

PROGRAM #33
REVISED SCRIPT

AS DISCLOSED
AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, APRIL 27, 1952

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED, FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1952)

SL

ATX01 0182041

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, APRIL 27, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED APRIL 25, 1952)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

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

CHORUS: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be happy -- Go Lucky

Be Happy -- Get Better Taste

4

Be Happy -- Go Lucky

Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

SHARBUTT: 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 that
Lucky! See how it stays together - a perfect cylinder of fine,
mild, tobacco - so round and firm and fully packed, so free
and easy on the draw. Now, what does this mean to you as a
smoker.

(MORE)

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-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CON'T)

SHARBUTT: It means your Lucky is free of excessive air spaces - hot
(CON'T)

spots that burn harsh and dry and those annoying loose ends
that spoil the taste. And 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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(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 Spontaneous Quartet} AND "YOURS
TRULY", DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

MEL: (A LA MULLY) AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..IT GIVES ME
GREAT PLEASURE TO BRING YOU THE STAR OF OUR SHOW, A MAN WHO--

JACK: ^{wait a minute ---} Wait a minute..hold it! .. Don, who is this guy?...What's
going on here?

DON: Jack, I'm sorry, but when I read the introduction that you
wanted me to give you..I just had to go out and hire someone
else to do it.

JACK: You hired this fellow?

MEL: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO BRING
YOU THE STAR OF OUR SHOW --

JACK: ^{wait a minute ---} Wait a minute, fellow, wait a minute. Don, you're the
announcer on this show and you've got to introduce me any
way I want you to.

DON: Well Jack, this time I'm not going to do it. I've got
pride, you know.

JACK: Pride!

MEL: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN .. IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE --

JACK: Oh, shut up! Don, ^{what is this ---} what is this pride you're talking about?

DON: I'll tell you what it is -- JUST BECAUSE YOU PLAYED A VIOLIN
DUET WITH ISAAC STERN ON LAST WEEK'S TELEVISION SHOW..
I'M NOT GOING TO INTRODUCE YOU AS A GREAT CONCERT VIOLINIST.

JACK: You're not!

SL

MEL: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..IT GIVES ME GREAT --

PHIL: Hold it, ~~Buster, hold it.~~ *will you, Club - hold it a minute - hold it.*

JACK: Phil.

PHIL: Great Concert Violinist..Dad, you sound like someone's been spiking your rosin.

JACK: Well, you're a fine one to talk, what do you know about music?

PHIL: Okay, Jackson, okay. I will admit that personally I may not be the world's greatest musician. But I was smart enough to get together one of the finest musical aggregations in the world.

JACK: Oh, you were, eh? Phil, if your band is one of the finest musical aggregations in the world..I'd like to ask you a question about Don Rice, your bass player.

PHIL: Nobody slaps a bass like ~~he does.~~ *Sonny.*

JACK: That's what I'm getting at..why is it ~~he~~ always sticks his hand in a bucket of water before he slaps the bass?

PHIL: ~~He does that~~ from force of habit.

JACK: What?

PHIL: He used to work in a brewery, slappin' labels on beer bottles.

JACK: All right, Phil, I'll accept your explanation of Mr. Rice's musical eccentricities, but what about Bagby, your piano player?

PHIL: What about good ole Bag?

JACK: Well, Phil, *I won't* I won't say anything about the fact that he's on parole..but *we'll forget that* he can't read music, he doesn't know the white keys from the black keys, and I never saw such a crazy looking piano. What's that extra pedal for?

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PHIL: That was Bagby's idea.

JACK: Four pedals on a piano?...What are they?

PHIL: Soft, medium, loud, and gas.

JACK: Gas pedal?

PHIL: *He'll have*
~~He~~-never knows when he ~~has~~ to make a getaway.

JACK: Oh...then that answers my other question. I was gonna ask why the piano has white sidewall tires. a

PHIL: *Oh,* Bagby thinks of everything.

JACK: Well, it's too bad he doesn't think a little more about music.

PHIL: What?

JACK: Phil, you know as well as I do..Not only does Bagby play by ear, but if it isn't in the key of "C", he can't play at all.

PHIL: Oh, he can't, hey? Okay, Jackson, you asked for it..
Hey, Charlie.

BAGBY: (HOLLERS FROM PIANO) YEAH.

PHIL: Come here a minute...

