

PROGRAM #36
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 17, 1953

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PDT

(TRANSCRIBED MAY 13, 1953)

AS BROADCAST

CB

ATK01 0183775

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
THE JACK BENNY SHOW (RADIO)
MAY 17, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED MAY 13, 1953)

-A-

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WILSON: The Jack Benny program...transcribed and presented by Lucky Strike! (PAUSE) In a cigarette...nothing - no, nothing beats better taste! And remember....

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

Lucky Strike....Lucky Strike

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, friends. I'm sure all you smokers will agree that the one thing you want most from your cigarette is better taste. For after all -- nothing - no, nothing beats better taste. And Luckies taste better...cleaner, fresher, smoother. Now there are good reasons why. For one thing, Luckies are made of good-tasting tobacco..tobacco that is fine, light, naturally mild. Yes, LS/MFT --Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Then -- Luckies are made better to taste better -- made round and firm and fully packed to draw freely and smoke evenly. In addition, every pack of Luckies is extra tightly sealed to bring you Luckies' better taste in all its natural freshness. Just open up a pack and you'll find that every Lucky Strike is as fresh as the day it was made. That's right -- Luckies just naturally have a better taste when they're made -- and still have that better taste when you smoke them. Because they come to you fresh. So, for real, deep-down smoking enjoyment -- be happy -- go Lucky! Get a carton of better-tasting, fresher-tasting Lucky Strike!

BR

ATX01 0183776

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
THE JACK BENNY SHOW (RADIO)
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-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

Lucky Strike....Lucky Strike

MUSIC: (PROGRAM THEME UP AND DOWN)

BR

RTX01 0183777

(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" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE ..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..IMMEDIATELY AFTER THIS RADIO SHOW, JACK BENNY WILL DO ANOTHER OF HIS MONTHLY TELEVISION PROGRAMS OVER THE C.B.S. NETWORK...BUT IN THE MEANTIME, LET'S GO BACK TO LAST MONDAY WHEN JACK RETURNED FROM A SUCCESSFUL ~~THREE~~ ~~WEEK~~ PERSONAL APPEARANCE AT THE CURRAN THEATRE IN SAN FRANCISCO..AS WE LOOK IN ON JACK, HE IS AT HOME GOING OVER SOME MEMENTOS OF HIS THEATRE APPEARANCE.

JACK:Seven thousand, ninety-eight...seven thousand, ninety-nine...~~seven thousand, one hundred...~~

~~(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)~~

JACK: ~~Seven thousand, one hundred and one...~~

ROCH: WHAT ARE YOU DOING, BOSS?

JACK: ^{oh-oh-} I'm just checking over the number of programs you sold during my engagement in San Francisco.

ROCH: I THOUGHT I SOLD QUITE A LOT OF THEM.

JACK: Oh, you did, Rochester..and those programs made wonderful souvenirs...They had my biography and pictures of my entire life in them.

ROCH: I KNOW...SAY BOSS,..IN THAT PICTURE ON THE SECOND PAGE..WAS THAT MAN STANDING BESIDE YOU YOUR FATHER?

JACK: No, ^{he} he was my violin teacher and ^{he} had just finished giving me a lesson.

ROCH: BUT WHY WERE YOU WEARING THAT BIG FLOPPY HAT?

JACK: That's not a hat, it's my violin, the teacher just broke it over my head... He was very impulsive, *you know.*

MEL: *(Squawk)* Very impulsive; very impulsive. (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)
mel: (Squawk - whistle)

JACK: Hello, Polly, I'm glad you're home from the pet shop.

ROCH: I GOTTA TELL YOU THE CUTEST THING, MR. BENNY...WHEN I PICKED HER UP AT THE PET SHOP, SHE DIDN'T WANT TO GO...SHE WAS IN LOVE WITH THE PARROT IN THE NEXT CAGE.

JACK: Oh, it was a male parrot, eh?

ROCH: DON'T ASK ME, ASK HER.

JACK: All right, I will ask her...Polly was---ehh, I better drop the subject, she's blushing. *...Now Rochester, I hope you*
put away all the things I brought from San Francisco.

ROCH: I DID THAT THIS MORNING.

JACK: And did you do what I told you to *do* about laying out all my clothes and calling the cleaner to get them?

ROCH: I DID THAT, TOO.

JACK: Good..now go upstairs and make sure I didn't leave anything in my clothes. Go through the pockets.

