

(J.B.R.I.)
PROGRAM #3

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"As Broadcast"

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1954 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed - September 27, 1953)

CAST: JACK BENNY
MARY LIVINGSTONE
DENNIS DAY
EDDIE ANDERSON
DON WILSON
BOB CROSBY
IRIS ADRIAN
SAM HEARN
MEL BLANC
HY AVERBACK
SPORTSMEN QUARTET

MG

ATX01 0019972

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #3
OCTOBER 10, 1954

-A-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... transcribed and presented
by Lucky Strike, the cigarette that's toasted to taste
better!

(TRANSCRIBED "If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,
COLLINS: Lucky Strike is the brand to get!
WITH A
CAPPELLA IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet,
BACKGROUND) It's the toasted (CLAP ... CLAP, CLAP) cig-a-rette.

They take fine tobacco, it's light tobacco, it's mild
tobacco, too

Then IT'S TOASTED, yes IT'S TOASTED,
because the toasting brings the flavor right through.

So, to get better taste from your cig-a-rette,
Lucky Strike is the brand to get!
IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet,
It's the toasted (CLAP ... CLAP, CLAP) cig-a-rette!

WILSON: This is Don Wilson. As cigarette smokers, you and I
know the most important single thing any cigarette can
offer is taste -- better taste. And as many millions
of Lucky smokers will tell you -- Luckies taste better.
You know why? Because "IT'S TOASTED"!
Yes, IT'S TOASTED to taste better. Luckies' better
taste actually begins with the fine tobacco that goes
into every Lucky Strike. IS/MFT, Lucky Strike means
fine tobacco. And then, that fine tobacco is toasted.
IT'S TOASTED!

DY

(MORE)

ATX01 0019973

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #3
OCTOBER 10, 1954.

-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: That's the famous Lucky Strike process that tones up
(CONT'D) Luckies' naturelly mild, good testing tobacco - brings
 it to its peak of flavor -- makes it taste even better.
 Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So, for better taste in
 your cigarette, Be Happy -- Go Lucky! Buy a carton of
 better testing Lucky Strike!

OPTIONAL:

(TRANSCRIBED "If you want better taste from your cig-s-rette,
COLLINS:
WITH A Lucky Strike is the brand to get!
CAPELLA
BACKGROUND) IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet,
 It's the toasted (CLAP ... CLAP, CLAP) cig-s-rette.

DY

ATX01 0019974

(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...EVERY SATURDAY MORNING AFTER
REHEARSAL THE JACK BENNY CAST USUALLY DROPS INTO THE
CORNER DRUGSTORE FOR A LIGHT LUNCH. AS THE SCENE OPENS,
ALL OF US, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF JACK HAVE JUST
ENTERED THE DRUG STORE.

(SOUND: DRUG STORE AND LUNCHEONETTE NOISES UP...
FADE TO B.G.)

DON: Hey, we're lucky, fellows...it isn't crowded at all.

DENNIS: Yeah...we can have our regular table.

BOB: Well, let's sit down.

(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF CHAIRS)

MARY: Hey, Jack must have finished his business at the studio..
he's standing on the corner on the other side of the
street.

DON: I wonder what the private business was he had to take
care of?

MARY: Oh, He went up to see Mr. Ackerman, the Vice President of
C.B.S...This is the day Jack is giving the network his
ultimatum?

BOB: Well, What ultimatum?

MARY: Either C.B.S. gives him free parking or he's going back
to N.B.C.

MG

DENNIS: Gee, that'll never work.

BOB: *Well*, why not?

DENNIS: That's why he left N.B.C. in the first place.

MARY: That's right.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS OFF WITH TINKLY BELL...WE HEAR
OFF TRAFFIC NOISES...DOOR CLOSES...SOUND
OUT)

DON: *Oh*, HERE WE ARE JACK.

JACK: (OFF) Okay...sorry I took so long.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...STOP)

JACK: What did you---what did you kids order?

BOB: *Oh*, Nothing...we were waiting for you.

