

as Broadcast

PROGRAM #26
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MARCH 8, 1953

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED FEBRUARY 14, 1953)

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ATX01 0183507

JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 8, 1953 (transcribed February 18, 1953)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

DON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... TRANSCRIBED AND PRESENTED BY
LUCKY STRIKE! .. (pause) .. You know, friends, for real
smoking enjoyment nothing - no, nothing - beats better taste
and ...

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: This is Don Wilson. You know choosing your cigarette is
really simple. Just go by the taste. That's right! For
nothing - no, nothing - beats better taste and the cigarette
that tastes better - cleaner, fresher, and smoother .. is
Lucky Strike! First of all, Luckies give you the better
taste of really fine, mild tobacco. Remember, LS/MFT -
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - with a wonderful flavor of
its own. What's more, Luckies give you the better taste of a
better-made cigarette - made round and firm and fully packed
to draw freely and smoke evenly - to taste cleaner, fresher,
smoother. Yes friends ... for your own smoking enjoyment,
remember - better taste is what you want in your cigarette
and better taste is what you'll find in every pack of
Luckies! So be happy - go Lucky! Make your next carton ..
Lucky Strike!

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JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 8, 1953 (transcribed February 18, 1953)
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D.)

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

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

MUSIC: (PROGRAM THEME UP AND DOWN)

WILSON: The Lucky Strike program starring ...

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(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: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YESTERDAY JACK BENNY RETURNED FROM A TRIP TO NEW YORK WHERE HE ATTENDED A DINNER GIVEN FOR BOB HOPE BY THE FRIARS CLUB ... RIGHT NOW IT ~~IS~~ MORNING AND JACK IS JUST GETTING UP.

JACK: ~~al~~ Good morning, ROCHESTER.

ROCH: GOOD MORNING, BOSS. I WAS ASLEEP WHEN YOU GOT HOME LAST NIGHT. HOW WAS YOUR FLIGHT BACK FROM NEW YORK?

JACK: It was fine, except that we made an unscheduled landing in Las Vegas. We had to stay there about an hour.

ROCH: WHAT WAS THE MATTER? DID YOU HAVE A HOT MOTOR!

JACK: No, a hot pilot..he made fifteen straight passes ... Anyway, ~~it was~~ fun, but it's good to be home.

ROCH: ~~YEAH~~ ... HOW'D YOU SLEEP, BOSS?

JACK: Oh, pretty good ... only I was awfully cold last night.

ROCH: YOU'RE COLD EVERY NIGHT ... MAYBE YOU HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH BLOOD.

JACK: Rochester, I'm not anemic. Now lay out my clothes ... and get me a clean shirt ... I don't want to be late for rehearsal.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPENS)

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ROCH: HEE HEE HEE HEE ... NOT ANEMIC ... I WONDER WHAT HE'D SAY IF
 HE FOUND OUT THAT EVERY MORNING I SNEAK INTO THE BATHROOM
 AND PUT KETCHUP ON HIS RAZOR TO KEEP UP HIS MORALE ... NOW
 LET'S SEE ... THE SHIRT SHOULD BE IN THIS DRAWER.

 (SOUND: DRAWER OPEN)

ROCH: SOX ... HANDKERCHIEFS ... SWEATERS ... OH-OH, WHAT'S THIS?
 ... A BOTTLE OF KETCHUP... HMMM.

JACK: (OFF) Rochester, how about my shirt?

ROCH: COMING, BOSS.

 (SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: HERE IT IS.

JACK: *oh* Thanks.

ROCH: SAY BOSS ... WHILE I WAS GETTING THE SHIRT OUT OF THE
 DRAWER, I NOTICED A BOTTLE OF KETCHUP.

JACK: Oh, you did, eh?

ROCH: YEAH ... WHERE DID YOU GET IT?

JACK: Rochester, come here a minute.

ROCH: HUH?

JACK: I've got a little surprise for you.

ROCH: SURPRISE?

JACK: Yeah ... if you keep putting it on I'm gonna keep scraping
 it off. I'm not wasting it just to please my vanity!

