

As Broadcast
PROGRAM #16
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1952 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST
(TRANSCRIBED DEC. 18, 1952)

BB

RTX01 0183278

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED DECEMBER 18, 1952)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

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

Nothing - no, nothing - beats better taste!

And remember

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike .. Lucky Strike!

DON: Friends, your enjoyment of a cigarette depends on its taste
because nothing - no, nothing beats better taste. And Luckies
taste better - cleaner, fresher, smoother. You see, Luckies'
better taste starts with the fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco
that goes into every Lucky. And Luckies are made better, to
give you a cleaner, fresher, smoother-tasting smoke. Yes sir,
only fine tobacco in a better made cigarette can give you all
the deep-down smoking enjoyment you want in your cigarette. So
be happy -- go Lucky! Make Lucky Strike your regular smoke ...
you'll find ...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike ... Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (PROGRAM THEME UP AND DOWN)

DON: The Lucky Strike program starring

ES

ATX01 0183279

(FIRST ROUTINE)

-1-

(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" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LET'S GO BACK ABOUT AN HOUR TO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS WHERE JACK HAS JUST FINISHED HAVING HIS LUNCH.

JACK: *oh* That was a very good lunch, Rochester..the best hash I ever tasted.

ROCH: I MADE IT FROM LAST NIGHT'S LEFT-OVERS.

JACK: *oh* What did we have last night?

ROCH: HASH.

JACK: Oh..Well, I gotta leave for CBS. You see, Rochester, today I not only do my radio broadcast but immediately following it, I do my television show.

ROCH: BOSS, YOU CAN'T GO IN THOSE OLD CLOTHES...AND YOU NEED A SHAVE, TOO.

JACK: I haven't got time now. I'll clean up at the studio. Now go out in the garage *please* and get the car *will you*.

ROCH: THE CAR AIN'T RUNNING.

JACK: Rochester, did you wreck *my* the car?

ROCH: IT WASN'T MY FAULT *Lord*.

JACK *why* What happened?

ROCH: WELL, I TOOK THE CAR OUT FOR AWHILE LAST NIGHT AND ON MY WAY HOME, I MADE A SHARP TURN AND CAME FACE TO FACE WITH A STEAMROLLER.

BB

ATX01 0183280

JACK: Steam roller? Oh, so that's why you were so quiet when you got home last night. I didn't even hear you open the garage.

ROCH: I DIDN'T HAVE TO, I SLID THE CAR UNDER THE DOOR.

JACK: Rochester, you mean my car was flattened that thin?

ROCH: IF I'D HAD A STAMP I COULDA MAILED IT TO YOU.

JACK: Well, this is a fine thing to happen on the day I have to do two programs.. Now I'll have to take the bus to the studio.

ROCH: SAY, BOSS, I MEANT TO ASK YOU. YOU'VE ONLY GOT THIRTY SECONDS BETWEEN YOUR RADIO PROGRAM AND YOUR TELEVISION SHOW. HOW DO YOU GET FROM ONE PLACE TO THE OTHER SO FAST?

JACK: *Why* Didn't I ever tell you about that, Rochester?

ROCH: NO, HOW DO YOU DO IT?

JACK: They shoot me out of a cannon.

ROCH: SHOOT YOU OUT OF A CANNON?

JACK: Yeah.. once they put in too much powder and I did my show from NBC....~~They shot me back....That day it was so foggy I had to make a forced landing at Mutual.~~

~~ROCH: HEE HEE HEE HEE.~~

~~JACK: What are you laughing at?~~

~~ROCH: FOR A COMEDIAN THAT NOBODY WANTS, YOU'RE DOING PRETTY WELL.~~

JACK: Yes, ~~I guess so~~ *well*. So long, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODBYE, BOSS.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: *well* There should be a bus coming along here any -- Oh my goodness, I left my money in my other clothes... Well, maybe I can hitch a ride down to the *studio - ok* -- Here comes a car now...
GOING DOWN TOWN, BUD?

GEORGE: (SOUND OF CAR GOING BY FAST)

BB

JACK: ~~Hum...Oh-oh, here comes another.... GOING DOWN TOWN?~~

GEORGE: ~~(CAR GOING BY FAST)~~

JACK: Hum...Here comes a---GOING DOWNTOWN, BUD?

