

# THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

*produced for*

**THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.**

*by*

**BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.**

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PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

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REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY SHOW

SUNDAY, MARCH 27, 1949

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

ATX01 0312278

OPENING COMMERCIAL

-1-

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 60 to 62 -- AMERICAN)

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

MUSIC: (INTRO TO)

SONG: Feeling low?

Feeling tense?

These eight words are common sense!

Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

SHARBUTT: Your level best! That's just how you'll feel when you  
light up a Lucky - because Luckies' fine tobacco picks  
you up when you're low .. calms you down when you're tense.  
Puts you on the right level to feel and do your level best.

MARTIN: That's what fine tobacco can do for you! And ...

SHARBUTT: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

MARTIN: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... smooth, mild,  
thoroughly enjoyable tobacco.

SHARBUTT: So next time you buy cigarettes, ask for a carton of  
Lucky Strike, and get on the right level -- the Lucky  
level where you feel your best and do your best.

MARTIN: Yes, smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

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(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, AS YOU ALL KNOW, THIS IS THE FIRST WEEK OF SPRING...SO LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS WHERE WE FIND ROCHESTER DOING THE SPRING CLEANING.

ROCH: (SINGS TO SELF--"I'VE GOT MY LOVE TO KEEP ME WARM")  
THE VACCUM'S GOING  
THE DUST IS BLOWING  
'CAUSE BENNY'S HOUSE MUST BE CLEAN.  
HE DOESN'T REALLY WANT HIS HOUSE CLEAN.  
JUST MAKES ME WORK BECAUSE HE'S MEAN.

JACK: Rochester.

ROCH: (SINGS) THE DIRT MAY LINGER,  
WON'T LIFT HIS FINGER  
ALL DAY IN BED HE ~~RECLINES~~ RECLINES  
*But when he's thirty-nine*  
HE ISN'T REALLY THIRTY-NINE

JACK: ROCHESTER!

ROCH: OH OH OH OH, <sup>he</sup>HELLO, BOSS.

JACK: Hello, hello.

MEL: HELLO, BOSS. (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Hello, Polly...Well, Rochester, I'm glad to see you're doing the Spring cleaning. The house <sup>looks</sup> ~~is certainly~~--Rochester, where are those pretty lace curtains we had on the windows?

ROCH: THOSE WERE COBWEBS, I BRUSHED THEM OFF.

JACK: Well if the house is that dusty, it's your fault.

ROCH: NO IT ISN'T, BOSS...I COULD CLEAN THE HOUSE IN NO TIME IF I COULD USE THE FEATHER DUSTER.

JACK: The feather duster? Well, why don't you use it?

ROCH: IT'S SPRING..AT THIS TIME OF YEAR POLLY FALLS IN LOVE WITH IT.

JACK: Oh, Rochester, you're imagining things.

ROCH: NO BOSS, SHE EVEN TALKS TO IT.

JACK: Talks to the feather duster?

ROCH: YEAH, THIS MORNING SHE STUCK HER HEAD OUT OF HER CAGE AND SAID, "DON'T JUST STAND THERE IN THE CORNER, COME UP AND SEE ME SOMETIME". <sup>Jack: Look! Look!</sup> I EVEN HAD TO PUT THE DUSTER IN HER CAGE TO KEEP HER HAPPY.

JACK: Now that's ridiculous! Go get it out of the cage and clean up the room.

ROCH: WELL...OKAY.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MEL: (SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

ROCH: HELLO, POLLY..I'M SORRY, BUT I HAVE TO TAKE THE ~~FEATHER~~ DUSTER.

MEL: (SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

ROCH: NOW LET GO OF IT.

~~(SOUND: CAGE DOOR OPENS)~~

MEL: (SINGS TO "LOVER COME BACK TO ME")

THE SKY IS BLUE

THE NIGHT IS COLD (SQUAWK)

ROCH: LET GO, POLLY, I'VE GOTTA ~~TAKE IT~~ *get the direction.*

MEL: (SINGS) THE MOON IS NEW

BUT LOVE IS OLD (*Squawking*)

ROCH: POLLY, LET GO.

