

PROGRAM #4
REVISED SCRIPT

As Broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1952

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED OCT. 1, 1952)

AK

ATK01 0182946

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED OCTOBER 1, 1952)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

DON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... transcribed and presented by
LUCKY STRIKE!

(COLLEGE CHEER)

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: (CHEER) Lucky Strike means fine tobacco --

Lucky Strke means fine tobacco --

Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

Lucky, Lucky, Lucky!

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ...

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ...

Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

Better get a carton!

Better get a carton!

Better get a carton, today!

DON: Hello, friends - this is Don Wilson. I've been cheering many years for Luckies' better taste, but I can't cheer that loud. It takes a big group to do that, and that's just what we've got all over the country - the biggest college cheering section for Luckies that any cigarette could want. You see, a nation-wide survey, based on a actual student interviews in 80 leading colleges, reveals that more smokers in these colleges prefer Luckies than any other cigarette ... and by a wide margin. What's more, the survey shows that Lucky Strike gained far more smokers in these colleges than the nation's two other principal brands combined. Just think of that! And listen to this. The No. 1 reason they gave for smoking Luckies was Luckies' better taste!

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY OCTOBER 5, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED OCTOBER 1, 1952)
OPENING COMMERCIAL - cont.

DON: So try a carton of those cleaner, fresher,
 (CONT'D) smoother-tasting Luckies! You'll feel like
 cheering, too!

CHORUS: (CHEER)

MUSIC: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ...
 Lucky Strike means fine tobacco
 Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!
 Better get a carton!
 Better get a carton, today!

MUSIC: (PROGRAM THEME UP AND DOWN)

DON: The Jack Benny Program starring

TV
DH

ATX01 0182948

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...IT IS MY PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE
THE STAR OF OUR SHOW...A MAN WHO ---

MARY: Wait a minute, Don, wait a minute.

DON: Huh?

MARY: You better not start the program until we're sure we're
working.

DON: Working?

BOB: Mary, what's this all about?

MARY: *uh* Bob, remember what happened last week?...With the change from
Daylight to Standard Time, Jack got all mixed up, missed half
his program, and now he's in trouble with the sponsor.

DON: Say, this is serious. If Jack loses the program, I'll have to
go out and find a job.

MARY: So will I.

BOB: What'll you do, Mary?

MARY: Well...I don't know whether to get my own radio show or go
into television.

BOB: Oh.

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ATX01 0182949

MARY: But in the meantime, tell your wife to buy her stockings at the May Company, I'll give her a discount.

BOB: (LAUGHS) I will....where's ~~the~~ Jack now?

MARY: He's on the phone in his dressing room, talking to the sponsor...(FADING) Gee, I hope it works out all right.

JACK: (FADING IN) You see, *if you, you see* Mr. Lewis, when I missed my program last week, it wasn't....Mr. Lewis...Mr. Lewis, are you listening?

ROSS: Yes, Jack, I'm listening.

JACK: Well, when I missed the first half of my program last week, it wasn't my fault..(LAUGHINGLY) *My* watch said three fifteen when it was really four fifteen...(NERVOUS LAUGH) ... So you *as you* see, it wasn't *it wasn't* my fault at all *you know*.

ROSS: Excuses, excuses...nothing but excuses.

JACK: But Mr. Lewis, didn't you ever make a mistake?

ROSS: I never make mistakes.

JACK: Oh. Well, anyway, Mr. Lewis, when you hired me ----

ROSS: All right, ~~so~~ I made one.

JACK: I knew you'd admit it...Anyway, Mr. Lewis, when you hired me, we had an understanding ~~that~~ -----

(SOUND: QUICK CROWD CHEER)

ROSS: Wait a minute, Jack, hold it a minute.

NELSON: (FILTER) (A LITTLE OFF) HE'S WINDING UP...HERE COMES THE PITCH AND....

(SOUND: CRACK OF BAT AND CROWD CHEERS)

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NELSON: RIZZUTO DRIVES ONE DEEP INTO LEFT FIELD!

