

PROGRAM #17  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JANUARY 6, 1952

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

13 FEB 1952

TC

ATX01 0181618

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, JANUARY 6, 1952  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Be Happy -- Get Better Taste  
Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

MARTIN: Luckies ..... taste ..... better!

SHARBUTT: (STRAIGHT DELIVERY) So mild, so smooth, so firm and  
fresh -- with better taste in every puff!

MARTIN: Yes, Luckies taste better! For Luckies fine, mild, good-  
tasting tobacco goes into the cigarette proved the best-made  
of all five principal brands. Let me repeat that ....  
proved the best-made of all five principal brands! That's  
not an empty claim -- that's a fact -- verified by leading  
laboratory consultants. For example, Foster D. Snell,  
of New York City, who report ...

SHARBUTT: "In our opinion, the properties measure are all important  
factors affecting the taste of cigarette smoke. We conclude  
that Lucky Strike is the best-made of the five major brands."

MARTIN: And don't forget -- LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine  
tobacco -- fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. There's no  
substitute for fine tobacco -- and don't let anybody tell  
you different!

(CONTINUED)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, JANUARY 6, 1952  
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SHARBUTT: So remember the facts! Enjoy fine, mild, good-tasting  
tobacco in the cigarette that tastes better -- Lucky Strike!

MARTIN: When you buy cigarettes remember -- Luckies taste better!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
(REPRISE) Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AS YOU ALL KNOW, IN THE ROSE BOWL GAME ON  
NEW YEAR'S DAY, ILLINOIS SCALPED THE STANFORD INDIANS...SO NOW  
WE BRING YOU A MAN WHO COULD USE ONE OF THOSE SCALPS...JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you. . . thank you - thank you -. Hello again,  
this is Jack Benny talking...and Don...you can stop vibrating  
because that was the worst toupay joke I ever heard...Not only  
that, but it was in very bad taste.

DON: Bad taste?

JACK: Yes, I don't mind for myself, but it so happens that the  
Stanford coach, Chuck Taylor really wears a toupay.

DON: Now wait a minute, Jack...I talked to Chuck Taylor right before  
the game, he's thirty-one years old, and he definitely has his  
own hair.

JACK: That was before the game...But when Illinois scored their  
first first touchdown, his hair started to go...by the end  
of the third period it was piling up on the ground...and all  
through that fourth quarter, it just laid there and turned  
gray....But, Don, that was really some game, wasn't it?

DON: It certainly was. And Jack, I heard you were sitting right on the fifty yard line. How'd you get such a good seat?

JACK: Well, Don, it wasn't easy. You see, even though I've lived in California for the past fifteen years, I was born in Waukegan...so in order to get tickets, I called Governor Stevenson of Illinois.

DON: *Oh* And he got you the tickets?

JACK: *Well, you see* No. He couldn't do anything for me personally, so he called Governor Warren of California.

DON: Well, it was nice of Governor Warren to give you the tickets.

JACK: Well...He couldn't do anything for me either, so he called Mr. McMillan the City Manager of Pasadena who got in touch with Nancy Thorne, the Queen of the Tournament of Roses.

DON: Oh, the Queen got you the tickets.

JACK: Tickets? *Well, not exactly*

DON: *Well, then -* Yes, how did you get in?

JACK: I was the third princess on her right....I not only saw the game, but tonight I've got a date with the Stanford center... *you know*  
The way he raved over my blue eyes, I didn't have the heart to tell him....Don, who were you rooting for at the game?

DON: Well, Jack, I didn't want to show any partiality so I got a seat on the Stanford side and a seat on the Illinois side.

JACK: Don, how could you possibly sit on both sides of the ---Oh, oh, of course....And Don, weren't you disappointed when you weren't picked as the winning float?

DON: I would have won but I was sabotaged.

TC

JACK: Oh yes <sup>yes</sup> Well, better luck next year.

PHIL: Hi ya, Donsy.

DON: ~~Hi~~ Hello, Phil.

