

# **THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM**

*produced for*

**THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.**

*by*

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

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

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## **AS BROADCAST**

PROGRAM #25  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1950

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed Feb. 20, 1950)

RG

ATX01 0313290

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
FEBRUARY 26, 1950 (Recorded Feb. 20)  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM *transcribed* ... presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

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

HIESTAND: Let your own taste and throat be the judge!

SHARBUTT: For smoothness and mildness ...

HIESTAND: There's never a rough puff in a Lucky Strike!

SHARBUTT: For smoothness and mildness ...

HIESTAND: There's never a rough puff in a Lucky Strike!

SHARBUTT: Yes, let your own taste and throat be the judge.

HIESTAND: For smoothness and mildness.....

SHARBUTT: There's never a rough puff in a Lucky Strike! And that's  
because ...

HIESTAND: LS - MFT  
LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... fine, light,  
naturally mild tobacco that gives you smoothness and  
mildness.

RG

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JACK: I was so---What!.....Don, ~~you mean~~ <sup>that's right</sup>--  
DON: That's right, Jack, <sup>the</sup> meals don't cost you anything..it's  
included in your ticket.  
JACK: How do you like that...  
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)  
DON: Jack, where are you going?  
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)  
JACK: To the T.W.A. ticket office, somebody's gonna take me to  
dinner..I don't care who, <sup>it is</sup> but some <sup>body is gonna</sup>--Oh, Hello, Mary.  
MARY: Hello Jack..how was your flight back from Washington?  
JACK: <sup>Oh</sup> Pretty good, pretty good.  
MARY: Was it a nice smooth trip?  
JACK: Fairly smooth, Mary, not bad at all.  
MARY: You didn't get sick, did you?  
JACK: No no, although, I did feel a little woosy <sup>you know</sup> going over the  
mountains.  
MARY: Well, maybe you over-ate.  
JACK: Over-ate? Mary, I just found out...Don told me.  
MARY: Told you what?  
JACK: Never mind, I'll explain it later.  
DON: Well Jack, tell us how was the affair in Washington?...I'll  
bet it was pretty classy, <sup>had it</sup> eh?  
JACK: Classy? Don, you've never seen anything like it..The people  
I met, it was positively thrilling.  
MARY: Who was there, Jack?

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JACK: Who was there! President Truman, Vice President Barkley, General Eisenhower, General Bradley, Secretary of the Treasury Snyder..everybody.

DON: *Oh* Jack, that must have been wonderful .. How did you feel when you met President Truman?

JACK: *President Truman*  
Well .. I didn't get to meet the President .. you see, on my way over to shake hands with him, I came face to face with Vice President Barkley.

MARY: Oh, then you met the Vice President.

JACK: Well, no .. Just as I was about to say "hello" to the Vice President, General Eisenhower came in..so naturally Mr. Barkley went over to greet him....And kids, what a guy that Eisenhower is..What a personality!..And so democratic..he shook hands with everybody.

DON: Well, Jack, I certainly envy you ... years from now you'll be able to say, "I SHOOK HANDS WITH GENERAL EISENHOWER."

JACK: Well..you see, Don..when General Eisenhower and Vice President President Barkley were talking, I was going over to shake hands with him when in walked Dean Acheson..and naturally I couldn't ignore the Secretary of State.. He's really an impressive man..He makes everybody feel so relaxed?..so at home.

MARY: Well, I'm glad you got to meet Mr. Acheson.

JACK: Huh?

MARY: You did meet Dean Acheson, didn't you?

JACK: Well..when Mr. Acheson walked in, I rushed over to him and stuck out my hand.

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DON: What did he do?

JACK: He handed me his coat so I hung it up...<sup>You know</sup>..It was an awkward situation.

DON: Well Jack, when Mr. Acheson handed you his coat, why didn't you tell him who you were?

JACK: I didn't want to embarrass him.

MARY: You didn't want to return the tip, either.

JACK: Yeah..Eisenhower gave me nothing... Anyway, it was a very exciting affair and I was certainly glad to be there.

MARY: Jack, do you mean to say that with all the important people who were there, you didn't get to meet anybody?

JACK: Didn't get to meet anybody! ... For your information, Sister, I spent most of the evening talking to David Quimby.

MARY: David..Quimby..who's he?

JACK: Well, if you don't know who David Quimby is, I'm not going to tell you..You oughta keep up on your national affairs, kid.

