

RADIO
CONTINUITY

MIKE STRIKE
JACK BENNY

DEC. 1944

RIK01 0234858

OCTOBER

ATX01 0234859

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
#1

October 1, 1944

4:00 - 4:30 PM PWT

Rebroadcast: 9:30-10:00 PM - P.W.T.
Stations: KPD, KOMO, KMT, KNQ
KGW, KFSD, KFI

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RTX01 0234860

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco...so round, so firm,
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUUSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Of course!

DELMAR: Right you are!

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco...so round, so firm,
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

RUUSDAEL: Ladies and gentlemen -- in a cigarette it's the tobacco
that counts! And - remember, Lucky Strike means fine
tobacco, -- yes, first, last and always, Lucky Strike
means fine tobacco. At markets now open in the South,
independent tobacco experts present at the auctions
can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select
the riper, the naturally milder Lucky Strike Tobacco.
And sworn records show that among such independent
tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen--
with men who know tobacco best -- it's Luckies two to one!

ROONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SHOW)

(AFTER OPENING COMMERCIAL - ON CUE: MUSIC UP AND FADES DOWN)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM..STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, AND YOURS TRULY,
DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC UP, THEN FADES)

DON: AND NOW WE TAKE YOU TO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS
..IT IS EARLY MORNING..JACK IS STILL ASLEEP AND ROCHESTER
IS IN THE KITCHEN PREPARING BREAKFAST. (MUSIC OUT)

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS TWICE
CLICK OF RECEIVER)

ROCHESTER: HELLO..MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE.

(APPLAUSE)

ROCHESTER: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE..STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN AND RADIO..
SO WHETHER YOU GO OUT OR STAY HOME, HE'S GOT YOU TRAPPED
.....WHO?.....OH HELLO SAM, AM I GLAD YOU CALLED, HURRY
RIGHT OVER.....AND ~~BRING~~ ^{return} BACK THAT SUIT I RENTED YOU,
THE BOSS IS BACK!.....I KNOW YOUR WEEK AIN'T UP
YET, BUT I'LL GIVE YOU THE MONEY PRONTO, PRO-RATA, AND
PRO-VIDIN' I'M ALIVE WHEN YOU GET HERE.....THAT'S RIGHT
...AND SAM, I WISH YOU'D PASS THE WORD ALONG TO THE REST
OF MY CLIENTELE.....GOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER CLICK)

ROCHESTER: Well I guess I'm safe now....Oh oh, I'll have to dig up
some excuse about Mr. Benny's tuxedo..Doggone, when I
rented it out for Jerome, how did I know they ~~were~~ ^{was} gonna
cremate him!.....Oh well, I'd better prepare
breakfast before the boss wakes up.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCHESTER: COMING --

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR OPENS)

ROCHESTER: Oh, it's you, Mr. Milkman.

KERN: Good mornin', Rochester..I see by this note you left, you want me to start deliverin' milk again and stop leavin' cream.

ROCHESTER: Yeah, Mr. Benny's back!

~~KERN:~~ Oh yes, yes, he's been overseas, hasn't he?

~~ROCHESTER:~~ That's right.

KERN: Oh, Say Rochester, is it true that Mr. Benny's goin' on the air for a new sponsor?

ROCHESTER: Yes sir..From now on, he's ^{going on -}gonna be with LS..MFT.

KERN: You mean Lucky Strike means fine tobacco?

ROCHESTER: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco..fine fine FINE!

KERN: Well, ^{look you}tell Mr. Benny I'll be listenin' to him..Goodbye.

ROCHESTER: Goodbye.

KERN: Oh, by the way, there's a little matter of last month's bill..And here it is.

ROCHESTER: Mmm Mmm..Twenty eight dollars for cream..Okay, I'll write you out a check for it.

KERN: Wait a minute..Is that a pair of dice you're takin' out of your pocket?

ROCHESTER: Let's just call it my Central Avenue fountain pen!.....
..Mr. Milkman, lay that bill down on the ground.

(SOUND: LOUD RATTLE OF DICE)

KERN: *oh* But Rochester, ^{now look -}I don't want--

ROCHESTER: It's too late now, I'm wound up!

KERN: Oh, all right.

ROCHESTER: Here goes!

(SOUND: RATTLE OF DICE,
ROLL OF DICE
SNAP OF FINGERS)

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ROCHESTER: There it is in black and white!

KERN: Doggone, I've been homogenized again.

ROCHESTER: Well, goodbye, and better luck next month.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

JACK: (OFF MIKE) OH ROCHESTER, ROCHESTER --

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: (ON MIKE) Rochester --

ROCHESTER: Oh good morning, boss..Sit right down and have your breakfast.

JACK: Thanks, ~~brother~~..Gee, it's good to be home.

ROCHESTER: It's good to have you home, boss..You'll never know how much I missed you.

JACK: Did you, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: Yeah..(SOFT AND SLOW)..The three months you were away, this old house was so lonesome..I'd go into the living room and see your big easy chair ~~with~~ with no one in it, and I'd feel like cryin'.

JACK: Gee!

ROCHESTER: The trees outside were in bloom, but they looked barren to me.

JACK: Aw, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: The birds were singing but I never could seem to hear them. The sun was shining but I never saw it.

JACK: Really, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: Yeah.....I NEVER GOT UP TIL EIGHT O'CLOCK AT NIGHT!

JACK: Hmm..Now cut out this nonsense and get me something to eat. What are we having for breakfast?

ROCHESTER: Huh?

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JACK: I said, what are we having for breakfast.

ROCHESTER: IF THIS WAS LAST SEASON, I COULD MENTION IT.

JACK: IF THIS WAS LAST SEASON, YOU'D HAVE TO MENTION IT....Now
get me my breakfast before I do it myself.

ROCHESTER: Okay, okay, I'll get your coffee.

JACK: (He won't sleep til eight o'clock at night any more.)

(SOUND: CONTINUOUS SHORT BLASTS ON SLIDE
WHISTLE, ALL THROUGH FOLLOWING SCENE)

JACK: ROCHESTER, SHUT OFF THE EGG TIMER.

ROCHESTER: BUT I'M GETTIN' YOUR COFFEE.

JACK: SHUT OFF THE EGG TIMER!

ROCHESTER: OKAY.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER..EGG TIMER CONTINUES)

JACK: ROCHESTER, ANSWER THE DOOR.

ROCHESTER: YOU TOLD ME TO SHUT OFF THE EGG TIMER.

JACK: ANSWER THE DOOR.

Rochester; Okay. (SOUND: PHONE RINGS, EGG TIMER CONTINUES)

JACK: ROCHESTER, ANSWER THE PHONE.

ROCHESTER: YOU TOLD ME TO ANSWER THE DOOR.

JACK: ANSWER THE PHONE.

ROCHESTER: BOSS, I CAN'T BE IN ALL THOSE PLACES AT ONCE, I AIN'T
GENERAL PATTON!

JACK: WE'LL TALK ABOUT YOUR RANK LATER..YOU STOP THE EGG TIMER
AND ANSWER THE ~~DOOR~~^{door}...I'LL ANSWER THE ~~DOOR~~^{Phone}.. - on the door rather.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES..
FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS "LOVE IN BLOOM") Ta ta ta ta ta..ta ta ta...Oh boy,
it's good to be home...Ta ta ta ta --

(SOUND: ~~DOOR BUZZER~~)

MARY: HELLO, JACK!

JACK: MARY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: GEE, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU.

MARY: GOSH, JACK, YOU LOOK WONDERFUL..I GOTTA GIVE YOU A GREAT
BIG KISS...~~Mmmmm!~~

(~~SOUND~~: LOUD KISS)

JACK: OH MARY, ^{NOT}NOT/OUT HERE ON THE FRONT PORCH.

MARY: ANOTHER ONE...~~Mmmmm!~~

(~~SOUND~~: LOUD KISS)

JACK: MARY, ^{MARY}PLEASE..YOU'RE EMBARRASSING ME.

MARY: ONE MORE...^{JACK}~~Mmmmm!~~

(~~SOUND~~: ~~LOUD KISS~~)

JACK: MARY, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, PUT ME DOWN!....Please.

MARY: Oh Jack, what are you ashamed of?..I haven't seen you
in three months, and that's a long time to go without
a kiss.

JACK: Gee Mary, you mean you haven't kissed anybody for
three months?

MARY: Leave me out of it, I'm thinking ^{ABOUT} ~~of~~ you.

JACK: Oh, ~~thank~~ thanks.

MARY: Gosh Jack, it's good to see you..How was your trip?

JACK: Come on in and I'll tell you all about it.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: ^{MARY,} Believe me, Mary, it was wonderful doing shows for the
boys over-seas..What a great job those kids are doing..

And you know what?..If I were twenty years younger,

I'd be right out there with 'em.

MARY: ~~What a great job~~ you said ^{that}during the last war.

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JACK: Well I meant it then too....I mean..Mary, stop mixing me up..I was in the last war, ^{remember I was in the Navy and I...} ~~and if you must know~~

ROCHESTER: OH HELLO, MISS LIVINGSTONE.

MARY: HELLO, ROCHESTER.

ROCHESTER: Mr. Benny, that telephone call was from your sponsor.

JACK: MY SPONSOR!