JACK: *Call* Oh, then I'll call the waitress...(SWEETLY) Oh, Miss,
Miss.

IRIS: WHADDA YA WANT, MAC!

JACK: We'd like to order some food...do you have a menu?

IRIS: Yeah...here.

JACK: Thanks...now let me see...Hey, wait a minute..this is
a menu from the Brown Derby.

IRIS: I know, the stuff on ours would turn your stomach.

JACK: Hmmm.

BOB: Say, look, Miss...all I want is *just* an egg sandwich and a
glass of milk.

MARY: I'll have the same.

IRIS: Okay..

DON: Now, Miss, *what* - - -

IRIS: ~~what~~, *what* do you want, Tefon Boy?

MG

DON: (MAD) Now wait a minute, Miss...maybe I have to take those kind of insults when I'm on the radio...but I don't have to take them from you.

IRIS: Gee, I'm sorry, Mac...I didn't know you was sensitive.

DON: Well, I am...you don't have to presume I'm not sensitive just because I'm a big fat slob.

JACK: Don...control yourself..

DON: All right..Now Miss, I'd like to order...all I want is a bowl of vegetable soup.

IRIS: Okay.

JACK: Dennis, Dennis...what'll you have?

DENNIS: Let me see...Miss, do you have any vicyssoisse?

IRIS: No.

DENNIS: Well, do you have any escargots saute en vin rose?

IRIS: No.

DENNIS: Well, how about shishkebob and kreplach?

IRIS: No.

JACK: Dennis, this is only a drugstore. Why are you ordering things like that?

DENNIS: I want her to know I've been around.

JACK: Stop being silly ~~and~~ order something you'd get in a drug store.

DENNIS: Okay-- I'll have a chicken sandwich.

IRIS: With mayonnaise?

DENNIS: No, toothpaste.

JACK: Now cut that out...Miss, just bring him a chicken sandwich. That's all. ^{now} Go get the food.

MG

ATX01 0019977

IRIS: OKAY, MAC, I'LL BE BACK IN A FLASH WITH THE TRASH.

JACK: Never mind, just go get it.

(SOUND: DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ...You know, ^{it's} it's hard to believe that she used to do the commercials on the Lady Esther Program... Now look, Dennis, when we do the show -- wait a ~~minute~~, where did Dennis go?

MARY: I don't know.

DON: Oh, there he is, over by the Juke Box.

DENNIS: (OFF) Hey look, they've got one of my records here.

MARY: ~~Well~~ why don't you play it, Dennis?

DENNIS: I can't...I haven't got a nickel.

JACK: Has anybody got a nickel?

BOB: ~~Well~~ I haven't.

DON: ...Neither have I.

MARY: All I have is a dime.

JACK: I can change it.

MARY: ...Jack Benny, I ought to --

JACK: All right, all right..Here's the nickel, Dennis..catch.

(SOUND: NICKEL IN SLOT..MECHANISM STARTS)

(DENNIS'S SONG-- "SORRENTO--May 9, 1954)

(APPLAUSE)

MG

ATX01 0019978

(SECOND ROUTINE)

MARY: Gee, that was beautiful.

JACK: It sure was..(UP) Say Dennis, will you look in the juke box ~~see~~ see if there are any --- ~~now~~ ^{now} where did that kid go?

DON: I don't know....he disappeared while his record was ~~on~~ ^{on}.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Say Bob, I've been meaning to tell you how much I enjoy your C.B.S. television show.

DON: Oh, Me, too, Bob.

JACK: ~~Yeah~~ Same here, ~~Bob~~. You know, Bob, I watch your shows every afternoon and they're very good.

BOB: Well, Thanks, Jack.

JACK: But I have a little suggestion...You know, just a little constructive criticism..I thought that if you got a comedy guest star occasionally, you'd get--no really, you'd get more laughs on the program.

BOB: But Jack, we don't go ⁱⁿ for guest stars..mine is sort of a homey show.