DON: Who else was there, Jack?

JACK: Well..there was Air Secretary Symington..Senator Taft... Dr. Gallup..and..Oh, I must tell you a funny thing..<sup>Don</sup>..Last night after the dinner, Mr. Gallup was the first speaker, and he kept calling the President "Tom"..he just can't get over it. It's too bad you couldn't have--

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh hello, Dennis..I was just telling Don and Mary about Washington.

DENNIS: Washington?

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JACK: Yes...I was the Master of Ceremonies at the White House  
Photographer's Ball.

DENNIS: You horn in on everything, don't you?

JACK: I didn't horn in at all, I was invited..and you know who ~~she~~  
was there?

DENNIS: Who?

JACK: President Truman, Vice President Barkley, General Eisenhower--

DENNIS: ~~Gee~~, Mr. Benny, you're really important, aren't you?

JACK: (MODESTLY) Yes, <sup>well,</sup> I guess I am.

DENNIS: ~~Oh~~, Don't be so modest..I'll bet you could go out <sup>now</sup> and get your  
own show.

JACK: Dennis..Dennis..I'd like to ask you a question.

DENNIS: Okay, sit down, kid.

JACK: I don't have to sit down..I just wanted to ask you one  
question..~~who do you think is~~ the star of this show?

~~DENNIS: That depends on who you ask.~~

~~JACK: Huh?~~

DENNIS: My mother thinks I am.

JACK: Well, this is getting me nowhere..so come on, star, let's  
have your song

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

<sup>wait a minute.</sup>  
JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

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MEL: Telegram for Jack Benny.

JACK: I'm Jack Benny.

MEL: Here you are.

*Jack:*

*Thank you.*

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: HEY, BOY..BOY.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Yeah.

JACK: You didn't wait for a tip. *me to give you.*

MEL: The last time I ~~did~~ *waited*, the office sent out a Saint Bernard.

JACK: What?

MEL: Before I got back, the brandy was twenty years old.

JACK: Never mind..Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

MARY: Jack, you dropped the telegram so I opened it..it's from Washington.

JACK: *From* Washington? What does it say?

MARY: (READS) "DEAR JACK, I'M SORRY I DIDN'T GET TO TALK TO YOU LONGER, BUT I HAD THREE PEOPLE WAITING FOR A HAIR CUT..  
SIGNED DAVID QUIMBY.

JACK: Hmm.

DENNIS: Who's he?

JACK: Never mind..sing your song...Mary, stop staring at me.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "SCARLET RIBBONS")

(APPLAUSE)

RG



(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: *That --* That was "Scarlet Ribbons" sung by *Frank Shore* ~~Dennis Day~~..and very good *Army, and now, ladies and gentlemen --*  
~~Dennis~~.....And now, ladies and gentlemen, for our feature attraction tonight, ~~we are~~ gonna do a very important sketch. Dennis, you're gonna be in it..you too, Mary..and Phil..  
Phil.. ~~Where's Phil?~~

PHIL: Just a minute, Quimby, I'm fixing up the music for the sketch you're gonna do.

JACK: You're what, ~~Phil?~~

PHIL: You heard me, I'm fixing up the music...right now I'm going over the trombone player's part

JACK: You? You're going over the trombone player's part? You don't know one note from another.

PHIL: Who has to know notes?

JACK: What?

PHIL: I'm going over it with a damp rag, he spilled beer on it.

JACK: Well, that you can do...Phil, why don't you get rid of these fellows and get yourself another band?

PHIL: Get rid of my boys?...Frankie...Charlie...Cornelius?...*Jack: Cornelius?* ~~Not~~  
*Phil: Not* on your life, Jackson. These boys have stuck to me through thick and thin..the rough going...the one night stands...the lean years.

JACK: Well Phil, that reminds me of something I've always wanted to ask you...Why did you form an orchestra in the first place?

PHIL: I had to, Dad.

JACK: Huh? *You had to?*

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PHIL: *I had to.* I wrote a little gem called, "That's What I Like About The South" and no other band would touch it. *with a fork.*  
JACK: *with a fork won't in here at all. -- open house --* Well, in this case, Necessity was the Mother of Nausea..But seriously Phil, do you mean that all of your boys have been with you right from the start?

PHIL: Yes sir, Jackson, and that's why I wish you'd quit picking on them. They're conscientious musicians..they worry a lot.

