

(J.B.R. 10)  
PROGRAM #27

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

*"A Broadcast"*

SUNDAY, MARCH 27, 1955

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED JANUARY 24, 1954)

CAST: Jack Benny  
Dennis Day  
Bob Crosby  
Don Wilson  
Rochester  
The Sportsmen  
Shirley Mitchell  
Veola Vonn  
Harry Shearer  
Mel Blanc

MG

ATX01 0020627

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE  
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
MARCH 27, 1955

Opening: 1.02    Closing: 1.37  
Total: 2.39

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON:                THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM...Transcribed and presented  
by Lucky Strike, the cigarette that tastes better.

LIGHT UP TIME  
JINGLE - #1    .21 sec.

(SOUND: TIC TOC - 6 BEATS)

GROUP:                Light up a Lucky

SOLO:                  It's Light Up Time

GROUP:                Be Heppy Go Lucky

SOLO:                  It's Light Up Time

For the taste that you like

Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP:                Relax!

(HUM GLISS)

SOLO & GROUP:        It's Light Up Time.

WILSON:                This is Don Wilson, friends. You know any time at  
all that you want real smoking enjoyment is the time  
to light up a Lucky. Because a Lucky tastes better  
every time. And the reasons why are world famous.  
First of all, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Fine,  
light, naturally good tasting tobacco. And then,  
that tobacco is toasted. "IT'S TOASTED" is the  
famous Lucky Strike process that brings Luckies  
naturally good-tasting tobacco to its peak of  
flavor, tones it up to make it taste even better.  
Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So right now, or anytime  
it's light up time for you, Be Heppy - Go Lucky.  
Enjoy Lucky Strike -- the best tasting cigarette  
you ever smoked!

BR

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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE  
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
MARCH 27, 1955

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

LIGHT UP TIME  
JINGLE - #3 .13 sec. (SHORT CLOSE)

SOLO & GROUP: For the taste that you like  
Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Right Now!  
(HUM GLISS)

SOLO:  
(SPOKEN) Light up a Lucky

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

BR

ATX01 0020629

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE  
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
MARCH 27, 1955

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

(OPTIONAL)

LIGHT UP TIME

JINGLE - #2 .20 sec.

GROUP:           Light up a Lucky  
SOLO:            It's Light Up Time  
GROUP:           Be Happy Go Lucky  
SOLO:            It's Light Up Time  
                 For the taste that you like  
                 Light up a Lucky Strike  
GROUP:           Right Now!  
                 (HUM GLISS)  
SOLO:            Light up a Lucky  
(SPOKEN)  
SOLO & GROUP:   It's Light Up Time

BR

ATX01 0020630

(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..MANY TIMES IN THE PAST I'VE  
OPENED THIS PROGRAM BY TAKING YOU OUT TO JACK BENNY'S  
HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS...BUT TONIGHT, JUST FOR A CHANCE,  
LET'S ALL GO OUT TO MR. AND MRS. BOB CROSBY'S HOUSE,  
ON THE EDGE OF BEVERLY HILLS.

BOB: (SINGS FEW BARS) Many times..many times, I have wanted  
your kiss.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BOB: Many times, many times --

SHIRLEY: Oh, Bob, Bob..

BOB: Yes, June?

SHIRLEY: You've been in the den here for an hour...what are you  
doing?

BOB: *Ch* Just rehearsing some songs dear...I'm thinking of making  
another personal appearance.

SHIRLEY: Personal appearance...where?

BOB: Las Vegas.

SHIRLEY: Oh Bob, I wish you wouldn't...You remember what  
happened ~~the~~ last time we were up there..you gambled  
every night and lost quite heavily.

BOB: *Ch* I know.

MG

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SHIRLEY: Well, don't do it again, I miss the baby...But really,  
Bob, I'm serious. I wish you wouldn't play another  
personal appearance.

BOB: Well, why not, dear?

SHIRLEY: Well, you're so busy...you're on Mr. Benny's show every  
week...you play benefits...you make records, and you have  
your own T.V. show five days a week...You're never home  
any more.

BOB: Oh, June, you're exaggerating.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

HARRY: Oh, Mother....Mother?

SHIRLEY: Yes, dear?