JACK: Well, Bob, homey show or not homey, I still think it's a big lift to have a guest star come in..particularly a comedian.

BOB: Well, Maybe so, but gee, we don't have much money in the budget.

JACK: Well..how much -- how much can you pay for a guest star?

BOB: Well, about fifteen bucks.

MARY: For fifteen bucks Jack can be homey.

JACK: Certainly...I know a lot of recipes...Anyway, Bob it's a very good show and ---

BA

DENNIS: (COMING IN) Hey, did the rest of you finish eating already?

JACK: Yes, Dennis, where were you?

DENNIS: Well, I thought as long as we were in a drug store, I'd weigh myself.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: I weigh a hundred and forty pounds, stripped.

JACK: Stripped?

DENNIS: I took the weighing machine into the phone booth.

JACK: Look, Dennis ...

DENNIS: And when I put in ^a penny, a little card came out.

BOB: ~~Well~~ What did it say?

DENNIS: "Put on your pants, kid a lady wants to use the phone."

JACK: ^{stop} Dennis, stop already, will you..stop being silly.

DON: ^{Oh} He's not being silly, Jack..sometimes those things just happen by coincidence.

JACK: Oh sure, sure.

DON: ^{well} ~~that's~~ that's the truth. Once I put a penny in a scale and you ought to see the card that came out.

JACK: ~~why~~ What did it say?

DON: "Get off , you're hurting me."

JACK: Well, that I believe..That could happen.

IRIS: I hate to break up this round-table discussion, but will there be anything else?

MARY: Not for me..anyone want anything?

DON: Not me.

BOB: ~~well~~ I've had enough.

IRIS: Okay..here's the check.

BA

oh, well
BOB: I'll take it, Miss.

oh, now,
DON: No no, Bob.. let me pay it, it's my turn today.

DENNIS: Wait a minute, Don, you paid last time..I'll pay today.

DON: No no..Bob paid last time..*now* it's my turn.

BOB: No, Don, *you're* you're wrong...Dennis paid *the* last time..and *and now* it's my turn.

MARY: Oh, for heaven's sakes, fellows...let's all go Dutch.

JACK: Mary, it's their argument, keep out of it.... ~~it~~ doesn't concern you, you know.

IRIS: Hey, Blue Eyes, how come you never pay a check, did you take a pledge or something?

JACK: For your information, Miss, it just so happens that the last time I picked up the check.

IRIS: You had to, you were alone.

JACK: That has nothing to do with it.

BOB: *Oh,* Miss, I'll pay it..Here...keep the change.

IRIS: Thanks.

DON: I've got a car outside..anybody want a lift?

DENNIS: *h,* Not me..it's such a nice day, I'm gonna walk.

BOB: *Oh,* Say Don, I've got to go over and see my brother about something..and say, you pass Bing's house on your way home, don't you?

DON: Yes, Bob.

BOB: Well, would you mind dropping me off at his gate?

DON: Look, I'll drive you right up to his door.

BOB: No, no, just drop me at the gate, I'll take a bus the rest of the way.

BA

JACK: Gee, he must -- he must have a big place, *huh?*

(SOUND: TINKLY BELL RINGS AS DOOR OPENS..

WE NOW HEAR TRAFFIC NOISES..FOOTSTEPS...

FADE TO B.G.)

BOB: Well, so long, Mary..so long, Jack.

MARY & JACK: So long...So long..goodbye, Bob.

DON: ~~See~~, See you at the show.

JACK: Yeah..so long, Don..see you later.

(SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES UP & DOWN)

MARY: Gee, it's still early..and the weather's so nice....

d - I think I'll go out and play nine holes of golf.

JACK: Mary, that's a wonderful idea. *and* I'll join you. Can you drive me by the house, ~~we~~ got to pick up my golf clubs.

MARY: Sure...My car's right in that parking lot.

JACK: Good...you get the car and meet me at the corner.. I want to get a newspaper.

MARY: All right..see you in a couple of minutes.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..TRAFFIC NOISES..

AUTO HORNS, ETC.)

