

PROGRAM #34  
REVISED SCRIPT

*"As Broadcast"*

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 2, 1954

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PDT

(TRANSCRIBED APRIL 21, 1954)

WA

ATX01 0019747

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
MAY 2, 1954 (TRANSCRIBED APRIL 21, 1954)

-A-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... transcribed and presented by  
Lucky Strike!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

COLLINS: Luskies 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. Common sense will tell you, friends,  
that smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the  
fact of the matter is -- Luckies taste better. Cleaner,  
Fresher, Smoother. And why not? It's known the world  
over that LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco--  
fine, naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. And then,  
Luckies are made better to taste better. Constant checks  
of quality made during Luckies' manufacture, mean that  
you enjoy all the better taste of Luckies' fine tobacco.  
For example, the moisture content of the tobacco is  
carefully maintained in every phase of manufacture.

(MORE)

DH

ATX01 0019748

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
MAY 2, 1954 (TRANSCRIBED APRIL 21, 1954)

-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON:      Checked to make sure every Lucky you light is not too  
(CONT'D)      moist and not too dry, but just right to draw freely,  
                 smoke evenly and naturally taste better. So, if you  
                 want to Be Happy with the taste of your cigarette -  
                 Go Lucky! Ask for a carton of Lucky Strike!

COLLINS:      Luckies taste better!

CHORUS:      Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!  
                 Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

DH

ATX01 0019749

(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, TONIGHT JACK BENNY DOES ANOTHER TELEVISION PROGRAM WITH HIS GUEST STAR, DAVID NIVEN.... MEANWHILE WE HAVE A RADIO SHOW TO DO...SO WE BRING YOU A MAN WHOSE NAME FOR YEARS HAS BEEN THE EPITOME OF SHOW BUSINESS...A MAN WHO WENT FROM WAUKEGAN TO VAUDEVILLE...

MARY: FROM VAUDEVILLE TO PICTURES..

BOB: FROM PICTURES TO RADIO...

MARY: FROM RADIO TO TELEVISION...

DON: AND NOW, SINCE HE HAS NO PLACE ELSE TO GO, WOULD YOU PLEASE LET HIM COME INTO YOUR HOME FOR JUST A HALF HOUR?...THANK YOU, AND HERE HE IS....JACK BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *Thank you* Thank you, thank you...Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking .. And kids, you're absolutely right..I have been in show business a long time. Why I was playing the Palace Theatre in New York before --

MARY: Jack, don't start reminiscing.

JACK: I'm sorry, Mary...but when I think back over my career, I get carried away. It was such a wonderful era. I saw so many great performers.

DENNIS: You must have been nuts about John Wilkes Booth.

JACK: Oh stop it, Dennis...John Wilkes Booth lived in the 1860's.

DH

DENNIS: I thought he won the Academy Award last year.

JACK: That was Shirley Booth. Now go sit down... Now let's see... where was I?

MARY: Chapter Two in "This Is Your Life."

JACK: Mary, there's nothing wrong with discussing my career. People are interested.

DON: That's right. There aren't many performers who've been in the public eye as long as Jack.

JACK: Certainly.. Let's face it.. I'm a popular star. *I mean,* Everybody knows me.

MARY: Oh sure. ~~●~~ Couple of months ago you were on "What's My Line" and nobody guessed who you were.

DON: Oh, was Jack the Mystery Guest?

MARY: No, they were looking right at him.

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: When you walked past the panel, they thought you were Hildegard.

JACK: ~~They thought you were Hildegard.~~ *That's impossible.* Now we've got a show to do so let's get on--

(SOUND: POUNDING OF HAMMER AND SAWING NOISES)

JACK: ~~Let's get on with~~...

(SOUND: MORE POUNDING)

JACK: Oh for goodness sakes, what's all that racket?

(SOUND: MORE POUNDING)

JACK: *Chorley...* HEY BOB.. BOB.. WHAT'S GOING ON OVER THERE?

BOB: Oh, those are the carpenters, Jack. They're remodeling the studio.

JGH

JACK: Who authorized that?

BOB: *Will* I don't know, but the boys in the band thought the acoustics could be improved so they <sup>all</sup> chipped in their own money to have it done.