(BAGBY GOES TO MIKE)

JACK: Phil -- *You don't have to go through all that ---*

PHIL: *That* You said *that* all he knows is the key of "C". *now,* Let's find out.
anything ---
Go ahead, ask him *anything* at all.

JACK: Okay...how about something with three sharps?

PHIL: Go ahead, Charlie, give him something with three sharps.

BAGBY: Well --

PHIL: Think hard, ~~Charlie~~. *Charlie.*

BAGBY: Oh, I know. The andante movement from the Barber of Seville by Gillette.

JACK: *Wait a minute ---*
The andante movement from the Barber of Seville by Gillette?
...Three sharps?

BAGBY: Look sharp, feel sharp, be sharp.

JACK: *Phil.* ~~Mr.~~ Phil, you can tell Bagby to go now, *that coming will you.*

PHIL: Okay, ~~Charlie, you can go.~~ *you better leave town.*

(SOUND: AUTOMOBILE MOTOR..GEAR SHIFTING..MOTOR
DOOR SLAM)

JACK: How do you ^alike that, he drove the piano right out of the studio. (TO AUDIENCE) I don't know why I get into these things. All I wanted was a classy introduction.

MEL: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO BRING YOU--

JACK: Not from you! I want the introduction from the one who's supposed to --- Oh, hello, Mary,

MARY: Hello, Jack, what are you mad about?

JACK: I'm not mad. It's just that I asked Don to do something... and when he refused, it hurt my feelings.

MARY: Don Wilson, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. After all Jack has done for you. In fact, we should be grateful for what he's done for all of us. And when Jack requests any of us to do something, we should make every effort to comply with his wishes.

Jack:
DON: *Frankie, Mary.* I guess you're right, Mary. Okay, Jack, I'll do it.. I'll introduce you as a great concert violinist. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN --

MARY: WAIT A MINUTE!

JACK: Mary --

MARY: Jack, is that what you asked Don to do?....introduce you as a great concert violinist?

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JACK: Yes...that's all.

MARY: That's all!...He ought to slap your face.

JACK: Mary, I thought you were on my side.

MARY: Whatever gave you the idea that you're a great concert violinist?

JACK: Because on my television show I played a violin duet with Isaac Stern, that's why.

DON: And he wants me to call him Jascha Benny.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

DON: What are you laughing at, Mary?

MARY: Last year he killed a grasshopper, and for two weeks I had to call him Frank Buck.

JACK: I didn't kill that grasshopper, I brought 'im back alive...
() So don't be so smart. And anyway, I don't know why Don had to go out and hire someone to ---

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh hello, Dennis, I'm glad you got here. It's about time for your -- Dennis...Dennis, you're limping.

DENNIS: Yeah, but I didn't get hurt bad.

JACK: Hurt...Dennis, did you have an accident?

DENNIS: Yeah...as I was crossing Sunset Boulevard, I got run over by a piano.

JACK: Oh, for heaven sake, that was Bagby. He got his piano from Mad Man Wurlitzer. Now Dennis, I've got to get this program started, so you'd better sing your song right now.

DENNIS: I'm not going to sing until you pay off for my being on your television show.

A JC

JACK: I can't do that until next week.

MARY: Jack, why can't you give him the money now?

DENNIS: Oh, he isn't going to pay me money. Mr. Benny said if I went on his television show, he'd do something for me that's a great honor.

MARY: A great honor?

a

DENNIS: Yeah..He's gonna write in my name for president in the California primary.

MARY: Oh, for heaven sakes, imagine writing Dennis's name for president.

DENNIS: If I'm elected, I'm gonna declare war on Johnny Ray.

JACK: Dennis --

DENNIS: I will now sing my campaign song.

JACK: Just sing the song you're supposed to.

DENNIS: ~~Yes, sir.~~ (Sings) *If you sweetheart --*
Never mind that!
(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "BE ANYTHING, BUT BE MINE")

(APPLAUSE)

JO

(SECOND ROUTINE)

MEL: That was "Be Anything, But Be Mine," sung by Dennis Day and very ---

JACK: Hey you, I don't want you to do any announcing on this show.

MEL: Okay, Okay....Hey, Mr. Wilson, if I ain't gonna do no
a introduction, gimme my dough so I can go home.

DON: But you haven't done anything. I'm not going to pay you.

