

PROGRAM #34
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 4, 1952

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PDT

WB

ATX01 01B2070

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, MAY 4, 1952
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

CHORUS: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

Be Happy -- Get Better Taste

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? It means your Lucky is free of excessive air spaces -- hot 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!

JM

RTX01 0182071

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: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS WHERE WE FIND ROCHESTER WORKING AS USUAL.

ROCH: *(Music: Play "Slowpoke")* HMM, HMM. I SUPE HAVE A LOT TO DO ... EVERY DAY IT'S THE SAME THING....WORK, WORK, WORK.

MEL: (SQUAWKS) WORK, WORK, WORK, (WHISTLES)

ROCH: QUIET, POLLY ... I WOULDN'T MIND, BUT I NEVER SEEM TO GET FINISHED.

(SINGS) GOT TO DO THE DISHES,
THOUGH IT'S MUCH AGAINST MY WISHES

MEL: YOU'RE A SLOWPOKE .. (SQUAWK)

ROCH: GOTTA DO THE SHOPPIN'

MR. BENNY KEEPS ME HOPPIN'

MEL: YOU'RE A SLOWPOKE...(WHISTLES)

ROCH: THERE'S A PARROT HERE

WHO CONSTANTLY

PICKS ON ME

He's GONNA WIND UP IN A FRICASSEE.

MEL: (SQUAWKS A LOT IN FRIGHTENED FASHION)

JACK: (OFF MIKE) ROCHESTER. *Rochester* ...WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO POLLY?

ROCH: NOTHING, BOSS.

WB

ATX01 0182072

JACK: Oh...well, bring me a screw-driver, ^{will you} please.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...DRAWER OPENS..MORE
FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE, BOSS.

JACK: Thank you...I just have to tighten this last screw and
I'll have the phonograph all fixed.

ROCH: BUT BOSS, ^{this phonograph has} ~~IT'S~~ BEEN BROKEN FOR MONTHS, WHY ARE YOU SO
ANXIOUS TO FIX IT?

JACK: Because Dennis Day sent over a record that he made
especially for me to hear. ~~That's why.~~

~~(SOUND: LIGHT SQUEAKS)~~

~~JACK: (GRUNTS)...There...that ought to fix it...I better put
on one of these other records and test it first.~~

~~(SOUND: RECORD PUT ON TURNABLE)~~

~~JACK: I think it will work.~~

~~(SOUND: VOCAL RECORD PLAYED AT SQUIRREL TALK SPEED)~~

~~JACK: Hmm...too fast.~~

~~ROCH: WHAT RECORD WAS THAT?~~

JACK: ~~"Brahm's Lullaby"~~ Gee, I can't understand what's
wrong with this phonograph...I tried to fix it once before.

ROCH: WELL, BOSS, MAYBE IF I TOOK THIS AND---

(SOUND: TINNY OBJECT FALLS ON FLOOR)

JACK: Oh Rochester, now look what you've done..you knocked the
horn off...And you tipped over the dog, too....Watch
it, will you? ^{kid?}

ROCH: I'M SORRY, BOSS....LET'S TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT THE MOTOR
AND SEE WHAT'S WRONG.

JACK: Okay...Hey, wait a minute..Here's a loose wire and I see where it's supposed to go...I'll just take it and put it ~~in~~

(SOUND: LOUD BUZZING ELECTRICAL SOUND)

JACK: (SCREAMS) PULL OUT THE PLUG...PULL OUT THE PLUG!!_a

(SOUND: BUZZING STOPS)

JACK: ~~But what a shock I got!~~ ~~What a shock!~~...I'll bet my hair is standing on end.

ROCH: SHOULD I GO IN YOUR BEDROOM AND SEE?

JACK: Don't be funny ... There, the wire's fixed...Put in the plug and we'll play some other records before we put on Dennis's....What have we got in ~~that~~ ^{the} album?