~~JACK: Bob..the boys are paying out of their own pockets to fix this studio?~~

~~BOB: Yes, they're very unhappy with the acoustics here.~~

JACK: Why?

BOB: *Will* Last week the police were practically at the door before they heard the sirens.

JACK: The police? What did they want?

BOB: Well, they've been suspicious of Remley ~~Sand~~ electric guitar.

JACK: His electric guitar?

BOB: *Remley* So they followed the cord and at the other end they found a telephone and a bookie.

JACK: Well, I hope this teaches him a lesson. He's always trying to figure out some way to bet on the horses.

DENNIS: I bet on the Kentucky Derby yesterday.

JACK: You did? *Dennis?*

DENNIS: Yes *well*..then I went home and watched it on television.

JACK: When did your horse come in??

DENNIS: On the Ten O'clock News, boy, was he late!

JACK: Oh fine.

DON: The horse I liked <sup>*came*</sup> ~~came~~ in second. How did you have it figured, Jack?

JACK: *Will* I didn't bet on the Derby and I didn't watch it.

DON: *Oh*, But Jack..the Kentucky Derby <sup>*is*</sup> ~~is~~ the biggest race of the year.

DH

JACK: Look, Don, you can have your Derby, and your Preakness and *your* Gold Cup and all the rest of 'em. Horse racing happens to leave me cold.

DON: Say, Mary, what's the matter with him?

MARY: *M* Don't mind him, Don. He went out with us to Santa Anita three months ago, he lost and he's been upset ever since.

JACK: (SORE) Mary, I'm not upset, and I never was upset over losing.

MARY: Oh you weren't, eh? Don, you shoulda seen the way Jack moped all the way home from Santa Anita.

DON: Really Mary, what happened?

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Well...Jack won on the sixth race..but he lost it all back and a little more on the last two..when the races were over, Jack, Dennis, and I were riding home in Jack's car..(FADING) We rode for about fifteen minutes in silence and then --

(SOUND: LOUSY PTT PUTTING OF JACK'S CAR..FADE TO B.G.)

MARY: Gee, it's fun going to the races once in awhile.

DENNIS: Yeah..I had a wonderful time. How much did you lose, Mr. Benny?

JACK: *M* Only four dollars and seventy-five cents..It was nothing.

MARY: Well, Jack, I'm glad to see you taking it like *such* a good sport.

JACK: Of course, Mary...what's four dollars and seventy-five cents.. It's just the deposits on two hundred and thirty-seven Coca Cola bottles...That's all...(HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM) ..How did you make out, Dennis?

DENNIS: I won eight dollars.

*UGH*

JACK: Oh, <sup>you</sup> you won, eh... Well, I only lost four seventy-five.. Did you win, Mary?

MARY: No, I lost twelve dollars.

JACK: Good, good... I mean, <sup>that's</sup> that's too bad.

MARY: Jack, I think you really are mad because you lost.

JACK: <sup>Oh</sup> Don't be silly, Mary.. it doesn't bother me at all... easy come, easy go.. (SILLY LAUGH) Now let's forget it.. (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM) Rochester, did you lose much?

ROCH: NO BOSS, I WON TWENTY-NINE DOLLARS.

JACK: Hmm.... Look, Rochester, you have no business betting on the races because you can't afford to lose.

ROCH: BUT BOSS, I TOLD YOU I WON, I WON.

JACK: ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, JUST WATCH YOUR DRIVING!.. ~~THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE HERE FOR.~~

MARY: Look, Jack, if losing bothers you so much, we won't discuss the races anymore.

JACK: Mary, I had completely forgotten about that four dollars and seventy-five cents till you brought it up.. Now let's not <sup>mention</sup> ~~discuss it any more~~ <sup>again</sup>.. (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM) The only thing on my mind now is that <sup>I</sup> I want to get home for dinner by six o'clock.

DENNIS: What time is it now?

JACK: Four seventy-five, <sup>I mean,</sup> ~~mean,~~ half past five... Now look, once and for all, let's drop the subject.

(SOUND: AUTO HORN)

MARY: You know, Jack, it was nice running into Benita and Ronald Colman at the races.