GEORGE: (CAR GOING BY FAST..CAR GOING BY FAST)

JACK: Gee, that one had a trailer on it...Well, maybe I better start walking.

(SOUND: CAR DRIVES UP)

JACK: Gee, if I don't get a hitch soon, I'll be late for--
GOING DOWN TOWN, MISTER?

(SOUND: CAR STOPS)

MEL: Hop in, Bud. Move over, Sophie.

BEA: Let him sit in the back.

JACK: Yes yes, the back's all right.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES...CAR STARTS)

JACK: *Gee* I hope I'm not putting you folks to too much trouble.

MEL: That's all right, Bud.

JACK: (ASHAMED) You see, I *wouldn't* - *l-b-l* but I didn't have any money.

MEL: You don't have to explain, Bud...Hey, Sophie, slip the poor guy a buck.

JACK: But I don't - -

MEL: Give him an extra two bits, he needs a shave, too.

JACK: *Look* Mister, I don't need a - -

MEL: Where are you going, Bud?

JACK: To C.B.S.

MEL: How do you like that, Sophie. Instead of looking for a job he goes to see radio programs.

EB

BEA: He's probably too old to work, anyway.

MEL: Yeah...By the way, Bud, how old are you?

JACK: Thirty-nine.

BEA: (SARCASTICALLY) Hey Max, did you hear what this character said.

MEL: Sophie, when you can't hold a job, your family throws you out, and you tramp around the country all your life, when you get to be thirty-nine, you look like that.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Mister - -

MEL: *oh* Nothing personal, Bud...By the way, where do you live?

JACK: Beverly Hills.

MEL: *oh* Get him, Sophie...Beverly Hills. (SARCASTIC) I...er *oh*
suppose you have a big house and butler and a swimming pool?

BEA: Max, stop teasing him.

MEL: Okay, okay.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP)

JACK: Gee, this is a nice car you have here...Really a beauty.

MEL: Thank you.

JACK: What kind is it?

MEL: An Essex.

JACK: Gosh...~~I wish I had one like it.~~

MEL: *Hey* Turn on the radio, Sophie.

(SOUND: RADIO ON..STATIC)

BB

ATX01 0183283

DENNIS: (FILTER) NOW CLANCY WAS A PEACEFUL MAN

IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN,

THE COPS PICKED UP THE PIECES

AFTER CLANCY LEFT THE SCENE

HE NEVER ASKED FOR TROUBLE

THAT'S A FACT YOU CAN ASSUME,

BUT NEVER THE LESS,

~~WHEN TROUBLE WOULD PRESS,~~

~~CLANCY LOWERED THE BOOM.~~

JACK: (MAD) Hmm..How do you
like that...they started
the program without me..
It's my own fault for--

MEL: ~~Hey~~ Sophie turn off the
radio.

(SOUND: CLICK OF RADIO OFF)

MEL: What's griping you, Bud?

JACK: Plenty.... they started the program without me.

MEL: How do you like that, Sophie? This bum's got a ticket to
the program and he wants them to wait till he gets there.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Mister, you can't talk to me like that.

~~MEL: All right, all right, calm down.~~

JACK: ~~I won't calm down.~~ Do you know who I am?

MEL: (SARCASTIC) Sure sure...you're Bing Crosby...or...Eddie
Cantor...or..Bob Hope..

JACK: Look, for your information I happen to be--

BEA: Max, for heaven's sakes, stop teasing him!

MEL: Okay, turn on the radio again.

(SOUND: CLICK...STATIC)

~~MARY: (FILTER) Say Don, are you going to the Rose Bowl Game?~~

~~DON: (FILTER) No, I couldn't get tickets.~~

~~BOB: (FILTER) Neither could I.~~

~~DENNIS: (FILTER) I bought a pair this morning on the fifty-yard line
for two dollars.~~

BB

RTX01 0183284

BOB: (FILTER) Dennis, you got tickets to the Rose Bowl for two dollars...let me see them.

DENNIS: (FILTER) Here they are.

BOB: (FILTER).....Dennis...these are tickets for last year's game.

