

de Broadway

PROGRAM #10
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1952

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM EST

(TRANSCRIBED NOV. 12, 1952)

SL

ATX01 0183113

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED NOVEMBER 12, 1952)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

DON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... TRANSCRIBED AND PRESENTED BY
LUCKY STRIKE!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: 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: Hello friends ... this is Don Wilson. You know, that college cheer represents a lot of smoking cheer in campuses all over the country. Yes, indeed ... because a nation-wide survey, based on actual student interviews in 80 leading colleges, reveals that more smokers in these colleges prefer Luckies than any other cigarette. But that's not all. The survey also shows Luckies gained far more smokers than the nation's two other principal brands combined! More important still, the reason most often given by the students for smoking Luckies was...Luckies' better taste! Yes, Luckies do taste better, because LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. And Luckies are made better ... made round, and firm, and fully packed, to taste cleaner, fresher, smoother! So make your next carton Lucky Strike and you'll agree..Luckies' better taste is something to cheer about!

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED NOVEMBER 12, 1952)
OPENING COMMERCIAL - (CONTINUED)

CHORUS: 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!

MUSIC: (PROGRAM THEME UP AND DOWN)

DON: The Lucky Strike program starring

(FIRST ROUTINE)

AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...IT ~~IS~~ ^{is} MORNING IN BEVERLY HILLS, AND
AS WE LOOK IN ON THE BENNY HOUSEHOLD, WE FIND JACK JUST
ENTERING THE KITCHEN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hmm...Rochester must have overslept again....I'll go wake
him up and have him fix my breakfast.... I don't know why
it is, but every time I give him a day off, the next morning
he oversleeps... This is the second time it's happened this
year. Oh well, I might as well let him sleep and fix
breakfast myself... Now let's see.... Where does Rochester
keep the coffee.... I'll try this cupboard *here*.

(SOUND: CUPBOARD OPENING)

JACK: No..it's filled with Ideal Dog Food...I'll try this one....

(SOUND: CUPBOARD OPENING)

JACK: No, this one's filled with Ideal Dog Food, too...Maybe it's
in this cupboard.

(SOUND: CUPBOARD OPENING)

JACK: Hmm...more Ideal Dog Food...There's no doubt about it...
I'll either have to get a dog or stop mentioning *that stuff*
program.....Well, I can't find the coffee...I'll just have
----- to wake Rochester.-----

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS...MORE FOOTSTEPS...
DOOR OPENS)

SL

ROCH: (SNORES SEVERAL TIMES)

JACK: Rochester, it's time to get up.

ROCH: (SNORES SOME MORE)

JACK: ~~Come on~~, Rochester...get up.

ROCH: (SNORES)

JACK: Hmm....I'll take this feather duster and tickle his chin.

(SOUND: SWISHING OF FEATHER DUSTER)

ROCH: (GIGGLES) HEE HEE HEE ~~hee~~, HONEY, YOU SURE GOT LONG EYELASHES.

JACK: ~~Oh for heavens sakes~~...ROCHESTER. GET UP!

ROCH: (INTERRUPTED SNORE) RUH...WHAT...OH, IT'S YOU, MR. BENNY!

JACK: Yes, it's me ~~Longy~~. And I want my breakfast.

ROCH: (YAWNING) I'LL GET IT ... GOSH BOSS, I'M SORRY YOU WOKE ME UP WHEN YOU DID .. I WAS HAVING THE MOST WONDERFUL DREAM!

JACK: I know ~~I mean~~ you were dreaming about a girl.

ROCH: YEAH, WE WERE GONNA GET MARRIED AND YOU OFFERED ME A FIFTY DOLLAR RAISE.

JACK: ~~I offered you~~ A fifty dollar raise?

ROCH: UH HUH ... AND JUST AS YOU WERE GIVING IT TO ME, YOU WOKE ME UP.

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: THAT'S THE THIRD TIME IT'S HAPPENED.

JACK: I know ~~I know~~ you told me.

ROCH: ~~HEE HEE HEE HEE~~

JACK: ~~What're you laughing at?~~

ROCH: ONCE I DREAMED YOU WERE CUTTING MY SALARY, AND YOU LET ME
SLEEP TILL FOUR IN THE AFTERNOON.