~~ROCH: BOSS, YOU MEAN YOU KNEW IT WAS KETCHUP?~~

~~JACK: Well yes, but I will admit that in the beginning it fooled
 me.~~

~~ROCH: IT DID?~~

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Time Rochester - now I want -

JACK: ~~Yes ... the first time I saw it on my razor, I took a sample~~
to my doctor ... He analyzed it and said, "Mr. Benny, some
people have girls, some people have boys, but you're gonna
have a tomato." ... ~~Now I want ...~~

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll get it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Oh hello, Mary .. Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: When did you get back from New York?

JACK: About four o'clock this morning ... But it was a nice trip.

MARY: How did the Bob Hope dinner turn out?

JACK: Oh, it was swell ... Everybody was there Gee, what
celebrities. And you know what? I sat on the dias right
next to Bernard Baruch.

MARY: Oh, that's wonderful.

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: You haven't seen him since you went to school together.

JACK: Hmm ... You know, Mary, you always say the cutest things
just before you get a cut in salary.

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) I was only teasing ... Now you better hurry or
we'll be late for rehearsal.

JACK: Why, we've got a lot of ... Oh my goodness! Look what time
it is. I never realized it was this late.

MARY: And you still have to shave.

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JACK: I know, I know ... it won't take long ... I'll take off my tie.

MARY: I'll get the razor.

ROCH: I'LL GET THE KETCHUP.

JACK: We haven't time for that now...You go get the car, Rochester ... We'll be down in a minute.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Try the motor again, Rochester.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: CAR STARTER TWICE ... MEL BLANC PICKS UP WITH HIS 'WHEEZING AND BURPING ... STOPS)

JACK: Try it again, Rochester, only this time, step on the throttle, advance the spark, pull out the choke, and hold down the clutch.

ROCH: KEEP TALKIN' BOSS, SO FAR YOU HAVEN'T NAMED ONE THING WE'VE GOT.

JACK: All right, all right ... Try the motor again.

MARY: Jack, for heavens sakes ... Last month when the Automobile Show was in town, you said you were going down and look at a new car.

JACK: I did, but the one I wanted to buy, they're not making yet.

you see It's that revolutionary car with three wheels.

MARY: Three wheels? ... Is that good?

ROCH: IT'S ONE MORE THAN WE'VE GOT NOW.

JACK: Oh, stop ... and try the motor again.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: STARTER LOUSY MOTOR CATCHES ON AND GOES.)

JACK: There you are.

(SOUND: MOTOR FADES TO BACKGROUND)

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JACK: I knew we wouldn't have any trouble. ~~The motor started on~~
~~only the third try.~~

MARY: ~~They said things would be better when the Republicans got~~
~~in.~~

JACK: ~~Yeah yeah ... Rochester, speed it up a little, will you?~~

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: MOTOR)

JACK: Rochester, here we are at the studio.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: MOTOR GOING SLOW)

JACK: ^{Li}~~see~~ I wish there was some place to park along the street.

MARY: Oh, for heaven's sake, Jack ... why don't you put it in a
parking lot?

JACK: Yeah, I guess we'll have to ... All right, Rochester, drive
in here.

ROCH: (HAPPY) OH BOY, A REAL PARKING LOT ... WAIT'LL I TELL THE
~~down~~BOYS IN THE LODGE ABOUT THIS.

JACK: Never mind ... just go in.

(SOUND: CAR DRIVES FEW FEET AND STOPS ... DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Now, Rochester, you go over and pay the attendant ...
Miss Livingstone and I are going into the studio.

ROCH: YES SIR!

JACK: Come on, Mary.

MARY: Say Jack ... look at that beautiful car driving in.
(SOUND: NICE CAR MOTOR COMING UP CLOSE)

JACK: Gee, what a car ... a chauffeur in uniform and everything ...
It must be the president of the network.
(SOUND: CAR STOPS ... DOOR OPENS)

RUBIN: Here we are, sir, C. B. S.

DENNIS: Thank you, James.

JACK: Mary, it's Dennis. Let's watch this.

RUBIN: I'll get your things out of the car, sir....Your coat, sir.

DENNIS: Thank you.

RUBIN: Your hat, sir.

DENNIS: Thank you.

RUBIN: Your Wall Street Journal.

DENNIS: Thank you.

RUBIN: Your Buck Rogers Disintegrator.

DENNIS: Thanks.

