOWING SATURDAY.

JACK: Are you happy dear?

SHIRLEY: Oh yes...Just think, on Saturday I will become Mrs. William Jackson, P.H.D., B.A., L.L.B., M.A., B.S. M.D.

JACK: Darling, that's pronounced Phidballermabsmd.

JACK: (FILTER) AND SO WE MADE OUR PREPARATIONS AND I WAS BLISSFULLY HAPPY...THE MORNING BEFORE THE WEDDING I WAS AT MY OFFICE GETTING THINGS READY FOR MY DEPARTURE WHEN SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENED AND SHE WALKED IN.

(MUSICAL STINGER)

VEOLA: (OOMPHY) Hello, Doctor.

CB

JACK: (FILTER) SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL ~~FROM~~ FROM OUTWARD
APPEARANCES YOU NEVER COULD TELL THAT SHE WAS A DANCER
IN A BURLESQUE SHOW..SHE LOOKED SO DEMURE HIDING BEHIND
THAT BALLOON....AFTER A FEW SECONDS, SHE SMILED NERVOUSLY
AT ME AND SAID..

VEOLA: Doctor, put down that pin.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Oh, I'm sorry...Now tell me..what seems to
be your trouble?

VEOLA: Well, my husband is away for long periods of time, and I
Jack: (Chg) Oh, he's mine. Doctor, Doctor.
get so lonely. ~~Doctor~~, isn't there anything you can do
to help me?

JACK: Well, I'm getting married at seven o'clock tonight.

VEOLA: Oh.

JACK: I'll pick you up at a quarter to eight.

VEOLA: But Doctor...what about your honeymoon..your wife?

JACK: Oh, she'll make out all right, I give her a dollar an
hour and carfare....Now supposing we --

(SOUND: DOOR FLUNG OPEN)

DENNIS: Aha..I thought I'd catch you here.

VEOLA: My goodness..it's my husband.

JACK: But he's wearing a uniform.

DENNIS: I'm General Electric.

CB

JACK: (FILTER) THIS WAS A CONFUSING SITUATION. I REACHED
~~FOR MY GUN, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER TO PLUG~~
~~WESTINGHOUSE OR GENERAL ELECTRIC....~~HE WAS A STUPID KID,
BUT THAT MADE NO DIFFERENCE. I WAS IN LOVE WITH HIS
WIFE, A MARRIED WOMAN...THE NEWSPAPERS PRINTED THE
STORY...MY NURSE BROKE OUR ENGAGEMENT AND LEFT ME...
MY PATIENTS DESERTED ME..I LOST ALL MY MONEY...THEN THE
MEDICAL SOCIETY STEPPED IN AND TOOK AWAY MY P.H.D., B.A.,
L.L.B., M.A., B.S. M.D. AND I WOUND UP WILLIAM JACKSON...
OR...JUST PLAIN BILL...THAT IS MY STORY...THE SECRETS
OF A PSYCHIATRIST.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

DH

ATX01 0019655

FIRE ALLOCATION

-22-

~~10~~ Friends, it's alarming to think that a destructive fire starts every minute of the day and night. There is no end in sight for the terrible destruction caused by these fires unless we do something about it. Here is what you can do - check all of the electrical equipment in your home .. make certain it is safe. Don't smoke in bed. Be sure that every match, every cigarette is out before you retire for the night. Don't give fire a place to start!

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

BA

ATX01 0019656

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
APRIL 4, 1954

-C-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in a 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, it almost goes without saying, friends: one
reason you smoke is for enjoyment. And that enjoyment
comes from the taste of your cigarette. That's right,
smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact
of the matter is---Luckies taste better. Cleaner, Fresher,
Smoother. And why not? Better taste starts with fine
tobacco and LS/MFT. Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.
Fine, naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. And then,
Luckies are made to taste better. Carefully made with a
constant check on quality during every step in their
manufacture. That's why you can be sure that every Lucky
you light is round and firm and fully packed to draw freely,
smoke evenly and naturally taste better. So, remember,
friends, when you're looking for smoking enjoyment, the
sure way to find it is to reach for a Lucky!

(MORE)

IB

ATX01 0019657

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
APRIL 4, 1954

-D-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: Because smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And
(Cont'd) the fact is---Luckies taste better. Cleaner, Fresher,
Smoother. So, try a carton of Lucky Strike.

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

TB

ATX01 0019658

(TAG)

-23-

DENNIS: Say, Mr. Benny, can I have three years off, I want to join the Air Force.

JACK: Oh, I'm glad you brought that up, Dennis. Excuse me a minute.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..DIALING..BUZZ..CLICK)

SHIRLEY: Hello, T.W.A. Airlines.

JACK: Look, Miss, this is Jack Benny and I'd like to make a reservation to Tasmania.

SHIRLEY: I'm sorry, Mr. Benny, but I can't get you on a flight to Tasmania for six months.

JACK: Why not?

SHIRLEY: People have been listening to your program and we're booked solid.

JACK: Oh..oh.. well, I'll check with you later.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Goodnight, folks. *We're a little late.*

(APPLAUSE)

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.

BA

ATX01 0019660