

PROGRAM # 29
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MARCH 30, 1952

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

(NAVAL TRAINING CENTER)

(SAN DIEGO, CALIF)

AS ENCLOSURE

RTX01 0181927

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, MARCH 30, 1952
OPENING COMMERCIAL

- A -

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike presents the Jack Benny Program, but first here's an important message from the National Tobacco Tax Research Council.

Last fiscal year Uncle Sam did pretty well in balancing the national budget. After paying all expenses, he had a neat three-and-a-half billion dollars left over in the surplus kitty. You cigarette smokers helped to sweeten that kitty . . . by contributing over one-and-a-half billion dollars in Federal cigarette taxes. Yes, every time you buy a pack of cigarettes, you give the Federal Government eight cents . . . and most of you give three or four cents more to city and state governments. That adds up to better than a fifty per cent tax. Remember . . . in buying cigarettes . . . over half your packs go for tax.

(PAUSE) And now THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM . . . presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy - - Go Lucky
Be Happy - - Got Better Taste
Be Happy - - Go Lucky
Got better taste today! (SHORT CLOSE)

(CONT'D)

ATX01 0181928

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, MARCH 30, 1952
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

- B -

SHARBUIT: Friends, TEAR AND COMPARE -- see for yourself that Luckies are made better to taste better. From a newly opened pack take a cigarette made by any other manufacturer. Carefully tear a thin strip of paper straight down the seam, from end to end, and gently remove the tobacco. In tearing be sure not to loosen or dig into the tobacco. Now, do exactly the same with a Lucky Strike. Then compare. Some cigarettes are too loosely packed. Some even fall apart. But look at the Lucky! See how it stays together - a perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco. Now what does this mean to you as a smoker? It means exactly this: because your Lucky is round and firm and fully packed you avoid annoying loose ends that spoil the taste, - hot spots that burn harsh and dry. Because your Lucky has long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting tobacco, it burns evenly, smokes smooth and mild. Yes, TEAR AND COMPARE. Prove to yourself that Luckies are made better to taste better. Then, make your next carton Lucky Strike.

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ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

SHARBUIT: Friends, you can TEAR AND COMPARE -- and see with your own eyes how Luckies are made better to taste better. From a newly opened pack take a cigarette made by any other manufacturer. Carefully tear a thin strip of paper straight down the seam, from end to end, and gently remove the tobacco. In tearing, be sure not to loosen or dig into the tobacco. Now, do exactly the same with a Lucky Strike. Then compare. You'll see some cigarettes are so loosely packed they fall apart. Others have air spaces - hot spots that burn harsh and dry. But - you won't find that in a Lucky. Look at that perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco so free of annoying loose ends that spoil the taste. Notice those long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting tobacco - so firmly packed - to smoke smooth and even, giving you a milder, better tasting cigarette. Yes, friends, TEAR AND COMPARE - prove to yourself that Luckies are made better to taste better. Then make your next carton Lucky Strike!

ORCH: (3 NOTE INTO)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

(REPRISE) Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: BROADCASTING FROM THE NAVAL TRAINING CENTER IN SAN DIEGO, 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: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FROM THE NAVAL TRAINING CENTER IN SAN DIEGO, WE BRING YOU A MAN WHO WAS SO PROUD OF HIS CAREER IN THE NAVY HE HAD AN ANCHOR TATTOED ON THE SLEEVE OF HIS UNDERWEAR ... JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, thank you ... Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking, and Don, you can joke about my career in the Navy if you want to, but I was a great seaman. In fact, I was the only sailor aboard who could be depended upon to batten down the hatches ... I remember one --

DON: Wait a minute, Jack.

JACK: Huh?

DON: You mean you battened down the hatches.

JACK: No, the hatches, things were so quiet our Admiral was raising rabbits ... He had hundreds of them.

DON: You mean the Admiral was that fond of rabbits?