HARRY: Can I go to the park and play ball?

SHIRLEY: Certainly.

HARRY: Okay, I'll be back in time for dinner...Say, Mom?

SHIRLEY: Yes, dear?

HARRY: Who's this guy, the plumber?

SHIRLEY: ...He's your father.

BOB: Well, certainly, I'm your father, don't you recognize  
me, Chris?

HARRY: I'm Steve.

BOB: Oh.

SHIRLEY: You run along, Steve....and be home in time for dinner.

HARRY: I will, goodbye, Mother...Goodbye,...Dad?

BOB: Goodbye, goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MG

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BOB: Gosh, he's grown. Honey, I could have sworn he was Chris... ~~you~~<sup>Jack</sup> you know, June, I've been thinking about what you said, ~~...I~~<sup>...I think</sup> I'm going to forget about personal appearances, and spend more time at home.

SHIRLEY: Oh, Bob I wish you would.

BOB: I will, and not only that...I think ... why don't we have a dinner party here at home like we used to.

SHIRLEY: Oh, that would be wonderful...How about next Saturday night?

BOB: That's fine... ~~Will~~<sup>I'll</sup> invite ~~some~~<sup>all</sup> of the boys in my band and their wives, ~~and~~<sup>and</sup> you know what, June...I think we ought to invite Jack Benny, too.

SHIRLEY: You do?

BOB: ~~Why~~<sup>My</sup> Certainly.

SHIRLEY: But he's such an important man, and he's so busy...you ...you can't call ~~him~~ and invite him to dinner on such short notice.

BOB: Well, I'm going to try, anyway.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...RECEIVER UP...

DIALLING SIX NUMBERS...BUZZING SOUND)

SHIRLEY: Bob, I think you're making a big mistake.

(SOUND: BUZZ OF PHONE)

BOB: ~~Don't~~<sup>Don't</sup> worry, June...I've got an idea...

(SOUND: BUZZ)

BOB: ~~Look~~<sup>Look</sup> We'll change the date of our dinner to fit Jack's convenience.

(SOUND: BUZZ ... CLICK OF PHONE)

JACK: Hello.

MG

BOB: Hello, Jack, this is Bob Crosby.

JACK: Oh, hello, Bob.

BOB: Say, Jack...June and I would like to invite you to our house for dinner...and, well...when would it be possible for you to come?

JACK: Oh, seven o'clock, seven-fifteen, seven-thirty...In fact, I ~~am~~ -- I can be over right now.

BOB: Well...we weren't thinking of tonight...we were thinking of some night this week....which would be the most convenient?

JACK: ~~Mon~~ Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday --

BOB: Well, you skipped Thursday.

JACK: Oh, I baby sit that night.

BOB: Oh.

JACK: I used to do it for you, but you lost your kid in Las Vegas.

BOB: I know, I know...But Jack, how about coming over for dinner Saturday night.

JACK: *Ch* Oh, fine, Bob <sup>*fine -- long*</sup> and after <sup>*long*</sup> dinner we can have some fun. <sup>*you know*</sup> play gin...or Scrabble.

BOB: *Ch* No thank you, Jack....I'll never play Scrabble with you again after last Sunday's game...You're too tricky for me ...I don't know how in the world you do it.

JACK: Do what?

BOB: Well, there are only two "Y's" in the game and yet you made the word "Money" eleven times.

MG



JACK: Well, all right, we'll play something else...So long,  
see you Saturday.

BOB: So long, Jack.

JACK: Goodbye, Bob.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Gee, it was nice of Bob to invite me over to his house  
for dinner...He's always doing things like that..having  
people over for dinner...taking them out to night clubs  
... having parties ... he's so generous ... he ought to  
see a psychiatrist...Well, when Rochester comes home from  
shopping, I better tell him I won't be home for dinner  
Saturday night...Gee, he's been at that market a long  
time.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COMING...COMING.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Come on in.

DENNIS: Thanks.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: I wasn't expecting you today..Dennis...anything wrong?

DENNIS: No, I just wanted to ask you a favor...could you lend me  
ten dollars?

JACK: Ten dollars? Yes, I..I guess so...what do you want it for?

DENNIS: I want to get myself tattooed.

JACK: Tattooed? Why?