ROCH: ~~Let's~~ ~~SEE~~ SEE....."I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES" ... "DARDANELLA"...
... "THE SHEIK OF ARABY"... "KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING".....
"K-K-K-KATY".....AND "AFTER THE BALL IS OVER".

JACK: No no, I don't want to spoil those....Play some of the older ones....Go ahead.

ROCH:BOSS...ANY RECORDS OLDER THAN THESE ARE ON CYLINDERS.

JACK: Oh....well, put some of these on...I want to try it out.

ROCH: YES SIR....SHALL I PUT IN A NEW NEEDLE?

JACK: ~~Oh~~, No Rochester...^{see} the needle we have was guaranteed to play a thousand records and we've only used it eight hundred and seventy-three times.

ROCH: UMMM UMMM ... WHAT A MEMORY!

JACK: Memory nothing ... Count the notches on the side of the phonograph ... Now let's turn it on.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Jack, you told me you were going to take me to the baseball game, I come over, and you're not even ready.

JACK: I'll be ready in a minute.

MARY: Well, why are you fooling around with ^{that} ~~the~~ phonograph?

JACK: Because Dennis sent me a record of the song he's going to sing on the program. I want to hear it, and this darn thing is broken again.

MARY: ^{Oh} Jack, why don't you get rid of that old piece of junk and buy a new one?

JACK: ^{Oh} Mary, this phonograph isn't so old.

MARY: Go on .. Edison's fingerprints are still on it.

JACK: What?

ROCH: AND SHE MEANS EDISON THE BOY.

JACK: Oh stop....Now look, Mary, if I want antiques in my house, that's my business.

MARY: You and your antiques. You ought to have your whole house done over.

JACK: Done over?

MARY: Yes .. Did you watch television yesterday and see what they've done to the White House ... how beautiful they made it?

JACK: Yes, I saw it. ^{Yes} I thought that tour through the White House was very interesting, but there was one thing I couldn't get over.

MARY: What was that?

JACK: Well, there's a doctor's office right in the White House, and twenty-four hours a day a doctor and his staff are always on duty.

MARY: That's right, Jack, President Truman has his own personal doctor.

JACK: *hell*, That's what I'm getting at. Wouldn't it be cheaper if he belonged to the Blue Cross?

MARY: You would think of that.

JACK: What?

MARY: I thought it was wonderful the way the entire nation was invited to the White House. And President Truman ~~was a~~ ~~wonderful host.~~ He even played the piano.

ROCH: WHAT DID HE PLAY, MISS LIVINGSTONE?

MARY: When You Say I Beg Your Pardon Then I'll Come Back To --

JACK: He did not.....Did he?

MARY: No no, of course not.

ROCH: SAY BOSS, I THINK I FIXED THE PHONOGRAPH.

JACK: Good, good.

MARY: Come on, Jack, if we're going to the ball game, let's get started.

JACK: In a minute, I want to hear Dennis's record...Rochester, put Dennis's record on.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

MARY: What song is it, Jack?

JACK: *hell*, Dennis made a special recording for me to hear...It's Irving Berlin's new song, "For the Very First Time".... Play it, Rochester.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S RECORD... "FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME")

(APPLAUSE)

BB

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Say, ^{Mary - that} that new Irving Berlin song was very good....and I never heard Dennis in better voice.

MARY: ^{Oh} I thought he was swell.

DENNIS: I thought I was wonderful.

JACK: Dennis...when did you get here?

DENNIS: While my record was on.

JACK: Well, why didn't you say something?

DENNIS: (A LA DURANTE) When Dennis Day sings, nobody interrupts, ^{Junior}.

JACK: Dennis, I was only --

DENNIS: ^{Just a second ---} Everybody wants to get into the act, ^{how do you like that!} ~~Junior~~.

JACK: Dennis --

DENNIS: It's a catastastroke.

() JACK: Now cut that out....and take off that putty nose...Now Dennis....why did you send me a record if you were coming over here anyway?