ROCH: AGAIN?

JACK: Oh, you went through the pockets already?

ROCH: TWICE, ONCE WITH THE HANDS AND ONCE WITH THE MAGNET.

JACK: Well, never mind, do it again be~~cause~~--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: You take care of my clothes, I'll answer the door.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis.

CB

DENNIS: Welcome home.

JACK: *well*, It's nice being home.

DENNIS: Good to see you again.

JACK: Thanks, *kid*.

DENNIS: I hurried over as soon as I heard you were ~~home~~ *back*.

JACK: You did?

DENNIS: Yeah..gosh, have I got something to tell ~~you~~ *ya*.

JACK: What, Dennis, what, what?

DENNIS: I'm quitting your show.

JACK: You're quitting the show?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

JACK: Wait a minute, Dennis..what's wrong this time?..Don't you like the material you get on the program?

DENNIS: *Oh*, I think the lines they give me are very funny.

JACK: *well*, Don't you like the short hours you have to work?

DENNIS: Oh, they're fine.

JACK: Well, don't you like the musical arrangements I get you for your songs?

DENNIS: I think they're wonderful

JACK: Then for heavens sakes, kid..what's the matter?

DENNIS: I don't like you.

JACK: After fourteen years you suddenly found out you don't ~~like~~ like me?

DENNIS: I didn't like you when I first met you.

JACK: ~~Hmmm..look, Dennis, don't quit just on the spur of the moment..go home and talk it over with your father.~~

DENNIS: ~~I can't..he's in the hospital.~~

JACK: ~~Why..what happened to your father?~~

CB

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DENNIS: While I was talking it over with my mother, he stuck up for you.

JACK: ~~You mean your mother--~~

DENNIS: ~~Yeah, for years she's been telling Papa, "One of these days, one of these days" ..and this time, Powwww, right in the kisser.~~

JACK: ~~Man..~~ ^{Dennis} Look, let's drop this silly talk..you can't quit.

DENNIS: Well, I'm ~~going to~~ ^{gonna} quit.

JACK: Well, you can't...your contract still has forty-one years more to run.

DENNIS: Oh boy, that's what I like, security.

JACK: Yeah, yeah..security...Now let me hear the song you're going to do on Sunday's show.

DENNIS: Yes, sir..it's called "If I Loved You A Mountain." It's from my new 20th Century Fox Picture "The Girl Next Door" which is 3-D.

JACK: ^{Oh, your picture, huh, Dennis? Gee.} ~~Man,~~ I didn't know it was 3-D.

DENNIS: Yeah, Dennis Day's Delightful.

JACK: Oh, quiet..^{look it} Now let's have ~~your~~

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Hold it a second, Dennis.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

BOB: Hi, Jack, this is Bob Crosby.

JACK: Oh, hello, Bob...when did you get home from San Francisco?

BOB: Who's home...I'm still up here.

JACK: ^{hell} How come...I thought you were supposed to get back here yesterday.

CB

BOB: *Oh*, Yes, but San Francisco has fascinated the boys in the band so much, I can't get them to leave.

JACK: *Why*, What's so fascinating to ~~them~~ *the boys in the band?*

BOB: Well, Remley's absolutely amazed at all the steep hills in San Francisco.

JACK: What do you mean?

BOB: *Well*, It's the first time Frankie's been sober and the city cockeyed.

JACK: That I can believe. *But* When are you coming home?

BOB: Tomorrow..I tried to get the fellows to leave here tonight, but Bagby ^{is} ~~is~~ giving a little party.

JACK: Charlie Bagby, our piano player?..What kind of ~~a~~ party is he giving?

BOB: Well, it's not exactly a party...he's invited the rest of the band to watch him jump off the Golden Gate Bridge.

JACK: *How* Wait a minute, Bob..I know that Bagby has certain peculiarities....I can understand him wearing gloves when he plays the piano because he doesn't want to leave his fingerprints on anything.....I can even understand him not wanting to ever sit in a chair because of the way his uncle died...But why should he want to jump off the Golden Gate Bridge?

BOB: *Oh*, He did it yesterday and *he* liked it.

JACK: *He* Liked it?

BOB: *Yeah*, He thinks those whitecaps are Brew 102.

JACK: (~~LAUGHING~~) Look, Bob, this is all very funny, but a man doesn't phone long distance just to tell jokes ^{just} ~~just~~. What do you want?