~~MARY~~ ^{MARY}: ~~Benny~~, you act like you're surprised you got one:

JACK: Well I'm surprised he called..I wonder what it's about.. Maybe he wants to...No, he wouldn't be giving me a bonus so soon...I wonder what it can be.

MARY: Maybe he wants to know who you're going to have for a singer..You still haven't got anyone to replace Dennis Day.

JACK: That's right, Mary..Confidentially, I've been considering Bing Crosby for my singer..You know he's starting to get popular now.

MARY: Well Jack, I don't want to disillusion you, but you're not going to get Crosby for thirty-five dollars a week.

JACK: I wasn't thinking of thirty-five dollars.

ROCHESTER: YOU AIN'T GONNA GET HIM FOR WHAT YOU'RE THINKIN' EITHER.

JACK: Oh I don't know, I don't know.

MARY: Oh Jack, what are you talking about?..You can't hire Crosby, he makes thousands of dollars a week.

JACK: Well..Maybe I ^{could} ~~can~~ get his little son Larry, he sings too.. Or for five dollars more, maybe I could get the twins.

MARY: Why don't you wait another year, you might have more to choose from.

JACK: Oh well, I'm not going to worry about it now..I'll find a singer.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

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JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: HI YA, JACKSON!

DON: HELLO JACK!

JACK: PHILSY! DON!

(APPLAUSE)

PHIL & DON: HI YA, MARY.

MARY: HELLO, BOYS.

DON: *ah* Jack, that trip did you a lot of good, you look wonderful.

JACK: I feel good, Don, although I lost about ten pounds.

DON: Well I lost some weight too, but ^{ON ME} it isn't ~~any~~ noticeable.

JACK: Really, Don?..How much did you lose?

DON: Eighty-four pounds.

JACK: Don, you didn't lose it, you just misplaced it.

PHIL: You know, Jackson, it's like old times havin' you back..
I thought about you every day.

JACK: Oh sure, sure, Phil..I'll bet you didn't even know I
was gone.

PHIL: I did too..You left on the day of Flattop's funeral, you
were gone all through Gravel Gertie and you got back
the day after the Brow paid his debt to society.

JACK: The Brow, Gravel Gertie?..What are you talking about?

PHIL: I'll bet you don't even know about the Summer Sisters
bein' in that iron clamp.

JACK: The Summer Sisters?

PHIL: How do you like that! The newspapers spend millions of
dollars trying to educate people and ~~she~~ ^{he} don't even
take advantage of it.

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JACK: Well I've been away, I don't know what's going on around here..Say Phil, what did you do with yourself this summer?

MARY: Why Jack..Phil was on the Kay Kyser program.

JACK: Well that must have been nice.

PHIL: For thirteen weeks.

JACK: Thirteen weeks?..Now I know you're a jerk.

PHIL: What do you mean?

JACK: If you couldn't answer the questions the first week, why did you keep going back?...That I can't understand.

PHIL: Look Jackson, you got it all wrong..They hired me to ask the questions, I was the Purfessor.

JACK: Purfessor?

PHIL: Yes, Purfessor..P-U-R-F-E-~~7~~-~~7~~-O--

JACK: I KNOW HOW TO SPELL IT/...Mary, remind me to listen in Wednesday night..I want to hear Phil ask those questions.

MARY: Jack, starting Wednesday night Kay Kyser will be back on the show.

JACK: Oh..Then I'll surely listen..Well fellahs, I hate to break this up, but I got a call from my sponsor and I have to go over and see him.

DON: Oh Jack..When you see your new sponsor, will you let him know how happy I am that he picked me to represent Lucky Strike on the program?

JACK: I certainly will, Don.

MARY: Well why shouldn't he pick you, Don?..You're a natural to represent Luckies.

DON: Do you really think so, Mary?

MARY: Sure..You're so round, so firm, so fully packed.

JACK: That's right..Hey,^{listen} that was pretty good, Mary..I must remember to ad lib that to my sponsor...Oh say kids, before I go, I want to give you the souvenirs I brought you from the South Pacific.

ROCHESTER: Boss, do you want a hammer to open that big crate?

JACK: No no, the souvenirs are in the valises.

ROCHESTER: Well what's in the crate?

JACK: Never mind..~~Now let's see, where are the valises?~~

MARY: You're acting kinda funny about that crate, Jack..why don't you open it?

JACK: I don't have to, the souvenirs are in the valises.

PHIL: Then what have you got in ~~that~~ crate?

JACK: It's something I brought home for myself..I got it on one of the Islands in the South Seas.

DON: Well open it up, Jack..Let's see what it is.

JACK: Don, it's nothing..You wouldn't be interested.

PHIL: Rochester, give me that hammer, I'm gonna open it.

ROCHESTER: Here you are, Mr. Harris.

JACK: Phil..please!

(SOUND: HAMMER BLOWS & CREAK OF BOARDS RIPPING)

JACK: PHIL, IT'S JUST A LITTLE THING I PICKED UP ON ONE OF THE ISLANDS, IT'S FOR ME.

(SOUND: TWO MORE HAMMER BLOWS & CREAK OF BOARDS)

JACK: PHIL!

DON: WELL, IT'S OPEN.

JACK: PHIL, YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO--

PHIL: HEY JACKSON, WHAT ARE YOU SO EXCITED ABOUT?..THERE'S NOTHIN' IN THIS CRATE BUT A GRASS SKIRT.

JACK: NOTHING BUT A GRASS SKIRT!..LET ME...OH DARN IT,
SHE GOT AWAY!.....Isn't that awful?

MARY: WHY JACK BENNY, DO YOU MEAN YOU ACTUALLY TRIED TO
BRING BACK A --

JACK: HELP IS HARD TO GET AND STOP LEERING AT ME...NOW COME ON,
MARY, WE'FE GOING DOWN TO SEE MY SPONSOR..SEE YOU LATER,
FELLAHS.

(APPLAUSE AND SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

"COME OUT WHEREVER YOU ARE"

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND ON CUE: WALKING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Here it is, Mary...Here's my sponsor's office, George W. Hill..Let's go in.

MARY: Okay.

JACK: And Mary, please try and act nice, will you?

MARY: Oh Jack, stop worrying..Even though he is your sponsor, you don't have to fall all over him.

JACK: Don't be silly, Mary, I'm going to treat him just like any other person.

MARY: But Jack, you never ^{BROUGHT} ~~bring~~ a girl an orchid, why bring him one?

JACK: Well you know, Mary, a man in his position has got almost everything else...Now come on, let's go in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS, CLOSSES)

JACK: (CLEARS THROAT)

BEA: Yes?

JACK: I'd like to see Mr. Hill, please..Mr. George W. Hill.

BEA: Who shall I say is calling, sir?

JACK: Well...uh...well..(CONFIDENT)..Just tell him the star of his Lucky Strike radio program is here.

BEA: Oh, I didn't recognize you ..you're not looking so well today, Mr. Sinatra.

JACK: Sinatra?..I'm not Sinatra!

MARY: Neither am I!

JACK: Now Miss, will you please tell Mr. Hill that I'd like to see him?

BEA: Yes sir..And your name?

JACK: Just tell him it's BE-NNY...BE-NNY.

Mary; Oh Jack--

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JACK: WITH MEN WHO KNOW COMEDIANS BEST, IT'S BENNY, TWO TO ONE!

MARY: For goodness sake, Jack..Mr. Hill knows that you know all the slogans and that you use the product..So stop overdoing it, especially with that cigarette holder.

JACK: Mary, I'm not overdoing it..Lots of people use cigarette holders.

MARY: Not one that holds three cigarettes.

JACK: ^{oh} ~~New~~ Mary--

MARY: You look like the forward turret on a battleship!

JACK: Mary, that's enough...~~Say~~ Miss, will you please ~~step~~ ^{in-step} into Mr. Hill's office and tell him I'm here.

BEA: Yes, sir.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS,
DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

HICKS: Well, I haven't heard that side of it before, but continue..Your opinions interest me and --

BEA: Pardon me, Mr. Hill.

HICKS: Yes, Miss Bates?

BEA: Jack Benny is waiting in the outer office.

HICKS: Oh good, good..Tell him I'll see him in a few minutes, I'm in conference right now.

BEA: Yes, sir.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

HICKS: Now as I was saying, your opinions interest me, and I'd like to hear more of them.

FRED: Well, first of all, ^{MR. HILL} I don't want you to think that I have anything against Benny personally.

HICKS: Oh, of course not, Mr. Allen!
~~Allen:~~ ^{You see Mr. Hill, with Allen it's two exceptions to one! instead of -}
(APPLAUSE)

FRED: ~~And I'd be the last one to try to get his job because~~ I've always ^{and} admired Benny.

HICKS: Well after all, Fred, how could anyone dislike a man like Jack?..A man who last year was affectionately nick-named after General Patton..Old Blood and Guts Benny.

FRED: ^{In that order -} Old Blood and Guts Benny?..You mean Old Toupay and Wrinkles..Old Blood and..Why ^{you know Mr. Hill} last week his doctor took a sample of Benny's blood and sent it to the laboratory to be analyzed..It came back with a note saying..