JACK: It was just a coincidence...Anyway, ^{oh} ~~how come you slept so late~~
~~this morning?~~

ROCH: I'M SORRY, BOSS, BUT LAST NIGHT SOME FRIENDS OF MINE GAVE ME
A PARTY...YOU KNOW, YESTERDAY WAS MY BIRTHDAY.

JACK: I know...by the way, Rochester...how old are you anyway?

ROCH: THIRTY-NINE.

JACK: Rochester, how can you say that?...when you came to work for
me twelve years ago, you were thirty-eight!

ROCH: NO, BOSS, YOU WERE THIRTY EIGHT, I WAS THIRTY SEVEN.

JACK: All right, all right...Now hurry up and get me my - oh, for
heavens sakes.

ROCH: WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOSS?

JACK: What a mess your room is...all your clothes thrown over that
chair...Why don't you hang them in the closet?

ROCH: I CAN'T.

JACK: Why not?

ROCH: IT'S FULL OF IDEAL DOG FOOD.

JACK: Oh that's right...I forgot.

ROCH: AND BOSS, THAT SURE WAS A NICE BIRTHDAY CARD YOU ENCLOSED
WITH IT.

JACK: Thanks...I wrote that poem myself...Anyway, I ----
(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JG

JACK: I'll answer the door, Rochester .. You get dressed and make my breakfast.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS .. THEN STOP)

JACK: Hello, Polly.

MEL: (WHIMPERS AND SQUAWKS SADLY.)

JACK: ~~✓~~ You're still sulking, huh, Polly?

MEL: (WHIMPERS AGAIN)

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Coming, coming.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS .. DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Oh, Mary ... come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: I was just talking to your neighbors the Colman's.

JACK: Oh, Ronnie and Benita?

MARY: Yes. As I passed their house, Benita was sweeping the porch and Ronnie was cleaning the windows.

JACK: Benita and Ronnie were doing their own housework?

MARY: Yes, they told me their butler quit.

JACK: Their butler quit ... why?

MARY: They said they have to live next to you, he doesn't.

JACK: He'll be back, he's run away before.

MARY: Oh .. hello, Polly.

~~MEL: (WHIMPERS)~~

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JACK: She still feels blue, Mary.

MEL: (WHIMPERS)

JACK: Aw come on, it's nearly two weeks...You'll get over it.

MARY: That's right, Polly; and it'll help if you take off that Stevenson button.

JACK: Yes...Now come on, cheer up, Polly.

ROCH: (OFF) WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE FOR BREAKFAST, BOSS?

JACK: (CALLS) Some orange juice, bacon and eggs, and coffee.

ROCH: (OFF) I'M SORRY, BUT WE'RE ALL OUT OF EGGS.

JACK: We can't be.

ROCH: (OFF) COME LOOK FOR YOURSELF.

JACK: Excuse me a minute, Mary.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: What a butler...sleeps late...doesn't know where anything is...

ROCH: I'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE, BOSS...AND THERE ARE NO EGGS.

~~JACK: Let me at the refrigerator.~~

~~(SOUND: REFRIGERATOR DOOR OPENS)~~

~~JACK: (MAD) No eggs, huh?...There's one right in front of you.~~

~~ROCH: BUT YOU CAN'T EAT THAT ONE...THAT'S A TURKEY EGG.~~

~~JACK: Turkey egg?~~

~~ROCH: AND IT'S GETTING CLOSE TO THANKSGIVING, ONE OF US BETTER START SITTING ON IT.~~

JC

JACK: ~~Never mind...cook it for me...this year I'm buying a turkey.~~

ROSH: ~~YES SIR.~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ~~Say Mary...would you like to have breakfast with me?~~

MARY: ~~No thanks, I've had mine...Say Jack, I think I'm cheering
Polly up...Hello, Polly.~~

MEL: (SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

MARY: Come on, Polly...speak...speak.

MEL: (BARKS LIKE A DOG FOUR TIMES)

MARY: Jack, what have you been feeding this bird?