CB

BOB: Well, Jack..to tell you the truth, I've run out of money and need some to get back to Los Angeles.

JACK: Bob, you don't need any money to get back here...all you have to do is get a road map, stand out on the highway, and motorists will pick you up.

BOB: ~~Now wait a minute,~~ Jack, a man in my position can't hitch-hike.

~~JACK: What is your position?~~

~~BOB: Well..I'm an orchestra leader, I work for you...and...er...~~
Well, see you later, Jack, I'm going out to get a road map.

JACK: Wait a minute, Bob, wait a minute..On second thought maybe you shouldn't hitch-hike. I'll send you the money. Where are you staying?

BOB: Uncle Dan's Mission.

JACK: Oh...well, I'll wire it to you. So long, Bob.

BOB: ~~Good~~bye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Okay, Dennis, let me hear your song, *but?*

DENNIS: Yes sir.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS SONG - IF I LOVE YOU A MOUNTAIN")

(APPLAUSE)

CB

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(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Dennis, ^{Gee,} that song ~~was~~ ^{you know,} sound great ~~on the show~~. I don't know what it is but your voice sounds better and better...
^{You know,} You're not only one of the best singers around ^(also, blame) today, but ~~you also have a definite flair for comedy.~~

~~DENNIS: You're just saying that because you're stuck with me for forty-one years.~~

~~JACK: Look Dennis, I'm not stuck with you...I can drop you any time one of your options come up.~~

~~DENNIS: When do my options come up?~~

~~JACK: Every day at noon....Now go before I change my mind.~~

~~DENNIS: Goodbye.~~

~~(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)~~

JACK: That kid gets sillier every day.

MEL: (SQUAWKS) Every day, every day. (WHISTLES)

JACK: Quiet, Polly...Gee, I don't know what to do today...
I think --

ROCH: (COMING IN) MR. BENNY, IT'S NEARLY LUNCH TIME...WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO GET YOU SOMETHING TO EAT?

JACK: No...I'm not hungry...Maybe later.

ROCH: OKAY...BY THE WAY, WHAT HAPPENED TO MR. DAY?

JACK: He left.

ROCH: OH...THEN IF WE'RE ALONE, THERE'S SOMETHING I WANNA ASK YOU.

JACK: What is it?

ROCH: I WANT TO ASK YOU FOR A RAISE.

JACK: (A LA ROCH) AGAIN!...Look, Rochester, you can forget it...

~~I pay you a good salary, and I'm not going to give you a raise.~~

ROCH: OKAY, OKAY...THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, I JUST GOTTA JOIN
A UNION.

JACK: Never mind, Rochester, there's no need to --
(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Answer that, please.

ROCH: YES, SIR.
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: IMAGINE HIM TURNING ME DOWN AGAIN...WELL, AT LEAST I DID
GET ONE RAISE SINCE I'VE BEEN WORKING FOR HIM...THAT REMINDS
ME, I NEVER SENT THAT LETTER OF THANKS TO THE N.R.A.....
I'LL DO IT TOMORROW.
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: OH, HELLO, MESS LIVINGSTONE.

MARY: Hello, Rochester...Is Mr. Benny home?

ROCH: YES, MA'AM...COME ON IN.
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: How is Mr. Benny?

ROCH: NORMAL, VERY NORMAL!

JACK: (OFF) Who is it, Rochester?

MARY: It's me, Jack.

JACK: Oh, I'm in the den, Mary.
(Sound: Buzzer) Jack: I'll answer the door.
(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hi, Doll.

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: I wasn't expecting you.

MARY: Well, I didn't intend dropping in...but I wanted to mail
this letter and I'm out of stamps...do you have any left?

JACK: Sure, they're in the next room.
(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: There they are.

MARY: Thanks.

(SOUND: COIN IN MACHINE...STAMPS COMING OUT)

JACK: Throw the folder in the wastebasket ^{who...uh} ^{uh...why, are you surprised?} Who's the letter to? ^{Who's}

MARY: My mother...I'm answering one I received from her this ^{the letter...} morning. ^{the letter to} ^{husk?}

JACK: ^{Oh, you got} A letter from your mother?

MARY: Yes, would you like to hear it?

JACK: Certainly...what does "Get Lost Little Sheba" have to say?