UGH



JACK: Yeah..Ronnie won money, too..And he had the most peculiar  
*You know he'd - the*  
system).He'd only bet on English horses....Rochester,  
can ~~me~~ you drive a little faster?

ROCH: I'LL TRY.....SAY MR. BENNY, CAN I HAVE TONIGHT OFF?

JACK: I guess so..Why?

ROCH: WELL, I WON TWENTY-NINE DOLLARS AT THE TRACK AND I FEEL  
LUCKY..I THOUGHT I MIGHT GO TO THE LODGE AND GET INTO A  
POKER GAME WITH SOME FELLOWS.

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCH: MAYBE I CAN WIN ANOTHER SEVENTY-ONE DOLLARS, WHICH WILL GIVE  
ME AN EVEN HUNDRED...AND IF I HAD A HUNDRED DOLLARS AFTER  
ALL THESE YEARS I COULD PROPOSE TO MY GIRL FRIEND.

MARY: Wait a minute, Rochester...You mean to say that this would  
be the first time you ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> a hundred dollars?

ROCH: THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE HAD TWENTY-NINE.

JACK: Well, you should be a little more thrifty, Rochester.

MARY: Are you going with the same girl, Rochester?

ROCH: YES, MA'AM..SUSIE.

MARY: ~~Ask~~ You've been going with her for so many years. Tell me,  
Rochester, what does she look like?

ROCH: WELL..EVERY TIME I LOOK AT HER, I THINK OF LENA HORNE.

MARY: Oh, is she that beautiful?

ROCH: NO, I JUST LIKE TO THINK OF LENA HORNE.

~~JACK: Hmm.~~

~~ROCH: BUT SUSIE REALLY IS BEAUTIFUL, MISS LIVINGSTONE.~~

~~JACK: Now know, Rochester, I'll bet you must have quite a lot  
of competition with Susie.~~

GH

ROCH: OH, I HAVE, I HAVE...ALL THE FELLOWS ARE CRAZY ABOUT HER..  
IN FACT, A FEW YEARS AGO SHE HAD A DATE WITH JOE LOUIS.  
I WAS IN NEW YORK AT THE TIME.

MARY: With Mr. Benny?

ROCH: NO, JUST ME, I LEFT TOWN.

JACK: Rochester, please pay attention to your driving, <sup>with you?</sup> I'm tired  
and I'm anxious to get home.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP LOUDER AND FASTER...AND FADE)

JACK: That's better.

DENNIS: Gee, we sure must be going fast...the fox tail just flew  
off the radiator cap....Lucky I caught it.

~~JACK~~: That's not a fox tail and put it back on ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~my~~ s head.

JACK: Oh, Rochester, <sup>Rochester</sup> there's a man standing there motioning for  
us to stop....Pull over to the curb.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: CAR SQUEALS TO STOP)

JACK: Yes?

HERB: Mister, do you know how to get to the public library?

JACK: No....No, I don't.

HERB: Well, you go back two blocks, turn left, and you can't  
miss it.

JACK: Well, that's the silliest thing I ever heard...Drive on  
Rochester.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP AND FADE)

JACK: Gee...I'm getting kind of thirsty.

MARY: <sup>the</sup> If you're thirsty, Jack, there's an orange juice stand  
right up ahead.

DH

DENNIS: Oh ~~yes~~ look at that sign. "All the Orange Juice You Can Drink For Ten Cents".

(SOUND: TERRIFIC SCREECH OF BRAKES..CAR STOPS)

MARY: ROCHESTER!

ROCH: DON'T LOOK AT ME, MR. BENNY STEPPED ON THE BRAKES.

DENNIS: From the back seat, yet.

JACK: *Well*, All right...I'm thirsty.

MARY: Say Jack..isn't that Bob Crosby and Charlie Bagby *our friend player* over there?

JACK: Yeah...HEY, FELLOWS!...

BOB: Huh? Oh, hello, Mary..Hi, Jack.

JACK: Say, Bob, this is really a surprise, seeing Bagby drink orange juice..How come?

BOB: Well, he's been living in California fifteen years and I thought it's about time he found out what the stuff tastes like.

MARY: How do you like it, Charlie?

BAGBY: For nothing-proof, it ain't bad.