JACK: (LOOKS AT AUDIENCE).... It wasn't my fault, she happened to
find a can opener.

MARY: What?

JACK: Nothing, nothing...Mary, what did you drop over for?

MARY: ~~Well Jack, my cousin Julius is a sound effects man and he'd
like a job on your program.~~

JACK: ~~Your Cousin Julius is a sound effects man?~~

MARY: ~~Yeah...Can you give him a job?~~

JACK: ~~Mary, I don't need another sound man. I've already got two...
and besides--~~

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: (CALLS) COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: ~~Hi~~ Hello, Mr. Benny.....Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hi Dennis...What are you doing around here?

JC

DENNIS: *d* I'm thinking of moving...I've been looking at houses all day.

JACK: Oh, you want to buy a house?

DENNIS: Yes...how much would you take for this one?

JACK: *d* Don't be silly, Dennis...my house isn't for sale.

DENNIS: I know, but if it were for sale, how much would you take?

JACK: Well...~~let~~ *see* ^{*gee*} it's in the best part of Beverly Hills ^{*an acre*}
~~and~~ I have ~~a large piece~~ of land...twelve rooms...swimming pool...Oh, I'd ask about a hundred thousand dollars.

DENNIS: I wouldn't have this dump if you gave it to me.

JACK: Look...Dennis...I don't want any trouble with you. You asked me how much my house was worth...and I told you a hundred thousand dollars...

DENNIS: Does the price include the Venetian blinds?

JACK: Yes...also the drapes and ~~carpets~~ ^{*the*}.

MARY: ~~And the turkey egg in the ice box.~~

JACK: ~~Mary, how did you know I had a turkey egg?~~

MARY: ~~I just saw Rochester walk into the kitchen with a heating pad.~~

JACK: Well, ~~if it works, you're invited...~~ Anyway, Dennis what's wrong with the house you're living in now?...You just moved in.

DENNIS: I know, but it's too inconvenient.

JACK: Inconvenient?

DENNIS: Yeah, in order to get to the bedroom you have to go through the furnace.

JACK: Well, that I ~~can't~~ ^{*don't*} understand at all.

MARY: ^{*or*} Dennis, what kind of house are you looking for now?

BR

DENNIS: Oh...a sort of a ranch house ^{*you know*} everything on one floor.

MARY: How many rooms?

DENNIS: Well, I'd like two bedrooms, a den, a living room, and a kitchen.

JACK: How about a bath?

DENNIS: No thanks, I had one this morning.

JACK: ^{*why*} How do I always get trapped into these things...Mary talks to him, she gets a sensible answer...I ask a sensible question...what do I get..Abbott and Costello.

MARY: Dennis, are you just looking for a house in Beverly Hills?

DENNIS: No..they're so hard to find! I've been looking everywhere.. Hollywood, Burbank, Encino, Brentwood..but I haven't been able to find one.

MARY: Really?

DENNIS: So now I'm going to try to find a house in Washington D.C..

MARY: Washington, D.C.? Dennis, why in the world would you--

JACK: ^{*No, no, no no Mary no*} ~~Oh no you don't~~, Mary. ^{*no*}

MARY: Huh?

JACK: ^{*look*} It's bad enough that he traps me..I'm not gonna let him make a fool out of you...Dennis, let me hear the song you're going to do on this week's program.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

MARY: But Jack, I want to know why in the world he would go to Washington, D.C., to look for--

JACK: Mary, please..I'm doing this for your own good..Sing, Dennis.

DENNIS: Okay.

^{*Jack: Now don't ask any questions.*}
(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "LADY OF SPAIN")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

DENNIS: Oh, Mr. Benny....Mr. Benny.

JACK: Huh?

DENNIS: Did you like my song?

JACK: *h* Yes, yes, kid. *I'm sorry* I was thinking of something else.

DENNIS: Well, I've gotta go look for a house now...Good bye, Mary.

MARY: Good bye.

DENNIS: Good bye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Huh?...Oh, goodbye, Dennis.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

MARY: *er* Jack, what were you thinking about?

JACK: Well, I wanted to ask Dennis if...No, *he* I'm glad I didn't..