DENNIS: ^{(A la Durante ---) I thought ---} I thought I wouldn't be able to come...~~I was supposed to go~~

JACK: ^{I've got Durante on for nothing.} ~~I've got Durante on for nothing.~~

DENNIS: ^{to Nevada on some secret government work.} ~~to Nevada on some secret government work.~~

JACK: ^{You see, I was supposed to go to Nevada on some secret gov't work.} You?...~~Secret government work?~~... what were you supposed to do? ^{That's why you didn't come here? I mean you were going to Nevada for secret gov't work? What were you supposed to do?}

DENNIS: Just stand still.

JACK: Why?

DENNIS: They were going to drop a bomb on me.

JACK: Dennis...Dennis...that's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard.

DENNIS: You're just mad because they didn't ask you.

DH

ATX01 0182077

JACK: Yeah yeah, I'm mad.

MARY: Jack, let's go or we'll be late for the ball game.

JACK: All right, come on.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS & CLOSES...
FOOTSTEPS GOING DOWN STAIRS)

JACK: Gosh it's hot out, *today*.

MARY: It certainly is.

DENNIS: I'll say...This morning my uncle fried an egg on the sidewalk.

MARY: *What?* Dennis, you mean your uncle really --

JACK: Mary, let it alone.

MARY: But Jack, he said --

JACK: I know what he said. He said his uncle fried an egg on the sidewalk.

DENNIS: Yesterday he fried an egg on the sidewalk, too.

MARY: Really.

JACK: Mary, I'm warning you.

DENNIS: The day before that my uncle fried an egg on the sidewalk, too.

MARY: Well, it has been hot all week.

JACK: Yeah yeah..So he fried eggs on the sidewalk.

DENNIS: My uncle hopes it rains tomorrow.

JACK: Why?

DENNIS: For a change he'd like poached eggs.

Jack: Mary - you - I told - I asked - yes - - - Mary: I didn't ask him.
JACK: *slashed him* Look Dennis, Mary and I are going to the ball game.

Q Do you want to go with us, or not?

DENNIS: I'd like to, but I can't.

JACK: Good, good. Come on, Mary, let's go to the game.

(TRANSITION MUSIC....GOING TO BALL GAME)

(SOUND: BABBLE OF CROWD AT BALL PARK)

MARY: Jack, who's playing today?

JACK: Los Angeles and Seattle....Let's see....We have seats one and two, Aisle Fifteen....where's Aisle Fifteen?

MARY: *I don't know...*
Why don't you ask the usher?

JACK: Nah, I can find it...Come on.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MEL: (OFF MIKE) HOT DOGS...HOT DOGS...GET YOUR RED HOTS HERE.

JACK: Mary, here's Aisle Fifteen...but I don't see our seats.

MARY: Jack, why don't you ask an usher?

JACK: I'm not gonna ask anybody...I always get into arguments with
ushers...besides I -- wait a minute, ^{there} there are our seats...
^{He} but it looks like somebody is sitting in them...Hm, you wait
here...I'll go ask him to leave.

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: SEVERAL FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Excuse me, Mister, but I think you're sitting in my --

HEARN: Hiya, Rube.

JACK: Huh? Oh, ^{sh} nice seeing you again.

HEARN: Same here...shake.

JACK: Sure.

HEARN: Uh uh, don't squeeze too hard, that's my milkin' hand.

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry...Did you come all the way from Calabassas
just to see the ball game?

HEARN: Nope...had to come in on business for my farm.

JACK: Business?

HEARN: Yep...came in to buy a new incubator to hatch our chicks.

JACK: ~~New~~ incubator, eh?

HEARN: I don't go for them new-fangled things myself...but my wife
insisted we get one.

JACK: She did?

HEARN: Yep..she said she was tired of taking the eggs to bed with us.

JACK: Oh.

HEARN: Personally I like it...you wake up in the morning feeling like a mother.

JACK: Well, I wouldn't know about that. Now look...there seems to be some mix-up here...I think you're sitting in my seat.

HEARN: Nope...I'm in the right seat.