JACK: Well, you ought to know.

DENNIS: Say, Charlie, how did you make out at the races today?

BAGBY: Great...I won ninety bucks.

JACK: (MIMICS HIM) Won ninety bucks..won ninety bucks...Big show off.

BOB: *Hey*, What's eating him, Mary? What's wrong with Bagby winning ninety bucks?

MARY: *M*, Nothing, Bob. Jack's just upset because he lost four seventy-five...He even got mad at the horse.

F

GH

JACK: I was not mad at the horse.

MARY: Then why did you shove your hand down his throat to get your lump of sugar back?

JACK: *I was told...* *That the million I had seen said. Now look - kids*  
Oh stop... Now look, kids, I don't want to hear any more about my losing money... It isn't such a terrible thing.

DON: OH JACK... JACK... HEY, KIDS.

MARY: *Oh* It's Don Wilson.

JACK: Oh ~~yes~~ Don, what're you doing out this way?

DON: Well, it's ~~was~~ such a nice day I thought I'd take the Sportsmen Quartet out for a ride.

JACK: L Taking the quartet for a ride?... Where's your car?

DON: No car, piggy back.

JACK: Oh yes... the tenor's sitting on the rumble seat... Hello, fellows.

QUART: HMMMMMM.

JACK: Say, Don, have you and the boys thought about a commercial for Sunday?

DON: *Oh* No we haven't, Jack... but we'll work on it ~~as~~ soon as we get home.

DENNIS: *Say* I know a song we can all sing for a commercial

JACK: You do?

DENNIS: Yes, ~~the~~ "Clancy Lowered The Boom".

JACK: Dennis, you've done that so many times... And anyway, I don't think that would make a good commercial.

DENNIS: Oh yes it will.... and I've got parts for all of us... Here.. this is the quartet's part... This is yours, Mary.. And here's yours, Don... and Bob and Rochester... Come on, let's go.

JACK: Wait a minute, there's no part for me.

DENNIS: You do your part on the violin.

JACK: But I haven't got my violin here.

DENNIS: (A LA JACK) Good, good) .. Come on, let's sing it, *can. That's all I need*

*Jack: O. H. H.*

DENNIS: *X* Clancy was a peaceful man, if you know what I mean.

The cops picked up the pieces  
After Clancy left the scene.  
He never looked for trouble,  
That's a fact you can assume.  
But nevertheless when trouble would press  
Clancy lowered the boom.

QUART: Oh, that Clancy..Oh that Clancy  
Whenever they got his Irish up,  
Clancy lowered the boom boom boom boom  
boom boom boom boom.

*Rockets*  
~~QUART~~: Now Mr. Benny's very good at telling jokes and such  
In fact he's good at everything  
Except perhaps a touch.  
One day I asked to borrow ten  
'Twas then I sealed my doom..  
I reached for the cesh, then quick as a flash,  
Benny lowered the boom!

QUART: Oh that Benny..Oh that Benny  
If ever you look in his pocketbook,  
Benny will lower the boom boom boom boom  
Boom boom boom boom.

MARY: Now they can kid him all they please  
By saying that he's tight.  
But they should see him when he buys his dinner every night  
He gives the girl a dollar,  
Though you may think it's strange  
Although the check is ninety-five  
He tells her to keep the change.

QUART: Oh that Benny..Oh that Benny  
If ever he spends a buck and a half,  
We'll know we're in for a boom boom boom boom  
Boom boom boom boom.  
BOB: I went to ~~some~~<sup>Mr</sup> Benny's house  
And walked in through the door  
There at my feet a dollar bill  
Was lying on the floor.  
I looked around, but couldn't see nobody in the room  
So trusting my luck, I reached for the buck  
Then someone lowered the boom.  
QUART: That was Benny..That was Benny  
He scratches the middle of some poor fiddle  
And calls it Love in Bloom bloom bloom bloom  
Bloom bloom bloom bloom  
DON: Now when you want a cigarette,  
Here's something I suggest.  
Why don't you light a Lucky Strike  
You know you want the best  
They're made of fine and light tobacco  
That you will agree  
So listen to Jack and buy a pack  
Of L S M F T

JC

ATX01 0019760

QUART: Oh, those Luckies...Oh those Luckies  
*Be happy and so. Luckies, you know.*  
~~As soon as you light a Lucky Strike~~  
*they'll*  
chase away your gloom gloom gloom gloom  
Gloom gloom gloom gloom

DENNIS: Sure and Clancy smokes them, ~~and~~...because they're  
cleaner, fresher, smoother, and better tasting, too.