RT

DENNIS: Well, I was in the Navy during the war and yet nobody will believe I was a sailor.

JACK: Oh...Well, what are you going to have tattooed on you?

DENNIS: My uniform.

JACK: Well, that's <sup>about</sup> the silliest----Look, kid, if you want something tattooed on you to show that you were in the Navy, why don't you have a life preserver -- or an anchor ...or wait a minute, how about the Battleship Missouri?

DENNIS: No, my mother has that.

JACK: Your mother has a battleship tattooed on her?

DENNIS: When she wears a corset, it looks like it's sinking.

JACK: ~~Yeah~~...Say, wait a minute, kid, I've got a good idea... why don't you do what I did when I was in the Navy...have the American flag put on your arm.

DENNIS: Gee, I didn't know you had the American flag on you.

JACK: Yeah, I had it done the first day I joined the Navy...Wait, I'll roll up my sleeve and show it to you....See?

DENNIS: Gee, only thirteen stars.

JACK: Yes, Dennis, only thirteen stars...but not for the reason you think...I made the man stop because he was hurting me.

DENNIS: Then why did he put them in a circle?

JACK: Dennis, I don't want to get into any more discussions with you...Now I'll make you a proposition.

DENNIS: Yeah, what?

JACK: If I lend you the ten dollars, will you let me hear the song you're going to do on next Sunday's program and leave immediately.

RT

DENNIS: Yes sir.

JACK: Okay...here's the ten dollars. *Let's hear it.*

~~DENNIS: Thanks...~~

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "ALMOST LIKE BEING IN LOVE")

(APPLAUSE)

RT

ATX01 0020637

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: *That was Ray singing "Almost Like Being in Love" and*  
Dennis, ~~that's a wonderful song~~...should sound swell on  
the program. *Dennis: Oh thanks* now go get yourself tattooed.

DENNIS: Okay. ~~Yes~~, Mr. Benny, *you know* what I think I'll do?...  
I'll have them tattoo a --

JACK: Dennis, ~~that's~~, you promised me if I lent you the ten  
dollars, you wouldn't say anything. You'd just go.

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

JACK: Okay then, go.

DENNIS: All right.....goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSSES)

JACK: That Dennis gets sillier and sillier every day...I don't  
know how I've stood him all these years..But it's my own  
fault..I should have known when I first saw him there  
was something wrong with him...what other man wears a  
size three hat...I don't know..Sometimes I think --

ROCH: (OFF) MR. BENNY, I'M BACK FROM THE MARKET.

JACK: Good.

ROCH: I'M IN THE KITCHEN PUTTING THE THINGS AWAY.

JACK: I'll come in and help you.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hey, what took you so long, Rochester?

ROCH: WELL, I HAD A LOT OF THINGS TO DO...YOU KNOW, I TOOK ALL  
OF THE HAMBURGER OUT OF THE FREEZER, SOLD IT AND BOUGHT  
THIRTY-SIX QUARTS OF MILK.

JACK: Why did you do that?

ROCH: BEEF WENT UP, MILK WENT DOWN. I'M PLAYING THE MARKET.

RT

JACK: Say, Rochester..what's this?

ROCH: A HEAD OF LETTUCE.

JACK: How can this be lettuce, it's pure white.

ROCH: THE FAD IS OVER, THEY'RE TAKING CHLOROPHYLL OUT OF EVERYTHING.

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: BY THE WAY, MR. BENNY, ARE YOU GOING OUT TONIGHT?

JACK: No, I think I'll stay home and practice my violin.

ROCH: YOUR VIOLIN? OH BOSS, COME NOW!

JACK: All right, all right...I'll wait till you get out of the house...Meanwhile I'm going in the den and read for awhile

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JACK: Gee, I haven't read a book in a long time...Let's see what's here...Say, here's <sup>a book</sup> ~~one~~ I haven't read... "One Hundred Famous Poems"...Gee, I haven't read poetry in a long time..I think I'll read this.