Oh, I can't stand it any more, I've gotta do it...

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: DENNIS. *Dennis, come back here*

DENNIS: (OFF) YEAH? *yes Mr. Benny?*

JACK: WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN FIND A HOUSE IN WASHINGTON
D.C.?

DENNIS: EISENHOWER DID.

JACK:GO HOME!

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Well, that's me...I just couldn't let well enough alone. *I had to get out & ask him. I was standing here minding my*
MARY: *I'm going to be running along too...By the way, Jack, don't*
forget to send a wire congratulating Amos and Andy on their
ten thousandth broadcast this week.

Success - I had to go out.

Mary: Jack, What?

Mary: Jack, look I've got to be running along, too.

Jack: I couldn't stand it. I knew it. I knew I'd do it.

Mary: Jack, I had to run - -

Jack: What?

JACK: I did...Imagine, their ten thousandth broadcast! Say Mary,
hush, haven't I been on that long?

MARY: No Jack, it just seems that way.

JACK: *I had to add--*
Well Mary, for your information --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: There's the phone. Excuse me a minute.

MARY: Well, I gotta be running along.

JACK: Okay. *Goodbye*

MARY: ~~Jack, what am I going to tell my Cousin Julius?~~

JACK: ~~Just tell him I can't use another sound effects man.~~

MARY: ~~Okay, goodbye.~~

JACK: ~~Goodbye.~~

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES...PHONE RINGS AGAIN...FOOTSTEPS..
RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

BOB: *Hi*
Hello, Jack.

JACK: Who is this?

BOB: Bob Crosby.

JACK: Oh hello, Bob...I didn't recognize your voice...What is it?

BOB: Well, I'm having a few of the boys over for a friendly game
of poker tonight, and I thought *maybe* you might join us.

JACK: Well...er...what stakes do you play for? *I like to*

BOB: Five and ten.

JACK: *Five dollars!*
Five and ten? That's a little too steep for me.

BOB: No no, Jack, not five and ten dollars...five and ten cents.

JACK: *Well* That's what I thought you meant...Well Bob, who's going to
be in the game?

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BOB: Just some of the musicians *Jack, we'll get*. Bagby, Fletcher, Remley, Sammy the drummer, Kimick, and Arturo Toscanini.

JACK: Arturo Toscanini?..Do you mean..

BOB: *A* No, this is another one. He slaps the bass for Wingy Manone.

JACK: Oh.

BOB: It confuses everybody.

JACK: *Will* I should imagine.

BOB: Well, how about it, Jack...*could you come over* are you coming over? *tonight.*

JACK: Well, I don't know. *Bob* I might drop around for some laughs.

BOB: *that's swell* Good, we'll be playing out by the pool....We'll *all* be in our swimming trunks.

JACK: Wait a minute, Bob, won't the boys be cold in nothing but trunks?

BOB: Yeah, but they won't play cards with each other wearing anything that has pockets or sleeves.

JACK: Oh...you've caught on to these guys already. *Don't you.*

BOB: You're not kidding...the last time I had them over here for a card game...about midnight, Remley's cuff link broke and out came fourteen aces and my wife's silver service.

JACK: ~~No!~~

BR

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BOB: ~~I thought the soup toureen was a muscle.~~

JACK: ~~How do you like that...~~ Well, Bob, maybe I'll drop over, even if it's just for laughs.

BOB: Okay, Jack ~~A.~~ ^{see} see you later ... ~~see~~ ^{bye} long.

JACK: So long, Bob.

BOB: Oh, say, Jack ... What goes with Dennis Day?

JACK: What do you mean?

BOB: Well, he was over to see me last night and he wants to buy my house.

JACK: Did he offer you a good price?

BOB: Yes, but I turned it down.

JACK: Why?

BOB: ~~Well~~ He wanted me to include my venetian blinds, drapes and children.

JACK: ~~He's so naive he thinks you have to buy them ...~~ what a kid...
So long, Bob.

BOB: So long. *Bye Jack.*

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: That kid Dennis will drive everybody crazy till he finds a house.

ROCH: SAY, BOSS, I'VE GOT YOUR BREAKFAST READY.