JACK: Hey, ^{Lick}Dennis ... Dennis!

DENNIS: Huh? Oh hello, Mr. Benny ... Hello, Mary.

MARY: Gee, Dennis, I've never seen such a beautiful car ...
Where did you get it?

DENNIS: ^{sh}My mother gave it to me for a going-away present.

JACK: Dennis, where are you going?

DENNIS: She doesn't care as long as I go.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: The tank holds three hundred gallons of gas.
JACK: Well, I'll chip in for the road maps.
MARY: Say Dennis, you can drive a car ... how come you've got a chauffeur?
DENNIS: Well, I was talking to the man who prepares my income tax and he told me I ought to get some more deductible items.
JACK: Oh, is your chauffeur deductible?
DENNIS: Yeah, James Deductible.
JACK: Now cut that out.
MARY: We better get into the studio or we'll be late.
JACK: Yeah ... come on, let's go.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPENS)

(MUSIC: ORCHESTRA TUNING UP)

BOB: All right, fellows, *okay fellows* let's run through that number once more.
JACK: Hold it, Bob, hold it, I'm here.
BOB: *He* Oh, ~~hello~~, Jack, I was just rehearsing the band.
JACK: Well, that can -- say, wait a minute -- aren't some of the boys missing?
BOB: Yeah..Remley, Bagby, and Sammy the drummer won't be here for the show.
JACK: Why not?
BOB: Well, last night they were listening to a quiz program, and the M. C. was asking questions about arithmetic.
JACK: What's that got to do with it?
BOB: Well, one of the questions was about fractions..it was, "How many times will one fifth go into three". .. so they started working it out.

JACK: Uh-huh.

BOB: ~~And~~ By the time they killed off twenty-two fifths, they lost interest in the answer.

JACK: I can't understand it. I thought when Phil Harris left, the boys would change.

BOB: *oh* They will, Jack, they will.

JACK: But when?

BOB: As soon as they find out *that* Phil has gone.

JACK: *Bob* Hmm..Well, who do they think you are?

BOB: *Will* I don't know, but they keep calling me Alice.

JACK: Well, don't worry, Bob, for five years they thought I was Evelyn and her magic violin...Gosh, the free dinners that I've had...Well, go on with the rehearsal, Bob, so we can get into the sketch. *Here*

DENNIS: *Will* Shall I rehearse my song, first, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes, go ahead, Dennis..then we'll go right on with the play.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG) "TILL I WALTZ AGAIN WITH YOU")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was very good, Dennis .. very good .. And now, kids,
let's rehearse the play we're going to do...Oh, Don..

DON: *Why* Yes, Jack.

JACK: Set the scene, will you?

DON: Okay..AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..WE PRESENT OUR VERSION
OF "THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO", PRODUCED BY TWENTIETH CENTURY
FOX, MAKERS OF THAT NEW ~~EPIC~~ PICTURE "NIAGARA" STARRING
YOURS TRULY, DON WILSON.

JACK: Don, stick to the script..You weren't the star of "Niagara"

DON: I know but I need the publicity, my calendars aren't
selling at all.

JACK: Oh, oh.. Well, Don, *look it* just read what's written, will you? *please*

DON: *we spent the whole week waiting for it*
Okay .. AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..WE PRESENT OUR
VERSION OF "THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO"..WHICH STARRED
GREGORY PECK...SUSAN HAYWARD....AND AVA GARDNER.

(MUSIC SOFT IN BACKGROUND..SEGUE INTO JUNGLE MUSIC)

DON: OUR STORY OPENS IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE, AT THE FOOT OF
THE MAJESTIC SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAIN,..KILIMANJARO.