JACK: But look at my ticket stubs...Here.

HEARN: (READING) Let's see...Seats one and two, Aisle Fifteen... Wait a minute...this is the Left Aisle Fifteen...you want the right aisle!

JACK: Oh yes..yes..my mistake.

~~HEARN: I'm so glad it's not mine...I'd hate to move with my pockets full like this.~~

~~JACK: What have you got in your pockets?~~

~~HEARN: Eggs, we ain't got the incubator yet.~~

JACK: Oh..well, I better be getting along, the game will be *over* about.

HEARN: Just a minute, I'd like ^{to have} you to meet my wife.

JACK: Your wife?

HEARN: ~~This is her right here~~ ^{Yeah}...Honey, this is Jack Benny.

JACK: How do you do.

VEOLA: (VERY SEXY) Hello, Handsome, I'm very happy to meet you.

JACK: (AFTER PAUSE)....Well...This...this is your wife?

DH

ATX01 0182081

HEARN: Yep, ain't as much of a hick as you thought I was.

JACK: I'll say you're not...Well, goodbye.

HEARN: So long, Rube.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: Jack, what happened?

JACK: They weren't our seats..this is the left side of the park...
ours are on the right side...Come on, let's hurry..the Seattle
team is coming out on the field.

MARY: Put on your glasses, that's Don Wilson.

JACK: Huh? Oh hello, Don.

DON: Hello, Jack..Mary.

MARY: Hello, Don...do you come to the games often?

DON: Mary, I haven't missed a game this season. I love baseball.

JACK: He sure does, Mary..You know, Don used to play with Denver.
That's before he went into radio.

DON: That's right, Mary. I played baseball for three years.

MARY: What position?

DON: I covered center field.

JACK: You ain't kidding..(LAUGHINGLY) *Hey, Don - - -* Don, tell Mary about the
time you won the game when you slid into home plate.

DON: Oh Jack, I'd rather not..I'm embarrassed.

JACK: I don't blame you..Tell me, did they ever find that catcher?...
What a mess that was. *You know, I'll never forget - - -*

(SOUND: CHEERING)

JACK: Hey, I think the game is gonna start pretty soon.

BAND: BOOS

MARY: *Jack -* What are they booing about?

DON: *dh,* The umpires are coming out on the field. People always do that.

JACK: Yeah.. Hey look, Don, those umpires are walking over to the field mike... Maybe they've got an important announcement to make...Let's listen.

DH

ATX01 0182083

(INTRO)

BAND: BOOS...KILL THE UMPIRE

QUART: NOBODY LOVES AN UMPIRE

NOBODY SEEMS TO CARE

OUR HEARTS MAY BE BREAKING

FROM INSULTS WE'RE TAKING

BUT NOBODY SEEMS TO CARE

NOBODY LOVES AN UMPIRE

WE GET AN ICY STARE

YOU GREET OUR DECISIONS

WITH JEERS AND DERISIONS

BUT NOBODY SEEMS TO CARE.

WE MAY BE HOMELY

BUT THAT'S NOT THE REASON WE'RE LONELY

ALTHOUGH YOU MAY DOUBT US

YOU CAN'T PLAY WITHOUT US,

SO WHY DON'T YOU TREAT US FAIR.

WHEN YOU ARE SITTING UP IN THE STANDS

PUFFING ~~ON~~ A LUCKY AND FEELING GRAND

CONSIDER THE MEN WHO GET ALL THE LUMPS

ARE WE CHUMPS

TO BE UMPs.

THE JEERS AND THE BOOS NEVER BOTHER ME

CAUSE I KNOW HOW HAPPY I'M GONNA BE

FOR SOON HE'LL BE HOME IN HIS EASY CHAIR

ENJOYING A LUCKY STRIKE.