JACK: Worry?

PHIL: *now take my drummer, Samsony up there --* Sure. ~~Take Samsony, my drummer.~~ only three months ago he had a full head of hair.

JACK: Only three months ago and he's that bald now? Phil, what was he so worried about?

PHIL: They said something nasty about him in Downbeat.

JACK: Oh, well, that's a shame.. You know, Phil...it's bad enough to be that bald, but why does he wax it?...Anyway *we have a very important* Phil, we have a very important sketch to do tonight, and you're in it.. You, Dennis, and Mary... Mary, will you hand me the scripts..they're under the table.

MARY: Sure Jack, ~~There you are.~~ *There you are.*

(SOUND: SNAP)

MARY: ~~Oh, dear, it.~~

JACK: ~~What happened?~~

MARY: ~~My glasses broke, I better fix it.. Dennis, can you hand~~

DENNIS: ~~OKAY.~~

~~MARY: Phil, close your eyes.~~

~~PHIL: Okay~~

~~MARY: Jack, take off your glasses.~~

~~JACK: They're off, they're off. Hand me the script.~~

~~MARY: Here you are~~

JACK: Thanks. AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE REALLY HAVE A  
SURPRISE FOR YOU...FOR OUR FEATURE ATTRACTION TONIGHT WE'RE  
GOING TO DO OUR VERSION OF THAT THRILLING, RADIO MYSTERY  
SERIES, THE WHISTLER.

(TYMPANI -- BOOM BOOM)

GEORGE: (OFFSTAGE) (WHISTLES THEME)

JACK: Wait a minute.

GEORGE: (KEEPS WHISTLING)

JACK: Wait a minute..who are you?

BILL: (FLUTTER MIKE) I AM THE WHISTLER...I walk by night...I  
influence the lives of innocent people...and sometimes I  
even drive them to murder.... (WALKS AWAY)

GEORGE: (WHISTLES THEME)

JACK: Well, I'm certainly glad you dropped in because tonight you  
can help me with the sketch we're gonna do.

MARY: Jack, Jack, who are you talking to?

JACK: That man...that man right there.

MARY: What man? I don't see anybody.

JACK: That man right there who was whistling.

DON: Whistling? I didn't hear anybody, Jack.

JACK: Are you kids crazy? I'm telling you there was a man standing right there. Dennis, you saw him, didn't you?

DENNIS: Yeah. He was kind of a mysterious looking fellow with a brown suit, and a scowl on his face.

JACK: That's right, that's right! And what was he whistling?

DENNIS: Dear Hearts and Gentle People.

JACK: He was not. It was The Whistler's theme song.

MARY: Jack, what's the matter with you? You didn't see anybody and neither did Dennis.

JACK: Well, I thought I did. Maybe it's because I've got my mind all wrapped up in the play we're gonna do. Now Mary, in this--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Now who can that be?

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Hello?

ROCH: HELLO BOSS, THIS IS ROCHESTER.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, how many times have I told you not to call me in the middle of a program.

ROCH: BUT BOSS, I HAD TO CALL YOU. I'VE GOT SOMETHING I THINK YOU'LL LIKE.

JACK: What's that?

ROCH: WELL, YOU WON'T BELIEVE <sup>there</sup> ~~IT~~ BUT THIS AFTERNOON I SAT DOWN AND WROTE A COMMERCIAL.

JACK: You wrote a commercial?

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ROCH: YES BOSS...AND I LIKED IT SO MUCH I GOT OUT YOUR RECORDING  
MACHINE AND MADE A RECORD OF IT.

JACK: No kidding...Well, let's hear it.

ROCH: OKAY...JUST A MINUTE...LISTEN TO THIS.

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ROCH: YES BOSS...AND I LIKED IT SO MUCH I GOT OUT YOUR RECORDING  
MACHINE AND MADE A RECORD OF IT.

JACK: No kidding...Well, let's hear it.

ROCH: OKAY...JUST A MINUTE...LISTEN TO THIS.