MEL: (SINGS) THIS EAGER HEART OF MINE IS SINGING

ROCH: THERE, I GOT IT.

MEL: (SINGS) LOVER COME BACK TO ME...(SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: Rochester, now that you've got the feather duster, clean the chandelier.

ROCH: I TRIED TO, BOSS, BUT I CAN'T REACH IT.

JACK: I'll do it .. ~~Rochester~~ *please*, bend down and I'll stand on your back.

ROCH: HUH?

JACK: Go on, bend down.

ROCH: LIKE THIS?

JACK: Bend down a little more..That's good...Now let me get up on your back..Easy...hold it...(GRUNTS) There...(SLIGHTLY OFF)  
Okay, Rochester...hold still now while I dust the...

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: COMING, COMING.

JACK: ROCHESTER!

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

JACK: Ooooooooooooooh!

(SOUND: (ON CUE) DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Rochester.

ROCH: OH, HELLO, MISS LIVINGSTONE..COME ON IN.

MARY: Thanks.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

MARY: I just came over to -- OH HELLO, PHIL, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE HERE.

ROCH: THAT'S MR. BENNY LYING ON THE FLOOR.

MARY: Jack, what happened?

~~JACK: What happened? I was standing on Rochester's back and when you rang the bell, he ran out from under me.~~

~~ROCH: THAT WASN'T MY FAULT, BOSS.~~

~~JACK: Why not?~~

~~ROCH: YESTERDAY I LET SOMEONE RING THE DOORBELL TWICE AND YOU GAVE ME A LONG LECTURE ON THE HIGH COST OF ELECTRICITY.~~

JACK: ~~Never mind.~~ Anyway, Mary, I meant to call you..We aren't going to be able to rehearse today because I have something very important to do.

MARY: Well, I'm glad I came over anyway. I got a letter from my mother and I wanted you to hear it.

JACK: A letter from your mother, eh..What does the Aly Kahn of Plainfield have to say?

MARY: Just a minute, I'll read it to you.

(SOUND: LETTER OPENING)

~~JACK: Mary.~~  
MARY: (CLEARS THROAT) MY DARLING DAUGHTER MARY...JUST A FEW LINES TO LET YOU KNOW THAT EVERYBODY IN THE FAMILY IS FEELING FINE EXCEPT SUSIE, OUR COW.

JACK: The cow?

MARY: SHE'S BEEN SICK FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS NOW, AND YOUR FATHER WISHES SHE WOULD GET WELL SO HE CAN HAVE HIS SIDE OF THE BED BACK.

JACK: Oh, no!

MARY: I'M SORRY OUR COW IS SICK, BUT SHE CERTAINLY MAKES THE ROOM LOOK BETTER. I'VE ALWAYS WANTED AN EARLY AMERICAN BED, SO AS LONG AS SHE'S LYING ON HER BACK, I'M USING HER FOUR LEGS TO HOLD UP A CANOPY.

JACK: Leave it to your mother.

MARY: OF COURSE, IT ISN'T EASY MILKING THE COW IN THIS POSITION. YOU HAVE TO SQUEEZE HARDER THAN USUAL BECAUSE YOU'RE FIGHTING GRAVITY.

JACK: Gee, where do you put the bucket?

MARY: QUIET JACK.....HOWEVER, YOUR FATHER DOESN'T KNOW HIS OWN STRENGTH. THIS MORNING HE SQUEEZED SO HARD, THE MILK SHOT UP, RIPPED THROUGH THE CANOPY, AND WROTE "HONEST JOHN" ON THE CEILING.

JACK: That's silly, *you are the one who should be quiet*

MARY: YOU KNOW, MARY WE'VE HAD A VERY LONG WINTER, BUT WE KNEW IT WAS COMING...BECAUSE ON FEBRUARY SECOND WHEN THE GROUND-HOG CAME OUT OF HIS HOLE, HE SAW YOUR SISTER BABE AND RAN BACK IN AGAIN.