(MORE)

BB

ATX01 01B2084

(CONTINUED)

QUART: EVERYONE LOVES A LUCKY
AND LUCKIES WILL PLEASE YOUR FRIENDS.
SO GET ON THE BALL
AND LET'S SEE THAT YOU ALL
GET THE SMOKE THAT HAS NO LOOSE ENDS.
EVERYONE LOVES A LUCKY
THERE'S NO BETTER SMOKE, THAT'S TRUE.
JUST TEAR AND COMPARE
AND WE KNOW YOU'LL DECLARE
THAT IT'S TIME
TO TRY
A LUCKY, THE SMOKE YOU ^{will} LIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

BB

ATK01 01B2085

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Say, Don, ^{Don} you put those umpires up to that, didn't you?

DON: (LAUGHS) Yes I did, Jack...

JACK: You know, Don, you're fat but cute.

DON: Well, I'll be seeing you later.

JACK: Okay...Oh, by the way, Don...would you happen to know where
Right Aisle ¹⁵Fifteen is?

DON: No I don't...why don't you ask an usher?

JACK: Never mind, we'll find it ourselves. ^{Don: Okay.} Come on, Mary.

MARY: Okay.

KEARNS: (P.A.) ATTENTION, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...THE BATTERIES
FOR TODAY'S GAME...FOR SEATTLE...^{Rinefather and Shamer} ~~NAGY AND JOHNSON~~...
FOR LOS ANGELES....CHANDLER AND ~~MOISAN~~. ^{Lade.}

(SOUND: CHEERS...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: You know, Mary, this should be a great game.

MEL: (SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE) HOT DOGS...HERE Y'ARE...GET YOUR RED
HOTS HERE.

MARY: Say Jack...before we sit down, how about getting some hot
dogs?

JACK: ...Well...

MARY: Aw, come on, Jack...you only live once.

JACK: Gee, ^{Don} I never thought of it that way...Well, all right..
Say, fellow --

MEL: (MOOLEY) Yeah?

JACK: How much are your hot dogs?

MEL: Twenny five cents each.

JACK: Hmmm...Twenty-five cents each...how come they're so high?

MEL: Well, it's this way..recently the price of steel went up, so when the farmer buys a plow to raise corn, he has to pay more money for the plow, then the cattle and hog breeders have to pay more money for the corn which they use for feed, then the meat-packing houses have to pay more money for the meat, and this price raise is ultimately passed on to the consumer. The same thing holds true for the flour they use to make the rolls, so since the price of the rolls and the meat have both gone up, the price of hot dogs is twenty-five cents.

JACK: Oh.

MEL: I was prepared for you this year, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Look --

① MEL: Last year you drove me nuts with your dickering.

JACK: Look, fellow--

MEL: *hey*, Don't you never buy nothin' without gettin' sealed bids?

JACK: Never mind that...just give me two hot dogs.

MEL: Okay...what do you want on 'em?

JACK: Gee...I don't know...what have you got on those?

MEL: Everything, I just dropped 'em.

JACK: *hell*, Well then give me two fresh ones.

MEL: Okay...here y'are.

JACK: Thanks.

MEL: That'll be fifty cents.

JACK: Hmmm...let me see...Have you got change *for* a twenty-dollar bill?

MEL: Yeah, I'm prepared for that one, too.

JD

ATX01 0182087

JACK: Never mind...just give me my change.

MEL: Here y'are...(FADING OFF) HOT DOGS...HOT DOGS...GETCHA
RED HOTS HERE.

JACK: Come on, Mary, let's find our seats.

KEARNS: (P.A.) ATTENTION PLEASE. THERE HAS BEEN A CHANGE IN THE
BATTERIES FOR SEATTLE. ^{Mary} ~~HOGAN~~ WILL PITCH INSTEAD OF ^{His father.} ~~NAGY~~.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Just a minute, Mary...I think this is the aisle we want...No,
we're fifteen and this is twenty-four.

MARY: Oh, for heaven's sakes, Jack, why don't you ask---

PHIL: Well, hi ya, Livvy.

MARY: Oh, hello Phil.

