

(AS BROADCAST)  
PROGRAM #32  
REVISED SCRIPT

*"As Broadcast"*

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, APRIL 18, 1954

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED APRIL 7, 1954)

DW

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THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
APRIL 18, 1954 (Trans. April 7, 1954)  
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.  
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, as a smoker, you know how vitally important freshness is to your enjoyment of a cigarette. Well, the makers of Luckies know that too. That's why every pack of Luckies is extra tightly sealed -- to keep in the better taste that has made Luckies famous. Yes, any Lucky smoker will tell you that Luckies taste better - not only fresher, but cleaner and smoother, too. That's because fine, naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco goes into every Lucky. As you know, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And Luckies are definitely made better -- made round and firm and fully packed to draw freely and smoke evenly. Yes, fine tobacco in a better made cigarette just naturally adds up to better taste for you. So next time you buy cigarettes, try a carton of Lucky Strike!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE ... MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

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

JACK: OH, ROCHESTER ... ROCHESTER.

ROCH: YES, BOSS.

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

ROCH: YOUR TOWEL?

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

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

TK

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

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

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

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

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

ROCH: OH, SCALE, COME NOW!

JACK: And <sup>here</sup> here's my weight ... Hmm ... ~~one~~ <sup>two</sup> hundred and two pounds ... Rochester, this scale is way off.

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

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

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

(SOUND: JINGLE OF COINS)

ROCH: YEAH, HERE'S ONE.

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

ROCH: WELL, MY WEIGHT IS CORRECT.

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

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

JACK: Well, it's my scale I can do what I want ...

Now, Rochester, did you lay out my clothes?

TK

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

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

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

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

ROCH: (FADING) YES SIR.

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

ROCH: BOSS, MISS LIVINGSTONE IS HERE.

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

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

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

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

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

ROCH: OKAY OKAY.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Is he ready, Rochester?

ROCH: HE WILL BE IN A FEW MINUTES ... SAY, MISS LIVINGSTONE, THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL DRESS YOU'VE GOT ON.

MARY: Well, thank you, Rochester.

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

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

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

J. TK

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

JACK: What are you talking about?

MARY: Well, if you're going to wear it, ~~at~~ least wipe that tomato soup ~~stain~~ <sup>stain</sup> off the lapel ... stein.

JACK: Tomato soup what? ... Well, I've heard everything. Wipe that tomato soup ~~stain~~ <sup>stain</sup> ...

MARY: Tomato soup stein off the lapel.

JACK: <sup>What</sup> What for? From a distance it'll look like a red carnation ... Come on, Mary, let's go ... See you later, Rochester.

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

MARY: ~~Good~~ Bye, Rochester ... By the way, aren't you going out walking in the Easter Parade?

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

JACK: Change in plans?

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

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

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

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

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

TK

JACK: Yeah ... you know ... this is a wonderful time of the year ...

*Don't know*  
*of* There's something in the air ... a spirit of awakening ...  
of romance ... ~~It~~ *M*akes me feel so young ... (COY)  
and you know what they say, Mary ... in the Spring a young  
man's fancy turns to love.

MARY: Give me your hand, Jack.

JACK: Gee, do you feel romantic, too?

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

JACK: Hmmm.

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

JACK: Oh yes *Oh*, It's *little* Joey Hudson.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

*Will*  
MARY: Hello, Joey.

STUFFY: Hello, Miss Livingstone.

JACK: Hello, Joey.

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

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

MARY: Say, that's a mighty cute rabbit you have there.

STUFFY: Yes ... it's my Easter Bunny ... I'm taking him over to Mr.  
Benny's house to feed him.

JACK: To my house to feed him ... why?

STUFFY: My father says you've got more lettuce than anyone in Beverly  
Hills.

JACK: Hmmm.

MARY: Goodbye, Joey.

TK

STUFFY: Goodbye, Miss Livingstone ... Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye, goodbye.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS START AND CONTINUE)

JACK: You know, Mary, strolling down the boulevard today reminds me of that picture we saw a few years ago with Judy Garland and Fred Astaire.

MARY: You mean "Easter Parade"?

JACK: Yeah ... that's the one ... Remember at the start of the picture when Fred was walking along Fifth Avenue singing that song and the people answered him ... How did that song go again?

(SHORT INTRODUCTION TO "HAPPY EASTER")

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

QUART: HAPPY EASTER.

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

QUART: HAPPY EASTER.

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

QUART: HAPPY EASTER TO YOU.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP)

TK



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

MARY: Yeah.

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

MARY: Where?

JACK: Walking on the other side of the street.

MARY: Oh yes.