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(INTRO)

ROCH: GRAB YOUR COAT AND GET YOUR HAT  
LEAVE YOUR WORRIES ON THE DOORSTEP  
JUST DIRECT YOUR FEET  
TO THE LUCKY SIDE OF THE STREET  
LIGHT AN L.S.M.F.T.  
AND YOU'LL NEVER HAVE A ROUGH PUFF  
LIFE CAN BE SO SWEET  
ON THE LUCKY SIDE OF THE STREET.  
JUST LET YOUR TASTE TELL YOU WHY  
LUCKY STRIKE YOU SHOULD BUY  
AND YOU'LL SAY "ME OH MY"  
WHAT SMOOTHNESS AND MILDNESS  
YES IT'S L S M F T  
LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO  
JUST DIRECT YOUR FEET  
TO THE <sup>LUCKY</sup> ~~LUCKY~~ SIDE OF THE STREET.

(ORCHESTRA)

ROCH: WHAT <sup>mildness</sup> ~~SMOOTHNESS~~ AND <sup>smoothness</sup> ~~MILDNESS~~  
YES IT'S L S M F T  
LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO  
JUST DIRECT YOUR FEET  
TO THE LUCKY  
I SAID THE LUCKY  
I MEAN THE LUCKY SIDE OF THE STREET.

(APPLAUSE)

TK

ATK01 0313303

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Rochester, that was wonderful... ~~but tell me... how did you~~  
~~happen to sit down and write a commercial all by yourself?~~

ROCH: ~~WELL BOSS, I'VE BEEN WITH YOU FOURTEEN YEARS NOW, HAVEN'T I?~~

JACK: ~~Oh huh.~~

ROCH: ~~WELL, IN ALL THE FOURTEEN YEARS TODAY WAS THE FIRST TIME I~~  
~~EVER FINISHED MY WORK AND HAD TWENTY MINUTES TO SPARE.~~

JACK: ~~Uh-huh.~~

ROCH: ~~AND I FEEL GUILTY JUST SITTING HERE DOING NOTHING.~~

JACK: ~~Oh...well Rochester, that's ridiculous...if in the next~~  
~~fourteen years you find twenty minutes off, take it, relax...~~  
~~go somewhere.~~

ROCH: ~~I WILL, I WILL. I thought you'd like it.~~  
~~I sure did.~~

JACK: Goodbye, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODBYE.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Gee, fellows, I wish you could've heard the wonderful  
commercial Rochester sang to me over the phone.

DON: Can we use it on the program sometime?

JACK: Sure...it's great...Now where were we?

PHIL: You were getting ready for the play, Jackson.

JACK: Oh yes...Ladies and gentlemen, we now offer you our version  
of that blood-curdling thrilling radio murder mystery "The  
Whistler".

(TYMPANI--BOOM BOOM)

(JACK PLAYS THEME SONG ON VIOLIN)

TK



JACK: (FILTER) I AM THE FIDDLER... I PLAY BY NIGHT...I INFLUENCE  
THE LIVES OF INNOCENT PEOPLE...I EVEN DRIVE THEM TO MURDER...  
(MANIACAL LAUGH)...LET ME TAKE YOU TO THE HOME OF MR. AND  
MRS. PARK...GWENDOLYN AND GRIFFITH...AS WE LOOK IN ON THEM,  
<sup>it's</sup>  
~~it's~~ MORNING, AND THE SUN IS COMING THROUGH THE WINDOW.

(SOUND: GLASS CRASH)

JACK: NOTHING CAN STOP THAT CALIFORNIA SUN ... MR. AND MRS. PARKS  
ARE HAVING BREAKFAST. THEY ARE HAPPY...BUT NOT FOR LONG...  
HEH HEH HEH. FOR I AM THE FIDDLER.

(~~TRANSITION~~)

JACK: (PLAYS VIOLIN THEME)

(SOUND: RATTLING OF DISHES)

DENNIS: Gosh, Gwendolyn, this is a wonderful breakfast. I'm sure  
glad I'm married to you.

MARY: So am I, Griffith.

DENNIS: Where are the children?

MARY: We have no children.

DENNIS: Oh...then who is that ~~who~~ <sup>bringing</sup> always ~~brings~~ me my slippers?

MARY: Our cocker spaniel.

DENNIS: Oh...the money I've wasted to have his teeth straightened.

MARY: Griffith, I have a surprise for you. My mother is coming to  
live with us.

DENNIS: Oh bully, that's wonderful!

JACK: HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH...SEE, THEY'RE HAPPY, BUT I'LL CHANGE  
THAT.

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DENNIS: Gwendolyn, when is your dear, darling mother coming?

MARY: Tomorrow.