"Congratulations! ^{Put an olive in this and you've got a} ~~We think this is even better than~~ ^{martini!} Blood - Benny wasn't brought by a stork - he was brought ~~by a leech.~~ ^{by a leech.}

HICKS: Mr. Allen, hearing you talk, I get the impression that you don't like Mr. Benny.

FRED: Oh, I'm sorry I gave you that impression, Mr. Hill..I'm ^{really} very fond of Jack, he's one of my best friends..It's just that I ^{used to} hate to see him go back on the air and be a flop.

HICKS: But what makes you think Benny will be a flop?..He always gets laughs.

FRED: Mr. Hill..anyone can get laughs who tells a joke, wiggles his ears, drops his pants, and then shows a Bob Hope movie on the seat of his underwear....And with Benny's red flannels, it looks like it's in technicolor. ^{yet} How can he miss?

HICKS: But Mr. Allen, I'm a business man..I don't care how a comedian gets his laughs as long as he sells the product.. And I think lots of people will sit by the radio, smoke a cigarette and listen to Jack Benny.

FRED: Mr. Hill, that is an impossibility if I ^{have} ever heard one.. Smoke a cigarette and listen to Benny..How in the world can anyone smoke and hold his nose at the same time?..It can't be done.

HICKS: You know, Fred, I'm a little surprised hearing all this..
You see, when I hired Jack, I thought he had a large
following.

FRED: He just looks that way when he's not wearing his girdle...
That large following is ^{all} Benny.

HICKS: Well look, Fred, perhaps it isn't too late..Do you think I
could help the program if I got rid of Benny?

FRED: Oh no, no, no, no, no..By all means, keep Jack on the
program..Just cut his part down a little.

HICKS: Cut his part down a little, huh?..Well, how much should I
let him do?

FRED: Oh, I think he can easily handle (DOES TOBACCO AUCTIONEER)

HICKS: (REPROACHFULLY) MR. ALLEN!

FRED: (CONTINUES CHANT)

HICKS: PLEASE..MR. ALLEN!

FRED: Yes?

HICKS: (REVERENTLY) When you do that...take your hat off.

FRED: Oh I'm sorry..I ^{at} thought just bowing my head would be
enough...Well look, Mr. Hill..I know you're a busy man,
and I want to run down the hall and see your assistant
for a few ^{seconds} ~~minutes~~..I may drop back ^{a little} later.

HICKS: Okay, Fred..You'll find Mr. Stauffer's office quicker if
you go through that rear door.

FRED: ^{I know} ^{he is the} ^{near!} Thank ^{you}..So long.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

HICKS: Now let's see...Oh yes, yes.

(SOUND: CLICK OF INTER-OFFICE PHONE)

BEA: (ON FILTER) Yes, Mr. Hill?

HICKS: You may send Mr. Benny in now.

(SOUND: CLICK OF PHONE,
SLIGHT PAUSE BEFORE DOOR OPENS AND
CLOSES FAST)

JACK: *well* Hello Mr. Hill, ~~It's~~ ~~some~~ glad to see you..Here, have a
cigarette.

HICKS: I'm already smoking one.

JACK: *oh* Well have another one..can't smoke too many Luckies, you
know..(DOES SILLY LAUGH)...Mr. Hill, you know Mary, Mary,
you know Mr. Hill..Now I don't mind telling you, Mr. Hill,
that --

MARY: Hello, Mr. Hill.

JACK: Now I don't mind telling you, Mr. Hill, that--

HICKS: Hello, Mary.

JACK: Now I don't mind telling you, Mr. Hill, that you're one of
the swallest guys I've ever met..not because you're my new
sponsor, but because you're one of the finest fellows in
the world, one of the squarest, grandest guys that ever--

MARY: *Oh*, JACK, STOP PINCHING HIS CHEEK.

JACK: Oh, oh...~~WXX~~ Mr. Hill, here we are, yes sir..ready to get
off to a great start on our new radio series.

HICKS: Well Jack.,that's what I wanted to talk to you about.

JACK: YES SIR! WE'RE...T-t-talk t-t-to me?..Is there wrong
anything?..I mean anything wrong is there, is there, is
there?..Huh?

HICKS: No no, Jack, nothing wrong, just a routine talk..Sit down.

JACK: Yes, sir.

HICKS: That's my chair.

JACK: Oh I'm sorry, I didn't know it was your chair.

MARY: Well you should know, you're sitting on him,

JACK: Oh yes..Silly of me not to notice you, Mr. Hill..I'll sit here.

MARY: Now you're sitting on me.

JACK: (SICKLY LAUGH) Ha ha ha..I guess I'm a little excited, Mary..I'll sit here.

HICKS: ^{ALL RIGHT} ~~OKAY~~, if you think you'll be comfortable on that ash tray.

JACK: Oh pardon me, Mr. Tray...I'll just get up and..OOOPS!...Is this your lighted cigarette, Mr. Hill?...I'm sorry I didn't see it, Mr. Lighted..I mean Mr. Hill.

HICKS: Now Jack, I wanted to talk to you about some things.

JACK: Yes sir, yes sir.

HICKS: Oh by the way, guess who was sitting in this office just a few minutes ago?

JACK: Well I haven't the slightest idea, Mr. Hill..who was it?

HICKS: Fred Allen.

JACK: Fred Allen! What was he doing here, what did he want, what did he say?

HICKS: Well Jack, for one thing, he said--

JACK: THAT'S A LIE..And when I see him I'm going to--

HICKS: Now Jack, that's no attitude to take..Fred doesn't dislike you..Why don't you try to like him?

JACK: How can anyone like a guy who looks like he does?

MARY: Oh Jack, Allen isn't so ugly.

JACK: How would you know?..You can't see his face until you lift the bags under his eyes....And with that pained expression.. he looks like a hen trying lay a square egg....So don't tell me about Allen.

HICKS: Now ^{you} Jack, don't get excited. ^{and please stop biting my nails} ~~and it's for your peace of mind~~
~~and don't, get down all my back.~~

JACK: Why if I ever meet that sneak face-to-face, I'll--

(SOUND: BOOK OPENS)

FRED: ^{Will} ~~say~~ Mr. Hill, I just dropped back to say goodbye and..
(VERY HAPPY)..WHY, JACK! JACKIE BENNY!

JACK: FRED! FREDDY OLD BOY!

FRED: Jackie old pal, it's certainly good to see you, ^{what's left of you.}

JACK: Thanks, Freddy boy..I was just telling Mary and Mr. Hill how much I've missed you.

FRED: Yes sir, Jack..it's great being together again.

JACK: I'll say it is!

MARY: It couldn't sound more unbelievable if they were Roosevelt and Dewey.

JACK: Please, Mary..Fred and I are good pals..Tell me, Freddy boy, what are you doing ^{out} here in Hollywood?

FRED: Making a picture..I'm over at United Artists.

JACK: Oh yes, yes..I heard that Boris Karloff isn't there any more.

FRED: ^{I know it} ~~Yes, yes..~~ And I heard that since you've been with Warners, the studio isn't there any more.

JACK: Now listen here, Allen--

MARY: ~~Now~~ Jack, it's your own fault..You always have a chip on your shoulder.

JACK: I haven't got a chip on my shoulder!

FRED: He's right, Mary..that's his head ^{his head} ~~LOOKS LIKE A KNOT HOLE WITH SKIN OVER IT.~~

JACK: That settles it, Allen..I've tried to be friends with you, but you won't have it that way..~~Yes~~ I'd punch you right in the nose if there wasn't a lady present.

MARY: I'll leave, Jack.

JACK: YOU SIT DOWN!....Now you listen to me, Allen--

FRED: *and* You listen to me, Benny..You'd punch who in the nose?

JACK: I'd punch you in the nose, if it weren't for your wife and children.

FRED: I HAVEN'T GOT ANY CHILDREN.

JACK: THEN WHY AREN'T YOU IN THE ARMY?...ANSWER THAT, CIVILIAN!

MARY: Oh Jack, for goodness sake--

JACK: YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS...Now listen, Allen, for the last time, I want you to mind your own business.

HICKS: JACK, WHY DON'T YOU AND FRED SHAKE HANDS AND--

JACK: YOU SHUT UP!...Now listen Allen, I wanna tell you...Oh, oh my goodness!..I said that to my sponsor!....Mr. Hill, ^{said} Mr. Hill, I didn't mean to say shut up to you..I meant to say be quiet..I mean, please be quiet...I mean I didn't mean it at all..I'd never say a thing like that to you.

(MUSIC IN SOFT)

JACK: (PLEADING) Mr. Hill..Mr. Hill..don't stand there with your back to me....Fred..Freddy boy, please tell Mr. Hill I didn't mean it.

Allen: Scribble, Benny.
(MUSIC LOUDER)

JACK: It was an accident, it was all a big mistake..Fred, don't stand there with your back to me.

(MUSIC FULL)

JACK: MARY, MARY..TELL MR. HILL IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE..TELL HIM I'M SORRY, TELL HIM ANYTHING, BUT JUST SAY SOMETHING!

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC TO FINISH)

V

ATX01 0234879

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

TIME 1:15

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DELMAR: Today, tomorrow, always -- it takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette! And - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- yes, first, last and always, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen -- with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies two to one! So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke -- Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. L.A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina, (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN) and Mr. F.E. Boone of Lexington, Kentucky, (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN). Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN OFF)

ATX01 0234880

JACK: Mary..Mary, do you think Mr. Hill was really angry at me because of what I said?

