

PROGRAM #3

(REVISED SCRIPT)

As Broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCT. 19, 1947

NBC

4:00-4:30 PM PST

ATX01 0310087

OPENING COMMERCIAL

RUYSDAEL: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM - presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

SHARBUTT: WHEN YOU BUY - KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S EYE

(SHOT-GONG)

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S-EYE (SHOT-GONG)

WHEN YOU BUY - KEEP YOUR EYE ON LUCKY STRIKE!

RUYSDAEL: IS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN - FAST)

SHARBUTT: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. Henry Snell of Lexington, Kentucky. With 32 years experience in handling tobacco, this warehouse owner said recently:

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine, mild, ripe tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: At market after market, experts like Mr. Snell - men who really know tobacco - can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco. So ...

SHARBUTT: WHEN YOU BUY - KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S-EYE
(SHOT-GONG)

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S-EYE (SHOT-GONG)

WHEN YOU BUY - KEEP YOUR EYE ON LUCKY STRIKE!

And remember ...

(more)

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

OCTOBER 19, 1947

-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco,

RUYSDAEL: So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike --
so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy
on the draw.

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM...STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..THE LAST FEW WEEKS JACK BENNY
HAS BEEN TAKING HIS GOLF GAME VERY SERIOUSLY..PLAYING
EVERY DAY..IN FACT, BRIGHT AND EARLY THIS MORNING,
JACK AND ROCHESTER GOT IN THE CAR AND STARTED FOR THE
HILLCREST COUNTRY CLUB.

(SOUND: LOUSY MOTOR)

JACK: This is gonna be a lovely day, Rochester, I can feel it.

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: You know, Fall is the nicest season of the year.

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: And it's so invigorating early in the morning.

ROCH: UH HUH.

(SOUND: BRAKES AND CAR STOPS)

JACK: What did you stop the car for?

ROCH: I GOTTA LIFT UP THE DOOR, WE AIN'T OUTTA THE GARAGE YET.

JACK: Oh yes..those quonset huts are so long..

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS MOTOR UP)

JACK: Now Rochester, go straight down Rexford and turn right
on--no, turn left on Wilshire Boulevard..I don't
want to pass Pico and Sepulveda.

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: You know, Rochester, Fall
is my favorite season.
When the leaves start turning
gold and brown, and the
fragrant breeze wafts them
gently to mother earth..and at
the close of each day, as the
sun sinks beyond the horizon,
it seems like some elfin painter
has gilded the sky and left it
glowing with a hundred brilliant
colors. Ah, what fools men are,
not to halt their breathless pace,
and admire the beauties of nature.

SOUND: STARTS HERE WITH...
LOUSY MOTOR BEGINS
TO COUGH AND
SPUTTER..THEN IT
WHISTLES..THEN
EVERY TINNY
SOUND COMBINE.)

(SOUND: CAR STOPS)

JACK: Rochester, what are you stopping for now?

ROCH: I GOTTA OPEN THE GATE, WE AIN'T OUTTA THE DRIVEWAY.

JACK: Oh yes.

(SOUND: GATE OPENS)

JACK: Better hurry, Rochester, I'm supposed to meet...what're you
looking at?

ROCH: THERE'S SMOKE COMING OUT OF THE EXHAUST PIPE.

JACK: Huh?...Let me see...Oh, that's just a little smoke.

ROCH: A LITTLE?..IF WE COULD GET THIS THING OFF THE GROUND, WE
COULD DO SKY-WRITING.