JACK: Gee, that Bob Crosby is a nice guy ... Imagine him giving the waitress a dollar tip..Gee, I'll bet it made her feel good...I got a thrill out of it and I was only watching...Now let's see..I want to get a paper.... *are* which paper do I want to get here.

HEARN: Hi ya, Rube.

JACK: Huh?..Oh, it's my friend from Calabasas.

(APPLAUSE)

BA

JACK: *Well* Gosh, I haven't seen you in nearly a year. *Well,* Tell me, what are you doing here in Los Angeles?

HEARN: Came to get some supplies for my farm..I just bought an electric milking machine.

JACK: You need an electric milker for your cows?

HEARN: Yep, it's kinda hard to squeeze out a living by hand...

(LAUGHS) Hee hee hee, ain't that a humdinger? Heard it on a homey show the other afternoon.

JACK: Could that have been Bob's?...I don't know.....Is that all you have on your farm, just cows?

HEARN: *no, no...* Oh no, *main* crop is grapes..we operate our own winery.

JACK: Well, that sounds like a nice pleasant occupation.

HEARN: Pleasant but dangerous, Rube, dangerous...In fact, just a short time ago my uncle fell into one of those big vats full of wine and drowned.

JACK: *Your uncle* ~~he~~ drowned in wine?

HEARN: Yep...took the mortician five days to get the smile off his face.

JACK: *Well* Well, I can't understand how --

(SOUND: TWO LOUD IMPATIENT BEEPS OF AN AUTO HORN)

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry, that car is honking for me..~~we~~ got to go now..~~we~~ nice running into you..Goodbye.

HEARN: So long, Rube.

JACK: So long, so long.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS...CAR DOOR OPENS)

BA

JACK: Here I am, Mary.

MARY: Hi ya, Rube.

JACK: Oh, stop...Come on, let's get going.

(SOUND: CAR MOTOR GOING..FADE AND SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

MARY: Gee, I'm glad we finished rehearsal early. ~~was~~ Such a nice day for golf.

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: Say Jack, what did the headlines in the paper say?

JACK: How do you like that...I kept talking with that farmer ~~and~~ I forgot to buy a paper.

MARY: Well, turn on the radio, and we'll hear the news.

JACK: All right.

(SOUND: CLICK OF RADIO...STATIC WHISTLES)

HY: (FILTER) AND NOW FOR ANOTHER NEWS ITEM..PROFESSOR THADDEUS LAMBERT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HAS FOUND A SUCCESSFUL SOLUTION TO THE SMOG PROBLEM IN LOS ANGELES..HE HAS MOVED TO COLORADO...WE CONTINUE OUR PROGRAM WITH A MUSICAL INTERLUDE, AND BRING YOU THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET SINGING "OH".

JACK: Mary, that's our quartet.

MARY: Yeah.

BA

QUART: Oh, lady,
Oh, how she can snuggle, she's as sweet as can be.
And when we're in the parlor
Oh, the way she whispers pretty nothing's to me
All I can do is holler
Oh, it isn't what she does, but Oh, the clever way she does
it.
Especially when she meets me neath the moon above.
Sweet cookie
Oh, what'll I do the way she sends me
With her go get 'em eyes
And puts me in a flurry
Oh, the way I fall for ^{all} her beautiful lies
Believe me I should worry
Oh, the way she feeds me taffy
Oh, I think she'll drive me daffy
Oh, oh, oh, oh,
How my super sentimental wonderful sweetie can love.
Oh, lady, oh du de loo de
The way she holds a Lucky Strike in her hand
It makes me very happy
Oh, du le loo de
For deep down smoking pleasure Luckies are grand.
Just ask your dear old pappy
Oh, such fine and light tobacco
Oh, there's twenty in a pack so
Lady, when I see you light a Lucky
I know together we'll be saying
Oh, a Lucky has a better taste it is true
I like to sing about 'em.

BA

ATX01 0019985

QUART: Oh, a cleaner fresher smoke, it's smoother for you
(CONT'D)

I'll never be without 'em.