MARY: No Jack, he knew you were excited and nervous.

JACK: Gee, I ^Fhope so.

MARY: Say Jack, what are you going to do about a new singer for our show?..We have to get somebody since Dennis is in the Navy.

JACK: Well, I don't know, Mary..I thought maybe next Sunday I would talk to Frank Sinatra and see if I can make a deal with him.

MARY: Frank Sinatra!

JACK: Yes.

MARY: But Jack, he's got two programs already.

JACK: Well..then maybe he'll hire me..We'll get together some way ^{Next Sunday}. Goodnight, folks.

I'll ask him to drop one next Sunday.

MARY: Okay..Homeway Dry Cleaners..Eighteen dollars for cleaning rug.

JACK: Eighteen dollars for cleaning a rug!..How could a rug got that dirty?..I was away all summer..there was nobody here but Rochester..I can't understand it.

MARY: Jack, here's another bill signed by Rochester..It's from Scratch, Match and Patch..Interior Decorators.

JACK: Interior Decorators!

MARY: Seventy-eight dollars for patching ceiling and re-papering living room.

JACK: Patching ceiling! Re-papering living room!..I'm going to ask Rochester about this.

MARY: You don't have to, here's a bill that explains it..SEVEN DOLLARS FOR EIGHTEEN BOTTLES OF GIN.

JACK: Eighteen bottles of gin!..Let me see who that bill is from..Hmm..The Central Avenue Personality Shop..I'm going to find out about this..(SING SONG) OH ROCHESTER --

ROCHESTER: (SING SONG) YES, BOSS.

JACK: (SING SONG) THERE'S SOMETHING I WANNA TALK TO YOU ABOUT.

ROCHESTER: (SING SONG) COULD'T YOU WRITE ME A LET-TER

JACK: No I couldn't and come right out here.

ROCHESTER: Okay.

JACK: Rochester, take a look at this rug cleaning bill.

ROCHESTER: (SHEEPISH) Mmm Mmm.

JACK: Now take a look at this bill for re-papering the living room.

ROCHESTER: Mmm Mmm.

JACK: And this bill for eighteen bottles of gin.

MARY: Nine dollars and seventy-two cents for Samson's concentrated iron capsules.

JACK: Ten dollars and thirty-five cents for Dr. Berman's body builder.

MARY: Ten dollars and thirty-five cents for Dr. Berman's body builder.

JACK: Seven dollars and ninety-six cents for Dr. Horton's health tonic.

MARY: Seven dollars and ninety-six cents for Dr. Horton's health tonic.

JACK: Twenty-two dollars and fifty cents for muscles.

MARY: MUSCLES!

JACK: Yes..Sixteen dollars and --

MARY: Imagine buying muscles again..What happened to the ones you bought last year?

JACK: Oh, I wore 'em in the shower and the buckles rusted.. Wish I could get some of that pre war stuff. Now let's see --

MARY: (STARTS TO LAUGH)

JACK: Mary, what are you laughing at?

MARY: Remember the time you bought those built-up shoes to make you taller?..(LAUGHS) Oh boy, did you over-do it!

JACK: Over-do it!..Those shoes didn't lift me so high.

MARY: Then why was your nose always bleeding?

JACK: Oh Mary --

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) I'll never forget how silly you looked patting Gary Cooper on the head.

JACK: Mary, stop being ridiculous, and let's get back to the bills,.Here, read this stack to me.

(AFTER COMMERCIAL: MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM..STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH MARY LIVINGSTON PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC UP, THEN FADES DOWN AND OUT)

DON: AND NOW, WE TAKE YOU TO JACK BENNY'S HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS..IT IS SATURDAY NIGHT, AND JACK HAS INVITED MARY OVER TO SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING.

JACK: Gee, Mary, I'm glad you came over to help me straighten out my household expenses..These bills have accumulated all summer, while I was away.

MARY: Aw Jack, this is Saturday night, and I wanna go dancing! Let's go to the Palladium!

JACK: The Palladium! Mary, with all these bills I'm paying.. Gee!

MARY: But Jack, it doesn't cost much to go to the Palladium.. They charge a dollar and a half for men, and seventy-five cents for women.

JACK: I know..for you it's cheap!..But think of me..a dollar fifty-five just to go dancing.

MARY: A dollar fifty-five! It's only a dollar fifty.

JACK: MARY, ONLY A CHEAP SKATE DOESN'T CHECK HIS HAT....Now let's get on with these bills.

MARY: Okay.

JACK: Let's see..Twelve dollars and eighty-five cents for vitamin pills.

MARY: Twelve dollars and eighty-five cents for vitamin pills.

JACK: Nine dollars and seventy-two cents for Samson's concentrated iron capsules.

DELMAR: It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette, and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- yes, first, last and always, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. At markets now open in the South, independent tobacco experts present at the auctions can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select the riper, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco. And sworn records show that among such independent tobacco experts -- auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen -- with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies two to one!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD, FOR JACK BENNY SHOW)

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

REBROADCAST: 9:30-10:00 PM - PWT
 STATIONS: KPO, KOMO, KJL, KHQ
 KGW, KESD, KFJ.

CLIENT: AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
 LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

BROADCAST: REV. #2

DATE: OCT. 8, 1944

PROGRAM: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK: NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

AS BROADCAST

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: Lucky strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,
 so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Why, sure!

RUYSDAEL: Yes, sir!

DELMAR: You said it!

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,
 so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

(MORE)

ROCHESTER: Mmm Mmm.

JACK: Well?.....Say something!

ROCHESTER: WHAT A SOIREE!

JACK: That you don't have to tell me....And that party almost ruined my house. What happened?

ROCHESTER: Well boss, it was kind of a dull evening, so I invited a few friends over.

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCHESTER: And some of 'em got....well, to use the medical term....
COAGULATED!

JACK: Well that explains the rug and the wall paper, but what about the ceiling?

ROCHESTER: SOME OF 'EM WERE HIGHER THAN OTHERS!

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: MAN, WERE THEY FLYIN'!

JACK: Rochester, that still doesn't explain the ceiling....How did you get those holes in it?

ROCHESTER: I told you, my friends did that.

JACK: (SARCASTIC) Oh...the ones that were flying.

ROCHESTER: NO, THE ONES THAT WERE SHOOTIN' 'EM DOWN!

JACK: Rochester, this is the last straw...I'm going to punish you.

MARY: Oh jack, put down that hairbrush, he's too old for that.

JACK: Okay...Anyway, it always hurts me more than it does him.. Now Rochester, this is the final warning....I don't want your friends holding those kind of parties in my house any more...My goodness, in their condition, how did they get home?

ROCHESTER: Oh it was easy...You know that white line down the middle of the street?

JACK: You mean they followed it?

ROCHESTER: FOLLOWED IT!...BOSS, THEY WERE HOLDIN' ON TO IT!

JACK: I don't doubt it....And I'm going to talk with you later about your --

(DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(DOOR OPENS)

KERN: Telegram for Mr. Benny.

JACK: I'll take it, boy.

KERN: Yes, sir.

JACK: Thanks....Here's a tip for you.

KERN: Mr. Benny, these blue tokens aren't good any more.

JACK: Well I'm all out of red ones....Goodbye.

(DOOR SLAMS)

MARY: Jack, who's the telegram from?

JACK: Let me see --

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

JACK: Look Mary...it's from my sponson, George W. Hill...it says ..."Dear Jack, please forget about what happened in my office last week...You have nothing to worry about..You have a three year contract and my lawyers told me I can't get out of it..unless you breach clause number 3-A regarding a singer. Sincerely yours, George W. Hill." Gee, Mary, isn't that a nice telegram?

MARY: But Jack, he said if you don't get a singer he'll break your contract.

JACK: I'm way ahead of him, Mary...I've not only got a singer in mind, but I wrote him a letter asking him to come over for an interview tonight?

MARY: Oh you and your singers...Who is it this time?

JACK: Well if you must know, smarty, it's Frank Sinatra.

MARY: Frank Sinatra!

ROCHESTER: Boss, you mean....(SINGS) WON'T YOU TELL ME WHEN
WE WILL MEET AGAIN --

JACK: That's him, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: (CONTINUES SINGING) SUNDAY, MONDAY OR ALWAYS.

JACK: That's enough, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: (SINGS) IF YOU'RE --

JACK: That's enough, that's enough! Come on Mary, let's finish these bills before Sinatra gets here.

(APPLAUSE AND SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

(SECOND SPOT).

ROCHESTER: (SINGS) NO NEED TO TELL ME NOW
WHAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND.

JACK: ROCHESTER!

ROCHESTER: (SINGS) WHEN AT THE SIGHT OF YOU MY HEART BEGINS
TO POUND AND POUND AND POUND --

JACK: Rochester, I said that's enough.....Come on Mary, let's
finish these bills.

MARY: All right, but next Saturday night you gotta take me to
the Palladium.

JACK: The Palladium, the Palladium.

MARY: Oh Jack, don't be so --

JACK: Mary, it's a matter of principle...Why should they charge
a dollar and a half for men...and only seventy-five cents
for women?

