

JACK ARMSTRONG, THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY

VOICES:(echoing and reverberating) Jack Armstrong, Jack Armstrong, Jack Armstrong!

ANNCR:The All American Boy!

CHORUS:Won't you try Wheaties?
They're whole wheat with all of the bran.
Won't you try Wheaties?
For wheat is the best food of man.
They're crispy and crunchy the whole year through.
Jack Armstrong never tires of them, and neither will you.
So, just try Wheaties,
The best breakfast food in the land;

(CHORUS UNDER IN BG)

ANNCR:Yes, General Mills....maker of Wheaties, the breakfast of champions....brings you another episode in the adventures of Jack Armstrong. But first...Mothers, treat your family to good nutrition and good taste...Wheaties, delicious whole wheat flakes, give your family 25 or more of 8 essential vitamins and iron that they need every day. Get Dad off to the job in the morning with a smile on his lips and a spring in his step...send Sis and Junior off to school with healthy bodies to help healthy minds.

A breakfast of Wheaties, milk, juice and toast gives your family good nutrition to start YJR FSU plus the energy you need to get going! Won't you try Wheaties?

CHORUS:So, just try Wheaties The best breakfast food in the land!

SOUND:(Sneak Wind in under Announcer)

ANNCR:Yesterday, miraculously unharmed in the crash of their light plane on the mountainside. Jack and Uncle Jim began to climb the faint trail through the forest despite the high wind and falling darkness. Leading them on is the hope of finding the mountain cabin that was marked on the scrap of an old map on the unconscious form of Babu.... giant Eurasian slave and vassal of their arch enemy, Blackbeard Flint....after the fist fight in the Shanghai Lily Saloon in San Francisco's Chinatown.

SOUND:(Sneak in footsteps on leaves and twigs)

ANNCR:Night is approaching as Jack and Uncle Jim continue their search for the cabin....their only change of shelter and the one place that might give them their last clue to the location of the lost Chinaman's Mine....America's only known deposit of precious Tratonium....a discover that Blackboard Flint and other enemies of their country are desperately trying to prevent. Suddenly...

SOUND:(Footsteps stop abruptly)

JACK:Uncle Jim! Look! I think I see it!

UNCLE JIM:Where, Jack? Where?

JACK:Right over there...see? It's getting so dark and the trees are so thick we almost missed it.

UNCLE JIM:By golly. Jack, you're right; If it weren't for those sharp young eyes of yours, we'd have gone right past it!

SOUND:(Footsteps start faster)

JACK:Come on. Uncle Jim! (voice strained, walking uphill). Hurry! We've got to search that Cabin before Flint or any of his gang get here.

UNCLE JIM:You're right. Jack, we don't take any chances. But, I think we've got a good headstart, and they were in pretty bad shape when we left them in Frisco. (Chuckle). I don't think Babu is going to give us any trouble for awhile.

JACK:Yes, and Betty and Billy Fairfield said they would fly directly here as soon as they'd notified the Navy's District Intelligence Office. But we've got to be the first to find the map to that lost mine; America needs that Tratonium and we can't let...

UNCLE JIM:Hold it. Jack....

SOUND:(Footsteps stop)

UNCLE JIM:(lowers voice) Let's check that window. I think there's just enough light left to see in.

JACK:(whispering) Right, Uncle Jim....see anything?

UNCLE JIM:Looks deserted all right....just a few pieces of furniture. Now, let's see how our luck is holding out with that door.

SOUND:(Footsteps to door...stop.....creaky door opens slowly)

UNCLE JIM:Let me go first. Jack (slowly) just in case there's anything..(voice up with a sigh of relief). No. It's clear, thank goodness, (fades slightly off). Come in, boy and shut the door while I look around.

SOUND:(door close...wind completely out)

JACK:(shivering) Ugh! It's good to be out of the wind even if it's almost as cold inside, (pause, then surprised) Uncle Jim! Look at this fireplace. Those are fresh logs!

UNCLE JIM:By golly, you're right.' Someone's laid a fire. Wait a minute (kneeling). I'm going to check the hearth.JACKS Is it warm?

UNCLE JIM:No, stone cold. But someone's planning to come back here and didn't want to waste any time making a fire.