JACK: Don, you won't believe this, but one night I was on watch ... an enemy ship fired a shot across our bow ... and the admiral stuck his head out of a port-hole and said, "Tssk, tsk ... what's up, Don?" So Don, I know the difference between Hatches and Hutches

~~because I put in two hitches...~~ Believe me,

DON: Jack, I meant to ask you something ... When you went into the service, how come you decided to join the Navy?

JACK: *Oh, I see*
Family tradition, Don ... you see, my grandfather, Lieutenant Commander Hopalong Benny was in the Navy ... and - -

DON: Hopalong Benny?

JACK: Yes, he was the only man to ride a torpedo side-saddle ...
Poor fellow ... he never should have dug his spurs into it ...
He joined the Navy and the world saw him ... Anyway, Don - - -
Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: (PUFFING) Hello, Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: (PUFFS AGAIN) Oh boy, am I winded!

JACK: Mary, what's the matter with you? ... Why are you so out of breath?

MARY: (STILL PUFFING) Well, I just came over here from the Navy Exchange.

JACK: The Navy Exchange? ... Why, that's just a short walk from here.

MARY: I know, but it's a fast run with a hundred and fifty sailors chasing you.

JACK: *mean*
Don't be silly, *mean* sailors don't chase after girls. (That's what it says right here ... sailors don't chase after girls.)

MARY: They don't, eh?

JACK: No.

MARY: Since when are large butterfly nets part of their equipment?

JACK: Look Mary, you've got nothing to worry about ... The boys here are a nice bunch of fellows.

MARY: *Oh*, I know, they are, Jack ... And did you notice how young they all are?

JACK: Yes, but then when I was in the Navy I was young

MARY: So was the Navy.

JACK: All right, all right ... Anyway, Mary, you should have been here a few minutes ago. I was telling Don about my career as a sailor during the First World War.

MARY: Some career.

JACK: What?

MARY: You joined the Navy, went to sleep, fell out of your hammock, bumped your head, and when you came to, the War was over.

JACK: Oh yeah? If all I did in the Navy was bump my head, why did they give me that ribbon?

MARY: That was a Band-aid and you know it.

JACK: Look, Mary, you know it and I know it, but did you have to tell everybody? ... Why can't you just once - -

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: (STRAIGHT) Mr. Bonny ...

JACK: Yes.

MEL: I'm Chief Petty Officer Jones.

JACK: *Oh*, How do you do.

MEL: My job is to see that you're well taken care of during your visit here ... Now is there anything special you would like for dinner?

JACK: Well ... er ... er ... let me see ...

MEL: Could you hurry it up, Mr. Benny, I've got to go around and ask all the sailors what they'd like to eat.

JACK: Oh, oh ... I see ... Well, what do the boys stationed here usually have?

MEL: Oh, some of them order Crepe Suzettes.

JACK: Uh huh.

MEL: *And* Others prefer Pilot Mignon Sauto with a wine sauce.

JACK: I see.

MEL: *And* Then there are those who are partial to Baked Pheasant Under Glass.

JACK: Gee ... is that the kind of food the enlisted men in the Navy got?

MEL: No, but as long as we're on the air, let's do a little recruiting.

JACK: Oh yes, yes.

MEL: Goodbye, now.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: *Know* You know, Mary, this fellow had the right idea.

MARY: Well, Jack, I had lunch at the mess hall today, and the food is excellent.

JACK: I know, I know.

DON: *Oh* Say, Jack, we're going back to Los Angeles tomorrow night, aren't we?

JACK: No, no, Don, I've changed my mind. We'll be here on the base till Wednesday.

DON: Why?

MARY: Because Tuesday is payday.

DON: Well, what's the sailor's payday got to do with Jack?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) He's got a juke box and a keg of draft beer in the back of his car.

JACK: Mary ...

MARY: He flips the license plate over and it says "Benny's Canteen".

JACK: Well, you're a fine one to talk, you're getting ten cents a dance... So don't be so --- Oh hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny ... Hello, everybody.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Dennis, you missed rehearsal today.