(SOUND: CROWD CHEERS UP)

NELSON: HE HAS ROUNDED FIRST AND IS PULLING UP AT SECOND...IT'S A CLEAN DOUBLE FOR RIZZUTO.

JACK: Hmm...My future's at stake and he's listening to the World Series.

ROSS: What were you saying, Jack?

JACK: Mr. Lewis, I said that when you hired me, we had an understanding that ----

NELSON: MANTLE IS NOW AT BAT...HERE COMES THE PITCH AND ----

(SOUND: CRACK OF BAT AND CROWD CHEERS)

NELSON: IT'S A SINGLE...RIZZUTO STARTS FAST...MANTLE IS SAFE AT FIRST AND RIZZUTO GOES TO THIRD.

(SOUND: CROWD CHEERS UP)

JACK: Hmm.

ROSS: What were you saying, Jack?

JACK: Now, ^{Mr. Lewis} Mr. Rizzuto -- I mean, Mr. Lewis...when you hired me, we had an understanding that ----

ROSS: ~~Look, Jack, I'm a busy man, and the facts are still the same. We had a contract and by being late last Sunday, you broke that contract, and that's that.~~

JACK: ~~But Mr. Lewis, let's not be so legal about it...For me to lose my program now is serious...It isn't as though I could start all over again...After all, I'm thirty-nine.~~

ROSS: ~~YOU'RE WHAT?~~

JACK: ~~Well, I will be in February.....Anyway, Mr. Lewis, if I were you, I wouldn't be too hasty...I'm a great star and everybody loves me.~~

(SOUND: CROWD CHEERS)

JACK: ~~There you are!~~

ROSS: They're cheering the ball game.

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry... Anyway, the point I'm trying to get over is....
I've been with you ten years, Mr. Lewis, and this is the
first time I've ever been late. It doesn't seem fair to ---

(SOUND: TWO CLICKS OF PHONE)

JACK: Mr. Lewis...Mr. Lewis...Oh my goodness, we've been cut off.

(SOUND: CLICKING OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Operator...Operator...

(SOUND: SWITCHBOARD BUZZER)

BEA: Oh, Mabel....

SARA: What is it, Gertrude?

BEA: Mr. Benny's line is flashing.

SARA: *yes* I wonder what Kiss Of Fire wants now.

BEA: Maybe he -- Oh-oh, he was talking to New York and I must've
cut him off....I'm sorry, Mr. Benny, I'll connect you again.

(SOUND: SWITCHBOARD BEING PLUGGED IN)

SARA: Say, Gertrude ---

BEA: Yeah. *Is there?*

SARA: Let's listen in and hear what he's saying.

BEA: (SHOCKED) Listen in! Mabel! How can you suggest a thing
like that?

SARA: *oh* Now Gertrude, don't put on airs for me. *you know* You didn't get that
cauliflower ear from boxing...Go ahead, listen in and hear
what Mr. Benny's saying.

BEA: I don't have to listen in...I'm going out with him tonight,
and you know him. One glass of Manneshevitz's wine and he
tells you everything.

SL

SARA: *oh* What a man...C'mon, Gertrude, be a sport...put on the earphones and listen to what he's saying.

BEA: Okay.....Gee, the sponsor's really giving it to him...and ~~and~~ Mr. Benny is sure pleading for his job.

SARA: No kidding.

BEA: Yeah...*and* Now he's bragging about his talent.....what a great comedian he is.....what a wonderful violinist.....now, he's imitating Johnny Ray.

SARA: You mean he's singing?

BEA: No, he's crying.....Gee, ~~it's a shame~~...Mr. Benny can't get to first base.

SARA: ~~He can't?~~

BEA: ~~No, but Rizzuto's on third.~~

SARA: ~~Oh, that must be the World's Series...What's happening?~~

BEA: ~~Wait! There's a sacrifice.~~

SARA: ~~Did Rizzuto come home?~~

BEA: ~~No, Mr. Benny offered to take a out.~~

SARA: ~~Say, this is better than listening to Stella Dallas.~~

BEA: Yeah...Gee, he sure is lucky...the sponsor said he'd give him another chance.