(MUSIC OUT)

JACK: (FILTER) MY NAME IS GREGORY FECK .. I AM A WRITER WHO CAME TO HUNT IN AFRICA...AS I LIE HERE AT DEATH'S DOOR WITH THE PAINFUL THROBBING OF MY INFECTED LEG, MY ENTIRE LIFE HAS FLASHED BEFORE ME...~~I REMEMBER WAY~~ BACK...BACK, BACK TO THE DAY I WAS BORN...I KNOW MOST PEOPLE CAN'T REMEMBER THAT FAR BACK, BUT I DO BECAUSE MY PARENTS MADE ME PAY THE DOCTOR...I'VE HAD AN EXCITING LIFE, AND AS A WRITER I WAS A SUCCESS, TOO...BUT NOW MY ~~END IS IN SIGHT~~ ... I CAN TELL THIS IS THE END, BECAUSE AS I LOOK UP AT THE HOT AFRICAN SKY, I SEE TWO VULTURES CIRCLING OVER ME....OH I'VE SEEN VULTURES BEFORE, BUT THESE TWO ARE CARRYING A BOTTLE OF KETCHUP.... I WAS RECOMMENDED TO THEM BY DUNCAN HINES...(SOFTLY)..AS MY TEMPERATURE ROSE, I FELT A SOFT COOL HAND ON MY FOREHEAD... IT WAS MY WIFE, SUSAN, TENDERLY STROKING MY FEVERED BROW...AND AS I MUTTERED AND MOANED IN MY DELIRIUM, SHE SAID:

IRIS: Cut out that blubbering, Mac.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) I can't help it..Look at me.. lying here helpless while all the members of my safari are starving because I can't go out and hunt fresh meat for them.

IRIS: Don't worry about that...This morning I went out into the jungle and killed a tiger, *lion*

JACK: But wait a minute, Susan..we're out of ammunition..how did you kill the tiger? *lion*

IRIS: I strangled it.

JACK: Darling..how in the world *how in the world* could you possibly bring yourself to strangle a lion?

IRIS: I used one hand, I gave it a fighting chance.

JACK: ~~Oh...~~(DRAMATICALLY) .. When is that medicine coming?...
when will the plane get here..when..when..when?

IRIS: ~~Look, how about playing some cards to keep your mind~~
occupied till that stuff gets here...We'll play poker.

JACK: (FILTER) SUSAN GOT THE CARDS AND WE PLAYED PENNY-ANTE WHILE WAITING FOR THE PENNY-CILLIN...HOW ABOUT THAT, FOLKS, I TOLD YOU I WAS A WRITER...THE PLANE DIDN'T ARRIVE WITH THE MEDICINE, AND I GOT WORSE.. SO IN DESPERATION SUSAN SENT FOR A NATIVE WITCH DOCTOR. THE WITCH DOCTOR CAME AND FOR THE NEXT TWO HOURS HE KEPT STUFFING HOT LARD INTO MY MOUTH. WHEN MY HAT GOT TOO BIG FOR ME, I REALIZED HE WAS SHRINKING MY HEAD...FORTUNATELY, I STOPPED HIM IN TIME, BUT TO THIS DAY I WEAR A SIZE TWO AND THREE-EIGHTS.. I SHALL NEVER FORGET THAT WITCH DOCTOR..HE SPRINKLED ME WITH A POWDER MADE FROM GROUND TIGER TEETH, THEN HE CHANTED HIS WEIRD VOOODOO INCANTATION.

(TOM TOMS)

DENNIS: Igga mahwah, igga mahwah,
Moo, Moo, Moo.
Tagga Loogah, tagga loogah
Boo, boo, boo.

(NASAL WAIL)

Ah-ee-iii. Ah-ee-ii.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) (MOANS) Ohhh, doctor *Dr. in each pain*

DENNIS: Here...you take um these herbs...Come mornin' sun, you be-um all better *Like me.*

JACK: Oh, that's wonderful, Doctor...how much do I owe you?

DENNIS: Nothin'--Blue Cross.

JACK: (FILTER) THE WITCH DOCTOR LEFT...AND AS THE NIGHT WORE ON, MY FEVERISH MIND WAS FRIGHTENED BY THE SOUNDS OF THE JUNGLE... THE ROAR OF THE LION...