DENNIS: <sup>Oh</sup> I'm glad you told me in time. Now I can buy her a present...

I wonder what I should give her...

JACK: WHY DON'T YOU GIVE HER A HIT <sup>or</sup> ~~TO~~ THE HEAD?

DENNIS: No, Gwen...your father gave her that last year.

MARY: What did you say, Dear?

DENNIS: I just answered your question.

MARY: But I didn't say anything.

DENNIS: Oh, I thought you did...

JACK: YOU SEE... I HAVE THEM CONFUSED ALREADY.

DENNIS: Well, I better finish my breakfast.

MARY: Yes....here's a great big bowl of cereal....wait, I'll pour the cream on it for you.

(SOUND: POURING OF CREAM....SLIGHT PAUSE...THEN  
MILLIONS OF POPPING, CRACKLING AND  
TINKLING NOISES)

MARY: ...(PAUSE) You can take your fingers out of your ears now, they've stopped crackling. Now eat your cereal.

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

DENNIS: Gee, that was a stubborn little one wasn't it?

MARY: <sup>My</sup> It certainly was, darling.

JACK: DARLING...DARLING...COME ON, COME ON, SLUG HER WITH  
SOMETHING...I'VE GOT OTHER HOMES TO BREAK UP...

MARY: What did you say, Griffith?

DENNIS: <sup>14</sup> I didn't say anything -- my mouth was full of the  
Breakfast of Champions.

MARY: ~~Oh yes, that's why you're so strong, and powerful, and~~  
~~masculine and~~

~~(DENNIS TURNS AROUND)~~

MARY: ~~Stop looking around, I'm talking to you.~~

DENNIS: ~~Oh, I thought you were talking to your mother.~~

MARY: ~~SHE WON'T BE HERE TILL TOMORROW.~~

DENNIS: Well, I better finish my breakfast and hurry to the office...

JACK: YES, GRIFFITH..HURRY TO YOUR OFFICE...WHILE YOUR WIFE,  
GWEN WAITS AT HOME FOR HER SWEETHEART, THE MILKMAN... *She*  
SHE A-DOHRS HIM... (DIRTY LAUGH) LOOK, HE'S COMING UP THE  
WALK NOW.

PHIL: (SINGS) Won't you come with me to Alabama, there we'll  
meet my dear old mummy, she's ~~my dear old mummy~~  
~~my dear old mummy~~

JACK: EHHHHH..SHUT UP! THAT SONG DRIVES ME NUTS....ALL RIGHT  
KNOCK ON THE DOOR ... SHE'S WAITING FOR YOU.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: Hello, Baby.

MARY: (OOMPHY) Hello, Clyde. I've been waiting for you...come on  
in.

PHIL: <sup>hell</sup> Wait a minute, I gotta get rid of this milk.

MARY: Why don't you drink it.

PHIL: Who, me?

JACK: <sup>Clyde</sup> GO AHEAD, DRINK IT..IT'LL BE GOOD FOR THAT POOL TABLE  
COMPLEXION...WITH THOSE SIDE POCKETS UNDER YOUR EYES.

PHIL: Come here, baby, <sup>pucker up</sup> give me a kiss.

MARY: ~~Yes, Clyde.~~

~~Phil: Say on.~~  
(PHIL KISSES MARY)

~~MARY: (SHEWERS) Ooooooooooooooh~~

PHIL: Really thrilled you, eh, Baby?

MARY: No, you're holding that cold milk bottle on my back. ....Oh,  
Clyde, you're so wonderful....Kiss me again.

JACK: YOU SEE, SHE'S CRAZY ABOUT CLYDE...EVERYBODY'S CRAZY ABOUT  
CLYDE..BUT I'M THE ONE THEY INVITED TO WASHINGTON (MANIACAL  
LAUGH)

PHIL: Gee, <sup>Gee</sup> I wonder what your husband would say if he caught you  
kissing me, his best friend.

MARY: I'd tell him you're congratulating me on my birthday.

PHIL: But you've told him that twenty-eight times this year.  
<sup>Cheer</sup> Can't he getting wise?

MARY: No, but he's getting mad, buying me all those presents..  
Gee, Clyde...you and I could be so <sup>happy</sup> happy together.