(SOUND: BUZZER FOUR TIMES...FOUR CLICKS)

JACK: Operator....Operator...

BEA: Yes?

JACK: *Gertrude* *oh* Gertrude, I'm through with my New York call...Would you please figure up the charges? How long did I talk?

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BEA: (SLOWLY) Well...You talked twenty-seven minutes and thirty seconds...That...will.... be --

JACK: ~~Fourteen dollars and ninety cents.~~

BEA: ~~...Right...However, you were cut off for twenty-six seconds which --~~

JACK: ~~Gives me a credit of thirty-two cents.~~

BEA: ~~...Uh huh... Leaving you a total of-----~~

JACK: ~~Fourteen dollars and fifty-eight cents.~~

BEA: ~~.....Yeah...But there is a twenty-five per cent tax on that which....~~

JACK: ~~...amounts to three dollars and eighty-seven cents.~~

BEA: ~~...Making a total of-----~~

JACK: Eighteen dollars and forty-five cents....Thank you, Gertrude.

BEA: You're welcome, Mr. Einstein.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN...FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS...

FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hmm...Imagine...*Imagine eighteen dollars* and forty-five cents to call New York...It's only six cents for an air mail stamp...But then, you can't cry in a letter....Oh well, I better get out on the stage.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

(INTRODUCTION TO DENNIS'S SONG)

JACK: Hey, Dennis is going into his song.

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "I WENT TO YOUR WEDDING")

(APPLAUSE)

SL

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "I Went To Your Wedding" sung by Phil Rizzuto -- I mean Dennis Day...and very good, Dennis...And now, kids --

DON: *sh.* Say, Jack --

JACK: What is it, Mary -- I mean Don...What is it?

DON: How did you make out with your phone call to the sponsor?

JACK: Fine...fine...we had a little argument, but he talked me into not quitting...And now --

MARY: But Jack, something's wrong...look how nervous you are.

DON: Mary's right, Jack. What are you worried about?

JACK: (MAD) Look, all of you...everything went fine, I'm not worried and I'm not nervous...Now let's get on with the show...
Where's Kenny Baker?

MARY: Kenny Baker? He hasn't been with us for twelve years.

JACK: Oh yes...Anyway, look kids, I'm not nervous and I'm not upset.
Why should I be upset. The sponsor didn't fire me.

BOB: *Well* I'm glad to hear that, Jack.

MARY: Me, too.

DON: Same here, I wouldn't want to have to look for a new job.

DENNIS: It doesn't make any difference to me, I was going to quit anyway.

JACK: Quit?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

JACK: But Dennis...what's the reason?

DENNIS: It's confidential.

JACK: Well, if it's confidential...Come out in the hall and tell me.

KT

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: Excuse us, Mary.

DENNIS: She can come too.

JACK: But Dennis, you said it was confidential, and if it's confidential it should be between two people.

DENNIS: Oh...then you and Mary go, I'll stay here.

JACK: Okay-Mary, let's -- Look, Dennis...haven't I had enough trouble today...Now tell me why you want to quit.

DENNIS: My mother doesn't like your program.

JACK: Oh, she doesn't, eh...Well, what doesn't she like about it?

DENNIS: You.

JACK: Me?

DENNIS: Every time you say "Hello again", you ought to see the veins in her neck stick out.

JACK: Look Dennis...you can tell your mother whether she likes me or not, you have a contract with me and it's got two years to run.

DENNIS: Gee, two years...I don't think her neck will make it.

JACK: I don't care about that.

MARY: Dennis, behave yourself...Jack missed half of his program last week...^{and} he's having enough trouble with his sponsor...

^{so} stop bothering him with your family problems.

JACK: Yes...I don't care what your mother thinks.

DENNIS: My father likes you.

JACK: He does?

DENNIS: May he rest in peace.

KT

RTX01 0182956

JACK: Stop being silly...this morning when I called your house, your father answered the phone.

DENNIS: That was a recording.

JACK: NOW CUT THAT OUT! And do me a favor, will you?...Let's forget about the sponsor and just concentrate on doing good shows.

BOB: Well, Jack, I'll do all I can.