JACK: I knew she could do it.

MARY: NO OTHER NEWS, BUT TELL JACK WE'RE GOING TO SEE THE PICTURE HE PRODUCED, "THE LUCKY STIFF" AT THE ERROLL THEATER IN PHILADELPHIA NEXT WEEK.

JACK: Well.



MARY: THAT IS, WE'LL GO TO PHILADELPHIA IF ~~SOME~~ <sup>the car</sup> GETS WELL ..  
WE HAVEN'T GOT A CAR YOU KNOW.... MUCH LOVE, MAMA.

JACK: You know Mary, I'm proud of that picture. Claire Trevor was  
in it and she just won an Academy Award... Then there's  
~~Laurence Olivier and Jane Wyman and Walter Huston.~~

MARY: ~~Are they in your picture too?~~

JACK: ~~No, they went to see it... I was gonna put Laurence Olivier in  
in the picture but it's so confusing paying a man off in  
pounds.~~

BOCH: ~~(OFF) MR. BENNY, MR. BENNY, YOU BETTER HURRY... DENNIS DAY  
IS COMING UP THE WALK.~~

JACK: ~~Excuse me, Mary.~~

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS... DOOR OPENS... SHORT DOOR

~~BUZZER... SLAP)~~

DENNIS: ~~Why did you slap my hand?~~

JACK: ~~I opened the door, got your finger off that buzzer!~~

DENNIS: ~~Oh.~~

JACK: Come ~~on~~ <sup>(Place Sugar)</sup> in.

(SOUND: DOOR ~~CLOSES~~ <sup>opens</sup>)

DENNIS: Congratulate me, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Congratulate you, why?

DENNIS: My aunt won an Academy Award?

JACK: Your aunt won an Academy Award?

DENNIS: Yeah, she went to the hospital last week and yesterday she  
came home with little Oscar.

JACK: Oh...you mean your aunt had a baby and they named it Oscar...

Your uncle must be very proud. Is it their first ~~baby~~ <sup>child?</sup>

DENNIS: No, they have six and three more are on the way.

JACK: What? Three more <sup>children</sup> ~~babies~~ are on the way?

DENNIS: Yeah, they're coming by bus from ~~Chicago~~ <sup>Lawrence</sup>.

JACK: Oh..Oh.. then they have nine children now.

DENNIS: That's right, five boys and three girls.

JACK: Well, that's very ... wait a minute, five boys and three girls... Dennis, that's only eight.

DENNIS: One of them got on the wrong bus.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake .. Look Dennis --

DENNIS: Say Mr. Benny, are we gonna rehearse today?

JACK: No, kid, because I have to leave in a little while...  
Anyway, while you're here, let me listen to the song you're going to do on the program.

DENNIS: Okay.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -"AGAIN")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was a very good song, Dennis.. what's the title of it?

DENNIS: "AGAIN".

JACK: ~~Oh~~ Ch, "Again".

DENNIS: ~~Yeah~~, I'm dedicating it to my aunt.

JACK: Good, good.

MARY: Say Jack, as long as we're not gonna have rehearsal today,  
I think I'll ~~just stay home~~

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER IN RHYTHM OF "BEAVE AND A  
HAIR CUT, SIX BITS")

JACK: ~~That must be Phil... That guy costs me a fortune... COME IN.~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: Hello, Jackson, <sup>Alice</sup> ~~Hiya~~ Livvy... you specimen of what a young  
man's fancy turns to.

MARY: (LAUGHING) Hello, Phil.

JACK: ~~Hi~~ Phil. <sup>I</sup> I told you rehearsal was called off, what're you  
doing here?

PHIL: ~~Well~~, Jackson, I started out to do some shopping in Beverly  
Hills, and I left home without a dime, so would you cash  
this check for me?

JACK: Well, I don't know if I can, Phil... How much is the check  
for?