JACK: Oh, yes you are, Don. You got yourself into this. Now pay
him and get him out of here.

DON: Oh, all right. How much do I owe you?

MEL: A buck and a quarter.

DON: Okay...here you are.

MEL: Tanks. So long.

JACK: Wait a minute..wait a minute, fellow, come back here.

MEL: Yeah?

JC

JACK: You take a job as an announcer on a Coast to Coast program for a dollar and a quarter?

MEL: That's my price. A buck and a quarter!

JACK: Come 'ere a minute.

MEL: Huh?

JACK: ~~Read this.~~ *A buck and a quarter for an announcer...*

MEL: *Yeah, read this, will you... Just say this.*
DA LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM... STARRING JACK BENNY, WID
MARY LIVINGSTIN, PHILLARIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, AND

YOURS TRULY BERTRAM KVETCH.

JACK: *That's that's your name?*
Say... that's all right, Mr. Kvetch.

DON: Jack, you wouldn't dare!

MEL: I kin lead a band, too.

PHIL: Now, wait a minute, *Kvetch - you ain't leading my band.*
~~Kvetchy ain't gonna lead my band.~~

JACK: Phil, you stay out of this.

MEL: I can also sing tenor.

JACK: Well... Did you hear that, Dennis?

DENNIS: Who cares, I'll be in the White House.

JC

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JACK: You're not gonna be president and forget it...You stick around, Mr. Kvetch, ^{and} I'll talk to you after we do our play.

MARY: Jack, are we going to do a play?

JACK: Yes Mary..tonight we're going to do our version of that great Universal-International picture.. "Bend of the River."

DON: ^{ah}, Jack, isn't that the picture that starred Jimmy Stewart?

JACK: That's the one. It's a colorful epic of the days of the covered wagon as civilization moved westward into Oregon. So Don, set the scene.

DON: Okay.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Hold it, Don.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

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

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Oh for heavens sakes, Rochester, I'm right in the middle of my program. What did you call for?

ROCH: I WANNA KNOW IF YOU'RE COMING HOME FOR DINNER TONIGHT.

JACK: Yes, yes, I am.

ROCH: OKAY, YOU'LL FIND SOME COLD CUTS IN THE ICE BOX..GOODBYE.

JACK: Wait a minute...Rochester --

ROCH: YEAH?

JACK: What do you mean I'll find some cold cuts in the ice box?

ROCH: I'M TAKING THE EVENING OFF. I GOTTA GO TO THE SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CENTRAL AVENUE CRUMPET AND CRICKET CLUB.

JG

JACK: Central Avenue Crumpet and Cricket Club?....Isn't that kind of English?

ROCH: RAWTHER.

JACK: Rochester, how can you belong to so many clubs?....Just a few months ago you joined the Central Avenue Fried Chicken and Bingo Club.

ROCH: IT'S THE SAME OUTFIT. WE WERE IN FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES AND COULDN'T RAISE ANY MONEY UNDER THE OLD NAME.

JACK: What?

ROCH: SO BY CHANGING IT TO CRUMPET AND CRICKET WE GOT A LOAN FROM WASHINGTON.

JACK: Rochester, you're making this whole thing up....Aren't you?

ROCH: WELL.....

JACK: Rochester, tell me if I'm right. You want the evening off because you've got a date with your girl friend Susie.... Is that it?

ROCH: TURN TO THE AUDIENCE AND TAKE A BOW!

JACK: I thought so. Okay, Rochester, you can have the night off. Goodbye.

ROCH: GOODBYE..OH, SAY BOSS -- I MAY BE A LITTLE LATE.

JACK: Why, where are you going?

ROCH: WELL, FIRST I'M TAKING SUSIE TO THE MOVIES, AND THEN SHE WANTS TO GO TO THE GRIFFITH PARK OBSERVATORY AND LOOK THROUGH THE TELESCOPE.

JACK: Look through the telescope?...Why?

Jc

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ROCH: SHE SAYS WHEN I KISS HER, I SEND HER OUT OF THIS WORLD, AND
SHE WANTS TO SEE WHERE SHE'S GOING.

JACK: Oh. Well okay, Rochester, don't stay out too late. Goodbye.

ROCH: GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOBYE!

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

a (APPLAUSE)

JACK: And now for our play...Ladies and gentlemen...our version of
that great epic of the West..."Bend of the River"...Don, set
the scene.