JACK: <sup>9/12/22</sup> Hurry up, let's cross the street and join them.

MARY: But Jack, it's the Easter Parade, <sup>and</sup> maybe they'd rather walk alone.

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

(SOUND: STREET NOISES)

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

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

BOB: Well, I don't know, but from here he looks like Admiral Byrd. ... Say, whoever he is, he's trying to attract our attention ... He's waving his hand.

JUNE: Now he's waving his hat.

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

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

BOB: <sup>9/12/22</sup> Why?

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

TK

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

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

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

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

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

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

BOB: He's got me.

JACK: *Well* Hello, kids.

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

JACK: Yeah.

JUNE: Hello, Mary.

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

JACK: It sure is ... is it new?

JUNE: Oh no ... Bob bought it for me when he was with Campbell's Soup.

JACK: *With* Campbell's Soup?

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

JACK: Oh, oh.

BOB: Well, we better be running along now.

JUNE: Yes, Bob.

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

BOB: Oh gee, we'd love to, Jack, but the kids are home all alone and we ~~are~~ just gotta get back to them ... See you later.

MARY: Happy Easter.

JACK: Happy Easter.

BOB & JUNE: Happy Easter.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

TK

(SHORT INTRO)

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

JUNE: HAPPY EASTER.

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

JUNE: HAPPY EASTER.

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

BOB & JUNE: AND YOU GREET

ALL THE FRIENDS YOU MEET

QUART: HAPPY EASTER TO YOU.

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

JACK: It was nice running into Bob and June, *huh?*

MARY: Yes it was.

JACK: ~~Good~~, what perfect weather ... Spring ... the skies are clear  
... the flowers are blooming ... the sun is shining ....  
Hey, look who's here, my violin teacher.

MEL: Bon Jour, Monsieur Benny.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Well, Professor LeBlanc, this is the third year in a row we've met in the Easter Parade.

MEL: You I meet ... Heifitz is always on the other side of the street.

JACK: What's the difference ... we're both violinists.

MEL: Sacre Bleu ... if we were in France, I would challenge you to a duel.

JACK: Huh?

TK

MEL: Jascha Heifetz. There is a musician ... a man with a heart.. with a soul ... When he plays his violin, I hear birds in the trees ... angels in paradise.

JACK: Well, what does it sound like when I play?

MEL: Riot in Cell Block Eleven.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: ~~Blades, Benny~~ ... Oh, by the way, Professor ... this is Miss Livingstone. She was at the house the last time you gave me a lesson ... Remember?

MEL: How could I forget ... she applied the tourniquet to my wrist.

JACK: Oh yes ... that was such an unfortunate accident.

MEL: Unfortunate, yes ... accident, no.

MARY: Oh Professor, you wouldn't do a thing like that on purpose.

MEL: Mademoiselle ... when I go to give other people lessons ... before I leave the house, I ask myself ... Have I got enough rosin, have I got my violin stand, have I got my music ... When I go to Monsieur Benny's, I ask myself only one question: How am I fixed for Blades.

JACK: Now just a second, Professor Le Blanc. Just what's wrong with my violin playing?

MEL: Oh, <sup>Monsieur</sup> ~~Benny~~ Benny.. if you and Kid Gavalan would only learn to use your right hand.

JACK: Hmm.

MEL: Well, I must go now.

JACK: All right, professor ... don't forget my lesson next Thursday and have a nice Easter.

MEL: Goodbye, Monsieur Benny.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS START)

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

MARY: I can't understand it either. You play beautifully.

JACK: Well, I *did* -- Mary, that was sweet ... What made you say that?

MARY: Oh, I don't know, just an impulse ... Yesterday I kicked a cop in the pants.

JACK: ~~Oh, well~~ Sometimes you have to let yourself go ... You know ... Anyway, Mary, we're certainly running into a lot of people we know, aren't we?

MARY: Yeah.

(SHORT INTRO)

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

QUART: HAPPY EASTER.

MARY: YOU'RE SO CUTE IN THAT OLD WHITE SUIT, HAPPY EASTER.

*Jack: Hey, that's a nice lyric.*  
QUART: HAPPY EASTER.

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

JACK: AND YOU GREET ALL THE FRIENDS YOU MEET

DON: HAPPY EASTER TO YOU.

JACK: Well, Don ... Don Wilson!

DON: *Oh*, Hello, Jack ... Hello, Mary.

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

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

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

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

TK

JACK: (HUMS) DA DA DA DE DE DA DUM DUM DUM..DA DA DE DA...Say,  
Mary, have you got a cigarette?

MARY: Oh sure, Jack, I have some right here in my -- Oh gee, I  
forgot to put them in my purse.