Oh, the only smoke for me is

Oh, an L S M F T and

Oh, oh, oh, oh,

I'm so wild about a Lucky

All I can say is just Oh

All I can say is just Oh.

(APPLAUSE)

BA

(THIRD ROUTINE)

-13-

(SOUND: CAR COMING TO STOP)

MARY: Well, here we are, Jack. Run in and get your clubs.

JACK: Want to come in the house ~~for~~ for a minute, Mary?

MARY: No, I'll wait out here in the car.

JACK: Okay... ~~Show~~ Show you my etchings... ~~It~~ won't take me long.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS & CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS ON
CEMENT WALK..FOOTSTEPS STOP..KEY IN DOOR...
DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

ROCH: (OFF) IS THAT YOU, MR. BENNY?

JACK: Yes, Rochester.

ROCH: (COMING IN) WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO FIX YOU SOME LUNCH?

JACK: No thanks, I just -- wait a minute, Rochester..what are
you doing with my violin?

ROCH: I'M GOING TO PUT IT BACK IN THE CASE. THAT VIOLIN'S BEEN
LYING AROUND EVER SINCE YOU WENT OFF THE AIR LAST JUNE.

JACK: That long?

ROCH: UH HUH...IN FACT, IT'S GOT MOLD ALL OVER IT.

JACK: Well, did you wipe it off?

ROCH: NO SIR.

JACK: Why not?

ROCH: BOSS, MOLD MAKES PENICILLIN AND THAT THING NEEDS ALL THE
HELP IT CAN GET.

JACK: Never mind...and clean it up good because I'm going to
play my violin on my television show next Sunday.

ROCH: NO!!!

JACK: Yeah yeah...^{yeah} Now look, I'm going out to play some golf with
Miss Livingstone.

CB

ATX01 0019987

ROCH: Oh, YOUR CLUBS ARE IN THE CLOSET.

JACK: I know .. And Rochester, at five o'clock I want you to drive out to the club house, and bring me home.

ROCH: I CAN'T, MR. BENNY...THE MECHANICS ARE WORKING ON YOUR MAXWELL DOWN AT THE GARAGE.

JACK: Why, what's wrong with my car?

ROCH: NOTHING, IT'S JUST TIME FOR ITS MILLION MILE CHECK-UP.

JACK: All right, all right...I'll have Miss Livingstone drive me home...Now Rochester, don't bother about dinner tonight because I'm going out.

ROCH: OKAY...BUT BOSS...

JACK: Yeah?

ROCH: WELL...IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS..BUT I THINK YOU OUGHT TO STAY HOME TONIGHT WITH POLLY.

JACK: With the parrot?

ROCH: YEAH...SHE'S BEEN ACTING AWFULLY FUNNY LATELY...SHE'S -- SHE'S SO MOODY.

JACK: Oh, I think you're imagining it, Rochester....Parrots. ~~don't~~ don't get moody.

ROCH: WELL, POLLY IS...AND SHE'S DOING THE STRANGEST THINGS.

JACK: What do you mean?

ROCH: REMEMBER THAT COCONUT YOU BOUGHT HER?

JACK: Yes..did she eat it?

ROCH: EAT IT, SHE'S TRYING TO HATCH IT.

JACK: ~~Yeah~~..Well, maybe I better go in and take a look at her.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS..COUPLE MORE FOOTSTEPS)

CB

JACK: (VERY BRIGHT) Hello, Polly.

MEL: (MAKES SAD NOISES)

JACK: Gee, ^{she} ~~she~~ won't look at me...Polly it's me..Daddy...

MEL: (SAD NOISE)

JACK: (MAD) Now Polly, stop sitting on that coconut.

MEL: (SAD NOISE)

JACK: I wonder what's wrong with her...Imagine her trying to hatch -- SAY, Rochester..that's it...the poor thing is all alone, so she ^{she - she} ~~doesn't~~ know any better..I think I'll buy a mate for her.