PHIL: Taking the old man to the ball game, eh?... ^{Mya, Ruth---} ~~Isn't you a little~~
^{Mya, Ruth---} ~~early for Father's Day?~~

JACK: Hmmm...Phil, you can stop with those cracks about my age
already...you're not exactly a Boy Scout yourself.

PHIL: Look, Jackson, at least I don't lie about my age...I say I'm
thirty-six, ~~and~~ I'm thirty six.

JACK: A likely story.

PHIL: ^{well,} If you don't believe me, look at my union card...it
says I'm thirty-six.

JACK: Phil...I wouldn't believe your union card.

PHIL: Why not?

JACK: It also says you're a musician. Come on, Mary, let's find
our seats.

MARY: Would you like to sit with us, Phil?

JD

ATX01 0182088

PHIL: *No, living. See I got*
I can't ~~live~~. I'm here with some of my boys. Kimmick,
Remley, and Bagby.

MARY: Oh...

PHIL: Say, Jackson..

JACK: What?

PHIL: *Don't* Is that a shame about Sammy my drummer?

JACK: Yeah, when will he be out?

MARY: Out? ~~What happened?~~ *You mean he's in, again.*

PHIL: *Yeah, yeah. Living - that*
~~Well, living~~, it wasn't his fault this time...he ~~happened~~ *just* to
step into a clothing store to buy a new suit.

MARY: Uh huh.

PHIL: Sammy tried on a snappy gray number and liked the way it fit
him...The trouble started when he stepped outside to see how
how the suit looked in the sunlight.

MARY: Why should that start trouble?

PHIL: *Well* It was cloudy here so he took the suit to Palm Springs.

JACK: You see, Mary, it wasn't Sammy's fault.

PHIL: Yeah...it could happen to anybody...Anyway, Jackson, we'll
have to do without him for awhile.

JACK: Well frankly, Phil...I can't say ~~that I'll miss Sammy too much~~
~~on the program. He's so big.~~

~~PHIL: What's that got to do with it?~~

~~JACK: He's so hard to step over...Mary has to walk around him.~~

~~MARY: Yeah.~~

KEARNS: (P.A.) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE FIRST GAME OF TODAY'S
DOUBLE HEADER WILL BE NINE INNINGS...THE SECOND GAME WILL
BE SEVEN INNINGS.

JD

ATX01 0182089

MARY: Come on, Jack, we better find our seats, the game's about to begin.

JACK: Okay ... see you later, Phil.

PHIL: *My* Wait a minute, Jackson ... how about a small bet on the game?

JACK: A bet?

PHIL: Yeah, I'll take Seattle for a hundred dollars.

JACK: A hundred dollars? Phil, that's too much to bet on anything. You wouldn't really bet that much, would you?

PHIL: *True* ~~Oh yes~~ I would....Why, once five years ago, I bet a thousand dollars that Alice had more money than Bing Crosby.

JACK: Gosh, did you win?

PHIL: I don't know, they're both still counting.

JACK: Oh well ... Never mind the bet, Phil, see you later.

MARY: So long, Phil.

PHIL: So long, kids.

JACK: Come on, Mary....

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Wait a minute, here's our aisle...No, that's thirty-five... we must be going in the wrong direction.

MARY: Well, this is absolutely ridiculous...if you're not going to ask an usher, I am.

JACK: Look Mary, they always have some smart Alec guys here who- --

MARY: I don't care, I'm going to ask him anyway ... Oh usher?

ARTIE: (VERY NICE) Yes, Miss?

WB

MARY: Here are our stubs, can you tell us where our seats are?

ARTIE: I'm awfully sorry, Miss, this is my first day here, and I don't really know my way around yet.

MARY: Oh.

ARTIE: But that's the head usher ^{right} over there..I'm sure he can help you.

JACK: Gee, I guess they must have changed all the ushers since last year ... They're so much nicer now. I'll go ask ~~over~~ *ask the head usher* him, Mary.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Pardon me, are you the head usher?