MARY: ^{well} Here it is...I'll read it ^{to you.}

(SOUND: RUSTLING OF PAPER)

MARY: (CLEARS THROAT) MY DARLING DAUGHTER MARY...JUST A SHORT NOTE TO LET YOU KNOW THAT ALL IS GOING WELL HERE ON THE FARM...AND BEFORE I FORGET, I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR THE LOVELY MOTHER'S DAY GIFT. ~~IT CERTAINLY WAS A BEAUTIFUL BATHROBE, AND IT'S DONE A LOT OF GOOD...PAPA HAS FINALLY DECIDED TO PUT IN A BATH.~~

~~JACK: Good, those old washtubs were murder.~~

MARY: ~~BY THE WAY, MARY, YOUR AUNT SOPHIE IS BREAKING HER ENGAGEMENT WITH HER ^{best friend.} FIANCE. SHE'S SICK AND TIRED OF WAITING...BY NOW SOPHIE THOUGHT FOR SURE HE'D BE OUT FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR.~~

~~JACK: I don't blame her...a hundred and seventy years is a long time to wait.~~

MARY: IT'S PROBABLY JUST AS WELL SHE BROKE IT OFF...NOW SHE WON'T HAVE TO GO AND SEE HIM ON VISITING DAY ANY MORE..(LAUGHINGLY) THAT CONSTANT KISSING THROUGH THE WIRE SCREEN MADE HER ^{face} ~~LIPS~~ LOOK LIKE WAFFLES.

JACK: Yeah..most women use pancake make-up..she just uses pancakes..

MARY: *... no other news*
NO OTHER NEWS EXCEPT THAT I HOPE YOU SAW YOUR UNCLE WILLIE
ON TELEVISION LAST SUNDAY...HE APPEARED ON WHAT'S MY LINE
AND WON FIFTY DOLLARS. *Jack: Gee!* NONE OF THE EXPERTS COULD GUESS
THAT HE WAS A BUM.

JACK: *well*, Good for Uncle Willie...he could use the fifty dollars...
Also the bottle of Stoppette!...*Incidentally* He could also use --

MARY: *Jack*, Jack, please...there's a P.S., and it's about you.

JACK: Well, read it, read it, *kid*.

MARY: *Mary* Okay...MARY, I READ IN VARIETY THAT JACK REALLY HAD A
SUCCESSFUL ENGAGEMENT UP AT SAN FRANCISCO AND MADE A LOT
OF MONEY...I AM SO HAPPY FOR HIM BECAUSE THIS IS WHAT HE
ALWAYS WANTED...

JACK: Your mother can kid me if she wants to, *Mary* but I had a swell
time in San Francisco...

MARY: I know, Jack, we all did...Well, I better be running along. *now*

JACK: Wait a minute, Mary...I haven't anything to do this
afternoon...maybe we'll take a walk or something. *Jack?*

MARY: *Oh*, I'm sorry, ~~Jack~~, but I can't...this is near the end of the
season and I've got to go downtown and audition for a summer
job.

JACK: Oh, really...what company, C.B.S. or N.B.C.?

MARY: M.A.Y.

JACK: Oh, oh, ~~oh~~...Well, lots of luck, Mary..I hope you get what
you want...Goodbye.

MARY: ~~Goodbye~~, Jack.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

ROCH: WOULD YOU LIKE SOME LUNCH NOW, MR. BENNY?

JACK: No, I'm still not hungry...Gee, I don't know what to do...

~~Rochester, did you ever have a day when you had so much
time on your hands and not a thing to do?~~

~~ROCH: OH BOSS, COME NOW.~~

JACK: ~~Hummmr...~~I don't know whether to go play golf or just sit
around ~~or---~~

ROCH: *well* WHY DON'T YOU JUST RELAX AND READ A BOOK?

JACK: *well* I've read all my books.

ROCH: WELL, YOU CAN GO TO THE LIBRARY AND BORROW SOME NEW ONES.

JACK: ~~Say~~ *Yes*...that's a good idea...Rochester, you get the car and --
No, it's only a short distance, ~~and it's~~ such a nice day,
I'll walk...I'll see you later, Rochester.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: GOODBYE, BOSS.

MEL: Goodbye, Boss. (WHISTLES)

JACK: Oh say...that reminds me, Rochester.

ROCH: YES, SIR?

JACK: This afternoon I want *I want* you to give Polly a bath.

MEL: (SQUAWKS) AGAIN! (WHISTLES)

JACK: Yes, again...I ~~want you to be clean when I come home.~~ *I'll* See
you later.