JACK: Well, here's a drug store, I'll step in and get some.

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS WITH TINKLY BELL  
DOOR CLOSES..FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Oh Clerk?

BRYAN: (LISP) Yes sir..what can I do for you...razor blades,  
shaving cream, Kleenex --

JACK: No no, I'd like to buy some --

BRYAN: Magazines, aspirin, sunglasses, Life Savers --

JACK: No no no, all I want is --

BRYAN: Alka seltzer, Tootsie Rolls, writing paper --

JACK: I can't go into one ~~store~~---Hold it, Hold it, Mister...As  
long as you're guessing and playing games...I'll give you a  
hint as to what I want...Now what do you do that relaxes  
you and gives you pleasure?

BRYAN: I take off my girdle, what do you do? (SILLY LAUGH)

JACK: <sup>7/122</sup> ~~Well~~..If you must know, I smoke a Wucky--a Lucky Strike.

BRYAN: Well, why didn't you say so..you want a pack of Lucky  
Strikes. <sup>Del. Fresh</sup> Here you are.

JACK: Thank you.

(SOUND: CASH REGISTER)

JACK: Goodbye.

BRYAN: Wait a minute...don't go yet.

JACK: Huh?

BRYAN: Aren't you going to open your pack of Luckies here?

JACK: Well...if you want me to..certainly.

(SOUND: PACK OF CIGARETTES BEING OPENED)

JACK: There you are..goodbye.

BRYAN: Not yet, <sup>Jack: Oh.</sup> Aren't you going to take out a Lucky and tear it down the center?

JACK: But--

BRYAN: I make all my customers do it.

JACK: Well..Okay.

(SOUND: TEARING OF PAPER ON CIGARETTE)

JACK: There.

BRYAN: See how the tobacco holds together... Luckies are made from long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting tobacco. That's why Lucky Strikes are my favorite brand.

JACK: Well, good good..and thank you for showing me..Happy ~~Easter~~.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: ~~COUPLE DOORBELLS. DOOR OPENS. HIGH BELL ONLY~~  
BELL...DOOR CLOSSES)

MARY: Jack, did you get the cigarettes?

JACK: Yes, yes...Come on, Mary, let's keep walking.

(SHORT INTRO)

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

MARY: HAPPY EASTER.

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

JACK: HAPPY EASTER

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

JACK: AND YOU GREET ALL THE FRIENDS YOU MEET

ARTIE: HAPPY EASTER TO YOU.

JACK: Well..Mr. Kitzel!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mr. Kitzel..it's nice running into you today.

ARTIE: A mutual pleasure, Mr. Benny..and how are you, Miss  
Livingstone?

MARY: Oh, I'm fine, thank you.

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

ARTIE: Oh thank you *(You know)* but I ~~am~~ also wearing it for sentimental  
*(just: Oh)* reasons..This is the suit in what I got married.

JACK: Oh..when you got married. *(intro: yes)* Gee, that must have been about  
twenty years ago.

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

JACK: Yes, yes.

ARTIE: Oh my, I'll never forget that ceremony. When they said,  
"If anyone has any objection to this marriage, speak now  
or forever hold your peace."



JACK: Yes?

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

JACK: Oh my goodness, who was it?

ARTIE: Me, I'm a vantriloquist.

JACK: *Oh*, Mr. Kitzel, you're joking.

ARTIE: Unfortunately.

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

ARTIE: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye.

MARY: Goodbye, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: Goodbye.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

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

MARY: Oh yes.

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

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

JACK: All right..I'll have one taken ~~my~~ myself...Oh Mister... Mister...

NELSON: YESSSSSSS.

(APPLAUSE)

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

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

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

NELSON: Well, first I'd better line you up.....There, that does it..Now would you mind rolling your trousers up above the knee.

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

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

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

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

JACK: Like this?

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

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

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

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

NELSON: Have a peanut.

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

*off scene*  
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: How a guy like that <sup>ever</sup> expects people --

MEL: (WOLF WHISTLE)

MARY: Jack, roll down your pants leg.