JACK: Oh, it's all right..Come on, let's get going.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP AND FADES)

JACK: I'm supposed to meet Phil Harris at the golf club at ten thirty. I've challenged him to a match, ~~and he's~~ ~~going to~~ ~~make a bet on the game.~~

ROCH: ~~I wouldn't bet on that, Boss. You know how it goes~~ ~~you when you're not winning.~~

JACK: ~~It does not upset me.~~

ROCH: ~~What about that time you got a wrong number on the telephone~~ ~~and they didn't return your nickel?~~

JACK: ~~Heh?~~

ROCH: ~~You raised a big fuss and you didn't get anything.~~

JACK: ~~Phoo-joo, it's just a load. Now stop on it.~~

ROCH: ~~Yes, Sir.~~

(SOUND: MOTOR UP)

JACK: Oh, boy I can hardly wait till I get out ^{on} that golf course. The way I've been playing lately I bet I'll--- Oh-oh, Rochester..Rochester, pull over to the curb and slow down. *Pull over*

(SOUND: CAR SLOWS DOWN.. ~~HIGH HEELS ON CONCRETE UNDER~~ ~~FOLLOWING SPEECH~~)

JACK: Oh miss?.....Oh miss?.....Going down Wilshire, Miss?.....Drive on, Rochester.

ROCH: HEE HEE HEE HEE...YOU NEVER GIVE UP, DO YOU BOSS?

(SOUND: CAR GOES FASTER)

JACK: Rochester, I merely wanted to give her a lift...You know it never hurts to be kindly and lend a helping hand to those less fortunate who haven't got a car. Some day the tables may be turned and I --

MEL: (OFF) GOING DOWN WILSHIRE, MISTER?

JACK: GET LOST!...the tables may be turned and it might be me
who's in that same spot... I wonder why that girl wouldn't..
I could understand it if I wasn't good looking... *or something* ~~I think I am~~
~~take my glasses off.~~

ROCH: MAYBE IT'S THE CAR BOSS..WHY DON'T YOU TRADE IT IN FOR A
NEWER MODEL?

JACK: What for? This car always takes us where we want to go.

ROCH: I KNOW, BUT LOOK HOW MUCH OLDER WE ARE WHEN WE GET THERE.

JACK: What's the difference? That's the
trouble, Rochester. Everybody's in
a hurry. Everybody's rushing
through life. They don't stop
to enjoy the beauties of nature.. (SOUND: CAR STARTS TO
Like now...it's Fall..the leaves ACT UP AGAIN
are turning gold and brown, and AS BEFORE)
the fragrant breeze wafts them
gently to mother earth..and at
the close of each day, as the sun
sinks beyond the horizon, it
seems like some elfin painter has
gilded the sky and left it glowing
with a hundred --

ROCH: BOSS, BOSS, STOP, YOU'RE UPSETTING THE MOTOR.

JACK: I guess you're right..and Rochester, drive more in the middle of the street, the falling leaves are denting the fenders... Maybe I will trade this in and-- Oh-oh, Rochester..Rochester, pull over to the curb again.

ROCH: IT'S THE SAME GIRL, BOSS, WE AIN'T PASSED HER YET.

JACK: I don't mean her..the one on the corner.

(SOUND: CAR SLOWS DOWN)

JACK: Going down Wilshire, honey?

DENNIS: Yeah, thanks, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Dennis! What's the idea of wearing a green dress?

DENNIS: I'm not wearing a green dress, I'm standing behind a mail box.

JACK: Mail box?

ROCH: YOU BETTER WEAR YOUR GLASSES, BOSS...LAST WEEK YOU ALMOST PICKED UP THE SUNSET BUS.

JACK: Yeah..I thought she was winking at me but it was the tail-light...Hop in, Dennis.

DENNIS: Okay, *thanks*.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS...MOTOR UP AND FADE)

JACK: Dennis, would you like to come along with me...I'm going to *play...I'm going to* Hillcrest to play golf with Phil.

DENNIS: That's where I was going..and Phil Harris promised to caddy for me again.

JACK: Phil Harris caddys for you?

DENNIS: Yeah, and it makes it so easy for me to play the game. All I have to do is carry the bag, tee up the ball, and Phil hits it for me.

JACK: Dennis..

DENNIS: If he doesn't start ^{hitting them} ~~anything~~ better I'm gonna get a new caddy.

JACK: Dennis...Dennis, ^{long} look at me.

DENNIS: Huh?

JACK: Let me explain something to you...When you carried the bag, Phil wasn't caddying for you..you were caddying for him.

DENNIS: I was?

JACK: Certainly.