(SOUND: BOOK TAKEN FROM SHELF..COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..  
MAN SITTING IN CHAIR)

JACK: Now let's see...Gee, they have some wonderful poems in this book..~~the~~ "Charge of the LightBrigade"... "Hiawatha"... "The Wreck of the Hesperus"... "Gunga Din".. "There Was An Old Lady From--" woops, somebody pencilled that in...Oh, here's one of my favorite poems, ~~and~~ I haven't read it in years.."The Shooting of Dan McGrew"... I think I'll read that.."The Shooting of Dan McGrew" by Robert W. Service.

(MUSIC)

RT

JACK: (FILTER) (WESTERN)

A BUNCH OF THE BOYS WERE WHOOPING IT UP  
IN THE MALAMUTE SALOON  
THE KID THAT HANDLES THE MUSIC BOX  
WAS HITTING A JAG TIME TUNE.

(TINNY PIANO PLAYS SALOON SONG FOR FEW BARS AND FADES OUT)

JACK: (REG. MIKE) (WESTERN) Hey Bartender...bartender...

(SOUND: SLAPPING ON BAR)

JACK: BARTENDER!

MEL: Yeah.

JACK: Ah want a drink of whiskey.

MEL: Okay...how much whiskey do you want?

JACK: About three fingers.

MEL: Here you are.

(SOUND: POURING)

JACK: Ahh, gimme another drink.

MEL: How much this time?

JACK: Oh, about four fingers.

MEL: Okay.

(SOUND: LITTLE LONGER POURING)

MEL: There you are..four fingers of whiskey.

JACK: Ahhhhhh.

MEL: You know, Mister, you're the first man I ever saw drink  
out of a glove.

JACK: I always do. I'm the only man in Alaska that got a  
hangnail with a hangover...Doggone..I've been trapped in  
this saloon for eight days by that darned blizzard...  
How much longer do you think it will last?

RT

MEL: I don't know.

JACK: Well, I'm gonna take a look outside and see how the weather is.

(SOUND: EIGHT HEAVY FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS AND WE HEAR THE DAMNEST STORM WITH WINDS HOWLING LIKE CRAZY..ON CUE, THE DOOR CLOSES AND SOUND OUT..EIGHT HEAVY FOOTSTEPS BACK)

MEL: How is it outside?

JACK: Cloudy...Look, Bartender, being stuck in a place like this for eight days can drive a guy nuts...I ~~got~~ got to have a little excitement...~~well~~ tell you what...I'll bet you five dollars I can shoot those three glasses off the top shelf in three shots.

MEL: Five dollars says you can't.

JACK: It's a bet...Stand back, everybody.

(SOUND: SHOT..GLASS CRASH)

JACK: There's one.

(SOUND: SHOT..GLASS CRASH)

JACK: There's two.

(SOUND: SHOT)

MEL: (PAUSE) You lost.

JACK: No, I didn't.

MEL: I've got twenty dollars more that says you did.

JACK: It's a bet.

(SOUND: GLASS CRASH)

JACK: That slow bullet has made me a fortune...Anybody else want to bet?

(BAGBY STARTS SAME SONG ON TINNY PIANO)

RT

JACK: Hey, you at the piano.

(BAGEY STOPS)

JACK: Don't you know any other music?

MEL: Nah, he's iggerant...But those fur--four fur trappers in the corner...

JACK: You must've had five fingers yourself.

MEL: I say, those four fur trappers in the corner...they can sing some songs.

JACK: Well, let's hear some.

MEL: Okay...take it, fellows.

RT

ATX01 0020642



(INTRO)

QUART: ALOUETTE GENTLE ALOUETTA  
ALOUETTE JET'Y PLUMERAIS  
ALOUETTE LIGHT A CIGARETTA  
LUCKY STRIKE  
JE SAIS TRES BON JO'LE  
JET'Y PLUMERAIS LE TET  
LIGHT A LUCKY, ALOUETTE  
JET'Y PLUMERAIS LA TET  
LIGHT A LUCKY, ALOUETTE  
ALOUETTEEE ALOUETTE, CIGARETTE, CIGARETTE AHHH  
ALOUETTE PUFF HER CIGARETTA  
MADE OF FINE TOBACCO OOH LA LA  
ALOUETTE GENTLE ALOUETTA  
WROTE A LETTER TO HER DEAR PAPA  
HERE IS WHAT ZE LETTER SAY  
"SEND MORE LUCKIES RIGHT AWAY"  
SONAMAGUN BUT ESKIMO  
ZAY SMOKE LUCKIES TOO, YOU KNOW  
ESKIMO, ESKIMO, SMOKE YOU KNOW, SMOKE YOU KNOW  
ALUETTE ALOUETTE, CIGARETTE CIGARETTE  
ZAY ALL LIKE, ZEY ALL LIKE  
LUCKY STRIKE, LUCKY STRIKE..AHHH..  
ALOUETTE PUFF HER CIGARETTE  
SHE IS JUST AS HAPPY AS CAN BE  
WITH HER LUCKIES, MADE OF FINE TOBACCO  
LSMF, LSMFT  
LIVING MID ZE ICE AND SNOW  
WE'RE SO VERY GLAD TO KNOW