MARY: Well Jack, you got in for seventy-five cents once.

JACK: That was an accident...I just happened to go to the
Palladium right from the studio when I was made up as
"Charlie's Aunt".

MARY: That's what I mean....You've still got that dress here,
why couldn't you --

JACK: Mary, I'm not dressing up like a girl again...I'll never
forget what happened last time....Hmm...a guy buys you a
drink and he thinks he owns ya!....What I went through.

MARY: Jack, it was bad enough being dressed like a girl to get
in...but you didn't have to let a fellow buy you a drink.

JACK: Well for goodness sake, Mary, I danced with him all evening, I DESERVED SOMETHING.....What a rotten dancer he was...Say Mary, I wonder what he'd have thought if he knew who I really was...especially when he tried to put his arm around me.

MARY: He tried to put his arm around you! Well gosh, Jack, why didn't you tell him?

JACK: I DIDN'T HAVE THE HEART TO....HE WAS A MARINE AND HE WAS GOING OVER-SEAS IN THE MORNING!.....Now let's get back to these bills.
(DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Say, that must be Frank Sinatra....COME IN, PLEASE.
(DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: HI YA JACKSON, HI YA MARY, HELLO ROCH.
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Oh; it's you, Phil.

PHIL: Yeah, Jackson I dropped in to talk to you about a new singer.

JACK: Phil, don't worry about it...I've got one lined up.

PHIL: Yeah, but who've you got?...You can't get just anybody... I ain't gonna let you hurt the dignity of my band.

JACK: The dignity of your band!...Phil, I don't want to disillusion you, but just because your boys were taken off parole doesn't mean they're dignified....And here's another thing about your band that ought to make you ashamed of yourself.

PHIL: What's that?

JACK: Well, when I was in the South Pacific, I saw fifteen natives with rings in their noses, banging on hollow coconuts with over-ripe bananas.

PHIL: What's that got to do with me?

JACK: They were singing "THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOLOMONS"You and your dignity.

MARY: Phil, don't worry about it....Jack has a singer in mind who'll lend plenty of dignity to your band.

PHIL: Like who?

MARY: Like Frank Sinatra..Jack's expecting him over tonight.

PHIL: Now wait a minute, wait a minute...This is a trick, Jackson..You're just tryin' to get my band to wear bobby socks.

JACK: Phil, I'd be happy if those guys wore any kind of socksso just take my advice and --
(DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.
(DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Hello...remember me?...I'm Herman Peabody, the insurance salesman.

JACK: Oh hello Herman.
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Herman, I'm glad to see you, but I wish you could come over some other time, I'm expecting someone.

MEL: Well okay, but before I go, I'd like to leave this folder with you.

JACK: Folder?

MEL: Yes...it tells all about a new life insurance policy we're putting out.

JACK: Well, thanks, Herman, I'll read it when I get a chance.

MEL: It costs two dollars a month, and you only have to pay on it until you die.

JACK: I'll read it when I get a chance, Herman.

MEL: After you die, you only have to pay twenty-five cents a month.

JACK: That's ridiculous...After you're dead and buried, why pay twenty-five cents a month?

MEL: For that we keep the weeds out of your daisies.

JACK: That's the silliest thing I ever heard of.

MEL: I don't think so....Just because you're dead, you don't have to stop being neat.

JACK: All right, Herman, I'll let you know about this policy as soon as I --
(PHONE RINGS)

ROCHESTER: Should I answer the phone, boss?

JACK: That's all right, I'll get it, Rochester.
(COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS, CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Hello.

DON: Hello, Jack, this is Don Wilson.

JACK: Oh Don, right now --

DON: I just thought of a terrific idea for a contest!...Boy, you'll be crazy about it!

JACK: Well look Don, right now I'm --

DON: Get this, Jack...WHY DON'T YOU GIVE A PRIZE OF FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO ANYONE WHO KNOWS THE MEANING OF L.S./M.F.T.

JACK:Don, are you crazy?....Why if I gave five thousand dollars to everyone who knows what L.S./M.F.T. means, I'd have to pay out eight hundred billion dollars!

ROCHESTER: DON'T DO IT, BOSS, IT'LL LEAVE YOU WITH PRACTICALLY NOTHIN'.

JACK: Now Don, don't be silly....Everybody knows that L.S./M.F. stands for Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

DON: Well you know it and I know it but I'm going to phone some people at random and find out if they know it.

JACK: Okay Don, okay, do what you want....Goodbye.
(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Imagine, suggesting that I should give away eight hundred billion dollars....Say fellows, I'm getting kind of worried about Sinatra, it's time he got here.

PHIL: Yeah, I'd like to audition the kid.

JACK: Phil, believe me, he won't hurt the --

MARY: HEY JACK, WAIT A MINUTE, I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING.

JACK: What?

MARY: FRANK SINATRA ISN'T EVEN IN TOWN, HE'S IN NEW YORK!

JACK: All right, so he'll come a little....WHAT?

PHIL: HEY! MARY'S RIGHT, JACKSON...SINATRA IS IN NEW YORK.. THIS IS SATURDAY NIGHT AND HE'S DOING THE HIT PARADE PROGRAM.

JACK: But that's impossible.

MARY: HIS PROGRAM IS ON RIGHT NOW...TUNE IN THE RADIO AND SEE.

JACK: Okay, I will.
(CLICK OF DIAL, HEAR LITTLE STATIC)

KERN: (ON FILTER) AND IN THE FOURTH RACE AT BAY MEADOWS, THE WINNER WAS --

(MORE STATIC)

JACK: Hmmm, that's the wrong station. Maybe this is it.

(MORE STATIC)

NELSON: Ladies and gentlemen...do you suffer from upper plate wobble, hmmm?....Do your friends avoid meeting you be because your uppers avoid meeting your lowers?..... If so, try a bottle of Symmpathy Soothing Syrup.... Remember folks, Sympathy spelled backwards is.... Yitapaniss.....Y-H-T-A-P-M-Y-S

QUARTETTE: (SINGS) YIT YIT YATAPAMISS
YIT YIT YITAPAMISS
YIT YIT YITAPAMISS
DRIVES YOUR BLUES AWAYYYY.

NELSON: So remember friends....Years of research in our own private laboratories has established the fact that when you pass the age of thirty-five...you will be thirty-six.

QUARTETTE: YIT YIT YITAPAMISS
YIT YIT YITAPAMISS
(STATIC)

JACK: Mary, don't fool with the dial, I'll get Sinatra.
(LITTLE STATIC CONTINUES)

JACK: HERE, I THINK I'VE GOT IT.
(SWITCH TO NEW YORK)

ANNR: AND NOW, FOR HIS FINAL SELECTION ON TONIGHT'S LUCKY STRIKE HIT PARADE, FRANK SINATRA SINGS "ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE".
(SEGUE INTO SINATRA'S NUMBER)
(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD SPOT)

JACK: Gee, that was wonderful. You know, he'd be great on my show. I'm going to phone New York right now...Maybe I can catch Sinatra before he leaves the studio..Hand me the phone, Mary.

(CLICK OF RECEIVER, DIALS THREE TIMES)

SARA: Long distance.

JACK: Oh operator, I want to speak to New York..I'd like to get Frank Sinatra.

SARA: So would I, Pooopsie.

JACK: Look Miss, will you please ring Mr. Sinatra for me?.. Person-to-person, he's on the Hit Parade in New York.

SARA: Just a moment, sir, I'll try the New York circuit..... Los Angeles calling New York....Los Angeles calling New York.

BEA: Hello Los Angeles, this is New York..How are you, Los Angeles?

SARA: Fine, thanks, and how are you, New York?

BEA: Oh I'm feeling grand, but Brooklyn's got the mumps.

JACK: LOOK OPERATOR, I DON'T CARE IF SAN FRANCISCO'S GOT WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE...I WANT TO SPEAK TO FRANK SINATRA...NOW PLEASE HURRY.

SARA: All right, all right, keep your shirt on..I haven't talked to new York since she had a baby.

JACK: Congratulatlons...get me my number.

BEA: Just a moment.

(BUSY SIGNAL)

SARA: I'm sorry, sir, the line is busy..Will you call back when it's clear.

JACK: Okay..Call back. Goodbye.
(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Well kids, the line is busy, but I'll get him in a minute.

MEL: Say Mr. Benny, when you talk to Mr. Sinatra, will you let me say hello to him?

JACK: All right, Herman, all right but don't bother me now.

MEL: (EXCITED) Gee whiz..Wait'll my wife finds out I talked to Frank Sinatra. Gee whiz.

MARY: I'll bet she'll be thrilled, eh Herman?

MEL: No, she'll beat the stuffings out of me, she likes Crosby.

JACK: Herman, I wish you'd --
(PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh oh, that must be him now..Quiet, kids.
(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Hello.

DON: (VERY POLITE) How do you do, sir..I'm conducting a survey...Do you know what L.S.-M.F.T. means?

JACK: (WHISPERING) Hey kids, kids, it's Don Wilson, he called my number by mistake..I'm going to have some fun with him...(AS OLD RUBE) Eh, what was that?

DON: I said I'm conducting a survey..Do you know what L.S.-M.F.T. means?

JACK: (RUBE) No, can't say as I do.