PHIL: I don't know, read it. Alice made it out.

JACK: Oh...

PHIL: Here.

JACK: Phil... Alice made this check out for a hundred dollars.

PHIL: Yeah, I was a good boy all week.

MARY: What are you going to buy, Phil?

PHIL: Well, I want to get fifty feet of copper coils for my car.

MARY: Copper coils for your car?

PHIL: I'm putting in draft beer.

JACK: Oh fine, draft beer.

PHIL: Yeah...I'll have the only hydromatic with a head on it...  
(LAUGHS) HA HA HA...OH, HARRIS, YOU OUGHT TO PUT SOME BLUE  
JAY ON YOUR TONGUE, IT'S SO CORNY.

JACK: You can say that again, *asshole*.

PHIL: Well, *how about it, Phil?*...can you cash my check for me?

JACK: I'm sorry, Phil, I haven't got that much money on me.

MARY: Phil, if you want a loan of a few dollars, I can help you  
out.

PHIL: Nah, that aint necessary, Livvy....I'll forget about the  
shopping...all I'll do is go get myself a haircut.

JACK: I thought you said you were broke...you can't get a haircut  
without any money.

PHIL: Jackson, they cut my hair just for the thrill of it.

JACK: Hmmm..What a hammy guy.

MARY: You know Jack, Phil has a right to be conceited. He always looks so nice...Look at the way his clothes fit him, and look at his sox...they're bright without being loud.

PHIL: I'm glad you like 'em, Livvy..Alice knitted them for me.. They're Gargoyle.

JACK: That's Argyle!! A gargoyle is something ugly.

PHIL: Well, they ain't gonna hang these in no art museum, so long, Straight Man..see you again, Livvy, *you pretty thing*

MARY: Goodbye, *Phil*

JACK: Goodbye, goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Say, Mary, it looks like it might rain. *oh* Look at that dark cloud hiding the sun.

MARY: That's a shadow, Don Wilson is coming up the walk.

JACK: Oh yes.

DON: (WAY OFF) HYA, PHIL, WHERE YOU GOING?

PHIL: (OFF) DOWN TO GET A HAIRCUT. I'D SAVE YOU A CURL, BUT THEY'RE ALL PROMISED.

JACK: HEY DON...DON.

DON: RIGHT WITH YOU, JACK...COME ON, BOYS.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Say Don...(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP) I told you over the phone we weren't going to rehearse today. Why did you bring the quartet over?

~~JACK: No...~~

~~JACK: How wasn't that O.K. for Mary? ... huh?~~

~~DON: (OFF) JACK, JACK, LET ME IN OR I'LL RING THE BELL.~~

~~(SOUND. DOOR OPENS)~~

~~Don: Jack, they're not gonna sing it till you promise to give them a raise, and I think they deserve it.~~

DON: I'll ask them..How much do you want, boys?

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DON: No boys, I don't think he'll go that high.

QUART: (LITTLE LOWER HMMMM)

DON: I don't know about that, either.

QUART: (LITTLE LOWER HMMMM)

DON: ~~There's~~ *well, I don't know*

QUART: (VERY LOW HMMMM)

JACK: We'll talk about that one, Don...that sounds reasonable.

DON: *uh* Thanks, Jack.

JACK: Now what kind of a number have they got prepared? *the number*

DON: Well..since this is the first week of Spring, the boys have something appropriate for this time of year.

JACK: *for now* ~~Oh~~ good, good. *well* let's ---

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Hold it a minute, fellows...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

OZZIE: Hello, Jack, this is Ozzie Nelson.

JACK: Oh, hello, Ozzie.

(APPLAUSE)

OZZIE: Jack, I just called to tell you that next week Harriet and I are gonna start doing our program on CBS.

JACK: Well, I'm glad to hear that, Ozzie..What day are you gonna be on?

OZZIE: Sunday.

JACK: Well, I think that's -- Sunday?...Ozzie...Ozzie...?