JACK: Hello, Phil..Don and I were just discussing the Rose Bowl game. Were you there?

PHIL: No, not this year.

JACK: Well, you must've watched it on television.

PHIL: I started to, Jackson, but I turned it off.

DON: Phil, how could you turn it off? It was a wonderful game.

PHIL: I know, but I just couldn't take it.

JACK: What do you mean?

PHIL: Look Jackson, it's New Year's Day, I'm laying there with my eyes bloodshot, an ice bag on my head, the room spinning, and some character keeps yelling, "Look sharp, feel sharp, be sharp".

JACK: Phil --

PHIL: If I had anything sharp I'da cut my throat.

JACK: All right, Phil, you've celebrated, you had your fun...now it's time to work, ~~and~~ the least you could have done is to see that all your boys showed up.

PHIL: What are you talking about? The band's here.

JACK: Where's Remley, Sammy, and Bagby?...your hoodlum section is missing.

PHIL: Hoodlum section? Now hold it, Jackson, I don't think it's very nice the way you go on week after week insulting those three boys. They may not be college graduates, but they come from good families, they're sensitive, refined, and perfect gentlemen...and it's your fault that they're not here today.

TC

JACK: My fault?

PHIL: Yeah, if you paid me more money, I could have bailed 'em out.

JACK: Phil...they're in jail? What for?

PHIL: Crossing the street in the middle of the block.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Phil...They can give you a ticket, but they can't put you in jail for walking across the street.

PHIL: On their hands and knees?

JACK: Oh well, that's different...All right, Phil, I'll give you the money. <sup>Call on</sup> Call up and get the boys out.

PHIL: <sup>That</sup> Okay, hand me the phone.

JACK: *(Imagine crossing on their hands & knees.)*  
(SOUND: RECEIVER UP...DIALING)

KEARNS: (FILTER) (STRAIGHT) Hello.

PHIL: Hello. Is this the Lincoln Heights Jail?

KEARNS: Well, Phil Harris,...how are you!

PHIL: *Oh* Fine, Captain. <sup>fine</sup> I called up about three of my boys...They're on the County again.

KEARNS: Which ones?

PHIL: The three with the tire marks on their backs.

KEARNS: Oh those. I already released them.

PHIL: But what about the bail?

TC

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KEARNS: I charged it to your account.

PHIL: Good, good, <sup>god</sup> I thought it was overdrawn.

KEARNS: Oh by the way, Phil, <sup>they Phil</sup> would you send someone down to pick up their belongings?

PHIL: Their belongings?

KEARNS: <sup>yes</sup> Yes, when we arrested 'em, one of 'em was carrying a piano.

PHIL: I know, <sup>it</sup> I know <sup>it</sup> one bottle opener and they gotta nail it to the Steinway... <sup>I'll do you later -</sup> ~~Well, so long,~~ Captain.

KEARNS: So long, Phil.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

PHIL: <sup>hey</sup> It's all set, Jackson, they'll be back next week, and I just hope you'll treat 'em nicer.

JACK: Oh, I will, Phil, I will....Who knows, maybe they....Oh hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Well, you're here. Now where's Dennis?

DON: I don't know....he hasn't come in yet.

JACK: ~~Well,~~ how can we go on with the show if the cast doesn't get here on time?

MARY: Oh Jack, don't be mad at Dennis. I happen to know something that you don't know.

JACK: Don't tell me....let me guess...It's about Dennis...I know... he's running for President.

MARY: Besides that.

JACK: What?

MARY: Jack, this is something you won't believe.

JACK: All right. what is it?