DENNIS: Gee..how I ever got two shows I'll never know.

JACK: It's amazing...Rochester, turn on the radio.

ROCH: WE AIN'T GOT NO RADIO.

JACK: Then sing something, will you, Dennis..I can't stand any more of that talk.

DENNIS: Okay.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG.."WHIFFENPOOF SONG")

(APPLAUSE)

35
(SECOND ROUTINE)

Jack here Rochester and I'll meet you on the first tee. I'm having lunch with Miss Livingstone. See you later, Dennis.

(SOUND: ~~ON OUR~~ ~~FADE IN LOUDY MOTOR~~ ~~ON SECOND OUT~~ ~~HORNS~~)

JACK: ~~Okay, Rochester, here we are. Pull up in front of the clubhouse and let us off.~~

~~ROCH: YES SIR.~~

(SOUND: ~~CAR STEPS~~)

JACK: ~~Rochester, I'm meeting Miss Livingstone here for lunch, and I'll see you on the first tee. Come on, Dennis, let's get out.~~

~~DENNIS: (PAVING) Wait a minute, wait a minute, I got my car.~~

~~JACK: What's the matter?~~

~~DENNIS: I slipped through the floor board and I've been running the rest of the way.~~

~~JACK: Oh, I thought you were going home fast.~~

(SOUND: ~~CAR DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS~~)

~~JACK: I'll see you on the course, Dennis.~~

~~DENNIS: Okay.~~

(SOUND: FAST FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS...RESTAURANT SOUNDS
...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS) "MY BLUE HEAVEN" DA DUM DUM DUM DUM..DA DUM DA DUM
DUM..DA DUM DA DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM.

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello...(SINGS) JUST MOLLY AND ME..AND FIBBER MAGEE..WE'RE
HAPPY WITH OUR NEW HOOPER...*a turn to the right and Dennis is tight* LA LA LA LA LA..LA LA LA LA LA...
I wonder where Mary's sitting..

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Oh, hello Mary. I thought you were gonna be alone.

MARY: What?

JACK: Who're your friends?

MARY: Those are my golf clubs, put on your glasses.

JACK: Oh, oh..I wondered what they were all doing on one chair...
The niblick looks like Abe Lasfogel...Mary, ^{my} did you order
something to eat?

MARY: Yes, and I ordered a sandwich for you, too.

JACK: Good good..You know, I can hardly wait to get on that golf
course. ^{you know} I'm playing Phil today.

MARY: Oh Jack, you shouldn't play against Phil. He's too good
for you.

JACK: What're you talking about?

MARY: You know what I'm talking about. Look how George Burns
beat you yesterday.

JACK: Well.

MARY: And the day before that, you took a trimming from Cagney.

JACK: All right..Cagney..so I was off my game..What about last
week when I played O'Brien?

MARY: (DISGUSTED) But Jack, you're so much bigger than she is.

JACK: Well...

MARY: And when she sunk that twenty foot putt, you got so mad you
kicked her doll into the sand trap.

JACK: Who wouldn't be mad? Every time I got ready to drive, the doll would go "Mama..mama"....What tricks those kids use ...and for ten cents a hole....You'd think that...Oh, Mary, there's Lew Clayton and Artie Stebbins. Gee, they're great golfers..they hit the ball almost every time they swing at it...And Mary..look..there's Norman Krasna over there.

MARY: Norman Krasna?

JACK: Yeah, he's the fellow that loved that joke I told last year... you know...the one about "like a moose needs a hatrack"... He was crazy about it.

MARY: He was?

JACK: Yeah...Watch this...HEY, NORMAN, LIKE A MOOSE NEEDS A HATRACK.

MEL: (OFF) (WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH)

JACK: You see...Every time I mention it^{he goes crazy. I never saw anything like it.} Hey, there's Don Wilson sitting at the next table.

MARY: Where?

JACK: Right there.

DON: (OFF) OH WAITER, WAITER...WILL YOU TAKE MY ORDER PLEASE?

ARTIE: Yes sir.