~~PHIL: Happy?~~

MARY: ~~I've gotta stop watching television. On Clyde, if it weren't~~  
~~for my husband, everything would be ideal.~~

JACK: AH - NOW YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK....WELL...GO AHEAD...WHY  
DON'T YOU KILL YOUR HUSBAND.

MARY: Clyde! I just got an idea.

PHIL: So did I.

MARY &

PHIL: Let's kill Griffith!

MARY: It must be love, we said it together.

JACK: THAT'S IT, THAT'S IT...NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE....GO AHEAD...KILL HIM, KILL HIM.

MEL: (BARKS)

JACK: YOU SHUT UP...AND TAKE THOSE BRACES OFF YOUR TETH.

PHIL: (MYSTERIOUS) Gwen, I know ~~just~~ how to kill your husband...  
~~We'll take him down to the Union Station and throw him under~~  
~~the wheels of a train.~~

MARY: ~~Not at the Union Station...all these people will see us.~~

PHIL: ~~So what...they'll think it's a stunt for a picture.~~  
~~Consequences.~~

*Phil: It's open a window and smog him to death.*

MARY: No no, Clyde, I have a better way....When he comes home, you hide in the closet...when he hangs up his coat, you can strangle him...and no one will ever know.

JACK: NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW...EXCEPT ME (DIRTY LAUGH)...FOR I AM THE FIDDLER. (PLAYS THEME...HITS CLINKER...PLAYS THEME AGAIN...HITS CLINKER AGAIN AND IMMEDIATELY GOES INTO VIOLIN LESSONS).

(MYSTERIOUS CHORD)

JACK: AND NOW IT'S EVENING...THE OFFICE IS CLOSED AND GRIFFITH, THE UNSUSPECTING HUSBAND IS WALKING HOME WITHOUT A CARE ON HIS MIND. ~~THERE IS AN OPEN MANHOLE AND HE DOESN'T SEE IT.~~

(SOUND: 5 ROOSTERS...SLIDE WHISTLE DOWN; CHURNING OF WATER)

JACK: ~~HE IS SWIMMING HOME WITHOUT A CARE ON HIS MIND.~~

(SOUND: LAPPING OF WATER CONTINUES THROUGH SCENE)

DENNIS: Gee, it'll be nice to get home to my loving wife, Gwendolyn..  
I feel sorry for her..she's alone all day.

JACK: ARE YOU SURE SHE'S ALONE?

DENNIS: Of course I'm sure...about twice a week our best friend,  
Clyde drops in..but that's only on her birthday.

~~JACK: HER BIRTHDAY?~~

~~DENNIS: Yeah, I'm three presents behind this month already. What's  
the matter with me. I'm acting silly, talking to myself.~~

~~JACK: LOTS OF MEN TALK TO THEMSELVES WHEN THEIR WIVES ARE IN LOVE  
WITH ANOTHER MAN. AND CLYDE IS THERE.~~

~~DENNIS: Any she can't be in love with Clyde, after all, when we  
were married, he was our best man.~~

~~JACK: YES, AND AFTER THE CEREMONY...YOUR WIFE KISSED HIM, REMEMBER?~~

~~DENNIS: But all brides kiss the best man at the wedding.~~

~~JACK: FOR THREE OR FOUR HOURS?~~

~~DENNIS: It was either that or pay the milk bill...Gee, what's wrong  
with me...the way I keep talking to myself...I hope my other  
sponsor doesn't hear me...Anyway, I know that my wife doesn't~~

~~see Clyde any more.~~

~~JACK: Oh, she doesn't, then. HURRY HOME...YOU'LL FIND THEM  
TOGETHER.~~

DENNIS: All right, I'll go home and see for myself...Gee, I better  
be prepared....(SINGS) Happy birthday to you...Happy  
birthday to you....

(MYSTERIOUS MUSIC)

JACK: YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN...HERE ARE THREE INNOCENT PEOPLE AND I  
HAVE PLANTED THE SEED OF SUSPICION, ~~AND UNDER THIS CALIFORNIA~~  
~~SUN IT WILL GROW~~ SOON GROW INTO MURDER...AIN'T I A STINKER?

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Oh, Pardon me ... COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes.

MEL: I'm from TWA, here's a sandwich and keep your big mouth  
shut.

JACK: Thank you.

JACK: ~~SEND IT TO SAMMY THE DRUMMER, HE NEEDS IT...~~ AND NOW TO GET  
BACK TO OUR STORY...CLYDE IS HIDING IN THE CLOSET, AND  
GRIFFITH IS ABOUT TO ENTER THE HOUSE.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Darling, you're home early.