EE



MARY: <sup>Well</sup> All of a sudden Dennis got a big crush on me.  
JACK: <sup>Dennis has</sup> A crush on you?  
MARY: Yeah...Ever since last week when I danced with him at Charlie Foy's night club, he's been sending me notes and little gifts.  
JACK: <sup>Dennis has been sending you gifts?</sup> Gifts? What did he give you?  
MARY: Oh lots of things....(LAUGHINGLY) his Boy Scout knife....a bag of marbles...three Coca-Cola bottle caps ~~filled with~~ mud....a ball of tin foil...a fish hook and a dead frog.  
JACK: You mean Dennis gave you all those--Mary, what's that you're wearing on your leg?  
MARY: His bicycle clip, we're engaged.  
JACK: Well, isn't that cute. So Dennis thinks he's in love with you.  
MARY: Yes, and Jack, do me a favor, will you - when he comes in, don't kid him, because he's so serious about the....ssshh, here he comes now.  
DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.  
JACK: ~~OK~~ Hello, Dennis!  
DON: Hello, Dennis.  
DENNIS: Hello, Don.  
PHIL: Hiya, kid.  
DENNIS: Hello, Phil.  
MARY: Hello, Dennis.....Dennis, I said hello.  
DENNIS: Mary, don't make it so obvious.  
MARY: Obvious? All I said was hello.  
DENNIS: I know, but look how you're trembling.  
JACK: Dennis, you're imagining things...she's not trembling.

EE

DENNIS: What are you trying to do, break us up?

JACK: No, I'm not trying to break you up.

DENNIS: Say Mary....come here a minute, will you....I want to look at you.

MARY: *Oh* All right, Dennis.

DENNIS: ...Gee...Gosh...

MARY: What is it, Dennis?

DENNIS: To think that ~~those soft white hands will soon be washing~~ *you'll soon be my wife and Babe*

*will be my brother-in-law*  
*my-son, that's nowhere in this page - It's better*

JACK: *that's what we had - written - I know that -*  
Now look, Dennis, *Dennis* I don't want to break up your romance, but for two weeks now I've been anxious to see "Death of A Salesman"....so do you mind if I ask your fiancée Miss Livingstone to go with me tonight?

DENNIS: (COCKY) You're wasting your time, kid.

JACK: Oh, I am, eh? What about it, Mary, would you like to see "Death of a Salesman"?

MARY: *Oh* I'm sorry, Jack, but I already saw it.

JACK: With whom?

MARY: Dennis.

JACK: *Hmm. Oh*

DENNIS: I'll go with you Mr. Benny.

JACK: (ANNOYED) But you saw it with Mary.

DENNIS: Who looked at the picture? (WHISTLES)

JACK: Dennis, do me a favor, will you? Go ahead and sing your song.

DENNIS: Okay.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS' SONG "CHARMAINE")

(APPLAUSE)

EE

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: *That was -*  
That was "Charmaine" sung by Dennis Day, and very good,  
Dennis.

DENNIS: Thanks.

JACK: And now, ladies and gentlemen --

DENNIS: Oh Mr. Benny, I want to congratulate you.

JACK: Congratulate me?

DENNIS: Yes. Radio and Television Daily took a poll and *you were* voted you  
Radio's Man of the Year.

JACK: Well, thank you, Dennis.

DENNIS: Don't thank me, I voted for somebody else.

JACK: All right...Now behave yourself...AND NOW LADIES AND  
GENTLEMEN, *(Music break)* FOR OUR FEATURE ATTRACTION TONIGHT, WE'RE GOING  
TO PRESENT A SKETCH BASED ON ONE OF RADIO'S MOST POPULAR  
DRAMATIC SHOWS.....SUSPENSE.

(ORGAN CHORD)

JACK: Now in this sketch, I will play the part of - -

(SOUND: PHONE RING)

JACK: Oh darn it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

ROCH: HELLO, MR. BENNY...THIS IS ROCHESTER.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, I was just starting my sketch...What do you want?

ROCH: I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW. A FRIEND OF YOURS FROM  
WAUKEGAN JUST PHONED FROM THE UNION STATION.

JACK: A friend of mine?

ROCH: HIS NAME IS CLIFF GORDON.

GB

JACK: (EXCITED) Cliff Gordon! Rochester, he's my best friend.  
We grew up together.

ROCH: HE SAID YOU AND HE WERE BORN IN THE SAME HOSPITAL ON THE  
VERY SAME DAY.