JACK: Bring it in the den. I might sit around for awhile and read.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS...COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

TK

ATX01 0183127

I don't know
JACK: "These days with radio and television, I haven't been reading very much ... Lot of good books here, too ...
Let's see ... here's ^{one} "The Spice of Variety", edited by Abel Green ... "Out of the Blue" by John Crosby ...
he's the radio columnist ... "Spindletop" by James Clark ...
Oh, here's a new book that just came out ... "That's What I Like About The South" by Dwight Eisenhower ...
Here's another ... "It Takes All Kinds" by Maurice Zolotow ...
~~at this~~ Let's see this one ... "The Cosmic Effects of Nuclear Fission on Psychological Aberrations" ... Oh, yes, that was given to me for Christmas by Frank Remley ... Now let's see ...
I don't know what book to read ... Oh, here's one ...
"The Purple Pirate" *Say* That ought to be good ...
There are so many pirate pictures out now ...
"Yankee Buccaneer" ... "The Crimson Pirate"
"The Golden Hawk" ... I think I'll read this one.

(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF CHAIR)

JACK: The Purple Pirate...Chapter One.

JACK: ~~(FILTER) MY STORY MAY SOUND UNUSUAL TO YOU, BUT IT WASN'T...~~
~~SO STRANGE DURING THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY WHEN PIRACY WAS~~
~~THE PROFESSION OF MEN WHO CRAVED ADVENTURE.~~

(MUSICAL CRESCENDO... OR PIRATE OR NAUTICAL MUSIC)

TK

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JACK: YES, I AM A PIRATE ... MY NAME IS CAPTAIN BENNY *Regan*
~~I WAS BORN INTO A RESPECTABLE MIDDLE-CLASS ENGLISH FAMILY.~~
~~I WAS WELL EDUCATED AND HAD EVERY OPPORTUNITY ...~~
~~HOWEVER, I EVENTUALLY LEFT HOME BECAUSE I WAS THREATENED~~
~~BY A MARRIED MAN ... MY FATHER ...~~ AS MY STORY OPENS,
WE HAD BEEN AT SEA ALMOST A YEAR. MY SHIP HAD JUST CAPTURED
A RICH PRIZE ... A SCHOONER, HOMEWARD BOUND FROM THE ORIENT,
AND LADEN WITH CARGO ... WE TRANSFERRED HER CARGO TO OUR
HOLD, THEN THE CREW LINED THE RAIL AND WATCHED AS WE PREPARED
TO SEND THE CAPTURED VESSEL TO THE BOTTOM.

CAST & ORCHESTRA: (MUMBLE LOW)

JACK: (REG. MIKE) All right, gunners ... We're going to sink her...
Fire!

(SOUND: SEVERAL CANNONS GOING OFF AND SMASHING SHIP)

MEN: (CHEER)

BOB: She's sinking fast, Captain.

JACK: Good ... tell me, Red Robert, did we get much booty?

BOB: T'was a rich haul, Captain ... a hundred bolts of silk,
fifty barrels of rare spices, ten sacks filled with golden-
doubloons, and four cases of Ideal Dog Food.

JACK: Fine, my supply was running low.

BOB: That isn't all the loot, sir ... We found a small sack of
diamonds, some rubies, and best of all, a woman's dress.

JACK: A woman's dress ... what's so wonderful about that?

BOB: Oh you oughta see what's in it!

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JACK: You mean -- we've captured a woman?

BOB: Yes, sir, and we also captured the captain of that ship.

JACK: Good, bring them to me.

BOB: Aye aye, sir.

JACK: (FILTER) IN A FEW MINUTES BOTH THE CAPTAIN AND THE GIRL WERE STANDING BEFORE ME...I LOOKED THEM OVER ^{over}CAREFULLY FOR A LONG TIME ... FINALLY I SPOKE.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Which one of you is the Captain?

MARY: He is, of course.

JACK: (FILTER) THERE WAS NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, I'D BEEN AWAY FROM LAND TOO LONG ... AS I STOOD THERE, THE GRUFF-SCHOONER'S ^{gruff} CAPTAIN TURNED TO ME AND SPOKE.