OZZIE: Yes?

JACK: What time ~~are they putting your program on Sunday?~~

OZZIE: Right ahead of yours.

JACK: Whew! ~~For a minute I thought I was gonna have to sue somebody. Anyway, Ozzie, I'm glad to know you're going to be with us. And I'll tell you what. As long as we're both living in Beverly Hills every Sunday you can ride we down to the studio with me.~~

~~OZZIE: Gee, that's awfully nice of you, Jack...Thanks.~~

~~JACK: Don't mention it, I take the nine-thirty bus...I'll be glad to have company.~~

HARRIET: Hello?

JACK: Huh?

HARRIET: Hello...Hello?

OZZIE: Is that you on the extention, Harriet?

HARRIET: Yes, Ozzie.

(APPLAUSE)

HARRIET: Ozzie, would you mind hanging up, I've gotta make a phone call.

OZZIE: But, Harriet, I'm talking to --

HARRIET: I don't care who you're talking to, I've gotta find out why our laundry hasn't come back yet.

OZZIE: Well, I've got him on the phone now, ask him.

JACK: I was gonna call you about that, Harriet.

HARRIET: Oh, hello Jack.

JACK: Hello...I was gonna call you about the laundry, Harriet. There'll be a little delay because I scorched your underwear.



HARRIET: My underwear?

JACK: Yes, the ones with the lace.

HARRIET: Those are Ozzie's.

JACK: Oh then, <sup>the</sup>"H" stands for "His", I thought it was "Harriet".

OZZIE: Jack, since Harriet brought up the subject, I'd like to make a complaint.

JACK: What is it, Ozzie, we're always open for suggestions, <sup>if you know.</sup>

OZZIE: Well, Jack, you've been putting a little too much starch in our underwear.

JACK: Too <sup>far</sup> much starch?

OZZIE: Yes, <sup>far</sup> we don't mind it on Sundays because we have to stand up at the microphones anyway.

JACK: Uh huh.

OZZIE: But on weekdays we like to relax.

JACK: Oh well, then I'll <sup>try</sup> to cut down on the starch.

HARRIET: I wish you would...everytime Ozzie sits down, it sounds like he's cracking his knuckles.

JACK: Well, I'll take care of it..and congratulations on coming over to CBS..I'll be listening to your first show next Sunday.

OZZIE: / Thanks, Jack.

JACK: Goodbye.

OZZIE & Goodbye.

HARRIET: (SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE)-----

JACK: Rochester, a little less starch in the Nelson's laundry...  
And...Say, Don, why is the Quartet standing there with  
their mouths open?

DON:@ Just before the phone rang, you told them to sing.

JACK: Oh yes, yes...that spring song..Go ahead, fellows..let's  
hear it.

QUART: THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING, TRA LA  
THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING  
AS WE MERRILY DANCE AND WE SING, TRA LA  
WE WELCOME THE HOPE THAT THEY BRING, TRA LA  
OF A SUMMER OF ROSES AND WINE  
OF A SUMMER OF ROSES AND WINE  
BUT IT'S NOT OF THE FLOWERS THAT WE WANT TO SING  
'CAUSE THEY ~~ARE~~<sup>DO</sup> COMPARE WITH THIS MESSAGE WE BRING  
TOBACCO THAT GROWS IN THE SPRING, TRA LA  
TOBACCO THAT GROWS IN THE SPRING  
IT GROWS IN KENTUCKY, TRA LA, TRA LA  
IT'S PUT IN A LUCKY, TRA LA, TRA LA  
SO IF YOU'RE FEELING LOW, OR YOU'RE TENSE, GENTS  
TO LIGHT UP A LUCKY MAKES SENSE  
AND THAT'S WHAT WE MEAN WHEN WE SAY THAT A THING  
IS WELCOME AS FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING  
TRA LA LA LA LA, TRA LA LA LA LA,  
TOBACCO THAT GROWS IN THE SPRING  
OH LEE OH LA LEE, OH LEE OH LAY LEE  
TRA LA LA BOOM DE AYE.