JACK: That's right, Rochester. How did he sound?

ROCH: WELL...

JACK: Well what?

ROCH: EITHER YOU'RE OVER THIRTY-NINE OR WE HAD A VERY BAD  
CONNECTION.

JACK: Never mind. Anyway, that's Cliff for you...the minute he  
gets in, he calls me. I hope you told him he can stay in  
the guest room.

ROCH: YEAH, BUT HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO THE ~~AMBASSADOR~~ <sup>Billmare</sup>.

JACK: But, Rochester...we have the extra room. Why doesn't he  
stay with us?

ROCH: I GUESS IT <sup>was</sup> MY FAULT, BOSS.

JACK: What do you mean, your fault?

ROCH: AT FIRST I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS YOUR FRIEND AND I QUOTED HIM  
TOURIST RATES.

JACK: Oh yes...Mike DeSalle set them for us....Well, Rochester,  
when did Mr. Gordon say he was coming over to visit me?

ROCH: TONIGHT ABOUT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

JACK: Oh darn it, and I wanted to see Death of a Salesman...oh  
well, I can see it some other time...Goodbye, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODBYE...OH SAY, BOSS.

JACK: Now what?

ROCH: THEY JUST BROUGHT YOUR MAXWELL ~~BACK~~ <sup>back</sup>.

JACK: Good...but why did it take so long?

GB

ROCH: WELL IT TOOK FOUR DAYS TO TAKE <sup>71</sup>THE ROSES ~~OUT~~ AND TWO DAYS  
TO DRIVE IT BACK FROM PASADENA.

JACK: All that trouble and no prizes...Well, so long, Rochester.

ROCH: GOOOOOOOOBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Now, ladies and gentlemen, as I started to say....for our  
feature attraction tonight we are going to present our  
version of one of radio's most popular shows...SUSPENSE. q

(~~ORGAN~~: CHORD)

JACK: Set the scene, Don!

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...TONIGHT WE WILL USHER IN THE 1952  
SEASON BY PRESENTING A SKETCH FRAUGHT WITH DRAMA AND  
EXCITEMENT...AND WELL CALCULATED TO KEEP YOU IN...SUSPENSE.

(~~ORGAN~~: CHORD)

JACK: (FILTER) MY NAME IS ARISTOTLE FINK....IT'S AN ORDINARY  
NAME AND I'M AN ORDINARY GUY.....UNTIL LAST WEEK I WAS A  
TELLER AT THE CALIFORNIA BANK IN GLENDALE, BUT NOW I AM A  
TELLER AT THE CALIFORNIA BANK IN BEVERLY HILLS...NO, I  
WASN'T PROMOTED...THE RAIN JUST CHANGED OUR LOCATION.....I  
LIVE IN A SMALL COTTAGE WITH MY WIFE, MARY, AND OUR  
TWENTY-ONE CHILDREN. THE REASON I HAVE TWENTY-ONE  
CHILDREN IS BECAUSE AT ONE TIME I HATED MY WIFE AND WANTED  
TO LOSE HER IN THE CROWD...BUT SINCE THEN WE WERE  
SERENELY HAPPY UNTIL THAT FATEFUL DAY THAT CHANGED MY  
HUMDRUM LIFE INTO A TALE WELL CALCULATED TO KEEP YOU IN....  
SUSPENSE.

(ORGAN CHORD)

GB

JACK: THAT EVENTFUL MORNING STARTED LIKE ANY OTHER...I HAD JUST  
FINISHED MY BREAKFAST AND TURNED TO MY WIFE AND SAID:

JACK: (REG. MIKE) It was a wonderful breakfast, dear, but I must  
leave you now and go to work.

MARY: I'll be waiting for you, darling.

JACK: I can't wait to return. I'll be counting the hours.

MARY: I'll be counting the children.

JACK: Good good...that reminds me..you better wake Philip up, I  
don't want him to be late for school.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Oh, here he is now...Good morning, Philip.