(ON CUE) (BAND PLAYS "WAGON WHEELS", ETC....SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

DON: IN THE YEAR EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SEVEN, AT THE END OF
THE CIVIL WAR, A COVERED WAGON SET FORTH TOWARDS THE NORTHERN
TIP OF OREGON. ITS DESTINATION WAS A NEW SETTLEMENT...AND
LEADING THIS INTREPID GROUP OF PIONEERS WAS THAT FEARLESS
FRONTIERSMAN, BUCK BENNY.

JACK: (FILTER) YES..BUCK BENNY..THAT'S ME..OUR WAGON'S CARGO WAS
NOT GUNS, AMMUNITION, OR OTHER IMPLEMENTS OF WAR, BUT FOOD TO
TIDE THE SETTLERS THROUGH THE RUGGED WINTER.

(MUSIC: UP TO CRESCENDO...THEN OUT)

(SOUND: WAGON TRAIN UP...HORSES...ETC)

MARY: Say Buck.

JACK: (WESTERN) What is it, Kate?

MARY: We've been on the trail since sun-up...Don't you think we
ought to stop for the night?

JACK: Naw, Kate...we gotta keep going till we reach the next water
hole...It's only about two miles Ah reckon.

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MARY: Aw Buck, let's stop here for the night.

JACK: I said we're gonna keep goin'.

MARY: Well, can't the horse pull for awhile, I'm tired.

JACK: Well...all right...Hey ^{lubbies,} ~~you~~, get outta the wagon.

MEL: (WHINNIES)

~~JACK: Sure give you a buck and a quarter's worth.~~
MARY: Buck, why can't we stop here, we've got plenty of water.

JACK: I know but it's not safe here. This is Indian country.

MARY: Are you sure!

JACK: Of course I'm sure...look there on the ground...a scalp.

MARY: That's yours, pick it up.

JACK: Oh.

JACK: (FILTER) AS WE CONTINUED TOWARDS THE HILLS, WE SAW SIGNS OF INDIANS EVERYWHERE...THOUGH WE KNEW WE WERE SURROUNDED BY RED SKINS, WE MADE CAMP AND ATE OUR EVENING MEAL...WE EACH ATE A CAN OF BEANS, AND THEY ~~WERE PRETTY HARD TO DIGEST~~ ^{would have been easier to digest, if we'd had a can opener...} ~~BECAUSE THE DAY BEFORE WE DIDN'T HAVE A CAN OPENER...~~ SUDDENLY I HEARD HORSES HOOVES.

(SOUND: APPROACHING HORSE'S HOOVES)

JACK: (FILTER) AS WE LISTENED IN THE DARKNESS, GUNS READY FOR ACTION, THE HORSE CAME CLOSER, AND SUDDENLY A STRANGER GALLOPED INTO OUR CAMP...HE WAS ABOUT AS TALL AS JIMMY STEWART...AND HE WAS SLIM, LIKE JIMMY STEWART...COME TO THINK OF IT, HE SMILED LIKE JIMMY STEWART, TOO...HE CAME UP TO ME AND SAID ---

JIMMY: *Excuse me, Pardner, Ah've been riding alone for days....*

Ah reckon it's all right if Ah join you into Oregon, *ain't it?*

JACK: (FILTER) BUT HE DIDN'T TALK LIKE JIMMY STEWART....I TURNED TO HIM AND SAID:

JACK: (REG. MIKE) What's your name, Stranger?

JIMMY: Jimmy Stewart.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: (FILTER) IT MUST HAVE BEEN HIM.....ALL THE INDIANS APPLAUDED.....I INVITED JIMMY TO JOIN US AND HE GOT OFF HIS HORSE.....WELL, HE DIDN'T EXACTLY GET OFF.....HE JUST STRAIGHTENED HIS LEGS AND THE HORSE RAN OUT FROM UNDER HIM.WE TALKED FOR AWHILE AND THEN I INTRODUCED HIM TO MY WIFE.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Oh Jimmy?

JIMMY: Yes, Buck.

JACK: I'd like you to meet Kate.

MARY: *Hi,* Hello, Jimmy.

JIMMY: Well, Kiss Me Kate.

MARY: What?

JIMMY: Come here, Baby.

(JIMMY KISSES MARY, BUT GOOD)

Jack: Hey, hold on there - now, they're dropping scripts ---
MARY: Wait a minute.....I thought you were the shy, bashful type.