DON: (GRUFFLY) Are you ^{the} Captain ^{he} Benny, ^{at} the Pirate?

JACK: Yes.

DON: Are you responsible for blowing my ship to bits?

JACK: Yes.

DON: And did you make some of my men walk the plank?

JACK: Yes.

DON: And did you hang all the rest of them?

JACK: Yes.

DON: (SWEETLY) Do you think that was nice?

JACK: No.

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DON: Well, watch it next time.

JACK: (FILTER) I SENT HIM BELOW, THEN I TURNED MY ATTENTION TO THE GIRL. SHE WAS WEARING A TIGHT SKIRT, A YELLOW SWEATER, AND A LARGE BUTTON THAT SAID, "I LIKE LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH"...AS SHE STOOD BEFORE ME, I REMEMBERED THE SUPERSTITION OF THE SEA...A WOMAN ABOARD A PIRATE SHIP IS AN OMEN OF BAD LUCK.... I WAS IN A PREDICAMENT...SHOULD I KEEP HER ABOARD AND RISK MUTINY, OR MAKE HER WALK THE PLANK....I DECIDED TO FLIP A COIN...HEADS SHE STAYS....TAILS SHE WALKS THE PLANK...

(SOUND: COIN FLIPPED AND LANDING ON WOOD....(PAUSE)

....COIN FLIPS AGAIN AND LANDS ON WOOD..(PAUSE)

....COIN FLIPS AGAIN AND LANDS ON WOOD..(PAUSE)

...COIN FLIPS AGAIN AND LANDS ON WOOD

JACK: HEADS, SHE STAYS!.....THEN I TURNED TO HER AND SAID:

JACK: (REG. MIKE) What is your name, my pretty wench?

MARY: Marie Antoinette, Crestview 7-3808.

JACK: What?

MARY: If a man answers, it's my sister Babe.

JACK: *I had to ask her - see*
" (FILTER) WE CONTINUED TALKING, AND THE CREW WAS SO HAPPY OVER THE RICH PRIZE WE HAD CAPTURED, THEY DIDN'T MIND A WOMAN BEING ABOARD....~~IN-FACT, THEY WERE RATHER HAPPY ABOUT IT.~~...AND THAT EVENING, AS WE SAILED THE TROPICAL SEA NEATH THE FULL MOON, THEY EVEN GATHERED ROUND THE QUARTERDECK AND BEGAN TO SING.

SL

QUART: WE'RE A MOTLEY, SCURVEY CREW.
AND THE SHIPS WE'VE SUNK ARE MANY.
BUT THE BRAVEST ONE IT'S TRUE
IS OUR GALLANT CAPTAIN BENNY.
HE LIKES A FIGHT OR RUMPUS
HE'LL EVEN BOX THE COMPASS
FOR FUN HE LIKES TO DUMPUS IN THE OCEAN BLUE.
WE LIKE AN L S M F T
FOR IT'S THE FAVORITE SMOKE AT SEA
WHOSE PRAISE A SAILOR LOUDLY CHANTS
AND SO DO HIS SISTERS AND HIS COUSINS AND HIS AUNTS
BUT FIRST HE WILL TEAR 'EM AND COMPARE 'EM
THEN HE'LL SHARE 'EM WITH HIS SISTERS
AND HIS COUSINS AND HIS AUNTS
WE WOULD RATHER HAVE A LUCKY STRIKE
THAN A SOLID GOLD MARLIN SPIKE
WE WILL STICK TO LUCKIES AND TAKE NO CHANCE
AND SO WILL OUR SISTERS AND OUR COUSINS AND OUR AUNTS
WE ALL THINK LUCKIES ARE REALLY GREAT
AND SO DOES THE CAPTAIN AND THE BOSUN AND THE MATE
WE'D RATHER HAVE THEM THAN PIECES OF EIGHT
AND SO WOULD OUR UNCLE AND OUR BROTHER
AND OUR MOTHER AND
OUR BROTHER AND OUR MOTHER
ALWAYS SEEM TO WANT ANOTHER LUCKY STRIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: (FILTER) WE CONTINUED SCOURING THE SEA, AND THEN OUR LUCK
WENT BAD...WE SIGHTED NO MORE SHIPS...OUR SUPPLIES RAN LOW...
~~AND WORST OF ALL WE RAN INTO A HEAVY STORM...THE WAVES BROKE~~
HIGH....