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: ~~These~~ <sup>These</sup> very good boys...very good....But you'll have to excuse me now, fellows, I have to go, I'm taking the Beverly Hills Beavers out on a hike.

DON: Where are you going, Jack?

JACK: Oh, out in the woods camping and..Well, you know, the kids will get a big kick out of it..Gee, I'm kinda late now..  
I better get my knapsack and hurry.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

~~JERRY:~~ See fellows, ~~why doesn't Mr. Benny come?~~

~~JOHNNY:~~ Don't worry Stevie, if he said he'd be here, he will.

GILBERT: ~~I hope so,~~ Joey...I'd be afraid to go on this hike and sleep out overnight if Mr. Benny wasn't gonna be with us.

JERRY: Yeah.. we may run into a mountain lion or a wildcat...I wonder if Mr. Benny will bring a rifle along.

JOHNNY: Nah...if he can't whip it with his bare hands, bullets won't help.

JERRY: Yeah...remember <sup>how</sup> he told us how he used to wrestle alligators for a living till the humane society made him stop.

JEFF: Well, I still think we'd have more fun if we went without him.

JOHNNY: Look Butch, you're a new member in the Beavers...you don't know how helpful Mr. Benny is.

GILBERT: That's right. Remember our last hike, fellows..When Mr. Benny showed us how to trap that little animal with the white stripe down its back?

JERRY: Yeah..and then we didn't have another meeting for the next six months.

JOHNNY: I don't care what you fellows say, I think Mr. Benny is one of the best Beavers in the club.

JEFF: Well, if he's such a loyal Beaver, how come he didn't attend our meeting last Thursday night?

GILBERT: That wasn't his fault..he had to go to the Academy Awards.

JEFF: For what..he wasn't going to get nothin'.

JOHNNY: Oh yeah?

JEFF: Yeah, I heard my mother and father talking about the Academy Awards and my mother knew Jane Wyman was going to win it for Johnny Belinda..And she didn't even talk in the picture.

GILBERT: So what?

JEFF: My father said that if Mr. Benny <sup>wasn't</sup> ~~had kept~~ his mouth shut he might ~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> ~~won~~ somethin' too.

JERRY: Butch, as president of the Beavers, I fine you two cents for that remark.

JEFF: Fine my old man, he said it.

JACK: (COMING IN) HELLO FELLOWS.

KIDS: HELLO BROTHER BEAVER.

JACK: You know, I'm looking forward to this hike...I love the great outdoors..fishing and hunting. <sup>hunting</sup> hunting used to be one of my favorite sports...I've bagged some big game in my time.

JERRY: Gee Mr. Benny...did you ever hunt bear?

JACK: Why yes, Stevie...as ~~a matter of~~ <sup>fact</sup> ~~wait~~ a minute...ask me that again, Stevie.

JERRY: Did you ever hunt bear?

JEFF: No, he wore his red flannels, now let's get ~~on with the hike~~

JACK: ~~He...~~ All right... Beavers, fall into formation...

FORWARD MARCH!

(SOUND: FOUR MARCHING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: HUP TUP THRUP FOUR...HUP TUP THRUP FOUR...(START FADE)

HUP TUP THRUP FOUR, HUP TUP THRUP FOUR.

(BOARD FADE)

(SOUND: WOODSY SOUNDS...BIRDS..CRICKETS...ETC...

FOOTSTEPS ON BRUSH)

JACK: Whew! We've been hiking for two hours now, fellows...  
anyone feel tired?

JERRY: Not me, Mr. Benny.

JEFF: I'm okay.

GILBERT: I feel fine.

JOHNNY: Well, I'm beginning to feel a little tired.

JACK: Would you like to stop for a rest, Joey?

JOHNNY: No, I'll be all right if you'll carry your own knapsack.

JACK: Oh..sure, sure...Now let's stop here a minute...there's a  
pebble in my shoe that's bothering me.