(SOUND: THREE FOOTSTEPS)

ARTIE: (OFF) What'll you have, Mr. Wilson?

DON: Well,^{lets make} I'll start out with a bowl of ox-tail soup...a combination salad...a nice thick sirloin steak...mashed potatoes...^{some} string beans...some carrots...a side order of spinach...a little cauliflour...some hot rolls and coffee.

ARTIE: Yes sir...any dessert?

DON: Well ^{I don't know} what kind of pie have you got?

ARTIE: Apple, blueberry, peach, custard, raisin, and pineapple.

DON: Good, I'll have them.

ARTIE: Yes sir.

JACK: Hmm...did you hear that, Mary? How can Don digest all that food?

MARY: Don't you remember, Jack..last summer he was operated on.

JACK: Yeah? What did they take out?

MARY: Nothin, they put in a deep-freeze.

JACK: Ha ha ha...That's pretty good, Mary..deep-freeze...HEY, NORMAN, DID YOU HEAR THAT?

MEL: (WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH)

JACK: I knew he'd like it...Well, I better ^{in that kitchen room and just} get going ~~and~~...Oh Mary, there's George Fezio. He's the pro out here at Hillcrest. You remember, let year he won the Canadian open.

MARY: Oh yes.

JACK: And Mary, I've been taking lessons from him and what he's done for my golf game is simply wonderful..OH GEORGE..
GEORGE..COME HERE A MINUTE, WILL YOU?.....H'ya George.

FAZIO: Hello, Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ^{George} I was just telling Mary how much you've helped my game.

FAZIO: I'm glad I have, Jack, and thanks for the check.

JACK: That's quite all right, George, it was money well spent.
You know I'm going to play Phil today.

FAZIO: Phil Harris?

JACK: Yes.

FAZIO: Well, do you think you can keep him interested in the game ?

JACK: What do you mean ?

FAZIO: The last time I played with him I had to paint the ball green and put a pimento in it.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: I'll bet he didn't have the heart to hit it.

JACK: Yeah...Anyway I'm going to meet him in the locker room...
Oh boy, I can't wait to get him out on that course.

FAZIO: Do you remember all the things I taught you, Jack ?

JACK: Oh sure sure, *George*

FAZIO: Well, let's find out.....Your stance ?

JACK: Feet apart.

FAZIO: Your grip ?

JACK: Interlocking.

FAZIO: Your age ?

JACK: Thirty-eight....Well, I gotta run along now..So long,
George.

FAZIO: So long, Jack.

JACK: Mary, I'm going into the locker room and get dressed...if
you want to watch us play, I'll see you on the first tee.

MARY: Okay *Jack*.

DON: HEY JACK, WHERE ARE YOU GOING ?

JACK: I'm going to the locker room to meet Phil.

DON: Wait a minute, Jack, ^{I have} ~~there's~~ ^{here} something, I want you to hear. Come on over to the juke box.

JACK: What?

DON: There's a brand new number the Sportsmen Quartet recorded and it's all about a pack of Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

JACK: Don, my quartet recorded a song about a pack of Lucky Strikes?

DON: Yes.

JACK: ^{Well,} ~~Oh boy,~~ I gotta hear that..Wait'll I get a nickel.

(SOUND: CHANGE RATTLING)

JACK: Hmm..that's funny..I can't seem to find a nickel in your pocket...Oh well, here's one of mine.

(SOUND: COIN IN SLOT)

(ORCH LAST HALF OF "PEG O' MY HEART") JACK: Don, that song is
about a pack of Lucky
Strikes?

DON: Yes, wait'll you hear
it.

JACK: *About a pack of Lucky --*
But how can they--

QUART: PACK O' MY HEART

JACK: Packo ?

I LOVE YOU

WE'LL NEVER PART

I LOVE YOU.

I ALWAYS KNEW IT WOULD BE YOU

SINCE I'VE SMOKED YOUR FINE TOBACCOER

IT'S YOUR RED BULLS EYE I'M AFTER.

(SOUND: SHOT AND BELI.) JACK: Don..