(GOING TO THE LIBRARY TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: My, but it's nice and quiet in the library...peaceful, too...
Oh, there's the librarian...I'll have to see her about
getting a card.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

BEA: Yes sir...can I help you?

JACK: Yes, Miss...I'd like to join ^{the} ~~this~~ library.

BEA: Oh...you'd like to take out a library card?

JACK: Yes, and the librarian, too. (SILLY LAUGH)

~~BEA: Congratulations, you win a free book, you're the one
millionth man to pull that line.~~

~~JACK: Hmmm.~~

BEA: Now if you want to get a card, you'll have to give me some
information....Your name?

JACK: Jack Benny.

BEA: Your address?

JACK: 366 North Camden Drive.

BEA: Your age?

JACK: Thirty-nine.

BEA: ...Thirty-nine?

JACK: ~~Yes~~.

BEA: You haven't worn well, have you?

JACK: ~~well~~, I worry a lot.

~~BEA: How tall are you?~~

~~JACK: Five-ten.~~

~~BEA: Color of hair?~~

~~JACK: Brown.~~

~~BEA: Color of eyes...Oh, they're blue, aren't they?~~

~~JACK: Bluer than the books that have been banned in Boston.~~

BEA: ~~well~~ Here's your card, Mr. Benny...Now as you know, this is a
public library and each book you borrow may be kept free
for three weeks...However, for each day after that we
fine you two cents.

JACK: Oh...and if I bring the book back before the three weeks are up, do you give me two cents a day?

BEA: Of course not.

JACK: ~~What a racket!~~.....Now, ^{where ---} where would I find some of ~~the~~ ~~latest~~ - *Oh. Jack, Jack, Oh. Jack,*

DON: (COMING IN) ~~Jack~~, I'm glad you're still here.

JACK: Huh? Oh Don...how'd you know where I was?

DON: *Well,* I dropped over ~~to~~ your house and Rochester told me you ~~had~~ ^{it} gone to the library.

JACK: But Don...I just got here myself...how did you get here so fast?

DON: ~~Oh,~~ *The* Sportsmen Quartet and I rode over here in my M.G.

JACK: Wait a minute...the four Sportsmen and you in an M.G.?

DON: Yeah, I was low man on the totum pole.

JACK: Oh...well, what was so important that you had to see me now?

DON: *Jack* Well, ^{the} the Sportsmen have a new number they rehearsed and they'd like you to hear it.

BEA: *Now,* Wait a minute, they can't sing here...this is a library...

JACK: Certainly not.

DON: *Well,* This will only take a minute.

JACK: But Don, look at that sign...it says "Don't talk - Whisper".

DON: That's wonderful, Jack. The name of the song is "Whispering."

JACK: Oh, oh. (WHISPERS) Miss, the name of the song is "Whispering."

BEA: (WHISPERS) Oh, that's all right.

JACK: (WHISPERS) Okay, Don.

DON: (WHISPERS) Take it, fellows.

(LOUD INTRO)

QUART: (LOUD) WHISPERING

WHILE YOU CUDDLE NEAR ME.

WHISPERING

SO NO ONE CAN HEAR ME

BEA: Gentlemen..gentlemen..

EACH LITTLE WHISPER

not so loud..this is a

SEEMS TO CHEER ME

library.

I KNOW IT'S TRUE

JACK: Don, please..it's

THERE'S NO ONE, DEAR, BUT YOU

embarrassing.

YOU'RE WHISPERING

WHY YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE ME

BEA: Gentlemen, you'll have

WHISPERING

to stop that, this is

WHY YOU'LL NEVER GRIEVE ME

a library.

WHISPER

JACK: Don, ^{Don,} everybody is looking

AND SAY THAT YOU BELIEVE ME

at us.

WHISPERING

THAT I LOVE YOU.

JACK: Don, this is embarrassing

..tell the boys to

whisper.

DON: Okay..whisper it, fellows.

WHISPERING, AS WE SMOKE A LUCKY

whisper it.

WHISPERING THAT THEY'RE FROM KENTUCKY

NOTHING, NO NOTHING IS AS DUCKY.

WE SIT AND PUFF

AND NOT ONE PUFF IS ROUGH.

'CAUSE LUCKIES ARE MADE OF FINE TOBACCO

Jack: sh-sh-sh-sh!