PHIL: Good morning, Mother. (THEN WITH GREAT LOVE AND REVERENCE)  
Good morning..Dad!

JACK: (FILTER) SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENED TO ME WHEN HE CALLED ME  
DAD...BUT I'D TAKE A LITTLE BICARBONATE AND FEEL BETTER....I  
HAD A FEW MINUTES BEFORE GOING TO WORK SO I DECIDED TO HAVE  
A ~~FATHER AND SON~~ <sup>Fatherly</sup> TALK WITH PHILIP.

JACK: (REG MIKE) Philip...have you given any thought to the future?

PHIL: Yes I have, Dad.

JACK: Good...what do you want to do when you grow up?

PHIL: I wanna lead an orchestra.

JACK: Oh...so you want to be a musician.

PHIL: No, I just want to lead an orchestra.

JACK: But Philip...leading an orchestra would be a waste of your  
talents...You are a great student...You are an educated  
fellow....You are a Phi Beta Kappa.

BR

PHIL: I are?

JACK: That's right, son, you am....and you're destined for greater things than --

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Here's your school books and your lunch, Philip.

PHIL: Thank you, mother...did you prepare something nice for lunch?

MARY: Yes, two chicken sandwiches, an apple, a banana, and your thermos bottle is filled with milk.

PHIL: (DISGUSTED) MILK!

JACK: YES, MILK, THIS IS A SKETCH...Now hurry or you'll be late for school.

PHIL: Goodbye, Mother....Goodbye, Dad...and I do mean Dad.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

~~JACK: (FILTER) ALL OF MY CHILDREN LEFT FOR SCHOOL, AND IT WAS SUCH~~

JACK: (FILTER) ALL OF MY CHILDREN LEFT FOR SCHOOL, AND IT WAS SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DAY THAT I DECIDED TO WALK TO THE BANK. IN FACT, AS I WALKED ALONG WITH THE SUN SHINING IN MY FACE, MY HEART WAS FILLED WITH JOY ~~AND I STARTED TO SING..~~ I STARTED TO SING..

(INTRO)

JACK: I WISH I WAS A SWINGING, CLINGING VINE.  
I WISH I WAS A SWINGING, CLINGING VINE.  
IF I WAS A SWINGING, CLINGING VINE  
I'D ONLY CLING TO THAT GAL OF MINE  
I WISH I WAS A SWINGING, CLINGING VINE.

QUART: HI HO, FIDDLE DEE EE  
TELL YOU WHAT I'D LIKE TO BE  
HI HO, FIDDLE DEE DEE  
HERE IS WHAT I DREAM I'D LIKE TO BE.

BR

JACK: I WISH I WAS A GOOD OLD LUCKY STRIKE  
 I WISH I WAS A GOOD OLD LUCKY *STRIKE*  
 IF I WAS A GOOD OLD LUCKY STRIKE  
 I'D BE THE CIGARETTE YOU LIKE  
 I WISH I WAS A GOOD OLD LUCKY STRIKE.

QUART: HI HO, FIDDLE DEE DEE  
 TELL YOU WHAT I'D LIKE TO BE  
 HI HO FIDDLE DEE DEE  
 LUCKY STRIKE IS WHAT I'D LIKE TO BE.

JACK: I WISH I WAS AN L S M F T  
 I WISH I WAS AN L S M F T  
 IF I WAS AN L S M F T  
 I'D BE SO VERY PROUD OF ME  
 I WISH I WAS AN L S M F T.

QUART: HI HO, FIDDLE DFE DEE  
 TELL YOU WHAT I'D LIKE TO BE  
 HI HO, FIDDLE DEE DEE  
 AN L S M F T I'D LIKE TO BE.

JACK: I WISH I HAD A MATCH SOMEWHERE ON ME  
 I WISH I HAD A MATCH SOMEWHERE ON ME  
 'CAUSE IF I WAS AN L S M F T  
 I'D TAKE THAT MATCH AND LIGHT UP ME  
 I WISH I HAD A *better name* MATCH ~~SOMEWHERE~~ ON ME.