JACK: I know, Bob, I know.

BOB: *hey* By the way, Jack, did you notice the way I've improved the orchestra?

JACK: I certainly did, Bob. The band sounds wonderful lately.

Bob: Thank you.
Jack: Especially the saxaphones. What did you do to that section?

BOB: I eliminated it.

JACK: *oh* Good, good....

BOB: And Jack, I've also been scouting around for a new piano player.

JACK: A new piano player? What's the matter, don't you like the way Bagby plays?

BOB: *Well* It's not that, but I can save you some money if we replace him...You see, the ~~Union~~ *musicians* demands we pay Bagby time and a half.

JACK: How come?

BOB: *Well* He's got fifteen fingers.

JACK: Bagby's got fifteen fingers?

BOB: *yah* He can play Kitten On The Keys and pick your pocket at the same time.

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ATX01 0182957

JACK: How do you like that.....

MARY: Say Bob... I think you oughta be careful how you make changes in the band.

BOB: *Will* Why?

MARY: *Will* Those boys have been together for a long time.

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: If you take one out, they'll all fall down.

JACK: That's right...Anyway, Bob, we'll talk about the band later.
Right now we've got a very important play to do.

DON: *Let--* Yes Jack, we better get started with it.

MARY: What's the play about, Jack?

JACK: *Will* It's the thrilling story of how a newspaper reporter solve a murder. *Now* I play the part of Scoop Benny.... the fearless, fighting, tight-fisted - I mean two-fisted *(I know it) the 2-fisted* editor-in-chief *edit--* of the Los Angeles Daily Bugle.

BOB: Am I in it?

JACK: Yes, Bob, you play my star reporter...You're in it, too, Mary.. and Dennis...Dennis...Where's Dennis?

DON: He's listening to the World Series on that portable radio.

(SOUND: CROWD CHEERS)

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake...Dennis.

SL

JACK: Say, fellows --

MEL: Quiet.

NELSON: (FILTER) HERE COMES THE PITCH.

(SOUND: THUD OF BALL IN GLOVE)

NELSON: ~~Reese~~ AND ROBINSON STRIKES OUT.

(SOUND: CROWD CHEERS)

JACK: Hey fellows...I'm looking for the script you wrote for our play...Where is it?

MEL: (BIG MOOLEY) ~~sh~~ We don't know...We didn't see nuttin around here. When we wrote it, we gave it to yuz.

JACK: Yuz?

MEL: Y-o-u, yuz.

JACK: All right, all right.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ~~you~~ ~~you~~ What a mistake I made hiring those guys....They were standing on the corner selling pencils and I thought they were writers... Oh well.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: Did you get the scripts, Jack?

JACK: No.

MARY: But Jack, this is ridiculous. How are we gonna do a play without a script?

JACK: Yeah....Say, wait a minute...Maybe I left them at home... Give me the phone, Mary, I'll call Rochester.

AL

MARY: Here it is.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP....DIALING)

JACK: (OVER DIALING) He said he gave me the script... I wonder what happened to it... Maybe Milton Berle -- No, he's in New York... I don't know...

(SOUND: PHONE RINGING AT OTHER END... RECEIVER CLICK)

ROCH: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE...STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, RADIO, AND HOLD THE PHONE.

(SOUND: CROWD CHEERS)

JACK: Rochester, what are you doing?

ROCH: OH, IT'S YOU, BOSS ... I'M JUST LISTENING TO THE WORLD SERIES.

JACK: Oh you are? Well, why aren't you listening to my program?

ROCH: PUT JACKIE ROBINSON ON IT AND I WILL.

JACK: *All right, all right, so Robinson got a home run.*
Robinson, Robinson ... I was just listening to the game and Robinson-struck-out.

ROCH: THAT WAS ON YOUR RADIO, ON MINE HE GOT *five of 'em.* A TWO-BAGGER.

JACK: *Five home runs.*
Robinson got a two bagger? Are you listening to KHJ?

ROCH: NO, C.A.N.

JACK: What's that?

ROCH: CENTRAL AVENUE NETWORK.

JACK: Central Avenue Network?