JACK: Oh, oh, Well, come on, Mary, we'll walk as far as LaBrea. *Sub?*

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

SHELDON: ~~hey~~ Bud...Bud.  
JACK: Huh?  
SHELDON: Come here a minute.  
JACK: Me?  
SHELDON: Yeah.  
JACK: Excuse me, Mary...Yes?  
SHELDON: What you doin'?  
JACK: We're just strolling along in the Easter Parade.  
SHELDON: How far you goin'?  
JACK: To La Brea.  
SHELDON: That's fine.  
JACK: What?  
SHELDON: You said you was going to LaBrea and I said, "That's Fino."  
JACK: *7/12* Wait a minute...aren't you gonna try to talk me out of it?  
SHELDON: Not me, this is my day off.  
JACK: Oh...oh.  
SHELDON: Well, Happy Easter.  
JACK: Well, same to you...same to you...Come on, Mary.  
MARY: What happened?  
JACK: Nothing, it's all right, we can go to LaBrea...Come on.  
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

(SHORT INTRO)

MARY: NEVER SAW SUCH A LOVELY DAY...HAPPY EASTER.  
QUART: (WHISTLES "HAPPY EASTER")  
MARY: IT'S SUCH FUN JUST TO NOD AND SAY...HAPPY EASTER.  
QUART: (WHISTLES "HAPPY EASTER...CONTINUES WHISTLING RELEASE)  
JACK: AND YOU GREET ALL THE FRIENDS YOU MEET  
DENNIS: HAPPY EASTER TO YOU.  
JACK: DENNIS!  
(APPLAUSE)  
MARY: Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mary.

JACK: *Hey*, Dennis, are you having a nice Easter?

DENNIS: Oh sure...I colored Easter Eggs all morning and then I hid them.

JACK: Oh huh.

DENNIS: And then I told my mother to go look for them.

MARY: *Aw*, That must've been fun.

DENNIS: *Oh*, No, it was a mess..The eggs splattered all over my mother's new dress, her two nightgowns and six of my father's shirts.

MARY: *Wow* Dennis, where did you hide the eggs?

DENNIS: In the washing machine.

JACK: In the washing machine?

DENNIS: *Yes*, it was awful.

JACK: Dennis..I don't understand this...colored Easter Eggs shouldn't splatter...How long did you boil them?

DENNIS: ....OHHHHH, BOIL THEM!

JACK: ~~Mary, you take him. Will you, I'm still a little bit from that photographer.~~

MARY: (~~laughing~~) Dennis, Jack and I are walking down as far as LaBrea..would you like to join us?

DENNIS: Sure, I'm not stuck up.

JACK: Well, that's mighty decent of you.

(OUT REST OF PAGE 21 TO NEAR BOTTOM OF PAGE 22--1952)

MARY: ....Say, Dennis, while we're walking along, why don't  
you sing something?

DENNIS: Well, do you think it would be all right..I mean here  
on the street?

MARY: *WR* Sure...everybody feels good today...It's Easter, they're  
all singing.

DENNIS: Okay.

(DENNIS SINGS "EASTER PARADE")

(FOREST FIRES) # 2

~~Don:~~

Ladies and gentlemen, one tiny burning ember from a camp fire ... a lighted and discarded match or cigarette left to smolder or thrown from a car window can cause a frightfully destructive forest fire. So help prevent forest fires that destroy millions of acres of timberland.. .. cripple watersheds ... and blast our natural resources that are so urgently needed. Remember, only you can prevent forest fires!

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute. But first, a word from the sweetheart of Lucky Strike.

DH

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AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute. But first, a word from the sweetheart of Lucky Strike.

COLLINS: (E.T.) Hi friends. This is Dorothy Collins. I'd like to take a minute of your time to talk about taste. Isn't it true that you enjoy a good, say, steak dinner because of the way it tastes? Well, I think the same goes for a cigarette. You like it because of the way it tastes. Really friends, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And, the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better! Here's why this is true. First -- LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. And second, Luckies are made better to taste better. Made round, and firm and fully packed. Made to draw freely and smoke evenly when you light one up. Think of it, fine tobacco in a truly better-made cigarette. Don't you think a cigarette like that will bring you all the smoking enjoyment you <sup>could</sup> ~~can~~ possibly want? Try a carton of Luckies ... soon. You'll see that smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. So, you be happy -- go Lucky!

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!

(TAG)

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(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

ROCH: IS THAT YOU, BOSS?

JACK: Yes, Rochester, I'm back.

ROCH: HOW WAS THE EASTER PARADE?

JACK: Oh, wonderful, ~~Rochester~~, wonderful. Everybody was dressed so nice. I ran into so many people I know.. ~~at~~ You know, I walked so far my feet hurt.

ROCH: THEY DO?

JACK: Yes.. I think I'll soak them in some hot water. Bring me that big pan in the kitchen.

ROCH: I'M SORRY, BOSS, BUT SOMEBODY ELSE IS ALREADY USING THAT PAN.

JACK: Who?

ROCH: THE SOUND MAN, HIS FEET HURT WORSE THAN YOURS.

JACK: Oh yes... Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE)

DH

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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.

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