QUART: HI HO, FIDDLE DEE DEE  
 IF I WAS AN L S M F T  
 HI HO, FIDDLE DEE DEE  
 EVERYONE WOULD TAKE A PUFF ON ME.

BR



JACK: I WISH I HAD A HUNDRED MILLION FRIENDS  
I WISH I HAD A HUNDRED MILLION FRIENDS  
IF I HAD A HUNDRED MILLION FRIENDS  
I'D SHOW THEM I HAD NO LOOSE ENDS  
I WISH I HAD A HUNDRED MILLION FRIENDS

QUART: HI HO, FIDDLE DEE DEE  
TELL YOU WHAT I'D LIKE TO BE  
HI HO, FIDDLE DEE DEE  
AN L S M F T I'D LIKE TO BE...LIKE TO BE...LIKE TO BE...LIKE  
TO BE...LIKE TO BE.

(APPLAUSE)

BR

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: (FILTER) I ARRIVED AT THE BANK AND THIS DAY WAS LIKE ALL THE OTHERS WITH ONE EXCEPTION...A MAN CAME TO MY WINDOW...A MAN WHO WAS DESTINED TO CHANGE MY LIFE STORY FROM A PEACEFUL ONE TO A TALE WELL CALCULATED TO KEEP YOU IN --

(~~ORGAN~~ CHORD)

JACK: I DIDN'T SAY IT YET...TO KEEP YOU IN...SUSPENSE.

(~~ORGAN~~ CHORD)

JACK: WATCH IT, FELLOW....THIS MAN CAME <sup>UP</sup> TO MY WINDOW AND THRUST A BILL AT ME...IT WAS A GENUINE TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR BILL...I I LOOKED AT HIM FOR A MOMENT...THEN LOOKED BACK AT HIS TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR BILL WHEN HE SAID...

MEL: (MOOLEY) Duh, I'd like to change this.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) But...but this is a ten thousand dollar bill.

MEL: I know, it's duh smallest I ~~have~~ *got*.

JACK: Okay, I'll change it...would you like the change in thousand dollar bills, hundred, fifties, twenties, tens, or fives?

MEL: I want it in pennies.

JACK: You...you want ten thousand dollars in pennies?

MEL: *I got five hundred piggy banks for Christmas!*  
~~Yeah, I got those parking meters.~~

JACK: (FILTER) I COMPLIED WITH HIS REQUEST...~~I GAVE HIM TEN~~  
*also sorry that I gave him that joke - I guess he*  
THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF PENNIES WHICH HE PUT IN HIS POCKETS

...AND MY EYES FOLLOWED HIM AS HE WALKED OUT LEAVING HIS PANTS BEHIND....I THEN STARED AT THE BILL, AND REALIZED THAT I, ARISTOTLE PINK, HELD THIS TREASURE IN MY HAND...SUDDENLY A HARMLESS THOUGHT STRUCK ME...MY FAMILY HAD NEVER SEEN A TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR BILL...AND IT WOULDN'T HURT ANYONE IF I TOOK IT HOME AND SHOWED IT TO THEM...AS I ENTERED MY HOUSE, MY WIFE WAS STANDING IN THE HALL.

CE

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Hello, darling.

MARY: (EXCITED) <sup>Oh</sup> Quick, come in...shut the door.

(SOUND: DOOR SHUTS)

JACK: All right, darling...now I want to --

MARY: Don't talk/.help me close the windows.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF WINDOWS CLOSE)

JACK: They're closed now...Darling, I --

MARY: Wait. <sup>wait</sup>help me open the air wick.

JACK: Air wick? What's the matter?

MARY: The Shrimp Boats Are Coming.

JACK: That's not important now...Darling...I have a surprise for you.

PHIL: For me too, Dad?

JACK: Yes, for you too, Philip.

MARY: For heavens sakes Philip...must you always go around with your pants dragging?