ROCH: YEAH...YOU OUGHTA LISTEN TO IT *the game radio sure* ON THIS STATION, IT'S MUCH MORE EXCITING.

JACK: Why?

ROCH: ROBINSON'S PLAYING ON BOTH TEAMS.

TK

JACK: Robinson's *Robinson's* ... playing ... on both teams?
ROCH: YEAH, AND I HOPE THE GAME IS OVER EARLY.
JACK: Why?
ROCH: AT FIVE O'CLOCK HE'S FIGHTING MARCIANO.
JACK: Oh, stop that ... Now look, Rochester, we've got a play to do here and I can't find the scripts. Did I leave them at home?
ROCH: NO, YOU PUT THEM IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT OF YOUR CAR.
JACK: In the - Oh yes, now I remember ... Thanks, Rochester.
Goodbye.
ROCH: GOODBYE.
JACK: Oh, Rochester --
ROCH: YES, BOSS.
JACK: You better rush down here to the studio. *You know* We do our television show as soon as my radio program is over.
ROCH: I KNOW.
JACK: And don't be late, I need you.
ROCH: (COY) OH BOSS...LET'S JUST SAY WE NEED EACH OTHER.
JACK: Yeah, Yeah ... Goodbye.
ROCH: GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: ~~Oh, Don...I left the scripts in my car ... so while I go out and get them, have the Sportsmen do a short number.~~
DON: ~~Okay, Jack. The boys have been working on an old, old number that's just recently been revived.~~
JACK: ~~An old number? What is it?~~

TK

(REVISED) -15-

JACK: Oh Don, I left my scripts in my car. Will you go out and get them?

DON: But Jack, I'm supposed to do the commercial now.

JACK: Don, run out and get my scripts. I'll do the commercial for you.

DON: But Jack --

JACK: Never mind. Run along.

DON: Okay.

JACK: This is my chance to get on the good side of my sponsor.

ATX01 0182962

JACK: Be Happy - Go Lucky
 Be Happy - Get Better Taste
 Be Happy - Go Lucky
 Get Better Taste Today! Poodle ee poo poo, poo pee poo.
 This is Jack Benny, and Smokers, there's no doubt about it -
 Luckies taste better. And this better taste starts with
 Luckies' fine tobacco. Yes, L. S./M. F. T. -- Lucky Strike
 means fine tobacco in a cigarette that's made better to
 taste cleaner, fresher, smoother...Cleaner? Yuz bet! I
 mean you bet... Yes, Luckies not only taste cleaner,
 fresher, smoother but they are ^{made by} one of the nicest sponsors
 you'd ever want to meet. And now I'd like to dedicate this
 next number to my sponsor, Mr. Lewis...

(SINGS)

Be happy - Go Lucky
 Be Happy - Get better taste
 Be Happy - Go Lucky .
 I hope I'm here next week.

ℓ Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Here are the scripts, Jack.

MG

(THIRD ROUTINE)

-16-

JACK: ~~That was very good, fellows~~ *of* Thanks, *you* Don ...

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR OUR PLAY ... A DAY IN THE
LIFE OF A NEWSPAPER MAN ... TAKE IT, DON.

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AS OUR SCENE OPENS, WE FIND SCOOP
BENNY, THE TWO-FISTED EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE LOS ANGELES
DAILY BUGLE, HARD AT WORK IN HIS OFFICE. SITTING AT THE NEXT
DESK, IS HIS STAR REPORTER, FLASH CROSBY.

(MUSIC)

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS ... RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Los Angeles Bugle ... Scoop Benny speaking ... WHAT? ...
GIVE ME ALL THE DETAILS...SEVEN OF THEM, HUH? ... YOU SAY
THEY'RE TAKING OFF AT MIDNIGHT? ... THANKS FOR THE TIP ...
I'LL BE THERE.

(SOUND: LOUD RECEIVER DOWN)

BOB: What is it, Scoop?

JACK: Late show at the Burbank Theatre...Now let's see.