(SOUND: ~~TERRIFIC WAVES~~)

JACK: ~~THE WIND BLEW WITH THE FORCE OF A HURRICANE.~~

(SOUND: ~~TERRIFIC BLOWING OF WIND~~)

JACK: ~~THE RAIN CAME DOWN IN A TORRENTIAL DOWNPOUR.~~

(SOUND: ~~ALL THE RAIN IN THE WORLD~~)

JACK: ~~AND THEN, WITH A FRIGHTENING CRASH, IT THUNDERED....~~

(PAUSE)...(~~COMPLETE SILENCE~~)...WITH A FRIGHTENING CRASH,
IT THUNDERED...(~~PAUSE...SILENCE~~)...IT THUNDERED..(~~PAUSE...~~
~~SILENCE~~)...WELL, IT WOULD HAVE THUNDERED IF I HAD FIRED
COUSIN JULIUS.....THINGS WENT FROM BAD TO WORSE...THE MEN
WERE IN A MUTINOUS MOOD...THEY BECAME SURLY AND REFUSED TO
OBEY ORDERS...AND THEN SUDDENLY --

(SOUND: BOOMING OF CANNONS)

JACK: WE WERE ATTACKED BY THE MOST RUTHLESS OF ALL FRENCH PIRATES....
DENNIS LA FITTE.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Red Robert...Red Robert...get the men to their
battle stations.

BOB: Aye Aye, sir...BAGBY, REMLEY, FLETCHER, KIMICK...MAN YOUR GUNS.

JACK:Hmmm.

BOB: It's no use, Captain, *it's no use*...the men are revolting.

JACK:Would you repeat that?

BOB: The men are revolting.

SL

JACK: (FILTER) ROBERT HADN'T BEEN WITH US LONG OR HE NEVER WOULD HAVE THROWN A FEED LINE LIKE THAT...THE BATTLE WENT BADLY... AND WE SUFFERED HEAVY CASUALTIES...FINALLY, TO SAVE LIVES, I DECIDED TO SURRENDER...I GRABBED A WHITE FLAG AND STARTED TO WAVE IT.

MARY: (MAD) Hey, give me those back.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) I'm sorry, Miss, but this is no time to be doing your laundry.

JACK: (FILTER) WE WERE TAKEN PRISONER AND IMMEDIATELY LOCKED IN THE DARK HOLD OF THE SHIP...FOR THREE DAYS WE DIDN'T SEE OUR CRUEL CAPTOR....DENNIS LA FITTE DIDN'T KILL HIS PRISONERS BY MAKING THEM WALK THE PLANK...OH NO...HE WAS TOO CRUEL FOR THAT...HE WOULD MAKE YOU STICK YOUR HEAD THROUGH A HOLE IN A CANVAS, WHILE HIS CREW LINED UP AND THREW BASEBALLS AT YOU....THIS WASN'T SO BAD, BUT THE MEN BEHIND YOU WITH THOSE DARTS WERE MURDER...FINALLY, ON THE FOURTH DAY HE ORDERED ME AND THE GIRL TO BE BROUGHT TO HIM...AS WE STOOD TREMBLING BEFORE LA FITTE, THE ESQUIRE OF THE SEVEN SEAS, HE SAID:

DENNIS: (MAD) Nom d'un Cochon, Chien Sal, Mauvais-homme, April *notre grand-père, chien*
in Paris! *de la*
chose

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Huh?

DENNIS: You are in zee presence of zee great La Fitte...Kneel, you peeg!

SL

JACK: Yes, sir.

DENNIS: Good, now you kneel, too.

MARY: Yes, sir.

(SOUND: THUMP..THUMP)

DENNIS: ...Ah, ^{low} I love to play zee leapfrog.

JACK: What are your plans for us, La Fitte?

Dennis: you had to ask me. -

DENNIS: For you, Mon Capitaine, you have zee choice of joining me or dying.