NELSON: Ooooooh, am I?

JACK: I knew it, I knew it...Come on, Mary, let's get out of here.

MARY: Jack, don't be a coward...ask him.

JACK: Okay..Look, usher...can you tell me where my seat is?

NELSON: Right behind you, isn't everybody's?

JACK: That does it, come on, Mary. I don't want to get into any more trouble with ushers.

MARY: Well Jack, it's your own fault...maybe you antagonize him.

JACK: I do not.

NELSON: You do too!

JACK: You keep out of this!

QUART & MEL: (YELL) DOWN IN FRONT..SIT DOWN, BUD...WE WANNA SEE THE GAME....

WB

ATX01 0182091

JACK: Okay, okay. *okay* Mary, here are two empty seats right here...
let's sit down.

KEARNS: (P.A.) THE FIRST BATTER FOR SEATTLE IS PAVLICK.
(SOUND: CHEERS)

MARY: Say, Jack--

JACK: Quiet, Mary, here comes the first pitch.
(SOUND: PLOP OF BALL IN GLOVE)

MEL: (OFF MIKE) STRRRRRRRRIKE

JACK: Boy, he really grooved that one in... You know, Mary, in this league, he's one of the best...

MARY: Jack, why is the catcher holding the ball? Why doesn't he throw it back?

JACK: I don't know... everybody seems to be looking out toward...

KEARNS: (P.A.) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TIME IS CALLED MOMENTARILY.
THERE'S A MAN ~~IN LEFT FIELD~~ FRYING EGGS *on 3rd base.*

JACK: How do you like that... That must be Dennis's uncle.

MARY: Yeah..

MEL: (OFF MIKE) PLAY BALL!

JACK: Gee, that pitcher's got a great wind-up.

(SOUND: CRACK OF BALL ON BAT...CHEERS)

MEL: (OFF MIKE) FOUL BALL!

JACK: Where did it go, where did it go?

MARY: JACK LOOK OUT...LOOK OUT, HERE IT COMES!

JACK: WHERE? WHERE?

(SOUND: CLUNK)

JACK: Ooooooh.

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

MARY: JACK....JACK...ARE YOU HURT?

JACK: Oooooohh.

MARY: USHER...USHER...GET SOME WATER, *please*.

NELSON: YOU GET THE WATER, I'LL STAY HERE AND SLAP HIS FACE.

JACK: ~~Ooohh.~~

MARY: *Jack -* GET UP, JACK, I'LL TAKE YOU HOME.^a

JACK: Oooooohh.

MARY: Oh, Mister, would you help me carry him out ? *Please?*

MEL Sure, lady, I'll help you.

JACK: *Oooooohh -*
"Carry me past the Box Office, I wants get my money
back...Hurry..

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

WB

ATX01 0182093

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

WB

ATX01 0182094

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, MAY 4, 1952
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-B-

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 have too many broken shreds and small bits of tobacco, giving you those annoying loose ends that spoil the taste. 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 smoke 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)

JM

ATX01 0182095

(TAG)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: BOSS, BOSS, WHERE ARE YOU?

JACK: I'm in the den, Rochester, listening to the ball game on the radio... I didn't get to see it.

ROCH: OH, WELL, I THOUGHT MAYBE --

JACK: Quiet, quiet.

KEARNS: (FILTER) ^{Baker}~~Peden~~ is up to bat. The pitcher winds up...⁴
delivers --

(SOUND: CRACK OF BAT, CHEERS)

KEARNS: (FILTER) It's a long, long fly going towards left field... it looks like a home run...yes, it's going over the fence, it's still going, going, going ---

(SOUND: GLASS CRASH...CLUNK)

JACK: Ooooooh.

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

ROCH: BOSS..BOSS...SPEAK TO ME...SAY SOMETHING.

JACK: ~~Thanks, Rochester, for staying for the tag...~~ Goodnight,
folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

BB

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.

THIS IS THE CBS RADIO NETWORK.

BB

ATX01 0182097