PHIL: I can't help it, Mother...I don't have a belt or anything to keep them up with.

JACK: Why Philip...to hear you talk a person would think I don't make enough money to keep you in suspenders.

(~~ORGAN~~ CHORD)

JACK: I SAID SUSPENDERS...STUPID ~~ORGANIST~~ <sup>headlines - section</sup>

MARY: What's the surprise, dear?

JACK: Something I want you all to see...Philip is here...call the rest of the children.

CE

MARY: Okay...(CALLS) SAM, PEGGY, HILDA, MILTON, GEORGE, ADA MARIE, ELLEN, JOHN, HILLIARD, JEANETTE, BONNIE JEAN, STEVEN, TERRY, HARRIET, ALBERT, JULIUS, CRENSHAW, PICO, AND SEPULVEDA.

JACK: (FILTER) ALL OF OUR CHILDREN GOT ALONG WELL, EXCEPT PICO AND SEPULVEDA...THEY KEPT CROSSING EACH OTHER...SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENED AND THE CHILDREN RAN IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...RUNNING OF MILLIONS OF KIDS  
COMING IN ROOM)

JACK: WHEN I WAS A YOUNG MAN I NEVER DREAMED THAT I, ARISTOTLE FINK, WOULD EVER HAVE SO MANY CHILDREN.

MARY: The children are all here, darling. Now tell them about your surprise.

JACK: Okay...Now listen you little Finks...I want to show you this..  
It's a ten thousand dollar bill! Here, take it....<sup>Phillie</sup>Phil, why aren't you looking at the ten thousand dollar bill?

PHIL: That don't mean nothing to me...I've seen 'em before.

JACK: You have?

PHIL: Yeah, there's a little blonde in my class named Alice who's loaded with 'em.

JACK: Oh...All right, children, give me back the bill.... Children..  
...Children!

JACK: (FILTER) SOMEWHERE ON THE TOUR THROUGH THE HANDS OF MY CHILDREN, THE TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR BILL DISAPPEARED...I LOOKED FOR THE MONEY ALL THAT NIGHT BUT COULDN'T FIND IT, AND THE FOLLOWING MORNING WHEN I WENT TO WORK, THE PRESIDENT OF THE BANK SENT FOR ME...I WALKED INTO THE OFFICE OF THIS VERY RICH MAN...HE WAS SITTING AT HIS DESK PLAYING TIDDLY WINKS WITH SILVER TIDDLIES. I LOOKED AT HIM, <sup>timidly</sup>TIMIDLY AND SAID:

CE

JACK: (REG. MIKE) You sent for me, sir?

DON: (CALMLY) Yes...do you know that ten thousand dollars is missing from your accounts?

JACK: Y - Yes sir.

DON: Did you take it?

JACK: Yes sir.

DON: Do you think that was nice?

JACK: No sir.

DON: Well, watch it next time.

JACK: But I didn't steal it, sir...I only took it home to show it to my wife and kids.

DON: I know you didn't mean to steal it, but it's out of my hands now...There's a police inspector outside.

(SOUND: CLICK OF A SWITCH)

DON: Miss Jones, send the inspector in.

JACK: (FILTER) SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENED AND THE POLICEMAN WALKED IN CARRYING A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS...HE WALKED OVER TO US AND SAID:

DENNIS: Okay, put these on, Fatso!

DON: Not me, he's the guilty one.

DENNIS: Oh...Are you a Fink?

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Yes.

DENNIS: What's your name?

JACK: You just said it...A. Fink.

DENNIS: (A LA COLONNA) Well, what do you think, Fink, you're going to the clink.

JACK: OH NO I'M NOT...COME ONE STEP NEARER AND I'LL STAB YOU.

DON: LOOK OUT, <sup>look out</sup> HE'S GOT A KNIFE.

CE

DENNIS: Don't be a fool, put down that knife.

JACK: Oh yeah...take that.

(SOUND: PISTOL SHOT...)

DENNIS: (GROANS)

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

DON: Get away from me. Don't come near me with that knife. I haven't done anything.