JIMMY: That's in pictures.....for the kind of dough I'm gettin' here, I'm lettin' myself go.

He was not a buck and a quarter man ---
JACK: (FILTER) IT WAS GOOD TO HAVE JIMMY ALONG WITH US.....HE KNEW THE COUNTRY SO WELL.....I WELCOMED HIM.....NOT AS A FOLLOWER, BUT AS A LEADER.

JIMMY: (FILTER) ^{Yeah} YES...I TOOK OVER....WE WERE LOADED WITH SUPPLIES FOR THE SETTLERS...WE HAD A SACK OF FLOUR... KATE CARRIED THAT...A CASE OF CANNED VEGETABLES...BUCK CARRIED THAT...AND ONE BAG FULL OF MILK...THE COW WAS CARRYING THAT...THE ONLY THING WE WERE SHORT OF WAS FRESH MEAT...SO ONE DAY BUCK AND I WENT HUNTING.

(SOUND: FOREST NOISES...BIRDS...ETC)

JIMMY: (REG. MIKE) Quiet, Buck...I hear something.

JACK: Let's take a look.

JIMMY: Okay...^{My} Say, it's a bear.

JACK: No no...^{Jimmy} it's a Buffalo.

JIMMY: (FILTER) I THOUGHT IT WAS A BEAR...BUT I TOOK HIS WORD THAT IT WAS A BUFFALO....I COULDN'T ARGUE WITH A MAN WHO'S BEEN PINCHING NICKLES ALL HIS LIFE.

JACK: I'll get him.

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

JACK: Oh darn....it ran into the woods....Hey wait a minute, Jimmy.....we'll soon have meat.

JIMMY: What do you see?

JACK: Quiet now....I'm taking aim at a raccoon.

JIMMY: Don't shoot, it might be Kefauver.

JACK: Oh yes....Come on, let's get on with the hunt.

JIMMY: (FILTER) FINALLY WE RETURNED TO ^{the} CAMP WITH PLENTY OF GAME...THIS WAS DUE TO OUR WONDERFUL HUNTING DOG...THIS DOG WASN'T A POINTER, HE WAS TOO WELL MANNERED TO POINT.... HE'D JUST NUDGE YOU AND SAY, "OVER THERE, STUPID".....WE WEREN'T IN CAMP LONG WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN ----

QUART &
BAND: (WAR WHOOPS)

WB

JACK: INDIANS.

JIMMY: (REG. MIKE) ^{hey,} THEY'RE ATTACKING.

(SOUND: TWANG OF BOW....WHISTLE OF ARROW....
LIGHT THUD..)

JACK: Come on, let's see if we can fight them off.

(SOUND: BATTLE SOUNDS...ARROWS...GUNS...WAR
WHOOOPS...ETC.....FOR SEVERAL SECONDS)

JIMMY: It's no use....we might as well give up.

JACK: I ain't giving up...my name is Buck Benny and I ain't
afraid of man, beast, or grasshopper.

JIMMY: But I know these Indians....Look, two of them are coming
out to pow wow with us.

JACK: They sure look savage.

JIMMY: How, Indians.

DON: How.

JIMMY: What tribe you Indians from?

DON: Sioux tribe....Me Chief Big Thunderstorm.

JIMMY: Oh....And who you?

DENNIS: Me Little White Cloud that Cried.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Have-um Faith In All Kinds of Weather.

JACK: Hmmm. We bound for Oregon.....My name Buck Benny.

JIMMY: Let me speak to them Buck...I talk their language....
Listen, you Indians....

DENNIS: Ugh?

JIMMY: Cahuela Monga Shoshone Tahquitz Iroquois Ugh Pueblo Teepee.

DENNIS: Baja Nogoola Monga Digga Mooga Mogga.....Ugh nagoola
Iroquois tenhaus wigwan...Maggahoo shoshone unkas saginaw
how...Sagamore squaw tomack gitchie goomie....Boygan
nooga maggahoo.

JACK: What did he say? q

JIMMY: He's running for President.

JACK: Now Chief, we're not looking for trouble....We want peace.

DON: Only way you can have-um peace is make you join tribe.

JACK: You mean, make us Indians.

DON: Yes.