(MORE)

RT

ATX01 0020643

QUART: SHE'S AS HAPPY AS CAN BE  
WITH AN LSMFT, MFT, MFT  
WE AGREE, WE AGREE  
ESKIMO, ESKIMO, SMOKE YOU KNOW, SMOKE YOU KNOW.  
ALOUETTE, ALOUETTE, CIGARETTE, CIGARETTE,  
THEY ALL LIKE, THEY ALL LIKE  
LUCKY STRIKE, LUCKY STRIKE...AHHH  
ALOUETTE, PUFF HER CIGARETTA  
THROUGH ZE LONG AND LONESOME ARCTIC NIGHTS  
IN THE NORTH SO MANY  
LIGHT UP LUCKIES  
THAT'S WHAT MAKE ZE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

-15-

MEL: Well, how did you like the song?

JACK: That was c'est si good.

MEL: Hey look, Mister..the blizzard is letting up.

JACK: Yesh..Well, I think I'll get going..Where's my pardner...

HEY, WILSON..WILSON.

DON: (COMING IN) Here I am.

JACK: Come on, we're going up North to find gold..gold, do you hear me, gold.

DON: (VERY DRAMATIC) Just a minute, pardner. Don't risk your life out there in these icy wastes looking for gold..what is gold? Can't eat it? Can you drink it? Gold is only money, and money will only bring you unhappiness, misery and sorrow.

JACK: (LOOKS AT AUDIENCE) Would you mind repeating that?

DON: Money will only bring you unhappiness, misery and sorrow.

JACK: This boy is not only fat but he's stupid...Now come on, let's get the dogs ready and the sled...we're going.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..WIND AND STORM NOISES

UP AND DOWN)

(MUSIC)

SE

ATX01 0020645

JACK: (FILTER) WERE YOU EVER OUT IN THE GREAT ALONE,  
WHEN THE MOON WAS AWFUL CLEAR  
AND THE ICY MOUNTAINS HEMMED YOU IN  
WITH A SILENCE YOU COULD HEAR.  
WITH ONLY THE HOWL OF A TIMBER WOLF  
AND YOU CAMPED THERE IN THE COLD,  
A HALF DEAD THING IN A STARK DEAD WORLD,  
CLEAN MAD FOR THE MUCK CALLED GOLD.

(SOUND: WIND AND STORM NOISES FOLLOWED BY DOG SLED  
NOISES..SLED GOING..DOG BARKING..WHIP  
CRACKING..SOUNDS OUT..BUT SUSTAIN SLED &  
WIND IN B.G.)

JACK: (REG. MIKE) We're going mightyslow<sup>Nelson</sup> and it's all your fault,  
~~because~~..I took you on as a perdnar because I was a greenhorn  
...You told me you knew everything about the Yukon...You  
told me you knew how to handle these dog teams and sleds.

DON: Of course I do...what makes you think I don't?

JACK: Well...I have a feeling the dogs should be pulling the sled  
and we should be riding...I'm sure of it.

(SOUND: TERRIFIC CRACK OF WHIP)

JACK: And that cocker spaniel with the whip is murder...~~that~~ that  
dog yells "Mush" at me once more, there's gonna be trouble.

DON: Gee, I can't stand this no more..Three weeks we been  
travelling through these frozen wastes..I wish I ~~was~~ --

JACK: Hey look, <sup>wait a minute, here comes</sup> ~~there's~~ a men ... an Eskimo.