MUCH BETTER TASTING, THAT'S A FACT, SO

LET'S STOP THIS WHISPERING AND START SHOUTING

LUCKIES ARE THE SMOKE FOR ~~you~~ ^{you}

Jack: Fellow!

(APPLAUSE)

RM

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(THIRD ROUTINE)

-15-

JACK: Don..I admire your loyalty to Lucky Strikes, but don't you ever have the boys sing another song in a library.

DON: Okay, Jack..Well, I'll see you later..so long.

JACK: Goodbye..goodbye....I better apologize to the librarian.
Miss, I'm awfully sorry about this disturbance.

BEA: *Oh*, That's all right..That's the most excitement we've had in this library since we put the Kinsey Report next to Forever Amber.

JACK: I can imagine...Well, I better go find a book to read.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, they must have thousands of books here...Let's ee...

Here's one.. "It Takes More Than Talent" by Mervin LeRoy..
Yeah, something about me in it too. Billy laugh. Wonder if that's the same Mervin LeRoy the I read that..it's very good. Here's another one.. "Return
to Paradise" by James Michener..*Oh yes, they're making a*

~~picture out of that with Gary Cooper...They wanted real South Sea scenery so they went to Tahiti to make the picture~~

~~I understand Gary waded across...~~Let's see, what books they have under "Adventure"... Say, this book sounds exciting.."How I Discovered the Insane Pirate's Buried Fortune" or "Dig That Crazy Treasure."....Hm, look at all the books on this shelf..They're all devoted to space ships and interplanetary travel...*I think* I'll take this one, "I Flew To Mars In A ~~Space~~ Ship."...That sounds interesting.. Maybe I'll sit down here and read it..

(SOUND: SCRAPING OF CHAIR)

JACK: I Flew To Mars In A *Space* ~~Rocket~~ Ship...Chapter One.

(A LITTLE OUT OF THIS WORLD MUSIC)

JO

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JACK: (FILTER) MY NAME IS COMMANDER ^{Bugs}FLASH COREY...~~I AM THE~~
~~EARTH'S FOREMOST SPACE TRAVELER...I HAVE VISITED MOST OF~~
~~THE STRANGE MYSTERIOUS PLACES IN THE VAST UNIVERSE. THE~~
~~MOON, SATURN, MERCURY, ANAHEIM, JUPITER, AND CUCAMONGA...~~
THIS IS THE MORNING OF MY GREATEST ADVENTURE..TODAY I WILL
LEAVE IN MY NEW ^{Space}~~ROCKET~~ SHIP FOR THE ONLY REMAINING
UNEXPLORED PLANET..MARS... EVERYTHING ^{is}~~WAS~~ IN READINESS FOR
THE PERILOUS FLIGHT...I WAITED FOR MY NAVIGATOR TO BOARD
SHIP, THE BEAUTIFUL CAPTAIN TONGA...FINALLY SHE BOARDED
AND SAID:

MARY: Hello, Commander.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Hello, Tonga.

JACK: (FILTER) AS WE READIED OURSELVES FOR THE FLIGHT, I COULDN'T
HELP STARING AT HER..SHE LOOKED SO BEAUTIFUL AND ALLURING
IN HER NEW LOW-CUT OXYGEN TANK...FINALLY I TURNED TO HER
AND SAID:

(REG. MIKE) Tonga, let's make our last minute checks before
we blast off into space.

MARY: All right, ^{Bugs}~~Flash~~...I'll call the items off..you check them
on the chart...~~Gyroscopic Stabilizer.~~

~~JACK: Gyroscopic Stabilizer~~

MARY: Power Rockets.

JACK: Power Rockets.

MARY: Stratosphere Speed Indicator.

JACK: Stratosphere Speed Indicator.

MARY: Liquified Jet Fuel.

JACK: Liquified Jet Fuel.

MARY: Buggy whip.

JACK: Buggy---wait a minute..what are we doing with a buggy whip on a space rocket?

MARY: Somebody goofed!

JACK: Oh.

JACK: (FILTER) EVERYTHING WAS IN READINESS...WE WAVED LAST MINUTE GOODBYES AT THE CROWDS WHO HAD COME TO WITNESS OUR DEPARTURE..AND AS WE PREPARED TO LEAVE, THE BAND PLAYED.

(FEW STRAINS OF "A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY")

JACK: THEY HAD EVIDENTLY REHEARSED FOR ANOTHER KIND OF TAKE OFF..
THEN TONGA THREW THE CONTROL SWITCH, AND WE WERE OFF...