DENNIS: I'm sorry, but I just got to San Diego a few minutes ago.

JACK: Wait a minute ... you just got to San Diego a few minutes ago? But I thought you left Los Angeles last Thursday.

DENNIS: I did.

JACK: Well, what took you so long?

DENNIS: I ran into a lot of traffic in Salt Lake City.

JACK: Salt Lake City!

MARY: Dennis, why in the world would you go from Los Angeles to --

JACK: Mary ... Mary, take my advice, don't ask him ... just drop the subject.

MARY: But Jack, maybe he had very important business in Salt Lake City.

JACK: Huh?

MARY: Or maybe a relative was sick, or something.

JACK: Yeah, I never thought of that. Dennis, when you were coming down to San Diego, why did you come by way of Salt Lake City?

DENNIS: I wanted to avoid the traffic lights in Laguna Beach.

JACK: Mary, you made me ask him, you made me ask him.

MARY: Dennis, you better sing your song.

JACK: I'll say you better.

(MUSIC STARTS)

JACK: To avoid the traffic lights in Laguna Beach ... That's the
silliciest thing I ever heard.

(DENNIS' SONG -- "I HEAR A RHAPSODY")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: *She's young -*
That was "I HEAR A RHAPSODY" sung by Dennis Day ... And Dennis,
I want to tell you that regardless of the silly things you do,
I must say you have one of the finest voices in radio.

DENNIS: Goo, I hope my mother heard that.

JACK: Why?

DENNIS: She thinks you're a lousey,

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: Dennis, your mother certainly doesn't like Mr. Bonny, does she?

DENNIS: No...every time I mention his name, she calls him a louse.

JACK: Then why do you keep mentioning my name?

DENNIS: She tricks me into it.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: Anyway, Mr. Bonny, I don't care what my mother says, I like you.

JACK: Well, thanks ... And now, follows - -

DENNIS: You've always been okay with me.

JACK: Thanks, kid, thanks ... And now, follows - -

DENNIS: You know, Mr. Bonny, sometimes I wish you were my father.

JACK: You do?

DENNIS: So does my father.

JACK: Look kid, I only tried to tell you you had a nice voice, I
didn't want a whole routine out of you *you know -*. You can't say a
thing to this - -

PRATT: Hello, JACKSON ... Hi ya, fellows.

(APPLAUSE)

~~JACK: Phil ... Phil, what happened to those big entrances you usually~~

~~nake ... You know ... like ... "ALL RIGHT FELLOWS," STAND UP AND~~

~~CHEER ... THE SHOW'S GONNA START 'CAUSE HARRIS IS HERE ...~~

~~YAHOOOOO." ... How come you didn't make an entrance like that?~~

~~PHIL: Listen, Jackson, I ain't doing that stuff any more. It's too~~

~~heavy.~~

JACK: ... Well, I've been telling you that for years. What finally
convinced you?

~~PHIL: Well, it just ain't paying off any more, that's all. The last~~
~~time I made one of those entrances, I yelled, "OKAY, KIDS, BEAT~~
~~YOUR SKIN ... GET READY TO LAUGH, 'CAUSE HARRIS CAME IN ...~~

~~JACK: "ZZZOOO!"~~
~~Well, say Phil, you really put a reception on that entrance.~~

~~PHIL: "ZZZOOO!"~~
~~And would you believe it, Jackson, when I made that entrance, it's that~~
the people just sat there and stared at me.

JACK: Phil, when did this happen? *the last time*

PHIL: This morning when I got on the LaJolla bus.

JACK: Well, I'll be --- Imagine getting on a bus and going into your
act.

PHIL: What's wrong with that? Last week you stood on the dock playing
your fiddle when the ESSEX came in.

JACK: Well, it was my patriotic duty, and the boys all cheered me.

PHIL: Well, they should ... who else could play "Anchors Aweigh" and
dive for pennies at the same time?

JACK: Oh Phil, stop exaggerating.