JERRY: Okay Beavers...at ease!

JACK: I'll sit down here on this rock and take off my shoe..

(GRUNTS) There.

(SOUND: SEVERAL COINS FALL)

JACK: ..Dues from the last meeting..I'll be with you in a minute,  
kids, as soon as I pick up the money and put my shoes back  
on.

JEFF: (WHISPERS) Hey, Stevie.

JERRY: (WHISPERS) What?

JEFF: (WHISPERS) This guy would drive a pick-pocket crazy.

JACK: All right Beavers, let's move along.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS IN BRUSH...FADE IN BROOK)

JACK: Hey look fellows, why don't we camp near this stream?

GILBERT: Yeah, but it looks much nicer on the other side.

JACK: All right, the stream is only about six feet wide...we can all jump it, can't we, Beavers?

KIDS: SURE.

JERRY: I'll go first.

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...JUMPING THUD)

JACK: You made it, Stevie..Now you go, Joey.

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...JUMPING THUD)

JACK: Good boy..Now you ~~go~~ Cliff.

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...JUMPING THUD)

JACK: Nice jump..now you, Butch.

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...JUMPING THUD)

JACK: Fine...Now here I go..

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS AND STOP)

JACK: HEY, FELLOWS, HOW ABOUT CAMPING ON THIS SIDE OF THE STREAM?  
HUH?

JERRY: (OFF) AW COME ON, MR. BENNY...IT'S MUCH NICER ON OUR SIDE.

JEFF: (OFF) COME ON, YOU'RE NOT AFRAID TO JUMP IT, ARE YOU?

JACK: OF COURSE NOT...STEP BACK, AND GIVE ME ROOM WHEN I LAND...  
HERE GOES..ONE, TWO..THREE!

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...HEAVY THUD)

JACK: I MADE IT, I MADE IT!

JOHNNY: ~~Yeah~~ <sup>Yeah</sup>, BUT YOUR HAIR DIDN'T.

JACK: What?

JEFF: Hey look at it laying there, fellows...it looks like a squirrel that didn't eat all winter.

JACK: Never mind, Butch...~~Now will one of you boys please go back and get it?~~

~~JEFF: You go Stevie, I'm afraid to touch it.~~

JACK: All right, ~~all right, I'll get it myself.~~ Now look, Beavers let's all put up our pup tents..Then after dinner, we'll sit around the campfire in our pajamas and I'll tell you a story.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: WOODSY NOISE CONTINUE IN B.G. BEHIND:

FOLLOWING:)

JACK: And there <sup>there</sup> I was alone in this lion-infested African jungle.. My plight was desperate..I had no weapons...but I wasn't afraid...It was dark and ominously quiet...then suddenly.. behind me, I heard a ~~twig snap~~.

(SOUND: LOUD POP)

JACK: YIPE! STEVIE, STOP POPPING YOUR ~~BUBBLE~~ GUM!

JERRY: I'm sorry, Mr. Benny, I was excited...I want to hear how you got out of it.

JACK: So do I, but I'm <sup>just</sup> popping my gum...Now where was I?

GILBERT: In the African jungle.



JACK: Oh yes...When I heard a twig snap, I whirled around and there I stood face to face with a Bengal Tiger. So I ---

JEFF: Wait a minute, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Huh?

JEFF: There ain't no Bengal Tigers in Africa.

JACK: Not usually, no...but this tiger won two glorious weeks on a quiz program...they also painted his jungle inside and out..Now look, boys, you've all been up a half hour later than you should, so I'll finish my story tomorrow..Now, I think we should all get into our pup tents and go to sleep.

JERRY: Okay.

JEFF: Yeah, I'm tired.

GILBERT: I'm sleepy, too.

JOHNNY: (STARTING TO CRY) I'm not tired, I don't wanta go to sleep yet.

JACK: What's the matter, Joey...is there anything wrong?

JOHNNY: (CRYING) Well, this is the first time I ever stayed away from home all night..and I'm scared.