JACK: (FILTER) WE DECIDED TO BE ADOPTED BY THE TRIBE...AND THAT
NIGHT AFTER ADOPTION CEREMONIES, WE SAT AROUND THE
CAMPFIRE WITH THE OTHER INDIANS AND SANG SONGS.

(INTRO)

JIMMY: LIKE THE SEMINOLE, NAVAJO, KICKAPOO

LIKE THE CHEROKEE

I'M AN INDIAN, TOO.

QUART: A SIOUX, OOO, OOO

A SIOUX, OOO, OOO

JACK: JUST LIKE BATTLE-AX, *Just Black, Mammie Lake.*
~~HATCHET FACE, EAGLE NOSE~~

LIKE THOSE INDIANS

I'M AN INDIAN, TOO.

QUART: A SIOUX, OOO, OOO

A SIOUX, OOO, OOO

SOME INDIAN SUMMER'S DAY

HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO

TAKE SOME INDIAN MAID

FOR RIDE IN TIPPY-CANOE

JIMMY: I'LL WEAR MOCCASINS, WAMPUM BELTS, FEATHER HATS.

JACK: WHICH WILL GO TO PROVE

~~YOU'RE AN INDIAN, TOO~~ *You don't know your song.*

QUART: A SIOUX, OOO, OOO

A SIOUX, OOO, OOO

A SIOUX

(WAR WHOOPS AND DANCE)

LIKE THE CHIPPEWA, IROQUOIS, OMAHA

JUST LIKE KICKAPOO

WE SMOKE LUCKIES, TOO

WE DO, WE DO

THE SAME AS YOU

(MORE)

QUART: WHEN WE TAKE A PUFF
(CONT'D) SURE ENOUGH, NO ROUGH PUFF
BETTER TASTING, TOO.
LUCKIES BEST FOR YOU
IT'S TRUE, IT'S TRUE.
IT'S BEST FOR YOU.
GIVE INDIAN BRAVES A GIFT
WE BE YOUR FRIENDS
GIVE US LUCKY STRIKE
THE SMOKE WITH NO LOOSE ENDS
BIG CHIEF SITTING BEAR
LIKE TO TEAR, AND COMPARE
HE FIND LUCKY STRIKE
IS THE SMOKE HE LIKE
THE SMOKE HE LIKE
IS LUCKY STRIKE.
(WAR WHOOPS)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JIMMY: (FILTER) THE FOLLOWING DAY WE BID FAREWELL TO THE INDIANS
AND OUR WAGON PUSHED ON...WE CROSSED THE MOUNTAINS AND KEPT
TRAVELLING.

JACK: (FILTER) ..WE WEREN'T SURE OF WHERE WE WERE UNTIL ONE
DAY WHILE ON A VAST, OPEN PLAIN, ANOTHER WAGON CRASHED
INTO US.

JIMMY: ...IT WAS THEN WE KNEW WE WERE IN CALIFORNIA...HAPPILY
WE CONTINUED NORTHWARD....

(SOUND: WAGON TRAINS CONTINUING)

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Git up, ~~there~~...

JIMMY: (REG. MIKE) ^{well -} Well, we'll soon reach the end of ^{the} ~~our~~ trip,
then we can ~~have~~ ^{have}...

(SOUND: HORSES HOOVES APPROACHING)

MARY: Look, someone's approaching on horse-back.

JIMMY: ^{All right - now} Be careful....get your guns, and don't waste ammunition....
Don't shoot till you see the whites of his eyes.

(SOUND: HORSE'S HOOVES COME CLOSER AND CLOSER AND

^{STOP}
^{Whoa - Dictator}
PHIL: Whoa...How y'all, strangers....I'm Curly Harris.

JACK: No wonder we didn't see the whites of his eyes....Wait a
minute, stranger...what ^{can we do for you?} ~~are you doing with that army rifle?~~

PHIL: I was a soldier boy in the little ole Civil War.

JIMMY: You fought in the Civil War.?

PHIL: Sho nuff.

JIMMY: Which side were you on?

PHIL: Are you all kidding?

JACK: Well, let me introduce myself, Curly....I'm Buck Benny, and
this is Jimmy Stewart. And that's my wife, Kate.

WB

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PHIL: Howdy, Ma'am.

MARY: Hello.

JACK: Ain't she pretty?

PHIL: I don't know, unhitch her and let me see.

JACK: Later, ...What can we do for you, Curley.

PHIL: I wanna buy your food....I'm working with a bunch of miners.