DENNIS: Yes, Gwendolyn, ~~I even had time for a swim.~~

JACK: STOP STAILING...ASK HER ABOUT CLYDE...GO ON, ASK HER.

DENNIS: Huh?

JACK: ASK HER ABOUT CLYDE.

DENNIS: Darling, was Joe here?

JACK: NOT JOE...THAT WAS YESTERDAY...IT'S CLYDE TODAY...NOW COME ON,  
GRIFFITH, COME ON...YOU'VE GOTTA GET MURDERED...AND HURRY OR  
WE'LL BE IN THE MIDDLE OF AMOS 'N' ANDY.....GO ON...GO ON,  
OPEN THAT CLOSET DOOR.

DENNIS: No no...I don't want to...I'm afraid.

GM

ATX01 0313311

JACK: COME ON...COME ON...DON'T BE A COWARD...OPEN THAT CLOSET DOOR.

DENNIS: NO NO!

JACK: GO ON, ~~GO ON~~, PUT YOUR HAND ON THAT KNOB.. (SOUND: KNOB RATTLE  
THAT'S IT...NOW TURN IT.. (SOUND: KNOB TURNS) GOOD...NOW OPEN  
THE DOOR.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: (SINGS) Won't you come with me to Alabammy,  
There we'll meet my <sup>dear</sup> ~~dead~~ old Mammy--  
She's frying eggs --

(SOUND: TWO SHOTS)

PHIL: Ooooooooooooooh.

(SOUND: BODY THUD.)

MARY: GRIFFITH..GRIFFITH, YOU SHOT HIM!

DENNIS: ~~NO~~ NO, GWEN, I DIDN'T SHOOT HIM.

MARY: WELL, SOMEBODY DID...I WONDER WHO.

JACK: HEH HEH HEH HEH..

(PLAYS FIDDLER THEME ON VIOLIN)

(SOUND: CLINK OF COIN IN CUP)

JACK: Thank you.

(GOES ON PLAYING ENDING WITH CHORD WITH ORCHESTRA)

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)



~~JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, the chief hope of our enemies is to divide the United States along racial and religious lines, and thereby conquer us. Let's not spread prejudice. A divided America is a weak America. Through our behaviour we encourage the respect of our children and make them better neighbors to all races and religions. Remind them that being good neighbors has helped make our country great and kept her free. Thank you.~~

(APPLAUSE)

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

GM

ATX01 0313313

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
FEBRUARY 26, 1950 (Recorded Feb. 20)  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

HIESTAND: Let your own taste and throat be the judge!

SHARBUTT: For smoothness and mildness ...

HIESTAND: There's never a rough puff in a Lucky Strike! And that's  
because ...

SHARBUTT: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

HIESTAND: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... fine, light,  
naturally mild tobacco.

SHARBUTT: Listen to what Mr. Al Rodgers, an independent tobacco  
auctioneer from Robersonville, North Carolina, recently  
said -

EXPERT: Year, after year, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike  
buy fine, prime, ripe tobacco - tobacco that's just right  
for mild, good smoking. I've smoked Luckies for ten  
years!

RG

ATK01 0313314

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
FEBRUARY 26, 1950 (Recorded Feb. 20)  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONTINUED)

HIESTAND: Millions of smokers, including the famous screen star,  
  
Hedy Lamarr, take a tip from the experts and smoke  
  
Lucky Strike! Just recently the glamorous Hedy said -  
  
WOMAN: A good cigarette is like a good movie -- always  
  
enjoyable. That's why it's Luckies for me.  
  
SHARBUTT: For your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment, light  
  
up a Lucky!  
  
HIESTAND: Let your own taste and throat be the judge ... for  
  
smoothness and mildness there's never a rough puff in  
  
a Lucky Strike! Get a carton today!

RG

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(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, we'll be with you again next Sunday night, when we will have as our guest a very famous daughter of a very famous father, Miss Sara Churchill. Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: Be sure to hear Dennis Day in "A Day In The Life Of Dennis Day" ... Jack, Mary, Dennis, Don, Phil and Rochester came to you transcribed ... Now stay tuned to Amos 'n Andy which follows immediately over most of these same CBS stations ... THIS IS CBS ... THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.