WHEN I'M ALONE, I PUFF YOU

HOW I HAVE GROWN, TO LUFF YOU JACK: Luff you ?

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE

L S M F T F T, F T, F T, F T, JACK: Don, the record's

F T, F T, F T, F T, F T, F T, stuck.

F T, F T, F T, F T, F T, DON: I'll fix it.

F T, F T, F T, F T, F T, -- JACK: Never mind, I'll hear
it later.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

JACK: *...where's Phil?*
~~I wonder where Phil is...~~ Well he'll probably be here in

a minute. I better get these clothes off.....(SINGS)

A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY..DA DA DA DA DA DUM....

DA DA DE DE DA DUM, DA DA DA DE DUM..

PHIL: HEY JACKSON, STOP PARADING ON THAT BENCH, ^{this} ~~is~~ AIN'T NO
FUNWAY.

JACK: Oh, hello Phil..I'll be ready to play in a minute..Hand
me my robe, will you ?

PHIL: Which one is yours ?

JACK: The red one with the Royal Crown Cola on it....Thanks...
Say Phil, how about a little bet on the game....Ten
dollars. ^{you know} Just to make it interesting.

PHIL: Ten bucks ? Okay, but you know, I haven't played for
three months...I won't be able to hit the ball.

JACK: But what's the difference, Phil...it's only fifteen
dollars!....Come on,

PHIL: Well look, Jackson..I'm tired. I didn't sleep good last
night. You know that floor's awful hard..

JACK: Phil..Phil, you slept on the floor ? Last night ?

PHIL: Yesh..it's the first time I ever missed the bed.

JACK: What ?

PHIL: You know them single beds ain't easy to hit.

JACK: They are if they're standing still...Now come on, let's
go play ~~golf~~..And Phil, it's not my fault you haven't
played golf in three months or that you didn't sleep
well..remember our bet..twenty dollars.

PHIL: WHAT!

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: H'ya Mary..hello Dennis..sorry we kept you waiting..

MARY: Well, holy smoke, get a load of those old fashioned
knickers!

JACK: These knickers are all right.

dk

ATX01 0310103

MARY: And that cap hangin' over one ear!..You look like Jackie Coogan in "The Kid".

JACK: All right all right...Now come on, let's play....You shoot first, Phil.

PHIL: Okay.

DENNIS: Here's your driver, Phil.

(NOISE: LIGHT METALLIC RATTLING OF CLUBS)

PHIL: Thanks ^{just} stand back, everybody...FORE.

(SOUND: SWISH - SMACK OF BALL - AND WHISTLE)

DENNIS: WOW, LOOK AT THAT BALL GO!

MARY: LOOK AT IT GO!

JACK: (MAD) Look look..Hm! Two hundred yards at the most..I can't understand it, after the awful life he's led..WELL, IT'S MY TURN NOW...Rochester, tee up my ball

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: A little higher.

ROCH: HIGHER?..IT LOOKS LIKE A LOLLIPOP NOW.

JACK: I guess it's all right...Well, here goes...quiet, everybody..FORE.

(SOUND: SWISH)

JACK: Hmm..I fanned it.

MARY: That's one stroke.

JACK: DON'T COUNT OUT LOUD...I must have been standing too far away.....There, that's better...FORE.

(SOUND: ON CUE - SWISH)

JACK: Hm.

MARY: (GIGGLES)

dk

ATX01 0310104

JACK: Darn it, another fan...I guess I'm holding the club too tight....Well, I'll get it this time...FORE.

(SOUND: ON CUE - SWISH)

JACK: Hm, I fanned it again.

ROCH: IT OUGHTA BE COOL NOW BOSS, HIT IT.

JACK: (VERY MAD) HOW CAN I HIT IT WITH ALL THESE INTERRUPTIONS. EVERYBODY YELLING AND SCREAMING AT ME...NOW HERE GOES..
FORE..FORE.

MARY: WHAT ARE YOU "FORE IN" ABOUT ?

JACK: THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE STANDING DOWN THERE ON THE GREEN.