JACK: Well, I'll join you...do I still retain my rank as Captain?

DENNIS: Captain!..Ho ho, you fool..you'll be my slave.

JACK: A slave! I'd rather die first..You don't know us Englishmen very well..

DENNIS: All right..you die.

JACK: What about the girl..are you going to kill her?

DENNIS: Heh heh heh..You don't know us Frenchmen very well.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I shall marry zee girl and make her zee pirate queen..She will be my wife, my sweetheart..and now, I shall kiss her.

JACK: She'd rather die first.

MARY: You keep out of this.

*Jack: Oh no! I'm going to ask you again.
What are your plans for La Fitte*

JACK: (FILTER) I WAS IN A PREDICAMENT... EITHER I BECAME LA
FITTE'S SLAVE, OR I WALKED THE PLANK. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT
TO --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: (REG. MIKE) *Laughs right* Hum.... there's the door buzzer, right in the
most interesting part... I can't even read a book around
here *Rochester*.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COMING, COMING.

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

MEL: (MOOLEY) Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes?

MEL: I'm from Bekins' Van and Storage Company and we've got two
truck-loads to unload here.

JACK: Furniture?

MEL: No, Ideal Dog Food.

JACK: Oh?... Well, put it in the swimming pool, the garage is full.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

JACK: Friends, every minute -- day and night -- a destructive
Don: fire starts. And in nine out of ten cases, most fires
start because someone was careless! Don't let that
someone be you. Be sure your electrical wiring is
properly installed. Put cigarettes and matches out before
you discard them. Be on guard constantly against fire.
Remember, only you can prevent fires.

(APPLAUSE)

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

MG

ATX01 0183137

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16th, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED NOVEMBER 12, 1952)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-B-

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be happy - Go Lucky

Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

DON: Friends, you'll find Luckies taste better - taste cleaner
... fresher ... smoother because Lucky Strike gives you
fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco in a cigarette that's
made better to taste better.

Luckies taste cleaner because Luckies' perfect cylinder
of fine, clean tobacco is free from those annoying loose
ends that get in your mouth and spoil the taste.

Luckies taste fresher because they're fully packed without
air spaces - hot spots that burn too fast - taste hot,
harsh and dry. And every pack of Luckies is extra
tightly sealed to keep in that fresher taste.

Luckies taste smoother because in a Lucky you get long
strands of fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco in a
cigarette that draws freely and smokes smoothly. Yes,
friends, Luckies taste better! So for your own real
deep-down smoking enjoyment - for a cleaner, fresher,
smoother smoke - Be Happy - Go Lucky! Make your next
carton Lucky Strike!

ORCH: (3 NOTE INTRO)

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky

Go Lucky Strike Today! (LONG CLOSE)

AL

RTX01 0183138

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED NOVEMBER 12, 1952)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: 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: You know friends, it's only natural for Lucky smokers to be enthusiastic about the cigarette that tastes so much better. And Luckies do taste better ... that's because LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... fine, mild and naturally good-tasting tobacco. What's more, you enjoy the full flavor of that fine tobacco because Luckies are packed full and firm, made better in every way to taste cleaner, fresher, smoother. No wonder so many college students are voicing their preference for Luckies! Remember, a nationwide survey in 80 leading colleges, based on actual student interviews, reveals that more smokers in these colleges prefer Luckies than any other cigarette. And remember that Luckies gained far more smokers than the nation's two other principal brands combined. But most of all, remember the number one reason the students gave for smoking Luckies.... better taste! So friends, get the better taste that only fine tobacco, in a better-made cigarette can give you. Be happy - go Lucky .. make your next carton .. Lucky Strike!

ATX01 01B3139

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED NOVEMBER 12, 1952)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONTINUED)

SPORTSMEN QUARTET: Be Happy - Go Lucky

Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

ATX01 0183140

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to congratulate my good friends Freeman Gosden and Charlie Correll, better known to the entire world as Amos and Andy, who today are celebrating their ten thousandth radio broadcast.... Man, they must be loaded ... Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Program is written by Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tackaberry, 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.

MG

ATK01 0183141