DENNIS: (FILTER) I know. Boy, am I lucky.

MARY: (FILTER) What do you mean, lucky?

DENNIS: (FILTER) The weather for last year's game was great, this year it may rain.

JACK: Hmmm, if that silly kid thinks that's funny, he's got another--

MEL: Sophie, turn off the radio.

(SOUND: CLICK)

MEL: What's griping you now, Bud?

JACK: Nothing, I just didn't think that joke was funny.

MEL: Oh, I suppose you can tell 'em better.

JACK: You're darned right I can tell 'em better...Did you hear the one about the --

BEA: FFFFFFFF, SHUT UP!

JACK: Hmmm.

JACK & MEL: Sophie, turn on the radio.

BEA: Okay.

(SOUND: CLICK...STATIC)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...AS LONG AS JACK ISN'T HERE YET, WE'LL KEEP THINGS ROLLING WITH ANOTHER SONG FROM OUR SINGING STAR, DENNIS DAY...GO AHEAD, DENNIS....

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG - "KEEP IT A SECRET")

(APPLAUSE)

BB

ATX01 0183285

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-7-

DON: That was "Keep It A Secret" sung by Dennis Day... and
Dennis, that was---

JACK: OKAY, DON, OKAY..^{He}I'M HERE..^{He}I'm sorry I'm late, fellows,
but I rode down with June Allyson and Dick Powell and they
just wouldn't let me go.....~~Say Dennis, you sang beautifully.~~

~~DENNIS: How do you know?~~

JACK: I ~~heard~~^{well} the program on the way down, and I'm sorry I was late
~~because~~^{kids} when we do our next program it will be 1955... And ~~you know~~^{you know}
kids, right now I feel that our thoughts should be filled with
friendship, good will, and happiness for the New Year.

DENNIS: You're just trying to make us forget the lousy Christmas
presents you gave us.

JACK: Well, that's fine, Dennis....you of all people in the cast...
you've got no right to complain.

DON: Why, what did you give Dennis for Christmas?

JACK: Nothing, so what's he got to complain about?.....But the
rest of you got very nice presents.

MARY: Oh, sure, sure.

BOB: What did Jack give you for Christmas, Mary?

MARY: Well - -

JACK: I gave her a fur muff...There it is over there on the piano..
It's sable.

MARY: It's rabbit.

JACK: It is not...it's sable.

MARY: Rabbit .. I wore it at the Farmer's Market and it snapped at
a head of lettuce.

BB

ATX01 0183286

JACK: Believe me, Bob, the muff I gave Mary is sable.

MARY: Rabbit.

JACK: It's sable...would I pay nineteen dollars for rabbit?....
Would I?

~~MARY: You wouldn't pay nineteen dollars for twenty dollars.~~

JACK: ~~I would, to....~~Now let's drop the subject because I want
to---

DENNIS: Say, Mr. Benny?

JACK: What?

DENNIS: See this tie I'm wearing...My girl knitted it for me for
Christmas.

JACK: *Your* Tie? What are those things hanging on the sides?

DENNIS: Sleeves, she started to make a sweater and changed her mind.

JACK: ~~Oh~~. Well, on you it looks nice, Dennis.

~~Dennis: Thank you.~~
MARY: ~~er~~ By the way, Bob, I meant to ask you...what did you give
your musicians for Christmas?

BOB: Well Mary...I've only ~~been on the show~~ *known these guys well* four months, and I
don't know their likes and dislikes too much...so I gave
them something they can really use...I gave them each a
hundred dollar bond.

JACK: Gosh, that's a wonderful gift...a government bond?

BOB: No a bail bond.

JACK: Oh....But Bob, as long *as long* as we're on the subject of your
bond..I'd like to talk to you about something.

BOB: *is that* What, Jack?

JACK: Well...I know that when you came on the show, I said you'd have complete control over the orchestra and musicians, and I'd never interfere...but last week, why did you fire Ollie Goodson, the trombone player?

BOB: Well, Jack --

JACK: I mean with all the other guys, why fire him?..He was the only one in the band who behaved with dignity.

BOB: But Jack --

JACK: When all the other boys would be gathered around the piano drinking beer, Ollie sat quietly with his trombone in his lap...And when the guys played cards, he kept out of it... just sitting by himself...Why did you let him go?