(SOUND: TERRIFIC SWOOSHING OF AIR AND WHINE OF
ROCKETS CONTINUES IN BACKGROUND)

JACK: THE TERRIFIC ACCELERATION MADE US LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS, AND WHEN WE CAME TO, WE WERE IN OUTER SPACE..AS TONGA NAVIGATED, I ASKED HER QUESTIONS.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) What is the gravitational pull of the earth now?

MARY: Zero.

JACK: Good..what is our position?

MARY: A half million miles from earth...

JACK: And our speed?

MARY: I have her wide open..we're doing ninety-nine thousand miles per hour.

JACK: Hmmm..we should be doing a hundred thousand...I wonder what's slowing ^{us} up.

MARY: You forgot to take the fox tail off the radiator cap.

JACK: Oh yes..it cuts our speed, but it's sporty.... Tonga,
why ~~don't you~~ wait a minute, why are you slowing down
the ship.

MARY: There's a man standing up ahead with his hand extended.

JACK: Oh yes..slow it way down, I'll open the hatch door and talk
to him.

(SOUND: WHINING OF SHIP BECOMING SLOWER AND SLOWER..

THEN SOUND OF HEAVY METALLIC HATCH DOOR

OPENING.)

JACK: (CALLS) Hey, what are you doing out there?

BOB: (OFF) I'M HITCHHIKING TO LOS ANGELES.

JACK: Well, good luck..I'm going to Mars, but I'll be back in
time for my television show.

(SOUND: CLANKING OF DOOR SHUT..ROCKET RESUMES SPEED)

JACK: ~~EVENTUALLY OUR TRIP NEARED ITS END..BEFORE WE REALIZED IT,~~
MARS BEGAN TO LOOM UP IN OUR SPACE SCOPE..NOW THE CRUCIAL
MOMENT ~~OF~~ ^{for} LANDING WAS AT HAND.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Get the ~~rocket~~ ^{ship} in landing position.

MARY: Landing position achieved.

JACK: Jettison the ballast.

MARY: Ballast jettisoned.

JACK: *So far we haven't slowed up any of the words*
Stop the ship.

(SOUND: TERRIFIC SQUEAL OF AUTO BRAKES AND TIRES)

JACK: ~~Hmm~~....Old fashioned sound man!

JACK: (FILTER) TONGA AND I GOT OUT OF THE SHIP .. THE FIRST EARTHLINGS TO LAND ON MARS ... AS WE WALKED AROUND, WE WERE AMAZED AT THE WEIRD ATMOSPHERE ... ~~THE ENTIRE PLANET OF MARS WAS BATHED IN A BRIGHT RED GLOW ... THIS DIDN'T BOTHERED US, BUT IT WOULD HAVE DRIVEN SENATOR McCARTHY NUTS ... AS OUR EYES BECAME ACCUSTOMED TO THE WEIRD LIGHT,~~ WE SAW A STRANGE CREATURE APPROACHING US ... ~~THIS ANSWERED THE RIDDLE OF THE AGES ... THERE WAS LIFE ON MARS ...~~ AS IT CAME CLOSER, I NERVOUSLY GRIPPED MY DISINTEGRATOR GUN ... THEN THIS CREATURE STOPPED, OPENED ITS MOUTH, AND SAID:

MEL: DUHHHHHHH, WELCOME TO MARS!

JACK: (REG. MIKE) We ^{came} ~~came~~ from earth ... I am Commander ^{Bunny} ~~Blanch~~ Corey ... and this is Tonga.

MEL: Tonga?

MARY: Yes ... why are you staring at me like that ... haven't you ever seen a woman before?

MEL: Not for a long long time.

JACK: Wait a minute ... you mean there are no women on Mars?

MEL: No ... we used to have women, but we sent them away ... we got rid of all the women a thousand years ago.

JACK: (FILTER) YES, THE RIDDLE OF THE AGES WAS ANSWERED ... THERE WAS LIFE ON MARS BUT THEY WERE A CRAZY MIXED UP BUNCH OF KIDS ... I ASKED THIS CREATURE MORE QUESTIONS.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) As our ^{space ship} ~~rocket~~ flew over your planet, we didn't see any farms.

MEL: Duhhh, we have no farms.

JACK: ~~oh,~~ well where do you raise your animals and vegetables?