MARY: He's not exaggerating. I saw you swimming around in the water.

JACK: Then why didn't you speak to me?

MARY: With those bifocals, I thought you wore a halibit.

JACK: Halibit, halibit.

DRENNIS: Watch your language.

JACK: Oh, be quiet ^{Jack Jackson} ... Phil, you'd be much better off if you didn't pay so much attention to me and devoted more time to the boys in your band.

PHIL: There you go with my band again.

JACK: Certainly ... We came down here to play the Naval Training Center ... at least your boys could look decent.

PHIL: Now wait a minute, Jackson, they can't afford to buy new clothes.

JACK: Well, at least swab 'em down, swab 'em down ... Look at Rerley sitting there with a - -

PHIL: Hold it, ^{just said it's impossible} hold it, Jackson... don't say anything about Rerley, today of all days.

JACK: Why not?

PHIL: ^{well,} Yesterday, Frankie's favorite uncle died.

JACK: ^{oh,} Oh, that's too bad ... Was it unexpected?

PHIL: No, the judge told him exactly when it was gonna happen.

JACK: Look Phil, I don't want to have any more nonsense ... We have a very important sketch to do tonight and I want to get started with it ... Don, will you announce our play?

DON: ^{oh,} Yes, Jack, but before I do, I've got a little surprise for you.

JACK: Surprise?

DON: ^{yes, yes, yes} Yes, last night I was in Mexico and I heard four fellows singing over there. They had wonderful voices and I took the liberty of bringing them over and inviting them to sing on the program.

JACK: Gee, a Mexican Quartet ... that ought to be a novelty. Are those

JACK: boys here?

DON: Yes, they call themselves the Sportsman Quartetto.

JACK: Oh, well good, good. Let's hear it. Come on boys.

(INTRO)

QUART: Far below the Mexican border
Where the señoritas smoke beneath the moon, I theenk.
There's a bold and dashing vaquero
And every night you'll hear him croon, I theenk.
In my Adobe Hacienda
There's a touch of Mexico, I theenk.
Cactus lovelier than orchids
Blooming in the patio, I theenk.
Soft desert stars and the strum of guitars
Make every evening seem so sweet, I theenk
In my Adobe Hacienda
Life and love are more complete.
Tippy-tin, more complete
You theenk so, Si, I theenk.
In my Adobe Hacienda
Everybody's having fun, why not?
Tearing paper from the Luckies
Proving it's the better one, you bet.
But now we know how they're made that is so
They're round and firm and fully packed, that's right.
Lucky Strike is better tasting
You will like them that's a fact, you bet.
Tiajuana is colorful city
She is not very big or so pretty
She is a place that you should really visit,
We know that you will not want to miss it.

QUARTET:
(CONTINUED)

From La Jolla to Gay Chula Vista
There's a Lucky in everyone's fista
And they please every Misses and Wista
My Uncle, My Aunt, and my Sista
L S M , L S M, L S M F
LSM YFFFFFFT
Take a puff on a Lucky you'll like it
Be Happy and Go Lucky Strike (Shot)
Strike (Shot, Shot)
Lucky Strike (Shot)

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: *Don* Don, that commercial was wonderful ... really great.
DON: I'm glad you like it, Jack.
JACK: I certainly did.
DON: Then you're going to pay the boys?
JACK: Why certainly ... I theenk ... And now Ladies and Gentlemen,
for all the boys stationed here at the San Diego Naval Training
Center we're going to

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: *There's the phone.*
Excuse me.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

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

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Oh, hello, Rochester ... What did you call me for?
ROCH: WELL...I'M OVER HERE IN YOUR ROOM AT THE EL CORTEZ HOTEL AND
I THINK YOU'RE IN TROUBLE WITH THE MANAGER.
JACK: Mr. Stillings? Why, what happened?
ROCH: HE GOT A LITTLE UPSET WHEN HE FOUND OUT YOU SAVED OUT YOUR OTHER
TWIN BED.
JACK: Oh.
ROCH: THEN HE GOT AGGRAVATED WHEN HE FOUND YOU WERE DOING LAUNDRY IN
THE BATHTUB.
JACK: Gee.
ROCH: THEN HE GOT RED IN THE FACE WHEN HE FOUND OUT YOU WERE RUINING
HIGH-LI GAMES IN THE HALL.