(APPLAUSE)

DH

ATX01 0019761

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-13-

JACK: ~~He's~~ *Dennis-Dennis, that was very, very,* cute. I love those special lyrics...Now come on, kids, let's have some orange juice.

BOB: I've gotta run along, Jack, see you later.

JACK: Okay...HEY BOB, WAIT A MINUTE...(SOTTO) Say Mary, watch me catch him..(UP) Oh, Bob?

BOB: Yeah, Jack.

JACK: Do you know how to get to the public library?

BOB: Sure, you go back two blocks, turn left, and you can't miss it. I ran into the same guy.

JACK: Oh, go on home.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CAR MOTOR)

JACK: Well, we're getting close to home, kids, and I'm really tired.

(SOUND: CAR MOTOR SPUTTERING)

JACK: What's wrong?

ROCH: I THINK WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF GAS.

JACK: But the gauge says "Full".

ROCH: DON'T GO BY THAT, IT'S PAINTED THAT WAY.

~~JACK: Rochester, why would you do a thing like that?~~

~~ROCH: IT WAS YOUR IDEA. IT WAS CHEAPER TO BUY PAINT THAN GAS.~~

JACK: Well, that I don't understand at all.. Anyway there's a standard station, so pull in.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: CHUG CHUG OF MOTOR..BRAKES..CAR STOPS)

JACK: Rochester, honk the horn so the attendant will --

MARY: Jack, look who it is.

JACK: Oh yes.

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: ~~Well,~~ Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)



JACK: Mr. Kitzel...I didn't know you worked in a gas station.

ARTIE: It belongs to my brother-in-law, I am <sup>only</sup> helping out. This is my first time.

JACK: Oh, the first time you've ever worked in a gas station. <sup>Artie: Yes</sup> How do you like it?

ARTIE: HOO HOO HOO HOO...Sometimes you meet such silly people.

JACK: You do?

ARTIE: Yes, <sup>gentlemen</sup> this morning a ~~man~~ drove in with a brand new Cadillac and said "fill 'er up."

JACK: Uh huh.

ARTIE: So I put in five hundred and eighty-two gallons.

JACK: Five hundred and eighty-two gallons!

ARTIE: I coulda put in even more, but one window was open a little.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, you're joking.

ARTIE: (LAUGHS) <sup>Yes</sup> My!...An ad lib.

JACK: I thought so...Now Mr. Kitzel, I'd like to get some gas, too...but put it in the tank.

ARTIE: Yes, Mr. Benny...but I can't quite reach it..the hose is too short.

JACK: Say, you're right..that hose is only about two feet long..I never saw such a short hose..Why is that?

ARTIE: My brother-in-law who owns the gasoline station used to own a delicatessen.

JACK: What's that got to do with the hose being short?

ARTIE: Every time a customer came in, my brother-in-law picked up the hose, thought it was a salami, and started slicing.

JACK: Oh well, that could happen to anybody...Mr. Kitzel, how about the gas?

ARTIE: It's going in now.

JACK: Good good.

ARTIE: Mr. Benny, while you're here, how about a grease job? I'll check your differential, universal joints, spring shakles, wheel bearings, and your axle bolts.

JACK: ~~Mr.~~ <sup>Why</sup> Mr. Kitzel, how did you learn so much about what's under a car?

ARTIE: From trying to cross Hollywood Boulevard.

JACK: Oh...Well, never mind the grease...How much do I owe you for the gas, Mr. Kitzel?

ARTIE: Four seventy-five.

JACK: Hm.. here you are.. Goodbye, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: <sup>Thank you.</sup> Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ~~Will~~ Come on, Rochester, we'll drop Miss Livingstone and Dennis off and then ~~go~~ <sup>go</sup> home, I want to ~~get~~ <sup>get</sup> to bed.