BOB: ~~Say, Chief, someone just phoned in an ad and they want you to
run it.~~

JACK: ~~An ad? What does it say?~~

BOB: ~~"For sale: Slightly used tombstone. Wonderful buy for any
person named Fenwick Jones."~~

JACK: ~~Send that down to Classified.~~

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS ... RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Daily Bugle, Scoop Benny speaking.

MARY: (OOMPHY) Hello, Big Boy ... This is Mrs. Archibald J.
Stuffington of 204 Stuffington Road, Stuffington, California.

JACK: ~~Stuffington, eh?~~
Oh yes, yes ... how are you, Stuffy?

MARY: I've got a big story for you ... Come up to my apartment ...
my husband has just been --

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

MARY: Murdered.

JACK: What was that?

MARY: My husband has just been --

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

MARY: Murdered.

JACK: What was that?

MARY: You don't like him, do you?

JACK: I don't even know him. Are you sure he's dead?

(SOUND: THREE GUN SHOTS)

MARY: Any more questions?

JACK: ~~Hmm. Now wait a minute ... I seem to remember you. Tell me,~~
~~Mrs. Stuffington, wasn't this your fourth husband?~~

MARY: ~~Uh huh.~~

JACK: ~~I thought so ... And didn't your first three husbands die under~~
~~very mysterious circumstances?~~

MARY: ~~Yeah, but this one didn't.~~

~~(SOUND: GUN SHOT)~~

TK

ATX01 0182955

JACK: Well, I'll be right over there, Mrs. Stuffington, and try to solve this murder before the police come...see that the body stays where it is.

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

JACK: What's that?

MARY: If it moves now, you've got a real story.

JACK: Well, I'll be right over. Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: ~~Hey Flash...~~

BOB: ~~Yes, Scoop.~~

JACK: ~~There's been a murder committed, and if we solve it before the police do, we'll get the exclusive story for the Bagel.~~

BOB: ~~You mean Bugle.~~

JACK: ~~No, Bugle, she just shot a hole in it. Come on, let's go.~~

QUART: ~~Do not forsake me, Oh my darling. On this our wedding day.~~

JACK: ~~We did "High Noon" last week. Now come on, let's go.~~

(HURRY MUSIC)

(SOUND: CAR STOPS...CAR DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Here's the house, Flash.

BOB: ~~You knock, I bruise easily.~~

JACK: ~~Okay.~~

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: We'll get to the bottom of this murder or know the reason why.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hello, we're from the Los Angeles Daily Bugle. Who are you?

DENNIS: I'm the butler.

JACK: Oh, you're the butler, eh? Well, I'll question you first.

Were you here when the murder was committed?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

JACK: Did you hear any gun shots?

DENNIS: Yes, while I was making coffee.

JACK: How many gun shots did you hear?

DENNIS: I heard the first one in the kitchen, the second one at the front door, and three more as I was going through ^{*Exeter*} Bakersfield, ~~Exeter~~ ^{*Exeter and Exeter*} and Portland, Oregon.

JACK: ~~Portland, Oregon?~~ ^{*Exeter*} How did you get back here so fast?

DENNIS: My suspenders were caught on the door knob.

JACK: Your suspenders were caught on the door knob?

DENNIS: Pretty snappy comeback, eh?

JACK: Yes, yes.

DENNIS: Yuz gave me that one.

JACK: All right, all right..Now where's Mrs. Stuffington?

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Here I am, boys, I've been waiting for you.

JACK: Now, Mrs. Stuffington, I'm here to solve this murder...And I'm gonna question you right now.

MARY: Just a minute..I'll call my butler...(CALLS) ^{*A*} Goodrich..

JACK: ~~Goodrich?~~

MARY: ~~He's got air in his head.~~

JACK: ~~Oh.~~

MARY: Goodrich..Bring me a martini.

DENNIS: Yes, Madame.

LW

JACK: Wait a minute, Mrs. Stuffington. How can you sit here drinking Martinis when your husband has just been murdered?

MARY: You're right....Goodrich.

DENNIS: Yes, Madame?

MARY: Put a black olive in it.

JACK: Now, Mrs. Stuffington, I know you committed the murder so you might as well confess.