RJ

MEL: (ROARS LIKE LION)
JACK: THE CRY OF THE WILD BOAR.
MEL: (DOES WILD BOAR)
JACK: THE FRIGHTENED WHINNY OF OUR HORSES.
MEL: (DOES FRIGHTENED WHINNY)
JACK: THE WILD CHATTERING OF THE MONKEYS
MEL: (CHATTERS LIKE MONKEY)
JACK: THE MANIACAL SCREECH OF THE HYENA.
MEL: (DOES LAUGHING HYENA)
JACK: THE TERRIFYING SOUND OF THE CROCODILE.
(PAUSE...SILENCE)

...THE TERRIFYING SOUND OF THE CROCODILE...(ANOTHER PAUSE)
..I KNEW IF I KEPT TRYING, I'D FIND SOMETHING THAT MEL BLANC
COULDN'T DO.....ALL NIGHT I LAY THERE WRITHING IN MY
AGONY...THIS WAS EASY FOR ME, BECAUSE, AS I TOLD YOU, I WAS
A WRITHER...THE QUIETNESS OF THE LONG NIGHT WAS BROKEN
BY THE JUNGLE SOUNDS...THE SIGHING OF THE SOFT WINDS...
AND THE CONSTANT BEAT OF THE TALKING DRUMS BY WHICH
THE NATIVES COMMUNICATED WITH EACH OTHER.

(SOUND: DRUMS --INFO --)

RJ

(INTRO)

QUART:

BANGI YAH DEE OH

YUM BANGI YUM BANGI

LSMET DA WE

LSMET DO WA DO WE

AGA NU WA MOWA GOO

LUCKY STRIKES THE SMOKE FOR YOU

DIGA DIGA DO, DIGA DO DO

DIGA DIGA DO, DIGA DO

AGA NU WA FINE TOBACK

ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED

DIGA DIGA DO, DIGA DO DO

DIGA DIGA DO, DIGA DO.

WE'RE SO VERY DIGA DIGA WHEN WE'RE PUFFING

NATIVE SAY OH DIGA DIGA DO

THERE'S NOTHIN' BETTER THAN A LUCKY

MIGU MOWA ZUMA GUFF

MEANS THAT THER IS NO RUFF PUFF.

DIGA DIGA DO, DIGA DO DO

DIGA DIGA DO, DIGA DO

WHEN UMBANGI SMOKE

BEFORE HE'S EVEN STARTIN'

OOH WA WA WA

IN HIS MOUTH HE' PUTTING

ALL AT ONCE A CARTON

AND A BOX OF MATCHES

WE EAT MAN THEN WHEN WE'RE THROUGH

WE ALL SMOKE HIS LUCKIES TOO.

(MORE)

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QUART: LUCKY STRIKE IS MUCH BETTER TASTIN'
(CONT'D)

DIGA DIGA DO, DIGA DO

BE MA WA, GO OOM CHA

BE MA WA, GO YUM BON GAY

BE MA WA, GO OOM CHA

SMOKE LUCKY STRIKE TO --

DIGA DIGA DO, DIGA DO DO

DIGA DIGA DO, DIGA DO DO

DIGA DIGA DO ALL DAY.

(APPLAUSE)

RJ

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(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: WHEN THEY FINISHED, I FELT A LITTLE BETTER...THEIR SONG HAD PUT ME IN A ROMANTIC MOOD...I BEGAN TO THINK OF ALL THE GIRLS I HAD KNOWN...CONSTANCE FORSYTHE...ROSALIND WINSTON... VALERIE FITZGERALD...DON WILSON... I REALLY THOUGHT OF MARILYN MONROE, BUT DON'S CALENDARS AREN'T SELLING...THEN I BEGAN TO THINK OF THE FIRST GIRL I HAD EVER REALLY LOVED... IT WAS IN SPAIN.

(MUSIC SOFTLY IN BACKGROUND)

JACK: I MET HER IN MADRID...LIKE ALL LATINS, SHE WAS IMPULSIVE AND ROMANTIC...AND BEAUTIFUL...AND BEST OF ALL, SHE WAS IN LOVE WITH ME...I SHALL NEVER FORGET MY FIRST MEETING WITH MARIA... I SAID TO HER.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) This is a very lovely place you have here, Senorita.

MARY: (SLIGHT SPANISH) Gracias, Senor.

JACK: And it is very big, too.

MARY: Si, Senor.

JACK: Gee...it's so big...do you know how much it cost?

MARY: No, I just work here, Senor May owns the company.

JACK: ~~Oh...I thought you had a lot of stockings for one girl....But~~
~~Senorita, I like you very much, and I want to know more~~
~~about you.~~

MARY: Well..my name is Maria..I live with my parents..and I am one of twenty-one children.