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JACK: Gosh.

ROCH: AND WHEN HE FOUND OUT YOU OPENED A GEE-DUNK BAR IN THE KITCHEN,
HE WENT TO PIECES.

JACK: Oh, ^{that's} that's awful ... How are things in my living room?

ROCH: NOT SO GOOD ... ONE OF YOUR BARBERS JUST QUIT.

JACK: Oh...Well, have one of my writers take over his chair.

ROCH: YES SIR ... GOODBYE.

JACK: Goodbye.

ROCH: OH, SAY BOSS.

JACK: Now what?

ROCH: DON'T HUNG UP YET.

JACK: ~~What?~~ ^{What?}

ROCH: I JUST LOOKED AT YOUR RADAR SCREEN.

JACK: What about it?

ROCH: GET YOUR FIDDLE READY, THERE'S ANOTHER SHIP COMING IN.

JACK: Thanks, Rochester. Goodbye.

ROCH: COOOOOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: And now Ladies and Gentlemen, for all the boys stationed here
at the San Diego Naval Training Center we're going to do a
sketch ... set the scene, Don.

DON: Okay, Jack ... LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME ON
ANY RADIO PROGRAM, WE ARE GOING TO PRESENT A BIOGRAPHY BASED
ON JACK BETTY'S ACTUAL EXPERIENCES IN THE NAVY DURING WORLD
WAR ONE ... MUSIC.

(BAND PLAYS FEW BARS OF ANCHORS AWEIGH ... ~~OR OVER THERE~~)

JACK: (FILTER) IN THE YEAR 1917 I ENLISTED IN THE NAVY. BEFORE I LEFT HOME I SPENT THE LAST FEW HOURS WITH MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS AND THEN I WENT NEXT DOOR TO SAY GOODBYE TO MY SWEETHEART ... THIS ONLY TOOK ME TEN SECONDS ... I WASN'T A SAILOR YET ... WHEN I ARRIVED AT THE GREAT LAKES NAVAL TRAINING CENTER I WAS EXAMINED BY ONE OF THE NAVY DOCTORS.

KEARNS: Your name?

JACK: (regular miko) Jack Benny.

KEARNS: Birthplace?

JACK: Waukegan, Illinois.

KEARNS: Age?

JACK: Sixteen.

KEARNS: Sixteen?

JACK: Yes sir ...

KEARNS: But you've got gray hair.

JACK: Oh darn, I put on the wrong one this morning ... I'll be blonde tomorrow.

KEARNS: Your height?

JACK: Five foot ten.

KEARNS: Your weight?

JACK: One forty-five.

KEARNS: Color of eyes ... they're blue aren't they?

JACK: Bluer than a sailor on his first night in Boot Camp. Now Doctor, you've got my records here, so tell me ... do I get in the Navy or don't I?

KEARNS: Well son, I'm sorry but I have to report some bad news.

JACK: For me?

KEARNS: No, for the Navy, you're in.

JACK: (FILTER) AND SO I WAS IN THE NAVY...I BECAME A PART OF UNCLE SAM'S FIGHTING FORCES ... THE NEXT THING I DID WAS TO REPORT TO THE SUPPLY DEPOT TO GET MY UNIFORM ... WHEN IT CAME MY TURN, THE SAILOR IN CHARGE LOOKED AT ME AND SAID:

NELSON: Welllllll, how did you come to join the Navy? *Jack: what did you say?*
Nelson: I said "How did you come to join the Navy?"
JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) Well, I've always been the adventurous type ...
I love to travel.
I loved travel, romance, foreign countries. And then I saw

one of those signs saying, "Join The Navy and See The World."