JACK:(laughs) Well, I thank whoever it is, but I don't think it's a friend.

SOUND:(strike match....fire begins to crackle)

UNCLE JIM:Jack, do you think that's wise? That airstrip we were trying to reach when we had the crash is only ten miles from here.

JACK:We don't have much choice. Uncle Jim. We've got to find the rest of that map before Blackbeard gets his hands on it and destroys it. This fire will give us enough light to search the cabin. Besides, we've had a pretty long day and we both need some rest and something to eat. No one, no matter how strong, can reach his goal and make the right decisions without food or rest.

UNCLE JIM:Well said, Jack. We've got to stay strong and locate that Tratonium or the Navy will never complete their new Submarine (fading slightly), I'll see if I can find something to eat on these shelves over here. (pause) (whistle) Jack! We'll have a feast! There's enough dried and canned food here to last out the winter.

JACK:(urgently) Uncle Jim! Come here....quick!

UNCLE JIM:(quick fade in) What is it? Did you find something?

JACK:Kneel down here with me....See that brick, just left of center...in the back of the fireplace? The one that's a little different in color?

UNCLE JIM:Mnn....Yes:I see it!

JACK:I think it may be loose. Now, you hold me steady, and I'm going to reach around these flames and see if I can pull it out.

UNCLE JIM:Be careful, Jack.

JACK:(pulling and straining) Ugh...oh! I've got it! It's coming out!

SOUND:(Brick falls)

JACK:And there's something else stuck back here, too, if I can just reach it! I've got it! Uncle Jim, we've found it! We've found the map!

SOUND:(cabin door flings open).

FLINT:(off slightly) Stay right where you are!

UNCLE JIM:(shocked) Blackboard Flint!

JACK:(with a gasp) And Olga!

OLGA:Yes, darlings....Little Olga.

SOUND:(Door shut)

OLGA:(fade in) How nice of you to remember. And how sweet of you to prepare such a cozy fire to welcome us. It is sweet of them, isn't it, Flint?

FLINT:(with a sneer) Yes, very accommodating. And very foolish! We might have stumbled around in the woods all night without that fire to tell us where you were.

OLGA:And when we saw you were having such a lovely little party we thought we'd drop in!

JACK:But...but...I don't understand! How did you know we'd be here? And how did you manage to get here so quickly? And Olga...I thought you were still in prison!

UNCLE JIM:Never mind, Jack, It's too late for questions. Flint, you can put away that gun there's no need for that.

FLINT:NO? You think I'm fool enough to trust you? You imperialist aggressors? You think I can forget the humiliations I have suffered because of you... the defeats my government has met through your meddling hands? (evil laugh) Never! It is our turn now! Revenge has never been sweeter.

JACK:(stoutly) What happens to us is not important, Flint. But you cannot defeat America for our cause is just! We have right on our side!

OLGA:Ah! Jack Armstrong...you are a fool! All you Americans are naive fools with your talk of justice and righteousness! Strength is right! Power is right! And now, we have all the Trantonium in the world and you have none!

UNCLE JACK:(lunging) Oh, no, you don't!

SOUND:(scuffle of fight and chair overturned under lines) JACK:Uncle Jim; Be careful!

OLGA:Watch out, Flint!

SOUND:(gun shot...body falling) JACK:Uncle Jim! Oh, Uncle Jim! Flint...you devil; What have you done now!

ANNCR:As Jack looks on in horror, Uncle Jim lies prone across the fireplace hearth, a thin rivulet of blood coursing down his forehead. Is Uncle Jim really dead? How can Jack Armstrong save the secret of the precious Trantonium mine from the dread enemies of his country? Tune in tomorrow for the next adventure of

VOICES:Jack Armstrong, etc. etc.

ANNCR:THE ALL AMERICAN BOY:

Kids...how would you like to be the first on your block to own a genuine Jack Armstrong whistle ring, complete with its own secret code? Astound your friends with your uncanny ability to give commands, decode secret messages...without saying a single word; Just send 25 cents in coins and two Wheaties boxtops to:General Mills Secret Decoder Offer, P. O. Box 138, Minneapolis, Minnesota. This is Truman Bradley for General Mills, inviting you to tune in tomorrow for the next exciting adventure of "Jack Armstrong...All American Boy".