JACK: But Joey...there's nothing to be scared of..I'm here!

JOHNNY: (CRYING) I don't care, I'm scared anyway...Can I sleep in your tent with you?

JACK: Hooooo..I'll be in the tent next to you..Come on now, you've gotta be brave..How do you ever expect to grow up to be President of the United States?

JOHNNY: (CRYING) Who wants to be President, your wife won't even let you wear a bathing suit.

JACK: Well, that's not so important...Now, come on, Beavers, I want you all to go to bed, and I'll see you in the morning.

JOHNNY: Okay..Goodnight, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodnight, Joey, and don't be frightened.

JOHNNY: I won't.

JACK: Goodnight fellow Beavers.

BOYS: Goodnight, Mr. Benny.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS IN BRUSH)

JACK: Now let's see...Oh this is my tent right here...Ahhhhh... Gee, it's good to lie down...The hike sure tired me out... (YAWNS)

(SOUND: LIGHT HOWLING OF COYOTE OFF MIKE)

JACK: What's that?

(SOUND: ANOTHER COYOTE HOWL)

JACK: It must be a coyote..There are no wolves around here..I don't think..

(SOUND: THREE LONG HOWLS..EACH ONE A LITTLE LOUDER...PUASE...THEN WE HEAR TEN LIGHT RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ON BRUSH)

JACK: ...Move over, Joey, I'm coming in with you...I don't want you to be frightened...Goodnight.

JOHNNY: Goodnight, Mr. Benny....How did you like my imitation of a coyote?

JACK: Oh, was that you?...Thank goodness, I mean goodnight... Goodnight, Joey.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and Gentlemen, The American Heart Association is in need of five million dollars to carry on their fight against the nation's leading cause of death. This money is needed to develop more local Heart Associations which will serve the community by unifying all local medical, nursing and welfare services into one effective program. So please send your contributions to your local Heart Association or to The American Heart Association, Box 500, New York City. OPEN YOUR HEART -- GIVE TO FIGHT HEART DISEASE.... Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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



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(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

SONG:     Feeling low?  
          Feeling tense?  
          These eight words are common sense -  
          Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!  
          Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

SHARBUTT: Yes, Luckie's fine tobacco picks you up when you're low...  
          calms you down when you're tense..puts you on the right  
          level to feel and do your level best!

MARTIN:   That's why it's so important for you to select and smoke  
          the cigarette of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike! Remember -

SHARBUTT: LS - MFT  
          LS - MFT

MARTIN:   Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

SHARBUTT: No wonder more independent tobacco experts -- auctioneers -  
          buyers - and warehousemen - smoke Lucky Strike regularly  
          than the next two leading brands combined. Yes, Luckies  
          are the overwhelming choice of the men who really know  
          tobacco.

MARTIN:   So when you choose your cigarette, remember that Luckies'  
          fine tobacco picks you up when you're low...calms you down  
          when you're tense...puts you on the right level to feel and  
          do your best.

SONG:     Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best! (SHORT)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL CONTINUED)

SHARBUTT: Yes, that's how to get on the Lucky level. Next time you  
buy cigarettes ask for a carton of Lucky Strike!

SONG: Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best! (LONG)

(BUTTON)

(TAG)

~~EMCE:~~ Ladies and gentlemen, we'll be with you again next Sunday night at the same time..so be sure to tune into CBS and welcome back Ozzie and Harriet..Also, be sure to listen to "A Day In The Life Of Dennis Day" every Saturday.

~~MARY:~~ Say Jack, how was your hike with the kids?

~~JACK:~~ Oh, we had a wonderful time, Mary...and I had a terrific experience..During the night I heard a noise outside my tent. I ran out with my rifle and before I knew it I was surrounded by nine big tigers.

~~MARY:~~ Jack, there are no tigers in America.

~~JACK:~~ These were Detroit Tigers, they're having Spring Training here..Goodnight folks.

~~(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)~~

DON: THIS IS CBS....THE COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.