(SOUND: CAR STARTS)

JACK: Say, Rochester, I just noticed something. The windshield is all pitted.

ROCH: THOSE ARE YOUR GLASSES, WE AIN'T GOT NO WINDSHIELD.

JACK: Oh yes, that's right.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Ahh, that bed looks good.. Gosh, what a relief to get this high starched collar off...I only wore it one day and ~~it~~ <sup>these</sup> almost drove me nuts...I wonder how Hoover stood it all ~~these~~ years...Well..off with my sweater..off with my shirt..Gosh, when I tell people I used to be a life guard, they laugh at me..~~but~~ just look at those muscles..how they bulge..hard as rocks..(YAWNS) I've gotta stop wearing them in the shower, the buckles are getting rusty..~~I~~ <sup>I</sup> feel good to get my shoes off.. Going to the track sure tires you out.

JACK: <sup>p</sup> Burns me up the way everybody thinks I'm mad because I lost four dollars and seventy-five cents.

(SOUND: SHOE DROPS)

JACK: ...Four seventy-five....(YAWNS) I'll make that up in no time...One more guest appearance with Bob Hope <sup>and</sup> I'm all set.

(SOUND: BED SPRINGS)

JACK: Gee, it's good to get in bed...Yes sir...(YAWNS) Gosh, I'm tired...what a day...<sup>(snores)</sup> ~~there's~~ nothing like a good night's rest...(SNORES THREE TIMES)

(DREAM MUSIC)

QUART: (OVER DREAM MUSIC) Four seventy-five..four seventy-five.

DENNIS: FOUR SEVENTY-FIVE.

MARY: FOUR SEVENTY-FIVE.

ARTIE: FOUR SEVENTY-FIVE.

QUART: FOUR SEVENTY-FIVE, FOUR SEVENTY-FIVE, FOUR SEVENTY-FIVE,  
FOUR SEVENTY-FIVE.

(CYMBAL CRASH)

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Gosh, what a crowd at the track.

MEL: (MOOLEY) Oh, Mister..Mister, would you like to buy a program?

JACK: A program..Yes..how much is it?

MEL: Four seventy-five.

JACK: Oh, is that all?...~~Here you are and here's a dollar tip.~~

~~MEL: Gee, thanks.~~

(SOUND: ~~CROWD CHEERING~~)

JC

ATX01 0019765

JACK: Is the next race about to start?

MEL: No, it don't start for twenty minutes yet.

JACK: Then what're the people cheering about?

MEL: They saw you give me that tip.

JACK: Oh

DON: JACK...JACK..

JACK: Oh hello, Don..what are you doing at the track?

DON: *Oh* I love horses...In fact, when I was born, my fether wanted me to be jockey.

JACK: *Aw* Don, that's ridiculous...a jockey's only supposed to weigh about ninety pounds.

DON: That's what I weighed when I was born.

JACK: Oh, well, what do you weigh now?

DON: Four seventy-five.

JACK: Four seventy-five!

(CYMBAL CRASH..VIBRAHARP)

JACK: (OVER VIBRAHARP) I' ~~me~~ gotte win today..I' ~~me~~ gotte win today. *I've gotta win.*

MEL: (P.A.) THE HORSES ARE COMING OUT ON THE TRACK FOR THE NEXT RACE..JOHNNY LONGDON LOOKS NERVOUS ON CORRESPONDENT...EDDIE ARCARO LOOKS ANXIOUS ON REJECTED..RALPH NEEVES LOOKS CALM ON IMBROS...JACK BENNY LOOKS CRUMMY ON TELEVISION.

JACK: I do not.....I' ~~me~~ gotte win today, I' ~~me~~ gotte win ~~today~~

MARY: (TOUT) Hey Bud...Bud.

JACK: Huh?

JC

ATX01 0019766

MARY: Come here a minute.

JACK: What?

MARY: Who you bettin' on?

JACK: Imbros.

MARY: Uh uh.

JACK: What?

MARY: Bet on Orange Juice.

JACK: Orange Juice? *Why?*

MARY: Look at the odds...All you can drink for ten cents.

JACK: Hey, wait a minute..You're Mary Livingstone, *you not that tart!* What are you trying ~~to~~ --Oh, look..there's Dennis..DENNIS...DENNIS....