MARY: WELL, YOU WON'T BE THERE TILL THANKSGIVING.

JACK: OH YEAH?.....Well watch this FORE.

(SOUND: SWISH..SMACK...WHISTLE)

JACK: WOW.

(SOUND: TERRIFIC GLASS CRASH)

JACK: WHAT WAS THAT?

ROCH: YOU BROKE A WINDOW IN THE CLUB HOUSE BEHIND YA!

JACK: Behind me ?

MEL: (WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH)

JACK: NORMAN, SHUT UP.....Gee, I can't get rid of that slice...
Oh well, I'll take a four on this hole...Come on
everybody, let's go..Remember our bet, Phil. Five dollars.

PHIL: Five dollars? You said thirty.

JACK: I said fifteen, you cheat..Now come on.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: All right, stand back, everybody...it's my turn..

(SOUND: BIRDS WHISTLING...SWISH)

dk

ATX01 0310105

JACK: DARN THOSE BIRDS, I WISH THEY'D STOP SINGING...THEY'RE
THROWING ME OFF MY GAME.

DENNIS: Maybe they don't know you're playing for money.

JACK: You can pipe down, too...This is a fine country club
anyway with birds all around.

MARY: And trees and grass, it's awful.

JACK: Oh, keep still.

PHIL: Hey, what hole are we on?

JACK: We just finished the seventh....How do we stand, Mary?

MARY: There's just one point between you.

JACK: Good, good.

MARY: Phil has twenty-eight, and you have one twenty-eight.

JACK: Well there are two more holes, I've still got a chance....I
don't like this club. ^{I'm not} Hand me my spoon, Rochester.

ROCH: YOU BROKE IT OVER MY HEAD ON THE LAST HOLE.

JACK: Oh yes...then give me my brassie...Hm, this is the worst
game I ever played...Thank Heaven, it's not for money.

PHIL: WAIT A MINUTE.

JACK: Keep quiet, I'm going to shoot...All right, stand back,
everybody...FORE.

(SOUND: SWISH)

JACK: GOL DARN IT, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME...WHAT DID I DO THAT
WAS WRONG, MARY?

MARY: You never should have left Waukegan.

JACK: I MEAN WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY GAME....ROCHESTER, YOU'VE SEEN ME
PLAY BETTER THAN THIS.

ROCH: I HAVE?

JACK: YES...WHAT AM I DOING THAT'S WRONG?

DENNIS: Are you right handed?

JACK: Yes.

DENNIS: Are you using right handed clubs?

JACK: Yes.

DENNIS: Well....that ain't it.

JACK: DENNIS, WHEN I WANT YOUR ADVICE I'LL ASK FOR IT.

MARY: Hey Jack..here comes Mr. Fazio, your golf teacher.

JACK: (MAD) Oh yeah.

FAZIO: WELL JACK, HOW'S YOUR GAME GOING?

JACK: I WANT MY MONEY BACK, THAT'S HOW IT'S GOING...Fine teacher.

MARY: Oh come on Jack, hit the ball..It'll be dark pretty soon.

JACK: Okay okay....FORE.

(SOUND: ON CUE: SWISH...THEN A DULL THUD OF BALL)

JACK: (VERY FAST) Where did it go, where did it go, where did the ball go?

DENNIS: There it is, by your left foot.

JACK: Oh yes.

MARY: Congratulations, it was by your right foot when you started.

JACK: You don't have to get cute about it.

JANE: (AS OLD LADY) Pardon me boys, do you mind if I go through?

JACK: Why no, Lady..go right ahead.

DENNIS: Gee..she's pretty old to be playing golf, isn't she?

JACK: She sure is...How old are you, Lady?

JANE: Eighty-three.

JACK: Well....Go right ahead, let's see you hit the ball....Take it easy now.

JANE: FORE.

(SOUND: SWISH..SOCK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: WELL I'LL BE DARNED.

JANE: YIPEE, I'M ON THE GREEN....THANKS, BOYS.

JACK: You're welcome.

DENNIS: Gee...eighty-three years old, and look at her hit that ball!