BOB *Well* I hadda get rid of him, he'd been dead for two years.

JACK: -- No.

BOB: ~~With that trombone we had to get him a sliding casket.~~

JACK: Well, what do you know.

MARY: *Say* ~~By the way,~~ Bob...what did the boys in the band give you for Christmas?

BOB: Something I've always wanted.

JACK: What?

BOB: A bottle of Manna-sheva-va-va-vitz.

JACK: There he goes again...he just *just* can't say Mennashevitz....
he *one* ~~just~~ can't say that word...But then I have trouble
~~saying Gleeckemorra.... Oh well.~~

BOB: Say Don, we know what Jack gave everybody for Christmas except you. What did he give you?

JO

DON: Well, Bob, Jack didn't give me anything for Christmas because he gave me a birthday present and he thought my birthday was too close to Christmas.

MARY: *cc* When is your birthday, Don?

DON: The twenty-third of August.

MARY: Oh...well, what did Jack give you for your birthday?

DON: A rabbit's foot.

MARY: No wonder my muff limps.

JACK: Mary, please. ~~Now, Don..how can you say that I didn't give you a Christmas present? Didn't you get the package I sent you?~~

DON: You sent me a package for Christmas, what was in it?

JACK: A gopher trap!

DON: You call a gopher trap a Christmas present?

JACK: Certainly.

DON: Well, if that's a Christmas present, I'm a monkey's uncle.

JACK: Well, there's a tree outside, start climbing, Bonzo....

And Mary, I don't want any more talk about your gift,

~~either.~~

DON: You know, Jack, I hate to say this, but it seems to me you gave worse presents than usual this Christmas.

JACK: Look, Three Dimensional, I gave better than I received...

Now What did my writers give me?...They've been working for me ten years now and they gave me nothing..absolutely nothing!

MARY: That's your own fault, Jack...don't you think your writers would be nicer to you if you were nicer to them?

JO

JACK: No, I don't, and I'll tell you why...Years ago I had a writer...one day he came to me *tearfully*...He said he *one day he came to me -* couldn't do his work because his eyesight was so bad...So I gave him money to go to an optometrist..He got his eyes examined, bought glasses, read his contract, and quit...So go be nice to people...Now I don't want to hear any more about Christmas presents becuse tonight we have a very important sketch to do. So let's get on with the--

DON: But Jack --

JACK: No buts, Don..anything else can wait...our sketch is the most important thing right now.

DON: What about the commercial?

JACK: As I was saying...our sketch is the second most important thing...What kind of commercial have you prepared? *Don.*

DON: Well, the Sportsmen Quartet thought that this being the end of 1952, they would do their version of one of the most popular songs of the year.

JACK: *oh yes* That's a good idea. *wonderful* Go ahead, DON. *you mean one of the year's most popular song?*

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Excuse me a minute, Don.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

ROCH: HELLO, BOSS, THIS IS ROCHESTER.

JACK: Yes, Rochester, what is it?

ROCH: I WANT TO TELL YOU I DID THE SHOPPING FOR THE NEW YEAR'S PARTY SO YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

* Jack: *Well, that's novel, singing to a Lucky Strike.*
Let's hear it fellows!

QUART: BECAUSE OF YOU
THERE'S A SMILE ON MY FACE
BECAUSE OF YOU
I ENJOY BETTER TASTE
BECAUSE OF YOU MY MANY FRIENDS
CAN HAVE A SMOKE WITH NO LOOSE ENDS
OH, LUCKY WE LOVE YOU, WE DO
SO ROUND AND FIRM, FULLY PACKED
WE AGREE
OH, LSM, LSM, MFT, FT
BECAUSE OF YOU
I NOW ENJOY EACH PUFF
NO ONE IS ROUGH
BECAUSE OF YOU
YOU KNOW THERE'S NOTHING
THAT BEATS BETTER TASTE
THAT'S WHY WE LIKE LUCKY STRIKE.

*(Jack: It's beautiful
visit it Mary.)*

(Jack: I could cry.)