JACK: Oh yes you have and I'm going to stab you, too...Take that.

(SOUND: PISTOL SHOT...WILSON GROANS. BODY THUD)

JACK: (FILTER) I DIDN'T SHOOT THEM, FOLKS, I STABBED THEM...BUT THE SOUND MAN IS STILL SORE AT ME ON ACCOUNT OF THE LOUSY CHRISTMAS PRESENT I GAVE HIM..AND THAT IS MY STORY..NOW I AM IN MY CELL IN THE STATE PRISON AWAITING MY EXECUTION ~~TO~~ TOMORROW NIGHT. BUT IN THE CELL NEXT TO ME IS A TRAVELLING MAN NAMED FREDERICK WHO WAS CONVICTED OF KILLING HIS WIFE BY HITTING HER OVER THE HEAD WITH HIS SAMPLE CASE. IN A FEW HOURS, FREDERICK WALKS HIS LAST MILE TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR. ~~IT'S~~ <sup>IT'S</sup> SMALL CONSOLATION BUT BEFORE I GO, I'LL FINALLY GET TO SEE FREDERICK MARCH IN "DEATH OF A SALESMAN"....A PICTURE WELL CALCULATED TO KEEP YOU IN...SUSPENSE!

(~~ORGAN~~ CHORD AND PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

CE

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, when a feller needs a friend...he needs a helping hand. And the hands of the BIG BROTHERS have helped thousands of growing boys to find the way to a useful life...Be a BIG BROTHER yourself. All you have to invest is your time and your interest....Write - BIG BROTHERS OF AMERICA - Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania.  
Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

CE

ATX01 0181640

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, JANUARY 6, 1952  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

MARTIN: Luckies .... taste ..... better!

SHARBUTT: Friends -- LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco --  
fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. There's no substitute  
for fine tobacco -- and don't let anybody tell you different!

MARTIN: Yes, Luckies taste better! For Luckies fine, mild,  
good-tasting tobacco goes into the cigarette proved the  
best-made of all five principal brands. -- Let me repeat  
that -- proved the best-made of all five principal brands!  
That's not an empty claim -- that's a fact -- verified by  
leading laboratory consultants. For example, Froehling and  
Robertson of Richmond, Virginia, who report....

SHARBUTT: "It is our conclusion that Lucky Strike is the best-made of  
these five major brands!"

MARTIN: Friends, to get the facts that you as a smoker will want to  
know about cigarettes quality -- to learn the plain, simple  
truth about the important factors that affect the taste of a  
cigarette, send for your free copy of a new booklet "What  
Makes Lucky Strike Taste Better." Just drop a card to Lucky  
Strike, P.O. Box 99, New York 46, New York. That's Lucky  
Strike, P.O. Box 99, New York 46, New York.

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
(REPRISE)  
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)



(TAG)

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JACK: Well, ladies and gentlemen, that concludes another program,  
and we'll be with you again next Sunday at the --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Excuse me.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

ROCH: HELLO, MR. BENNY, THIS IS ROCHESTER.

JACK: What do you want now, Rochester?

ROCH: A FELLOW JUST CAME TO THE DOOR ASKING FOR BLUE EYES.

JACK: Blue Eyes?

ROCH: YEAH, HE HAS A CORSAGE AND HE'S WEARING A FOOTBALL HELMET.

JACK: Oh, that must be the Stanford Center... Tell him Blue  
Eyes moved, Rochester.

ROCH: OKAY...GOODBYE.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

*Jack*  
DON:

*Goodnight, Jacks.*  
This is Don Wilson reminding you to listen to Your Hit Parade  
with Guy Lombardo every Thursday night presented by Lucky  
Strike. Consult your newspaper for time and station... Stay  
tuned for the Amos 'N' Andy Show which follows immediately....  
The Jack Benny Show is heard by our armed forces overseas  
through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service....  
THIS IS THE C.B.S. RADIO NETWORK.

CE

ATX01 0181642