JACK: She isn't a day over seventy....Well, I'm too upset..let's finish the game tomorrow, Phil.

PHIL: WE'RE FINISHING IT RIGHT NOW..GO AHEAD AND SHOOT.

JACK: Okay...Now quiet, everybody, while I make this shot...FORE!

(SOUND: SWISH - SOCK OF BALL AND WHISTLE)

JACK: WOW! LOOK AT THAT BALL GO.

MARY: YEAH, RIGHT IN THE WOODS....WHAT A SLICE.

JACK: Oh...Well come on Rochester, let's look for it.

MARY: Oh Jack, you'll never find it.

JACK: Don't worry, I'll join you on the fairway..see you in a minute.

(TRANSITION MUSIC ENDING WITH NIGHT EFFECTS)

(SOUND: NIGHT NOISES...CRICKETS, FROGS)

JACK: Gosh it's dark..that ball must be around here someplace..
I wish I had a flashlight.

ROCH: WHY DON'T WE GO HOME, GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP, AND CONTINUE
THE HUNT IN THE MORNIN'?

JACK: WE'RE GONNA FIND THAT BALL TONIGHT.

ROCH: THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID LAST NIGHT.

JACK: Last night? Have we been here two nights?

ROCH: AND THREE DAYS.

JACK: Well, what's the difference, Rochester, it's Fall..The leaves are turning gold and brown, and the fragrant breeze wafts them gently to mother earth..

(MUSIC SOFTLY)

JACK: And at the close of each day, as the sun sinks beyond the horizon, it seems like some elfin painter has gilded the sky and left it glowing with a hundred brilliant colors...

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

~~JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, here is a message from the U. S.
Department of State. Every American can help to alleviate
the critical food shortage in Europe by making a voluntary
financial contribution to Care. That's Care, C-A-R-E.
A non-profit organization, that turns your money into
food and distributes it to Europe's hungry. Give now and
save a life...Send your contributions to Care, C A R E.
Care. New York. Thank you.~~

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first --

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

OCTOBER 19, 1947

-C-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: WHEN YOU BUY - KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S-EYE
(SHOT-GONG)
KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S-EYE (SHOT-GONG)
KEEP YOUR EYE ON LUCKY STRIKE!

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and fine tobacco is
what counts in a cigarette.

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. James
Walker, independent tobacco buyer of Durham, North
Carolina, has bought tobacco at more than 3 thousand
auctions. Recently he said:

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike
buy smooth, fragrant, fine tobacco that makes a real fine
smoke. So it's only common sense for me to pick Luckies
for my own cigarette. Smoked 'em for 17 years.

RUYSDAEL: A Lucky Strike smoker for 17 years - that says it.

SHARBUTT: SO WHEN YOU BUY - KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S EYE
(SHOT-GONG)
KEEP YOUR EYE ON LUCKY STRIKE!
And remember ...

(more)

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JACK BENNY PROGRAM

OCTOBER 19, 1947

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike --
so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on
the draw.

SHARBUTT: Yes, WHEN YOU BUY - KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S-EYE
(SHOT-GONG)

KEEP YOUR EYE ON LUCKY STRIKE!

(TAG)

JACK: ^{Well, I can see now that the scene is coming up.}
^ Let's see..the ball landed right here on this side of the
bush..or was it the other side of the bush...No, I guess
it was right here--

ROCH: SAY BOSS, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR EGGS?

JACK: Scrambled soft.

ROCH: OKAY..I WAS LUCKY I FOUND THAT BIRD'S NEST.

JACK: Yeah.

ROCH: AND HOW WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR BACON?

JACK: Bacon? Where did you get that?

ROCH: I BROUGHT IT WITH ME..THIS HAPPENS EVERY TIME.

JACK: Oh yes...Now let's see..if the ball hit this tree, it
would have landed over by the *bush*

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

DON: (OVER APPLAUSE) Stay tuned in for the Phil Harris-
Alice Faye Show which follows immediately, and be sure
to listen to "A Day in the Life of Dennis Day" on
Wednesday night.