DON: *Oh* Yesh, I'll go and talk to him.

SE

JACK: ~~Won't~~ Won't do any good, these Eskimos don't talk any English.

DON: I know, but I talk Eskimo...I'll say hello to him...

Hey Comperi.

JACK: That's Eskimo?

DON: Look, he's coming toward us..and he's carrying food.

JACK: Yeah...maybe he'll give us some, Blubber...I mean maybe he'll give us some blubber...Hey, he wants to talk to us.

BOB: Ooogie ooogie was was meggeshoo maggesee.

JACK: What did he say, what did he say?

DON: He says ~~that~~ his name is ...he's a Mighty Hunter and he's Chief of an Eskimo tribe.

JACK: Oh...Ask him if he'll be our guide and lead us to the gold.

DON: Moogie mowgli unge takarra igloo. Marsboo oogie glub neggi kooch teege?

JACK: Three of my writers must come from Pismo Beach, or something.

BOB: Nuggi nuggi tehken.

DON: He says he can't be our guide, he <sup>is get</sup> ~~has~~ something else to do.

JACK: Ask him what?

DON: Oogie toole neggerre?

BOB: Tekke loogi moogie pepoose nunga was was.

JACK: What did he say?

DON: He's gotta go to Las Vegas <sup>and</sup> ~~to~~ pick up his kid.

JACK: Oh...Well, let's go on by ourselves...Goodbye, Eskimo.

BOB: Goodbye, and don't forget dinner Saturday night.

JACK: I won't ... Come on, let's go.

(SOUND: SNAP OF WHIP)

MEL: (BARKS TWICE) MUSH.

SE

JACK: I'm pulling it. I'm pulling it...

(SOUND: WIND, DOGS, SLED GOING)

JACK: WAIT A MINUTE, WILSON..LOOK..LOOK AT THE SIDE OF THAT MOUNTAIN...WE'VE FOUND IT.. A VEIN OF PURE GOLD.. DO YOU HEAR ME, WILSON..LOOK AT IT...PURE GOLD..OH BOY, AM I UNHAPPY, MISERABLE AND SORRY!.....Come on, Wilson, let's dig that gold and go back to the saloon.

(SOUND: WIND AND STORM UP AND DOWN)

JACK: (FILTER) BACK OF THE BAR, IN A SOLO GAME  
SAT DANGEROUS DAN MCGREW  
AND WATCHING HIS LUCK WAS HIS LIGHT-O-LOVE  
THE LADY THAT'S KNOWN AS LOU.  
WHEN OUT OF THE NIGHT WHICH WAS FIFTY BELOW  
AND INTO THE DIN AND GLARE  
THERE STUMBLED A MINER FRESH FROM THE CREEKS  
DOG DIRTY AND LOADED FOR BEAR.

(SOUND: SLAPPING ON BAR TWICE)

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Okay, Bartender..I've struck it rich..Set up drinks for everybody.

VEOLA: Does that include me, Handsome?

JACK: ~~Yes, it does~~ <sup>Lou</sup> it does, Lou. I came right back here after finding the gold just to see you.

VEOLA: Well, the minute I heard you was coming, I hurried home and got into this new dress.

JACK: You ~~must~~ must have been in a hurry...you didn't get all the way into it...But Lou, I ~~got~~ got presents for you now that I'm rich..I've got diamonds and ermine fur, jewels, and a yacht for you.

SE

ATX01 0020648

VEOLA: Oh, darling... *come here, honey,* ~~and kiss me.~~ Kiss me.

~~JACK: [unclear]~~

(VEOLA & JACK GO INTO A NICE LONG KISSING CLINCH)

JACK: ...Well, after that kiss I won't need my dogs or my sled anymore.

VEOLA: Why not?

JACK: There ain't no more snow between here and the North Pole... Gimme another kiss, Lou.

VEOLA: Sure, *honey,* I'll -oh, wait a minute, be careful..here comes Dangerous Dan McGrew.

(MUSICAL STINGER)

DENNIS: Lou, come here a minute.

VEOLA: Yes, Den.

DENNIS: Didn't I see you kissing this stranger a minute ago?

JACK: Yes, you did...hey, he does sound dangerous...What about it?