JACK: Twenty-one children?

MARY: Ten boys and ten girls.

JACK: But that's only twenty. What's the other one?

MARY: I don't know, I haven't been home today.

JACK: (FILTER) THAT WAS HOW MY ROMANCE WITH MARIA STARTED...AND IT BLOSSOMED RAPIDLY...WE WENT EVERYWHERE TOGETHER...DANCING ...SWIMMING...AND FINALLY SHE TOOK ME TO THE BULL FIGHTS...

(SOUND: CHEERS)

(LITTLE BULL FIGHT CORRIDA MUSIC)

JACK: IT WAS MY FIRST TIME AT A BULL FIGHT, AND I DIDN'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT THIS LATIN SPORT...WITH THE TRADITIONAL BLARE OF TRUMPETS..THE FIRST EVENT GOT UNDER WAY.

(SPANISH TRUMPETS..)

(SOUND: CROWD CHEERS)

MARY: Look, look...here comes the bull.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Wow, he looks big.

(TRUMPETS)

(SOUND: CROWD CHEERS)

MARY: ~~Here~~ Here comes the Toreador.

JACK: Hey, dig that crazy steak knife.

RJ

JACK: (FILTER) THE FIGHT STARTED..AND THOUGH IT HORRIFIED ME, IT WAS EXCITING...THE TORREADOR DID WELL, AND TO SHOW ITS APPRECIATION THE CROWD YELLED AND SHOWERED HIM WITH GIFTS... MARIA TOOK THE ROSE OUT OF HER HAIR AND THREW IT TO HIM...I DIDN'T HAVE A ROSE, SO I JUST THREW HIM MY HAIR....BUT, WHEN I THREW IT, MY HAIR SAILED OUT IN A WIDE CIRCIE AND LANDED BACK ON MY HEAD...IT WAS THE TOUPAY I HAD BOUGHT IN AUSTRALIA..... YES, MY THOUGHTS WERE ALL OF MARIA AT THIS TIME, UNTIL I FELT THE THROBBING OF MY LEG, AND GREAT WAVES OF PAIN SWEEPED OVER ME AND WASHED ME BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS IN MY CAMP IN AFRICA...SUSAN WAS STILL STANDING GUARD OVER ME, AND SHE MUST HAVE REALIZED I HAD BEEN DREAMING OF MARIA BECAUSE SHE SAID:

IRIS: Wipe that smile off your face, Mac.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Oh...it's you, Susan.. I must ^{I must} have been dreaming ...Has the plane arrived yet with the medicine?

IRIS: No..they were halfway across the Atlantic and they had to turn back for the peroxide.

JACK: For my leg?

IRIS: No, for me, I wasn't born a blonde.

JACK: (FILTER) SUSAN ^{soothes} SOOTHED ME, AND AGAIN I FELL ASLEEP. I FORGOT THE PAIN OF THE PRESENT AS I REMEMBERED THE PLEASURES OF THE PAST...AND IT WAS AT THIS POINT I REMEMBERED...AVA!

(LIGHT FRENCH MUSIC IN BACKGROUND)

JACK: I FIRST MET AVA IN PARIS...GAY PAREE...AVA HAD EVERYTHING.... BEAUTY..."POISE" AND INTELLIGENCE. BUT EVEN THOUGH SHE WAS A SOCIETY HEIRESS, SHE INSISTED ON EARNING HER LIVING BY SINGING IN A TINY FRENCH NIGHT CLUB CALLED "THE BAYOU".... I SHALL NEVER FORGET THE FIRST TIME I HEARD HER AS SHE SANG:

EM

(INTRO TO LA VIE EN ROSE)

SARA:

QUAND EEL MAY PRAN DAHN SAY BRAH
EEL MAY PARLAY TOO BAH
JUH WAH LA VEE EN ROSE
EEL MAY DEE DAY MOH D'AMOUR
DAY MOH DAY TCO LE JOOR
A SAH FAY KEEL-KA SHOWS
EEL A TANTRAY DAHN MON KOR
OON PAR DE BONATRE.
~~DON JUH CONNAY LA KOHZ~~
~~SAY LUI POOR MOH~~
~~MWAH POOR LUI DAHN LA VEE~~
EEL MAY LA DEE LA JOORAY POOR LA VEE
A DAY KUH JUH L'APERQUAH
ALOR JUH SAHN ON MWAH MON KOHN.