DON: Well, L.S./M.F.T. STANDS FOR..LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

JACK: Well imagine that.

DON: YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO...SO ROUND, SO FINE SO FULLY PACKED.

JACK: Do tell.

DON: SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW.

JACK: Well I'll be durned.

DON: Thank you, sir, and give my regards.

JACK: (RUBE) Regards? To who?

DON: To Mary..Who else, you dope!
(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: How do you like that...he knew it all the time,..Say kids, while we're waiting for Sinatra's call, I'll go in the kitchen and make some lemonade.

MARY: Good..I'd like some.

PHIL: Me too, Jackson.

JACK: Would you like some lemonade, Herman?

MEL: No thanks, I've gotta drive home.

JACK: Okay..I'll be right back.
(FEW FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: Say Mary, Jackson must really be excited..This is the first time he ever offered us anything for nothin'.

MARY: Phil, we're not out of the house yet..Anyway, Jack isn't quite as bad as he --
(PHONE RINGS)

MARY: I'll answer it.
(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

MARY: Hello.

SARA: I have Mr. Sinatra in New York now.

MARY: Oh, oh well put him on, I'll talk to him.

SARA: And please limit your call to three minutes.

MARY: Don't worry, if you talk over three minutes on Benny's phone, a time bomb goes off.

SARA: Okay, here's your party..Go ahead, Mr. Sinatra.

FRANK: Hello.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: (THRILLED) Hello Frankie, this is Mary..Mary Livingston.

FRANK: Oh hello Mary, how are you?

MARY: Fine..Gee Frankie, your voice sounds just as nice over the phone as it does on the radio.

FRANK: Well thanks, Mary.

MARY: You know the reason Jack put in this call for you is because he'd like to have you as the singer on his program.

FRANK: Gee, that'd be swell...I'd love to be on Jack's show... Then I'd get to see you a little more often.

MARY: (QUIVERING VOICE) Oh Frankie, it's a good thing I'm not the type of girl that gets excited...because if I was, I'd be so-so-so excited. (SILLY LAUGH)

JACK: Mary, who in the world are you talking to?

MARY: Frank Sinatra.

JACK: Sinatra! Give me that phone...Hello...Hello Frank, this is Jack Benny.

FRANK: Hello Jack.

JACK: Now Frank, I won't beat around the bush...How would you like to sing on my program?

FRANK: Well Jack, it sounds interesting..but of course, there's the question of money.

JACK: Money?

PHIL: This call ain't gonna last no three minutes.

JACK: Quiet, Phil...What did you say, Frankie?

FRANK: I said Jack, that I'd like to sing on your program, but there's the question of money.

JACK: Money? Oh a minor matter to be sure..ha ha ha..a minor matter.

FRANK: Yes I know but unfortunately I'm not a minor..(MIMICS JACK'S LAUGH)

JACK: No kidding, Frank, you come on my program and you'll go places...You know when Dennis Day left me to join the Navy he was doing okay..Although I will admit he started for a modest salary.

FRANK: Jack, that salary wasn't modest, it was just ashamed of itself.

JACK: Now Frankie, look...after Dennis was with me for five years, he worked himself up to thirty-five dollars a week...Now I'm willing to give you the same money to start with that he got the hard way...How is that?

FRANK: Thirty-five dollars a week!

JACK: Frankie, look..all you have to do for that thirty-five dollars is sing a song that takes two minutes...which means you get paid seventeen-fifty a minute, or twenty-five thousand dollars a day..which means I'm paying you a weekly salary of one hundred and eighty-six thousand dollars.

FRANK: I know, Jack, I know all about that. You see there were lots of times Dennis told me about you paying him a hundred eighty-six thousand.

JACK: (PLEASED) Oh really? When did Dennis tell you that?

FRANK: Every time he borrowed lunch money from me.

JACK: Well Frankie, I can't help it if Dennis didn't know how to handle his finances...Well what do you say, Frank... is it a deal?

FRANK: I'm sorry, Jack, but I can't accept that salary...You see a man gets into the habit of eating three meals a day.

JACK: What...what did you say, Frankie?

FRANK: I said I'm in the habit of eating three meals a day.

JACK: Well brother, I've seen you and...NO, I'M NOT GOING TO SAY IT, I'M NOT GOING TO SAY IT.....Now Frank, why don't you say okay and accept the proposition?

FRANK: Well --

JACK: Look...to clinch the deal I'll send you five dollars in advance, AND REMEMBER, THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE THAT COMES FROM....What do you say, kid?...just give me the word and we'll --

SARA: I'm sorry, Mr. Benny, your three minutes are up.

JACK: What do you mean, three minutes?...LISTEN OPERATOR, IT'S ONLY TWO MINUTES AND FORTY-ONE SECONDS, I'VE GOT MY WATCH RIGHT HERE IN MY HAND.

SARA: WELL I'VE GOT A WATCH TOO, AND IT'S THREE MINUTES!

JACK: YOU'RE WRONG, IT'S TWO FORTY-ONE.

SARA: IT'S THREE MINUTES!

JACK: IT'S TWO FORTY--

(TERRIFIC BOMB EXPLOSION, NOISE OF FALLING DEBRIS)

JACK: OH DARN IT, THERE GOES THAT TIME BOMB...I MUST HAVE SET IT A LITTLE TOO EARLY!

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC UP)

DON: (ON CUE) JACK WILL BE BACK IN JUST A MINUTE, BUT FIRST HERE'S MR. F.E. BOONE.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: In a cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts! And -
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - the riper, the
naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco. So the next
time you buy cigarettes, remember Lucky Strike means
fine tobacco - so round, so firm, so fully packed,
so free and easy on the draw!

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's
program were Mr. F. E. Boone of Lexington, Kentucky,
(CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN), and Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs,
of Goldsboro, North Carolina, (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN).
And this is Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: For real deep-down smoking enjoyment smoke Lucky Strike,
(Imp. Tag #17) for Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - yes, Lucky Strike
means fine tobacco - so round, so firm, so fully packed,
so free and easy on the draw.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN OFF)

MARY: Say Jack, where are we going to do our broadcast from next Sunday?

JACK: Next Sunday?...Well Mary, we'll be broadcasting from the Army Air Base at Gardner Field.

MARY: Well what are you going to do about a singer?...You didn't finish talking to Frank Sinatra.

JACK: Oh I'll get somebody....Gosh Mary, if I hadn't set that time bomb so early, I might have gotten Sinatra.

MARY: Well there's no use talking about it now...So hang up the receiver.

JACK: I would but there's nothing left to hang it on.....
Goodnight, folks.
(APPLAUSE)

DON: (THROUGH APPLAUSE) THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM IS BROADCAST TO OUR ARMED FORCES OVERSEAS....THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

DUYSDAEL: Ladies and gentlemen...in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. And - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- yes, first, last and always, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. At markets now open in the South, independent tobacco experts present at the auctions can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select the riper, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.

DELMAR: And, sworn records show that among such independent tobacco experts -- auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen -- with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies, two to one!

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD, FOR JACK BENNY SHOW)

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

REBROADCAST: 9:30-10:00 PM - PMT.
STATIONS: KPO, KOMO, KMJ, KHQ,
KGW, KFSD, KFI.

CLIENT: AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

BROADCAST: #3

DATE: OCT. 15, 1944

PROGRAM: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK: NBC

(ORIGINATING AT GARDNER FIELD)

I OPENING NEW YORK

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm,
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Of course!

RUYSDAEL: Right you are!

SHARBUTT: Yes sir!

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm,
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

(MORE)

(AFTER OPENING COMMERCIAL: MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM..STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH
MARY LIVINGSTON, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER AND
"YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.
(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC UP)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FROM THE ARMY AIR BASE
GARDNER FIELD, NEAR TAFT, CALIFORNIA..WE BRING YOU OUR
MASTER OF CEREMONIES..THE ONE AND ONLY --

WALLY: Oh, no you don't, Bud, no you don't!..You ain't pushin'
just anybody off on us!

JACK: Hmm.

DON: What are you talking about, soldier?

WALLY: What am I talkin' about?..You tell 'em, Sarge..Go ahead,
tell 'im.

MEL: Okay..Look Fatso..we can't do anything about what time
they make us go to bed or what time they make us get up..
But week after week, they blow a bugle, line us up, march
us into this hall to listen to what they call
entertainment --

MEL & WALLY: AND WE'RE SICK OF IT!

JACK: Now wait a minute, fellahs --

MAN: You keep outa this, Bub.

JACK: Yes sir.

WALLY: Now as I was sayin', Fatso..The fellahs here appointed
us as a committee to sorta pass on the entertainment.

MEL: Yeah, in that way why we protect our boys from stepping
into those civilian booby traps.

JACK: Booby traps?

MEL: So listen, Chubby..You tell us who you're gonna bring out here, and we'll tell you if it's okay.

DON: Well all right, if you must know, it's none other than Jack Benny.

WALLY: Jack Benny, huh?..What d'ya think, Sarge?

MEL: I dunno..What do you think?

WALLY: Well....it's either him or spending a half hour in Taft

JACK: Hmm.

MEL: Aw, let's give him a break..Maybe he brought some dames with him.

WALLY: OKAY BLUBBER, YOU CAN BRING ON YOUR STAR.