MEL: *sh* We don't have none.

JACK: Well, for heavens sakes, what do you eat?

MEL: Duh, we have plenty -- we eat irradiated air, powdered uranium, condensed hydrogen and cimeron rolls.

JACK: (FILTER) I COULD SEE I WOULD GET NOWHERE WITH HIM, SO I ASKED HIM TO TAKE ME TO HIS CHIEF ... ~~AND A FEW~~ MINUTES LATER WE FOUND OURSELVES STANDING IN FRONT OF THE MOST IMPORTANT PERSON ON THE ENTIRE PLANET ... DEFERENTIALLY I BOWED TO HIM AND SAID:

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Are you ^{the} leader of the Martians?

DENNIS: Today, yes.. but I'm quitting your show tomorrow.

JACK: (FILTER) I STARED AT THIS MARTIAN IN AMAZEMENT ON EARTH WE HAD BEEN LED TO BELIEVE THAT ALL LIVING THINGS ON MARS HAD HUGE, TREMENDOUS HEADS ... THIS ONE HAD NO HEAD AT ALL ... HE INTERRUPTED MY OBSERVATION BY ASKING:

DENNIS: Where do you come from?

JACK: (REG. MIKE) We come from another planet, Earth.

DENNIS: What is earth like?

JACK: Well, it's much different from Mars... This is a dull dreary place ... no vegetation ... no animals .. no women ... it's terrible.

DENNIS: What is Earth like?

JACK: It's beautiful ... flowers, trees, rivers, lakes, and gorgeous women.

DENNIS: If Earth is so beautiful, why did you leave it to come to this terrible place?

~~JACK: The taxes are murder. Believe me.~~

DENNIS: You made a mistake coming here ... we tolerate no strangers.

MARY: But we are friends.

DENNIS: Guards ... get ready to kill these people.

MEL: ~~Duhhh .. both of them?~~

~~DENNIS: Yes ... him you can kill immediately, her I'll tell you about tomorrow.~~

~~JACK: Wait a minute, you can't kill me ./ you can't kill me ...~~

~~YOU CAN'T, YOU CAN'T, YOU CAN'T!~~

BEA: Sir, you'll have to lower your voice, this is a public library.

JACK: Huh?

BEA: I said lower your voice, this is a library.

JACK: Oh, I'm ^{so} sorry ~~./~~ ^{terribly} I was reading this book and was carried away ... for awhile I was in the twenty-fifth century.

BEA: Then I was mistaken, you certainly do wear well.

JACK: Thank you ... I'll take this book home with me ... I'll finish it after I do my television show ... Goodbye.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and Gentlemen, I'll be back in just a moment to tell you about my television show which goes on immediately after this program.....But first, a word to cigarette smokers....Nothing -- No Nothing -- beats better taste. And Remember.....

RM

ATX01 0183799

The American Tobacco Co.
The Jack Benny Show (radio)
May 17, 1953 (transcribed May 13, 1953)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

Lucky Strike ... Lucky Strike

WILSON: Friends, when it comes to really enjoying a cigarette,
remember this...nothing -- no, nothing - beats better
taste. And Luckies taste better -- cleaner, fresher,
smoother. Luckies taste better because they're actually
made better. Made round and firm and fully packed, to
draw freely and smoke evenly. Then, too, Luckies taste
better because they're made of fine tobacco. I guess the
whole world knows LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine
tobacco ... fine, light, naturally mild tobacco with a
wonderful aroma and even better taste. So for the real
deep-down smoking enjoyment of a better-tasting cigarette,
smoke Lucky Strike -- the cigarette that has better taste
when it's made -- and still has that better taste when you
smoke it. Yes, next time you buy cigarettes, ask for
a carton of better-tasting Lucky Strike.

SPORTSMEN Be happy -- go Lucky

QUARTET: Get better taste today (Long Close)

RM

ATX01 0183800

(TAG)

JACK: *Ladies*, Ladies and gentlemen, my producer is signalling me that I'm a little early..He means I'm a little early for my ~~television~~ ^{TV} show which goes on immediately after this radio program...But I'm a little late on this program so I better say "goodbye" on radio and in a few seconds I'll say "Hello" on television....Boy, am I a crazy mixed up kid! Goodnight, everybody.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Sam Perrin, George Balzer, Al Gordon, Hal Goldman 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 newspaper for the time.

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

RM

ATXQ1 0183801