NELSON: Isn't that a coincidence ... that's the reason I joined the Navy eighteen years ago.

JACK: And have you visited any distant lands?

NELSON: Yes, twice I've been to TiaJuana.

JACK: Lucky you.

NELSON: Now here's your uniform.

JACK: Just a second ... you don't know my measurements ... I take size thirty-four, please.

NELSON: (SARCASTIC) Really?

JACK: Yes ... I have a thirty-three waist ...

NELSON: Uh huh.

JACK: Twenty-nine pants leg ...

NELSON: Uh huh.

JACK: And thirty-two and a half sleeve length on the jacket.

NELSON: I'm glad you told me ... Would you like your uniform in any particular color?

JACK: Well ... yes ... would you happen to have something in blue?

NELSON: OOOOH, DO I!

JACK: What?

NELSON: Now take this and keep moving.

JACK: Wait a minute ... where do I put on my uniform?

NELSON: Right here as you're walking along.

JACK: As I'm walking along ... but what about my old clothes?

NELSON: Just drop 'em ... we have chambermaids who come along and pick 'em up.

JACK: Oh.

NELSON: COME ON, MEN ... CHANGE INTO YOUR UNIFORMS ... ALL OF YOU.

JACK: There ... I've almost got mine on.

NELSON: Good.

JACK: Would you mind buttoning me up?

NELSON: That goes in front.

JACK: I'm sorry.

JACK: (FILTER) THEY HAD GIVEN ME A UNIFORM ... AND TRANSFERRED ME TO THE SAN DIEGO NAVAL TRAINING CENTER ... AFTER PUTTING IN SIX LONG HARD WEEKS IN BOOT CAMP, I WAS GIVEN MY FIRST LEAVE ... I WAS TIRED AND RUN-DOWN AND WANTED A REST, SO I WENT TO SHERMANS ... I WENT THERE WITH MY FRIEND CURLY HARRIS.

(SOUND: POUNDING ON BAR)

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) Oh Bartender, bartender.

MEL: Yeah?

JACK: I'll have a lemonade.

MEL: A lemonade?

JACK: Yes

PHIL: I'll have a Tequilla.

JACK: Say Curley, That's the Mexican drink, isn't it?

PHIL: Yeah.

(SOUND: POURING OF DRINK IN GLASS)

PHIL: *Well,* There's your tequilla.

PHIL: Thanks ... Well, here's looking at you. (MAKES DRINKING NOISES)

(SOUND: GRAVEL AND STONES POURED DOWN WASH-BOARD SLIDE)

PHIL: Ahhh... smooth all the way down.

JACK: (FILTER) AFTER TWO HOURS AT SHERMAN'S I STEPPED OVER CURLEY
AND WENT BACK TO THE BASE ... ON MY WAY BACK I GOT LOST ...
REALIZING I NEEDED HELP, I LOOKED AROUND UNTIL I FINALLY FOUND
AN ENSIGN ... I WALKED OVER TO THE ENSIGN AND SAID:

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) Excuse me, sir, but how far is it to the San
Diego Naval Training Center?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: Oh ... well, *am I. am I.* am I walking in the right direction?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: Well for heavens sakes, where is the Naval Training Center?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: You don't know anything, ... a fine sailor you are.

RUBIN: I'm not a sailor.

JACK: Then how come you're wearing that blue uniform?

RUBIN: What uniform? ... I lost my clothes in a crap game and I'm cold.

JACK: (FILTER) SINCE I COULDN'T FIND MY WAY BACK, I DECIDED TO STAY
AWAY AND ENJOY MYSELF ... BUT A WEEK LATER I WAS BACK AT THE
BASE AND BECAUSE OF THE THINGS I HAD DONE, I FOUND MYSELF UP
BEFORE THE ADMIRAL, FACING A COURT MARTIAL ... THE ADMIRAL LOOKED
AT ME STERNLY AND SAID ...

DON: (SWEETLY) Were you A.W.O.L. for a full week?