MARY: Oh yesh, ^{well} you can't prove a thing.

BOB: ^{oh} Yes, we can. Look here, Scoop, I ^{just} found a dictograph, I played it and there's incriminating evidence on it.

JACK: ^{evidence eh?} Well, turn it on again, Flash.

BOB: Okay.

(SOUND: CLICK....RECORD SCRATCH)

MARY: (FILTER) Goodrich, dear.

DENNIS: (FILTER) Yes, darling.

MARY: (FILTER) Did you get the gun?

DENNIS: (FILTER) Also the rope, the club, and the poison.

MARY: (FILTER) And you figured out how you're gonna kill him?

DENNIS: (FILTER) Yes ... I'm gonna make him swallow the poison, then tie the rope around his neck.

MARY: (FILTER) What are you gonna do with the club?

DENNIS: (FILTER) I'm gonna pat him on the popo.

MARY: (FILTER) What?

DENNIS: (FILTER) That oughta make him laugh.

(SOUND: CLICK)

DH

ATX01 0182968

JACK: Well, Mrs. Stuffington, are you ready to confess?

MARY: Why should I? There's not one word there that says I killed my husband.

JACK: She's right, Flash.

BOB: *oh* No she isn't ... she hasn't heard the rest of it.

JACK: You mean there's more ... turn on that dictograph again.

BOB: Okay.

(SOUND: CLICK ... THEN CROWD CHEERS)

NELSON: (FILTER) IT'S THE LAST OF THE NINTH, TWO OUT, MEN ON SECOND AND THIRD, AND THE PITCHER IS WINDING UP.

JACK: What's that?

MARY: Oh my goodness ... I guess the radio must've been on while we were planning the murder.

JACK: Oh, then you did plan it.

Dennis: *yeah.* (SOUND: CRACK OF BAT ... CHEERS OF CROWD)

NELSON: (FILTER) IT'S A HIT ... IT'S A HIT ... IT'S GOING ... GOING.. IT'S A HOME RUN FOR TY COBB.

JACK: Ty Cobb?

DENNIS: We've been planning this murder for a long time.

JACK: *oh* You have, eh? ... Call the paper, Flash ... we've got a great story.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK BENNY PROGRAM
(allocation) October 5, 1952 (Taped October 1, 1952)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen ... Here is a special message!
This year - as always - it'll be the family vote that
really decides things at election time ... and families
everywhere are pitching in to remind every eligible
American to register - so he and she can vote on
November 4th. If you're helping your community "get
registered", congratulations! If you're not, maybe
you'd like to remind your friends and neighbors -
tomorrow! Remember you have to register to vote!
Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

LW

ATX01 0182970

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED OCTOBER 1, 1952)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: (CHEER) Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ...

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ...

Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

Lucky, Lucky, Lucky!

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ...

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ...

Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

Better get a carton!

Better get a carton!

Better get a carton, today!

DON: Friends, you'll want to cheer Luckies, too - once you try 'em. They taste that much better. Let me tell you why. IS/MFT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And there's another reason - Luckies are made better, round and firm and fully packed - to taste cleaner, fresher, smoother. The fact is, a nationwide survey based on actual student interviews in 80 leading colleges shows that more smokers in these colleges prefer Luckies than any other cigarette. And furthermore, this survey shows that Luckies gained far more smokers in these colleges than the nation's two other principal brands combined. Yes, these college men and women, just like so many of us, prefer Luckies - the cigarette that tastes better. So make your next carton Lucky Strike, and see for yourself what the cheerin's all about!

Prob.
SPORTSMEN:

Three note notes.
Be Happy -- Go Lucky

Go Lucky Strike Today! (LONG CLOSE)

TK

ATX01 0182971

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, in about thirty seconds I'll be
doing my first television show of this season.
So I hope you'll all be watching
Well, I'll be seeing yuz -- I mean you ... Darn my writers...

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Program this week was written by Milt
Josefsberg, John Tackaberry, Hal Goldman, Al Gordon, and
produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

The Jack Benny Program is brought to you by Lucky Strike --
product of the American Tobacco Company -- America's
leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

DE