EM

JACK: (FILTER) WHEN AVA FINISHED SINGING, THE CROWD CLAMORED FOR AN ENCORE..SHE SANG "JAMBALAYA" TILL SOMEONE HIT HER IN THE EYE WITH A CRAWFISH PIE...SONNA MA GUN WE HAVE BIG FUN IN THE BAYOU....THEN AVA CAME OVER AND SAT WITH ME.

SARA: How are you feeling?

JACK: (REG MIKE) Fine, Ava..and tonight we're going to do the town..~~and~~ I'm going to start by drinking champagne out of your slipper..come on..put it on the table.

SARA: Okay..there.

(SOUND: LIGHT THUMP)

SARA: Go ahead..start pouring.

JACK: Take your foot out of it first...that's better..Now I'll fill this slipper with champagne for me..

(SOUND: LITTLE POURING OF CHAMPAGNE.)

JACK: There..now I'll fill your other slipper for you.

(SOUND: POURING OF CHAMPAGNE GOES ON AND ON AND ON)

SARA:My left foot is bigger than my right.

JACK: Oh..~~walk~~ ^{fill me} tell me, Ava..am I the first man who ever drank champagne from your slipper?

SARA: Nah..they all do...~~every night..a guy thinks he's romantic and he starts drinking champagne from my slipper.~~

JACK: You're kidding.

SARA: No I'm not..when I walk home from here, I sound like Chloe coming through the swamp.

JACK: Hmm..Ava, ~~how can you work in a place like this?..let's get married and I'll take you away on a long, long, trip.~~

DD

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SARA:-----Where will you take me?

JACK: Well, first to Denmark. *I asked her to marry me*
(FILTER) *but she* ~~AVA~~ TURNED ME DOWN SO I MARRIED SUSAN AND CAME
HERE TO AFRICA...THE PAIN IN MY LEG NOW WAS UNBEARABLE
AND I HAD ALMOST GIVEN UP HOPE, WHEN SUDDENLY --

(SOUND: DRONE OF PLANE.)

JACK: I HEARD A DRONING NOISE.

IRIS: Look, Mac, it's the plane.

JACK:----- (REG MIKE) ~~Where, where, where? I can't see anything.~~

IRIS: -----Pull your hat up.

JACK: -----Oh yes...darn that witch doctor.

JACK: (FILTER) BUT SUSAN WAS RIGHT..IT WAS THE MERCY PLANE COMING
WITH SUPPLIES..BUT FATE STILL MOCKED ME..THERE WAS NO
PLACE FOR THE PLANE TO LAND..AS A LAST RESORT, THE PILOT
SWOOPED LOW OVER OUR CAMP AND THREW THE MEDICINE AND
PEROXIDE OUT..WE FOUND THE MEDICINE AND I GOT WELL, BUT THE
PEROXIDE DISAPPEARED..SO NOW, SUSAN IS A BRUNETTE, BUT
SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA THERE ARE TWO HUNDRED BLONDE GORILLAS..
THIS IS THE STORY OF "THE SNOWS OF KILINMANJARO."

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

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

DD

JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 8, 1953 (transcribed February 18, 1953)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first a word to
cigarette smokers ... Nothing - no, nothing - beats better
taste. And ...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

For 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 the 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 a carton of Lucky Strike!

ORCH: (SHORT VAMP)

SPORTSMEN Be Happy -- Go Lucky

QUARTER: Get better taste today!

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(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, that concludes another program
and we'll be back with you again next ...

MEL: (GROWL OF CROCODILE)

JACK: What was that?

MEL: A crocodile, I finally made it.

JACK: Oh..oh..well, ~~Thank you~~ goodnight, folks, we're a little late.

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

DON: The Jack Benny program is written by Sam Perrin, Milt
Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tackaberry, and produced
and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.
Be sure to hear "The American Way" with Horace Heidt for Lucky
Strike every Thursday over this same station. Consult your news-
paper for the time.

The Jack Benny program has been brought to you by
Lucky Strike, product of the American Tobacco Company --
America's leading manufacturer of Cigarettes.

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