JACK: Gold miners?

PHIL: Yep...and we've struck it rich....We've got tons of gold,
but we need food to carry us through the winter.

JIMMY: Our food ain't for sale....it's for the settlers in Oregon.

PHIL: But I'll pay you well. I'll give you ten times what you
paid for it....and in gold.

JACK: He's offering us gold, Jimmy, gold....Let's sell.

JIMMY: Buck, think of what you're doing...With the gold, you'll
starve to death...but with the food you'll live.... Live to
see another Spring, with its flowers, soft breezes, and
balmy air scented with orange blossoms....~~Live to be happy...
to dance with your wife...to be gay and carefree...to be
respected as a hero...and to have all the pleasures of
living...~~ Wouldn't you rather have all that than to die
with the gold?

(JACK LOOKS AT AUDIENCE....LOOKS BACK)

JIMMY: (FILTER) ...WE WAITED TWO WEEKS WHILE BUCK THOUGHT IT
OVER.

JACK: I've made up my mind...we're going to sell the food.

JIMMY: (REG.MIKE) And I say we're not.

WB

JACK: Who's gonna stop me?

JIMMY: Me and my shooting iron.

JACK: Well, I've got a gun, too.....DRAW!

(SOUND: TWO SHOTS)

JACK: (GROANS)

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

JIMMY: I hated to do it, Buck.....but it was the only way.

JACK: (GROANING) That's all right, Jimmy...and I forgive you before I die.

JIMMY: ^{Oh now} Wait a minute, pardner, don't say Die.

JACK: Huh?

JIMMY: (SOFTLY AND SLOWLY) We cowboys never die...we just go on to the big corral up yonder and gather round the heavenly campfire where the chuck wagon is always filled...where the deer and the antelope play and the wagon wheels sing a happy song....and the little dogies wander ^{around} among the purple sage, and there ain't no Last Round Up because the cowboys---

JACK: Get through already, this won't sound good on the Amos 'n' Andy Show....(GROANS) ^{Goodbye, Jimmy} Goodbye, everybody.

JIMMY: (FILTER) ~~AND~~ SO BUCK PASSED ON....BUT I KNOW THAT EVEN THOUGH HE'S NOT WITH US, HE'S HAPPIER NOW THAN HE EVER WAS BECAUSE WE BURIED HIM IN THE GOLD MINE....AND SO THE WAGON TRAIN PUSHED ONWARDS.....

(MUSIC IN...RISING)

JIMMY: EVER ONWARDS WE PUSHED...TILL WE REACHED THE SETTLEMENT IN OREGON....AT THE BEND OF THE RIVER.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

WB

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, the Red Cross has moved quickly to meet pressing human needs resulting from the Missouri and Mississippi floods. Funds from the annual Red Cross campaign will be insufficient for the current disaster needs. So, please help the flood victims by sending your contribution to your own local Red Cross chapter. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

HB

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-24-

CHORUS: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky

Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

SHARBUTT: 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 excessive air spaces -- hot spots that burn harsh and dry. But -- you won't find that in a Lucky. Just look at that perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco so round so firm so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw. Notice those long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting tobacco that smokes smooth and even, that give 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!

CHORUS: (SHORT VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

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

HB

ATX01 0182066

(TAG)

-25-

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank Jimmy Stewart for being on my program tonight....and be sure to hear him tomorrow night on the Lux Radio Theatre when he will do "No Highway In The Sky".....*Goodnight, folks.*
~~.....We'll be with you next week at the~~

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Get that, will you, Jimmy?

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JIMMY: Hello.....Uh huh.....Uh huh.....I don't know what you're talking about, but I'll give him the message.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: What is it, Jimmy?

JIMMY: It was a policeman. He called to say there's a piano parked in front of the California Bank with it's motor running.

JACK: I knew Bagby couldn't stay out of trouble.....Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

HB

ATX01 01B2067

DON: The Jack Benny Program is brought to you by Lucky Strike,
product of the American Tobacco Company.....America's
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. Consult your newspaper for time and
station.

The Jack Benny Program has been selected as one of the
programs to be heard by our armed forces overseas through
the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

Stay tuned for the Amos 'N' Andy Show which follows
immediately.

Announcer: *Jack Benny came to you transcribed ---
This is the C. B. S. Radio Network.*

HB

ATX01 0182068