DENNIS: Do you know what I do to guys I catch kissing my gal?

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I cut off their heads and hang them up by their hair.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: I'll have to think of something different for you.

JACK: Oh, I ain't scared..Now listen to me, Dan McGrew, Lou is my gal and I'm taking her with me.

DENNIS: Oh no, you're not...draw your gun.

VEOLA: (FRIGHTENED) Don't..don't fight, boys, please.

JACK: Get out of the way, Lou...I'm ready, Den.

SE

JACK: (FILTER) THEN I REACHED FOR MY ROD AND THE LIGHTS WENT OUT,  
AND TWO GUNS BLAZED IN THE DARK.

(SOUND: TWO SHOTS)

JACK: (FILTER) <sup>and</sup> ~~then~~ A WOMAN SCREAMED  
AND THE LIGHTS WENT UP  
AND TWO MEN LAY STIFF AND STARK.

MEL: ~~then~~ <sup>bye</sup>, Stiff.

DENNIS: (STRAIGHT VOICE) So long, Stark.

JACK: (FILTER) PITCHED ON HIS HEAD AND PUMPED FULL OF LEAD  
WAS DANGEROUS DAN MCGREW  
WHILE THE MAN FROM THE CREEKS  
LAY CLUTCHED IN THE ARMS  
OF THE LADY THAT'S KNOWN AS LOU.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

SE

ATX01 0020650



JACK:

Ladies and gentlemen, tonight through carelessness a fire could start - a fire that could claim your life and the lives of your children. Don't let it happen! Be on guard constantly against fire. Make sure every match...every cigarette...is put out. Always check the ashtrays before leaving the house or retiring for the night. Observe all fire regulations. Remember...only you can prevent fire.

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON:

Jack will be back in just a minute, but right now, here's a suggestion for you.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE  
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
MARCH 27, 1955

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but right now,  
here's a suggestion for you.

LIGHT UP TIME  
JINGLE - #1 .21 Sec.

(SOUND: TIC TOC - 6 BEATS)

GROUP: Light up a Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

GROUP: Be Happy Go Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

For the taste that you like

Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Relax!

(HUM GLISS)

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

WILSON: That's a grand idea, friends -- just lean back and  
light up a Lucky. Because every Lucky you light is  
sure to give you better taste. And here's why:  
First, Luckies are made of fine tobacco. LS/MFT,  
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Light, mild,  
naturally good-tasting tobacco. And then, that  
tobacco is toasted. IT'S TOASTED is the famous  
Lucky Strike process that tones up Luckies!  
naturally good-tasting tobacco, bringing it to its  
peak of flavor, so that it tastes even better.  
Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So, friends, anytime  
it's light-up time Be Happy - Go Lucky! Make your  
cigarette - better-tasting Lucky Strike!

BR

ATX01 0020652

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE  
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
MARCH 27, 1955

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

LIGHT UP TIME

JINGLE - #3 .15 sec. (SHORT CLOSE)

SOLO & GROUP: For the taste that you like

Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Right Now!

(HUM GLISS)

SOLO

(SPOKEN)

Light up a Lucky

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

BR

ATX01 0020653

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE  
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
MARCH 27, 1955

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

(OPTIONAL)

LIGHT UP TIME

JINGLE - #2 .20 sec.

GROUP: Light up a Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

GROUP: Be Happy Go Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

For the taste that you like

Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Right Now!

(HUM GLISS)

SOLO:  
(SPOKEN) Light up a Lucky

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

BR

ATX01 0020654

(TAG)

JACK: We're a little late, so goodnight folks.  
(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Program was written by Sam Perrin,  
Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tackaberry,  
Hal Goldman, Al Gordon, and produced and  
transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

JG

ATX01 0020655

Filter smokers! Here's the true tobacco taste you've been looking for. Filter Tip TAREYTON gives you all the full, rich flavor of TAREYTON'S famous quality tobacco...and real filtration, too! Filter Tip TAREYTON incorporates Activated Charcoal, renowned for its unusual powers of selective filtration and used far and wide to purify the air we breathe, the water and beverages we drink. Look for the red, white and blue stripes on the package. They identify Filter Tip TAREYTON, the best in filtered smoking.

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

JG

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