DENNIS: (AS COLMAN) You're confused, old boy, I'm Ronald Colman.

~~JACK:~~ *Oh.*

DENNIS: Now let's see..I wonder if this horse is worth betting on.

JACK: Wait a minute, you only bet on English horses.

DENNIS: Quite, quite..Now I better find out if this one passes the test. Tell me, horse, are you English?

MEL: (DOES ENGLISH HORSE WHINNY)

JACK: Well, I'll be darned..S-y, that gives me *an* idea.. I'm going down to the paddock *and* talk to the horses.

(DREAM MUSIC)

JACK: Here's the horse I'm going to bet on...Hello, Horsie.

NELSON: (WHINNIES)

TB

JACK: You know, I bet a lot of money on you.

NELSON: (WHINNIES)

JACK: Are you gonna win today?

NELSON: Ooooooh, am I?

JACK: Wait a minute, you're not a horse..If you're a horse, how come you can talk?

NELSON: I can't, the horse next to me is a ventriloquist.

JACK: Ventriloquist? How can a horse be a ventriloquist.

NELSON: How should I know, it's your dream.

JACK: What?

MEL: (P.A.) THE RACE IS ABOUT TO START...MAKE YOUR BETS.

JACK: My bet! My bet! I've gotta make my bet...I ~~gotta~~ gotta win four seventy-five...Oh, darn it, the window is closed.... I'll rap on it.

(SOUND: TAPPING ON GLASS)

JACK: Open the window...open the window.

(SOUND: WINDOW UP...RUSH OF WATER FALLING)

JACK: What happened?

ARTIE: When you opened the window the gasoline ran out.

JACK: ~~What?~~...Oh, here's the betting window...Mister, here's ten dollars, give me a ticket on Library.

HERB: You ~~was~~ got the wrong window, go back two blocks and turn left.

JACK: Thank you.

MEL: (P.A.) ATTENTION PLEASE, THERE IS ONLY ONE MINUTE IN WHICH TO MAKE YOUR BETS...YOU PEOPLE WHO CAN'T GET TO THE WINDOW, FOLLOW THE ELECTRIC CORD, IT WILL LEAD YOU TO A GUITAR PLAYER.

JACK: Oh, good. I'll get my bet down.

BR

MEL: (P.A.) THERE THEY GO!

(SOUND: CROWD CHEERS)

MEL: (P.A.) IMBROS IS IN FRONT...REJECTED IS SECOND, LIBRARY IS THIRD...AND DON WILSON, IS FOURTH, FIFTH, AND SIXTH.

JACK; ~~DOUGLASS~~! Fourth, fifth & sixth.

MEL: ~~CONFIDENTIAL~~ (P.A.) COMING AROUND THE FAR TURN, LIBRARY IS FIRST, ~~CONFIDENTIAL~~ IS SECOND, FRANK REMLEY IS BOTTLED IN AND HE LIKES IT.

JACK: COME ON, LIBRARY, ONLY TWO BLOCKS MORE AND TURN TO THE LEFT.

MEL: (P.A.) AND NOW COMING INTO THE STRETCH..WAIT A MINUTE...  
~~CONDUCTOR~~ <sup>*Correlation*</sup> IS HAVING TROUBLE..~~CONDUCTOR~~ <sup>*Correlation*</sup> CAN'T SEE  
 THE FINISH LINE..HIS BLINKERS ARE PITTED.

JACK: COME ON, LIBRARY...COME ON, LIBRARY.

MEL: (P.A.) AND NOW COMING ~~ON~~<sup>first</sup> ON THE OUTSIDE IS CLANCY..(SINGS)  
OH, THAT CLANCY...OH, THAT CLANCY.

QUART: WHENEVER HE GOT HIS IRISH UP, CLANCY LOWERED THE BOOM

MEL: (P.A.) BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM.

JACK: <sup>Come on</sup> COME ON BOOM BOOM, COME ON BOOM BOOM...COME ON.

MEL: (P.A.) AND NOW COMING TO THE LINE OF FINISH IS GOYOMO, FISHERMAN, AND JAMES SESSION..AND RUNNING RIGHT BEHIND HIM IS DAVID NIVEN WHO DOESN'T WANT TO BE LATE FOR HIS GUEST APPEARANCE TONIGHT ON JACK BENNY'S<sup>TV</sup> PROGRAM.