JACK: Yes, sir.

DON: And didn't you get into a fight with two shore patrolmen?

JACK: Yes, sir.

DON: And when they tried to take you to the brig, didn't you bang their heads together and knock them out?

JACK: Yes, sir.

DON: Do you think that was nice?

JACK: No, sir.

DON: Well, watch it next time.

JACK: (FILTER) THE ADMIRAL LET ME GO WITH NO MORE PUNISHMENT THAN A STERN LOOK ... THE NEXT DAY I WAS WALKING DOWN THE STREET WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN A GIRL SAID TO ME - -

MARY: Oh, sailor - -

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) Yes.

MARY: Did you drop this handkerchief?

JACK: (FILTER) IT WORKED ... I NOW HAD A GIRL FRIEND ... WE WENT TOGETHER STEADILY FOR SIX MONTHS ... THEN ONE NIGHT I SAID TO HER:

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) Honey - -

MARY: Yes, Mac.

JACK: Pucker up, I'm gonna kiss you.

MARY: Okay.

(JACK KISSES MARY)

JACK: There ... have you ever been kissed like that before?

MARY: Yes, I have a mother.

JACK: (FILTER) MY ROMANCE WITH THIS BEAUTIFUL GIRL WAS SHORT-LIVED BECAUSE TWO DAYS LATER I COMPLETED MY TRAINING AND WENT ABOARD MY SHIP ... WHAT A THRILL AS WE PREPARED TO SAIL ... WE ALL STOOD AT ATTENTION AS WE CIGARETTED THE ADMIRAL ABOARD ... I KNOW WE SHOULD HAVE PIPED HIM ABOARD ... BUT THIS IS THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM. FINALLY WE SAILED.

(SOUND: BOAT WHISTLES AND LAPPING WATER)

JACK: WE WERE UNDER WAY FOR JUST FIVE MINUTES, WHEN SUDDENLY I BEGAN TO FEEL TERRIBLE ... I RUSHED TO THE DOCTOR AND SAID:

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) Doctor, Doctor ... I feel terrible. I'm sick. My head is going around, I'm dizzy, my stomach is upset. I feel awful.

KEARNS: Well, congratulations.

JACK: Congratulations? Why?

KEARNS: You're the first sailor who ever got seasick on the Coronado Ferry.

JACK: (FILTER) THAT IS MY STORY ... HE GAVE ME TWO ^{APC} PILLS ... HE TOLD ME TO GO TO MY HAMMOCK. I WENT TO SLEEP, FELL OUT, BUMPED MY HEAD, AND WHEN I CAME TO, THE WAR WAS OVER ... THUS ENDED MY NAVAL CAREER.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

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JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, our stockpile of blood plasma has been gravely depleted by the demands of the Korean campaign, and it is imperative that action be taken to insure an adequate supply ready for immediate use . . . So, please go to the blood bank in your cities and contribute. It's needed badly. This is an urgent request. Remember folks, a gift of blood is a gift from the heart.

(APPLAUSE)

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

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank Captain Frank Monroe Jr.,
Commanding Officer of the Naval Training Center here in San
Diego, and Lieutenant Commander Alex McLean, Special Services
Officer, for inviting us down here ... And it's certainly been
a pleasure being down here with all of you *fellows - so long,*
everybody
(SOUND: MARCHING FEET FADING IN)

JACK: Wait a minute ... who are all those fellows?

MEL: Those are the new recruits.

JACK: Recruits? So many?

MEL: Yeah, that Pheasant Under Glass routine always gets them.

JACK: Oh, that's nice .. Goodnight folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Bonny Program is brought to you by Lucky Strike,
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leading manufacturer of cigarettes ... This is Don Wilson
reminding you to listen to Your Hit Parade with Guy
Lombardo every Thursday night presented by Lucky Strike.
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The Jack Bonny program has been selected as one of the
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Stay tuned for the Ames 'n' Andy Show which follows immediately.

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