(Jack: Aw - w)

(APPLAUSE)

JC

ATX01 0183291

(THIRD ROUTINE)

-13-

JACK: ~~Ben, that commercial was swell. I'm sure the sponsor will~~
~~like it so much he'll pick up everybody's option for another~~
week.....And now, ladies and gentlemen...as is our custom
almost every year at this time..we will present a New Year's
Play entitled, "The New Tenant, or Goodbye Fifty-Two,
Hello Fifty Three."As most of you who have heard
us do this type of play before will realize...this is an
allegorical fantasy which takes place in--

BOB: Hold it, Jack, hold it.

JACK: ~~Huh? What is it, Bob?~~

BOB: Well, ~~I'm kinda new on the show..and..well..~~what does
allegorical fantasy mean?

JACK: Well..let me see...an allegorical fantasy ^{is} something that
could happen, although it never has.

MARY: Like a rabbit being sable.

JACK: You know, Mary, there is a Chinese proverb taken from a
popular song.. ^{It says} "Girl who make fun of boss soon find it not
such a long long time from December to May Company!".....So
watch it, Ming Toy.....Now in our fantasy, I will play the
part of the old year, 1952 who has been living in a big
boarding house called The United States which is run by
Uncle Sam and his wife Columbia.....And Bob, you're
going to play the part of Uncle Sam.

BOB: Well, thanks, Jack..

JACK: You're welcome...Now, ~~as Uncle Sam, you'll wear a bright~~
~~blue jacket with white stars on it and red and white striped~~
~~pants.~~

BB

RTX01 0183292

BOB: ~~I'll lay eight to five people will think I'm Bing.~~

JACK: ~~That won't hurt you.~~ Now Mary, you play the part of
Columbia....You're Bob's wife and you have forty-eight
children...

BOB: ...MARY, COME BACK HERE, IT'S ONLY A PLAY.

MARY: ~~Oh, yes.~~

JACK: ~~And you soon may have two other children Hawaii and Alaska.~~

MARY: ~~Okay, we can call the new kids Hi and Al.~~

JACK: ^{yes}~~Good...~~ Now Don --

DON: ~~Yes, Jack.~~

JACK: You play a very important part in tonight's fantasy....
You're going to be the world.

DON: The world?

JACK: Yes, ^{from your} ~~and~~ loosen your belt, you're strangling South America.
....AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN FOR OUR PLAY...THE NEW
TENANT....AS THE CURTAIN RISES, THE TIME IS ALMOST MIDNIGHT,
DECEMBER 31ST. AND OLD MAN 1952 IS PACKING HIS BAGS READY TO
MAKE HIS EXIT...CURTAIN...MUSIC...

(PAND PLAYS AULD LANG SYNE)

JACK: (AS RUBE) Oh Columbia, Columbia...will you come here a
minute, please?

MARY: (RUBE) What do you want, Fifty-two?

JACK: ~~Will~~ I'll have to be moseying along, soon..better start packing
my things before little Fifty-three gets here..~~Hand me that~~
~~calendar, will ya?~~

MARY: ~~What do you want this calendar for...it's an old one.~~

BB

ATX01 0183293

JACK: ~~Who cares? Marilyn Monroe, WOW! ...Now let's see, what else?~~

MARY: Gosh, old timer, I hate to see you go.

JACK: I kinda hate to go myself...but I had a pretty good time while I was here...travelled a lot, too.

MARY: Travelled?

JACK: Yep, I've been out West where Men are Men...I've been to Paris, where Women are Women...and I've been to Denmark where you ~~can't be sure~~ ^{well, well}...But I'll kinda miss the old world... with its radio and television...autos, airplanes --

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Well, Hello, Uncle Sam.

BOB: Hello, Columbia, just dropped by to say goodbye to Fifty-TwoWhere is he?

JACK: Here I am...I'm Fifty-two.

BOB: What did you say?

JACK: I said I'm Fifty-two.

BOB: Never thought you'd admit it.

JACK: This is an Allegorical Fantasy....~~Well, I'm packing to leave, Sam, and you know, there's one of the fellers here I'm gonna miss.. He sure became a big hit while I was here.~~

BOB: Who's that?

JACK: Johnny Ray...(IMITATES HIM, SINGS) "When your sweetheart, writes a letter of goodbye".....I guess I'll take that song with me.