DON: Thank you..AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FROM THE ARMY AIR BASE AT GARDNER FIELD, NEAR TAFT, CALIFORNIA..WE BRING YOU THE ONE AND ONLY..JACK BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, thank you..Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking..And Don, isn't it nice being out here at Gardner Field, situated on the shores of beautiful Lake Buena Vista..Imagine being stationed at a place where you can go trout fishing..swimming..and diving..As Don, now that we've eased into our show with a little local color..let's show that committee they've got nothing to worry about..Let's start out with that big joke I made up...You know, the one I made up on the bus coming over here.

DON: You mean the one about second lieutenants?

JACK: Yeah, this'll kill 'em..Wait a minute, fellas, you gott hear this..Go ahead, Don ask me..WHY ARE SECOND LIEUTENANTS SO YOUNG.

DON: Okay..Tell me, Jack..WHY ARE SECOND LIEUTENANTS SO YOUNG?

JACK: SECOND LIEUTENANTS ARE SO YOUNG..BECAUSE THEY'RE PICKED FROM AN INFANT-TREE...Get it, fellows?..Young?..
Infant-tree?

MEL & WALLY: OH HUBBA, HUBBA, HUBBA!

JACK: What do you mean, hubba hubba hubba?..What was wrong with the joke?

WALLY: What was wrong with it!

MEL: THAT JOKE WILTED THE FLOWERS ON COLONEL BECHTEL'S DESK.

JACK: Oh stop being so silly, a joke wilting flowers..that's impossible..Now I don't mind you guys standing around, but don't make up a lot of --

MARY: HELLO, JACK.

JACK: OH HELLO, MARY. How are you?
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: I'm glad you got here, Mary..Now maybe we can get on with the show.

MARY: Yeah..But you know, Jack, the strangest thing happened just now.

JACK: Really?..What was it?

MARY: As I walked in here, the flowers in my hair wilted.

JACK: That I can't understand at all..Anyway Mary, how do you like being up here at Gardner Field?

MARY: Oh swell..But yesterday when we got here one of the soldiers rushed me over to see lake Buena Vista..some excitement.

JACK: Well they're very proud of Buena Vista Mary..that's a beautiful lake.

MARY: Go on, I've seen more water at a W. C. Fields party.

JACK: Oh stop exaggerating.

MARY: It's the only lake where a girl can go out for a boat ride and walk back.

JACK: Mary, it isn't that shallow.

MARY: Then how come the fish are sunburned on one side?

JACK: Mary, please, isn't there anything else you can talk about?

MARY: Oh sure..You know Jack, last night I was out with a soldier, and --

JACK: Look, Mary..On every program you hear about the girl going out with a soldier..So let's not have any of that on our show.

MARY: But Jack, last night I was out with a soldier.

JACK: MARY, I DON'T WANT YOU TO --

MAN & SARGE: LET 'ER TALK, LET 'ER TALK!

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: Thanks, fellahs..Now as I was saying, Jack..Last night I was out with a soldier, and just because I wouldn't give him a kiss, he said he was going to end it all..And then he laid down on the railroad track.

JACK: Oh, well,don't worry about it, Mary..I've heard about the train service around here.

MARY: (CONCERNED) But Jack, that soldier.

JACK: Mary, don't worry about him. By the time a train gets here, the war'll be over, he'll be a civilian, and when he's paying for his own clothes again, he ain't gonna lie down on any dirty old railroad tracks....The last time a train came through here it had Indian arrows sticking in it...So let's forget about it and get on with the --

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

LANG: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes.

LANG: On behalf of the United States Army Air Force stationed at Gardner field, I wish to present you with these wings.

JACK: Wings?

LANG: Yes...I'm sorry the rest of the chicken got away!...
Goodbye.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Oh well, I can always use 'em for soup.

PHIL: HI YA JACKSON..OKAY FELLAHS, START BEATIN' THEM CHOW-TONG
TOGETHER, HARRIS IS HERE!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Oh brother.

PHIL: Thanks, you pretty things. You know something? You guys
really know talent when you --

JACK: Phil, keep quiet.

PHIL: But these guys know talent when they --

JACK: Phil--

MAN & SARGE: LET 'IM TALK, LET 'IM TALK!

JACK: I don't mind letting him talk, but he doesn't have to be so hammy about it.

PHIL: Hammy!...You're the one that gets all the receptions.. Look what happened yesterday when we got off the bus.. Who took the bows?.You did..I didn't get no welcome.

JACK: What are you talking about?.When we got here and I signed all those autographs, I sent every one of those soldiers over to get your autograph too.

PHIL: You just did that to show off, you know I can't write.

JACK: Well Phil, I really forgot that you couldn't write, I didn't mean to embarrass you.

PHIL: You didn't, eh?..Then why did you hide my rubber stamp?

JACK: BECAUSE YOU WERE MESSING UP THE WHOLE BUS WITH IT, THAT'S WHY...Just like a kid.

PHIL: And another thing, Jackson..I know the trick you played on me last year.

JACK: What trick?

PHIL: Well, you switched rubber stamps on me, and for three weeks I was signing my name "FRAGILE, THIS END UP."

JACK: What?

PHIL: Mary told me, MARY TOLD ME.

JACK: Well Phil, anybody who doesn't know how to spell his own name oughta be ashamed of himself..AND NOW FELLOWS --

DON: Oh say Jack --

JACK: Yes, Don?

DON: Don't you think this is the right time to talk about... well, you know what.

JACK: Oh..You mean LSMFT?

DON: Yes.

PHIL: HEY WAIT A MINUTE, JACKSON, WAIT A MINUTE..IF YOU'RE
TELLIN' SECRETS ABOUT ME, DON'T GO SPELLIN' IT OUT.

JACK: Phil, don't be so suspicious..we're not talking about you

PHIL: YOU SAID LSMFT .THERE'S AN F IN IT AND THAT STANDS FOR
PHIL.

JACK: IT DOES NOT..LSMFT STANDS FOR LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE
TOBACCO.

DON: YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO..SO ROUND, SO FIRM,
SO FULLY PACKED, SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW.

PHIL: You spell all that with just LSMFT?

JACK: Phil, do me a favor and play something, will you?..I'll
explain it to you later..AND NOW FELLOWS --

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes.

MEL: Did some silly guy come in here a while ago and present
you with a pair of chicken wings?

JACK: Yes, but I threw 'em away.

MEL: Oh..Well would you mind telling me where you threw 'em?

JACK: Why, are you Hungry?

MEL: No, I'm the chicken.

JACK: What?

MEL: (DOES CHICKEN CACKLE...GOODBYE...MORE CACKLE)

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Hmm, that's what happens to a guy when he eats too much
of those powdered eggs...Play, Phil, will you?
(APPLAUSE)
(SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)
(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "It Had To Be You" played by Phil Harris and his Buena Vista Beach-head Commandos..Say Phil, I thought you were supposed to sing in that number.

PHIL: Look Jackson, I ain't singin' no song..I got enough to do rehearsin' the band, gettin' these big laughs, and drivin' the bus..Anyway, when are you gonna hire a singer for the show?

JACK: Well, Phil, I tried to get a singer last week.

MARY: Oh sure, sure, you tried..Why don't you tell 'em what happened Thursday night.

JACK: MARY!

MARY: Go ahead, Jack..tell 'em how you tried to get John Charles Thomas.

JACK: Mary, please!

MARY: Well if you won't tell 'em I will..Listen, fellahs.. it was Thursday night -

JACK: Mary, I don't want you to --

WALLY & MEL: LET 'ER TALK, LET 'ER TALK!

MARY: Thanks, fellahs..Well anyway, it was Thursday night, and Jack had invited me over to his house for dinner.. (STARTS TO FADE)..There were just the two of us and we were finishing eating when -- (FADE)

(MUSICAL TRANSITION..FADES TO)

SOUND: (SLIGHT RATTLE OF DISHES)

MARY: Gosh Jack, it was nice of you to invite me over for dinner.

JACK: Oh that's all right, Mary..Here, will you have some mustard?

MARY: Yes, thanks.

JACK: Ketchup?

MARY: Yes, thank you.

JACK: Horse radish?

MARY: Uh huh.

JACK: Here you are.

MARY: What a dinner...mustard, ketchup and horse radish.

JACK: Don't worry, Mary, the surprise is in this casserole...
Look.

SOUND: (RATTLE OF DISH AND COVER)

MARY: Gee...cold cuts!

JACK: Yes siree, cold cuts.

MARY: One cut for you and one cut for me.

JACK: Yup! Would you like your coffee now, Mary?

MARY: Uh huh.

JACK: Good...I'll ring for Rochester.

SOUND: (THREE KNOCKS ON A BUCKET)

MARY: Jack, don't you think it's about time you bought a
regular dinner bell?

JACK: Yes, Mary, but it's hard to get what you want these days
on account of shortages...This makes a fine dinner bell.

MARY: But Jack, it doesn't look nice..hitting an empty garbage
pail with an old turkey bone.

JACK: Well you can't hit it with a cold cut...Anyway, no one
notices it.

ROCHESTER: MR. BENNY, DID YOU RING FOR ME, OR DID YOU JUST THROW
SOMETHING IN THE GARBAGE CAN?