MEL: Buy a mate, buy a mate...(SQUAWKS & WHISTLE)

ROCH: UH-UH, MR. BENNY...REMEMBER ^{the} ~~LAST~~ TIME YOU BOUGHT HER A MATE...YOU HAD THOSE TWO PARROTS IN THE SAME CAGE FOR OVER A YEAR AND THEN YOU DISCOVERED THEY WERE BOTH FEMALES.

JACK: Yeah...I wonder how that happened?

MEL: Somebody goofed...(SQUAWK & WHISTLE)

JACK: Well, don't look at me as though I'm stupid, Polly...You didn't know yourself for nearly a year...Gee, Rochester, ~~now~~ now you've got me kinda ~~worried~~ worried.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: (COMING IN) For heavens sakes, Jack -- what's taking you so long?

JACK: I'm sorry, Mary, but Polly isn't feeling well.

MARY: (SYMPATHETIC) Oh, that's too bad..the poor thing..what's wrong with her?

ROCH: MISS LIVINGSTONE, SHE JUST SITS AROUND IN HER CAGE ALL DAY BROODING..IT'S BEEN GOING ON FOR WEEKS NOW.

CB

MARY: Jack, you ought to do something...Why don't you take her to a psychiatrist?

JACK: A psychiatrist? Mary, this is no time for joking.

MARY: I'm not joking...they have psychiatrists for animals.... I know one right near here.

JACK: All right...I'll get Polly and we'll go.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

MARY: Jack, here's the doctor's office...You go in with Polly..

and I'll wait outside in the car.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS)

HY: (VIENNESE ACCENT) Yes sir..may I help you?

JACK: Well, *are* you the psychiatrist?

HY: Yes sir....I am Dr. Hugo Brauner, PHD.

JACK: P.H.D.?

HY: Parrots, Horses, and Dogs...Those are my specialties, but I take care of all animals.

JACK: Ch...well, I've come to see you about my parrot here..I think she has some sort of a complex.

MEL: (MAKES SAD NOISES)

HY: Vell -- what seems to be wrong with the little lady?

JACK: *Well* She's very melancholy lately...and today I gave her a coconut and she tried to hatch it...Could it be possible that birds long for motherhood?

HY: Certainly.

MEL: (SQUAWK)

HY: Tell me, how long has she been acting so moody?

CB

JACK: For a few weeks..before that she was always jolly...she used to love to listen to the radio and television.

HY: A parrot that enjoyed radio and television, this I cannot believe.

ME: (SQUAWKS) Paper-mate Pen is leak proof. (WHISTLES)

HY: I believe...Now to help her, maybe it would be good if you tell me zumzing about yourself..What do you do?

JACK: Well, I'm Jack Benny and --

HY: Oh yes^{see}.you looked familiar Well, in addition to yourself, Mr. Benny, how many people come in contact with this parrot?

JACK: Well, there's my valet, my cast, and my six writers.

HY: ~~uh huh~~ And what is this parrot's name?

JACK: Polly.

HY: It took six writers to think of that?

JACK: Look, Doctor --

HY: Never mind, never mind..Now tell me, how old is this parrot?

JACK: Well, let me figure it out.^{see} the man in the pet shop where I bought her said she was born in eighteen ninety-four.. That would make her --

MEL: (SQUAWKS) Thirty-nine. (WHISTLES)

HY: ...where does she get such delusions?

JACK: I'm sure I don't know.

HY: Now, Mr. Benny..you say this parrot listens to radio... does she like music?

JACK: Oh, she loves ~~the~~ music.

CB

HY: *Good* Good, I will give her a word association test.

JACK: Word association about music?

HY: Yes..I will give her a word and by automatic reflex she will say the first thing that comes into her mind.

JACK: Oh, good good.

HY: Now Polly..listen...Piano.

MEL: Liberace. (SQUAWKS)

HY: Clarinet.

MEL: Benny Goodman. (WHISTLES)

HY: Violin.