MARY: Here, Old Timer, you can take this song, too... I'm sick of it.

BB

ATX01 01B3294

JACK: Which one is that?

MARY: "When You Say I Beg Your Pardon, Then I'll Come Back To You."

JACK: Oh yeah...Can't understand why that didn't become a hit...

Oh well, hand it to me.

MARY: Grab it yourself, I wouldn't touch it.

JACK: Okay, okay.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BOB: Hey look, it's my neighbor, Mexico.

JACK: Mexico?

DENNIS: (MEXICAN) Excuse me, Senor, but I have come to say goodbye...

I theenk.

JACK: Well, thank you.

MARY: Say Mexico, it was awfully nice of you to come up here and say goodbye to Old Timer.

DENNIS: It was nothing, Senorita.

JACK: Say, Mexico, didn't you just elect a new president by the name of ^{Adolfo} Alenzo-Ruiz Cortinas?

DENNIS: Si.

JACK: That was quite an exciting election.

DENNIS: Si...I am still wearing the button.

JACK: Oh yes ^{yes} my eyes ain't so good...What does it say?

DENNIS: Me gusta mi candidato.

JACK: What does that mean?

DENNIS: I like ^{Adolfo} Alenzo.

JACK: Oh...What about that small print on the bottom. What does that say?

BB

ATX01 0183295

DENNIS: Drink Manashevavitz.

JACK: Doggone...a fellow by the name of Bob Crosby made that famous.

DENNIS: Well...I have to go now...Adios.

JACK: So long, Mexico.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Well, Columbia...I better get on with my -- Say, isn't it too early for the New Year to be getting here?

MARY: What do you mean, Old Timer?

JACK: Look out the window...here he comes now without any clothes on...Just a cloth wrapped around him... HEY, ARE YOU THE NEW YEAR?

MEL: (MOOLEY) No, I'm on my way home from Santa Anita.

JACK: Doggone, I run into him every year.

JACK: Well...I better finish my packing...Where's my Elevator shoes?

MARY: Say, Fifty-two...why did you wear elevator shoes?

JACK: I was a leap year, I hadda be a little taller than the rest.
Hee hee hee.

MARY: *That* That was corny but it was cute.

JACK: Yep...I guess so...now hand me my--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Always interruptions...*Yes* COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: It's me, Old Timer.

JACK: Well, if it ain't the World.....Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

BB

JACK: Say, World....What took you so long getting here?

DON: I been to the doctor about this boil on my shoulder.

JACK: *Boil?* Where is it?

DON: Right here....Korea.

JACK: Gosh, you've sure had trouble with boils this year, haven't you.

DON: Sure have...Korea...Indo China...Indonesia....And a new one just broke out in Morocco.

JACK: Well, let's hope Fifty-three can get rid of 'em.

DON: *sure* I hope so... Well, I better be spinning along....So long, Old Timer.

JACK: Goodbye, ~~World~~.....

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Doggone....I'm all alone and it's almost midnight....Gosh, I'm tired...I sure had three hundred and sixty six tough days.....I did the best I could *though* and I hope the new fellow will do a lot better.

(SOUND: FIRST GONG)

JACK: Oh - Oh...there's the first stroke of midnight. The new tenant oughta be here any second now....Well...I better get my bags and --

(SOUND: LIGHT KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: *hey* That must be him now.....COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, it's the little new year, all right...(GONG) Hello, Sonny.

BB

BOY: Hello, Old Timer.

JACK: Say...you're a cute little rascal.

BOY: Thank you.

JACK: Gosh, just look at you...so young...so eager...so hopeful...
looking at the world through rose colored glasses.

BOY: Well, didn't you see the world through rose colored glasses?

(GONG)

JACK: No, mine were green....during my stay here they put
Chlorophyll in everything *See, see, see*...What a fad.

BOY: You sound like you didn't enjoy your stay, Old Timer.

JACK: Oh *sure* ~~chucks~~, Sonny...I saw plenty of changes....I saw the
ladies all goin for poodle haircuts..(GONG)...I saw a new
heavyweight champion crowned....and I saw Brooklyn almost
win the World Series.

BOY: Gee, I never heard of that.