JACK: COME ON, NIVEN...COME ON, NIVEN...RUN...RUN...

(DREAM MUSIC)

JACK: RUN...RUN...IF YOU DON'T WIN, I'LL LOSE FOUR SEVENTY-FIVE,  
I'LL LOSE FOUR SEVENTY-FIVE...COME ON...COME ON...RUN...  
RUN...RUN.. *Thump - - -*

(DREAM MUSIC OUT)

BR

ROCH: BOSS...BOSS.

JACK: RUN...RUN.

ROCH: BOSS!

JACK: *Run!* Huh?

ROCH: BOSS, YOU MUST'VE BEEN DREAMING ABOUT HORSES.

JACK: How do you know?

ROCH: YOU'RE RIDING THE BED POST.

JACK: ~~What?~~ What?

ROCH: ~~SIDESADDLE,~~ *Sidesaddle,*

JACK: Gee, Rochester, I just had the most exciting dream...I won't be able to go back to sleep now...Get me some Ovaltine. *Good!*

ROCH: YES SIR, ~~BY~~ *Mr. Benny* BY THE WAY, ~~BY~~ AFTER YOU WENT TO BED, A SPECIAL DELIVERY CAME FOR YOU.

JACK: Special Delivery? *What?* What was it?

ROCH: A REFUND FROM THE INCOME TAX BUREAU.

JACK: How much, how much?

ROCH: FOUR ~~SEVENTY FIVE~~ SEVENTY FIVE ~~SEVENTY FIVE~~.

JACK: *Oh* Good...~~never~~ never mind the Ovaltine, I can sleep now... Goodnight, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODNIGHT, BOSS.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

BR



(NATIONAL)

-22-

HOME FIRES: #3

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I will be back in a minute to tell you about my television show which goes on immediately after this program on the CBS Network with my guest star, David Niven, but first, here's a very important announcement. It deals with one of our greatest national hazards ... fire.

Fire destroys millions of dollars worth of property and takes thousands of lives each year. Don't let your home be a fire trap! Make certain all electrical appliances are in order. Don't smoke in bed ... Be careful with inflammables. Don't give fire a place to start.

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: I'll be back in just a minute. But first, here's a word from the Sweetheart of Lucky Strike.

CL

ATX01 0019771

(REGIONAL)

-23-

HOME FIRES #3

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I will be back in a minute to tell you about my television show which goes on tonight at 7 PM over the CBS Network with my guest star, David Niven, but first, here's a very important announcement. It deals with one of our greatest national hazards ... fire... Fire destroys millions of dollars worth of property and takes thousands of lives each year. Don't let your home be a fire trap! Make certain all electrical appliances are in order. Don't smoke in bed ... Be careful with inflammables. Don't give fire a place to start. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: I'll be back in just a minute. But first, here's a word from the Sweetheart of Lucky Strike.

CL

ATX01 0019772

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
MAY 2, 1954 (TRANSCRIBED APRIL 21, 1954)

-C-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first a word from the Sweetheart of Lucky Strike.

COLLINS: (E.T.) This is Dorothy Collins. Hi everybody. Y'know, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And friends, the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better! One important reason for this is -- LS/MFT! Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- fine, naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. And second, Luckies are made better. They're made round, and firm and fully packed to draw freely and smoke evenly. Golly, that's the whole thing in a nut shell. Truly fine tobacco -- in a better-made cigarette. That's the whole Lucky Strike story. That's why you can be sure ... sure every time you open a pack of Luckies ... that you'll enjoy a better-tasting smoke. For smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better -- they're cleaner, fresher, smoother! Pick up a pack or two next time you buy cigarettes. Be Happy -- Go Lucky. You'll agree -- Luckies taste better!

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!

CL

ATX01 0019773

(TAG)

-24-

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight I'm doing my television program, and as I said before, my guest star will be --

(SOUND: HORSES HOOVES)

JACK: Here he comes... David Niven ....

So I'll be jolly well seeing you soon. Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE)

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

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

CL

ATX01 0019774