MEL: Penicillin. (SQUAWK)

HY: That I do not understand at all.

JACK: It must have been something she heard, *you know*.

HY: Obviously...Now to continue the word test...Listen Polly.. Father..

MEL: (SAD NOISES)

HY: Mother. .

MEL: (SAD NOISES)

HY: Baby.

CB

ATX01 0019992

MEL:

(SINGS AND CRIES)

Climb upon my knee, Sonny Boy.

You are only three, Sonny Boy.

You've now way of knowing,

There's no way of showing

What you mean to me, Sonny

Boy, Sonny Boy, Sonny Boy.

When there are gray skies,

I don't mind the gray skies,

You make them blue, Sonny Boy,

Sonny Boy, Sonny Boy, Sonny

Boy, Sonny boy.

Friends may forsake me

Let them all forsake me

I'll still have you,

Sonny Boy, Sonny Boy.

You're sent from heaven

And I know your worth

Sonny boy, sonny boy..

HY: You are right, Mr.

Benny. She yearns for

a baby.

JACK: That's what I thought,

~~HE~~ -- Polly, be quiet

..Doctor, Doctor, I'll

go to the ---- Polly,

please...I'll go to

the pet shop and get

an egg....Polly,

control yourself..stop

crying...Polly, we'll

go right to the pet

we know now... it's mother's word
shop..Polly..Polly..

I'll get you an egg..

Polly..POLLY..I'LL GET

YOU AN EGG..LET'S GO,

POLLY.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

CB

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #3
OCTOBER 10, 1954

-C-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: We'll hear from Jack again in just a minute, but first,
the Sweetheart of Lucky Strike -- Dorothy Collins!

(TRANSCRIBED
COLLINS:
WITH FULL
CALYPSO
VERSION)

"If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,
Lucky Strike is the brand to get!
IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet,
It's the toasted (CLAP ... CLAP, CLAP) cig-a-rette.

They take fine tobacco, it's light tobacco, it's mild
tobacco, too

Then IT'S TOASTED, yes, IT'S TOASTED,
because the toasting brings the flavor right through.

So, to get better taste from your cig-a-rette,
Lucky Strike is the brand to get!
IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet,
It's the toasted (CLAP ... CLAP, CLAP) cig-a-rette!

WILSON: That's something to remember, friends: "If you want
better taste from your cigarette, Lucky Strike is the
brand to get!" Yes, because IT'S TOASTED to taste
better. Now, first of all, Luckies taste better
because they're made of fine tobacco. LS/MFT, Lucky
Strike means fine tobacco, naturally mild good-tasting
tobacco. And then, that tobacco is toasted.
"IT'S TOASTED" -- the famous Lucky Strike process --
tones up Luckies' naturally mild good-tasting, tobacco
to make it taste even better. Cleaner, fresher,
smoother.

DY

(MORE)

ATX01 0019994

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #3
OCTOBER 10, 1954.

-D-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: Keep that in mind and for a better tasting smoke every
(CONT'D) time -- make your cigarette -- Lucky Strike!

(TRANSCRIBED "If you want better taste from your cig-e-rette,
COLLINS:
WITH FULL Lucky Strike is the brand to get!
CALYPSO
VERSION) IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet,
 It's the toasted (CLAP ... CLAP, CLAP) cig-e-rette!

DY

ATX01 0019995

(TAG)

(SOUND: CAR GOING ALONG)

MARY: Jack, what did the psychiatrist say about Polly?

JACK: Oh, she'll be all right. All birds get moody once in a while.

(SOUND: AUTO HORNS)

MARY: It's a shame we missed our golf game...but maybe we can play next week.

JACK: No, Mary, I'm gonna be busy all week rehearsing for my television show next Sunday.

MARY: (DISGUSTED) Gosh, Jack, are you going to be on television that often?

JACK: Mary, read that line the way we rehearsed it.

MARY: (THRILLED) Gosh, Jack, are you going to be on television that often?

JACK: That's better..Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE)

CB

ATX01 0019996

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.

CB