JACK: World Series?

BOY: No, Brooklyn.

JACK: You will, you will...they may even apply for Statehood....
Yep, sonny, (GONG) there've been some good moments and some
sad ones during my stay....One of our oldest countries,
England, lost her King while I was here...and just recently
our youngest country, Israel, lost their president.... I'm
sorry you couldn't meet them....they were loved by
everybody. (GONG)

BOY: Is Israel the only country that has presidents?

BB

ATX01 0183298

JACK: Oh no, Sonny^{no} Right here in America we've had them since the country started. And during my stay here they had a presidential election...It started out in July....the Republicans and Democrats had conventions...there were lots of speeches....and after ^{a everything} all the excitement was over, (GONG) they had nominated Adlai Stevenson and Dwight Eisenhower... and then about a month and a half ago, sixty-one million people went to the polls and voted...and Dwight Eisenhower won.

BOY: Will I get to meet him?

JACK: Meet him! In no time he'll have you callin' him Ike..(GONG)
Now take good care of him, Sonny, he's got a big job on his hands.

BOY: You can count on me, Old Timer.

JACK: ^{you know} Sonny, I might as well tell you something...the world was just in to see me a while ago and he ain't in such good shape.....as a matter of fact, he's kinda sick. (GONG)

BOY: What's the matter with him?

JACK: Well, he's got some spots that are kinda troubling him.... It's a blood condition...too many red cells or something.... I hope his health improves during your stay here.

BOY: I hope so ^{too}.

JACK: Well, let's see...Have I got everything?..(GONG)...Yep... I'm just about ready to go...Yessiree....well, good luck, Fifty-three.

BB

ATX01 0183299

BOY: Thanks, Old Timer.

JACK: Now be sure and take good care of everybody.

BOY: I will... GOODBYE, FIFTY-TWO.

JACK: SO LONG, SONNY.....KEEP SMILING.

(SOUND: LAST GONG)

(AULD LANG SYNE UP)

(APPLAUSE)

BB

ATX01 0183300

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I'll be back in a minute to tell you about my television program which goes on immediately after this show...but first here's something I'd like to say.. and it's really appropriate at this time...

Ladies and gentlemen, the chief hope of our enemies is to divide the United States along racial and religious lines, and thereby conquer us. Let's not spread prejudice. A divided America is a weak America. Through our behavior we encourage the respect of our children and make them better neighbors to all races and religions. Remind them that being good neighbors has helped make our country great and kept her free. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

BB

ATX01 0183301

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED DECEMBER 18, 1952)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-B-

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first ...
Nothing - no, nothing - beats better taste -- and
remember ...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco
Richer-tasting fine tobacco!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!
Lucky Strike ... Lucky Strike!

DON: Friends ... in a cigarette, nothing - no, nothing - beats
better taste. And Luckies taste better ... cleaner, fresher,
smoother. No wonder you find faithful Lucky smokers
everywhere ... among college students, for instance. 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. And by
a wide margin! What's more, Lucky Strike gained far more
smokers than the nation's two other principal brands
combined. And why? The number one reason the students gave
for smoking Luckies was better taste! Yes, like so many of
us, these college students prefer Luckies - the cigarette
that tastes better ... cleaner, fresher, smoother! So for
the better taste that means more smoking enjoyment - Be
happy - go Lucky! Next time, ask for Lucky Strike!

ORCH: (SHORT VAMP)

ATX01 0183302

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM -B- (Cont'd)
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED DECEMBER 18, 1952)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SPORTSMEN Be happy -- go Lucky
QUARTET: Get better taste today!

ES

ATX01 0183303

(TAG)

-23-

JACK: Well, folks, in just thirty seconds I'll be doing my television show and my guest stars will be Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Stewart. *so we see you in a few minutes.*

DON: ~~Ready to leave now, Jack?~~

JACK: ~~Yes, Don.~~

(SOUND: ~~CANNON GOES OFF, WIND WHISTLE~~)

MARY: ~~Don, pick up his shoes and take them to him. Goodnight, folks.~~

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny program *this week* ~~tonight~~ was written by Milt Josefsberg, John Tackaberry, Al Gordon, Hal Goldman 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.

IW

ATX01 0183304