JACK: I rang for you, Rochester.
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, bring Miss Livingston her coffee, and I'll have a cup of tea.

ROCHESTER: Sorry, boss, you'll have to take coffee too.

JACK: Why?

ROCHESTER: The tea bags haven't come back from the laundry yet!

JACK: Oh, darn it, I wanted tea.

ROCHESTER: Well boss, I'll fix you the coffee so you'll like it, I'll add some brandy to it...I've got my own special recipe...Mmm mmm!

JACK: Has it got a kick to it, Rochester:

ROCHESTER: A kick to it! Boss, do you know how coffee is good to the last drop?

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCHESTER: Well, when I add the right amount of brandy to it...
THE LAST DROP PICKS UP THE CUP AND HITS YOU OVER THE HEAD WITH IT.

JACK: Rochester!

ROCHESTER: ONE DRINK OF MY COFFEE AND YOU SIT AROUND ALL NIGHT
PERCOLATIN'!

JACK: Never mind, just bring us some plain coffee.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir...Miss Livingston, would you like some dessert?

MARY: Yes, I think I would...What have you got?

ROCHESTER: Well, there's ice cream, rice pudding, custard and chocolate pie.

MARY: Gee, they all sound good...What would you suggest, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: THE CUSTARD IS THE BEST BUY.

MARY: The best buy!

ROCHESTER: YEAH, THE O.P.A. CAUGHT MR. BENNY WITH HIS CEILING DOWN.

JACK: Rochester, I'm not charging Miss Livingston for the dinner...Now bring some coffee and custard.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

MARY: Say Jack, it's getting close to Sunday...What are you going to do about a singer for your program?

JACK: Well, Mary, I haven't given up hopes of getting Sinatra yet.

MARY: I think you ought to forget about Sinatra, he has too much radio work already...he's on the Hit Parade and besides that, he's got another show of his own.

JACK: Oh yes, "One Man's Famine"...(LAUGHS, THEN CONFIDENTIALLY)...You know, Mary, one of my writers gave me that gag for last week's show...but I'd never use anything that corny, you know.

MARY: Yes, I know.

JACK: Anyway, I'm not going to worry about him, I'll find a singer...Say Mary, do you want to hear some good music? I bought a new record for my phonograph.

MARY: It's about time, I'm getting tired of "The Sheik of Araby".

JACK: I don't know, Mary, it's a pretty good number to dance to...Anyway, wait'll you hear this new one...I'll wind up the phonograph.

SOUND: (WINDING OF PHONOGRAPH..THEN LARGE TINNY OBJECT FALLS ON FLOOR WITH LOUSY SOUND)

JACK: Oh darn it, the horn keeps falling off...There, it's fixed now...Here's the new record, Mary...Which side do you want to hear first?

MARY: How do I know? What songs are on it?

JACK: Well, on one side of the record is John Charles Thomas singing "When My Boy Comes Home"...and on the other side is Spike Jones playing, "I KISSED THE BUTCHER'S DAUGHTER TILL HER OLD MAN PUT UP A BEEF."

MARY: Well, I'd rather hear John Charles Thomas.

JACK: Okay...John Charles Thomas it'll be. Listen.
(SEGUE INTO JOHN CHARLES THOMAS' NUMBER -- "WHEN MY BOY COMES HOME")
(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK : Gee, Mary, wasn't that wonderful?..What a voice...what volume.

MARY: Jack, Jack, what an idea!..Why not get John Charles Thomas for your singer?..Think of the dignity it would lend the program.

JACK: Say Mary, that would be terrific..Let's go over and see him right now..OH ROCHESTER, GET THE CAB, WE'RE GOING OUT.

ROCHESTER: But Boss, I expected to have the night off..We're having a big New Years's party.

JACK: A New Year's party!..New Years isn't for three months yet

ROCHESTER: I KNOW, BUT TONIGHT IS BASIC TRAINING!

JACK: Now, Rochester, you had last night off to enjoy yourself.

ROCHESTER: But boss, last night I only went to a political conference.

JACK: A political conference?

ROCHESTER: Yeah..it was the regular Wednesday night meeting of the Central Avenue Branch of the Vote-for-Roosevelt-and-Dewey-Club.

JACK: Roosevelt AND Dewey Club!..Rochester, your club can't be for both of them..You ought to have all those for Roosevelt in one group and all those for Dewey in another..And then separate the two groups.

ROCHESTER: WHAT, AND BREAK UP THE CRAP GAME?

JACK: Never mind..Get the car and drive us over to Mr. Thomas' house.

ROCHESTER: Okay.

(MUSICAL TRANSITION)

SOUND: (AUTO HORN TWICE, THEN AUTO MOTOR UP AND DOWN)

JACK: (VERY FAST) Look out for that cab, Rochester..not so fast..don't turn the corners so close...look out for that man..easy or you'll hit that Pontiac..the light's turning red on the corner..put your hand out if you're going to turn..watch out for that safety zone.

ROCHESTER: DOGGONE, THIS IS THE ONLY AUTOMOBILE IN TOWN WITH A CO-PILOT!

JACK: ROCHESTER!

ROCHESTER: YOU TAKE OVER THE CONTROLS, BOSS, I'LL RADIO AHEAD FOR LANDING INSTRUCTIONS.

JACK: Rochester, will you...HEY MARY, LOOK...THERE'S FRED ALLEN. HELLO FRED.

MARY: Jack, that isn't Fred Allen, that's a soldier wearing a gas mask.

JACK: Oh, gosh, and I was just going to tell him how good he looks...Hey, slow down, Rochester..there's where John Charles Thomas lives..that house on the corner.

SOUND: (CAR STOPS, THEN CAR DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Rochester, you wait here..Come on, Mary.

SOUND: (FEW FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK..THEN UP A COUPLE OF STEPS.. DOOR BELL RINGS..PAUSE...THEN DOOR OPENS..)

NELSON: Yessss?

JACK: I'd like to speak to Mr. John Charles Thomas.

NELSON: Who shall I say is calling?

MARY: Mr. Jack Jerk Benny.

JACK: Mary, please..Just tell him it's Jerk Benny..I mean Jac Benny.

NELSON: Yes sir..Come right in.

SOUND: (COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS, AND DOOR CLOSES)

NELSON: Mr. Thomas is in the next room.

THOMAS: (OFF MIKE, VOCALIZING) MI MI MI MI MI LA LA LA LA.

JACK: Listen to that, Mary...isn't that beautiful?

NELSON: Yes, and he's only gargling.

JACK: It must be a pleasure to hear him brush his teeth...
will you tell him I'm here?

NELSON: Yes sir.

SOUND: (COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: Oh Mr. Thomas, Jack Benny is here to see you.

THOMAS: Well, well, I'll come right out.
(APPLAUSE)

THOMAS: Hello Jack, Hello Mary...To what do I owe this pleasant
surprise?

JACK: Well, Mr. Thomas, getting right to the point...I'm
looking for someone to sing on my radio program..And
I thought someone as famous as you would be perfect
for it.

THOMAS: Jack...you compliment me.

JACK: Oh I mean it..I think your voice would lend dignity
and prestige to my shows.

THOMAS: Jack..you flatter me.

JACK: And I'm here to make you a financial offer.

MARY: Here comes the insult.

JACK: Mary, please...Now the fact is, Charles -

THOMAS: Charles?

JACK: That's your middle name.

THOMAS: Oh yes, yes.

JACK: Hmm...Now look, Mr. Thomas, I won't mince words..You
see, Dennis Day worked for me and after five years,
I paid him thirty-five dollars a week.

THOMAS: I see.

JACK: But naturally I wouldn't expect an opera singer like you to work for that kind of money.

THOMAS: Naturally.

JACK: So instead of offering you thirty-five dollars I'm willing to stretch it just a little bit and --

NELSON: Pardon me for interrupting, Mr. Thomas.

THOMAS: Yes, Martin.

NELSON: I'm leaving now for my night off.

THOMAS: Oh yes, yes, yes...And Martin before you go I'll give you your weekly salary.

NELSON: Thank you sir.

THOMAS: Here you are..Twenty..Forty...Sixty...Seventy....

JACK: Hmmm.

THOMAS: Eighty...Ninety...a hundred dollars.

JACK: Hmmm.

THOMAS: There you are, Martin.

NELSON: Thank you, sir.

THOMAS: Now what was it you were saying, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Well,...well...on second thought...on second thought, Mr. Thomas, I have a feeling that you and I can't get together.

MARY: You couldn't even get together with his butler.

JACK: Quiet...Well Mr. Thomas, I think I'd better go...I'm sorry I took up so much of your time.

THOMAS: Now wait a minute, Jack, I think I understand your predicament...You're stuck for a singer.

JACK: Yes, sir.

THOMAS: Well I couldn't possibly take the job...but in order to help you out I'll be very happy to come over and sing on one program.

JACK: You will?..One program?...Did you hear that, Mary?.. Gee..that's swell, Mr. Thomas.

THOMAS: What would you like me to sing?

JACK: Oh anything..anything...It doesn't make any difference what you sing..your voice is enough.

THOMAS: And since you're accustomed to paying thirty-five dollars, I may as well take the money.

JACK: Oh.

THOMAS: Is that all right with you?

JACK: WELL I DON'T KNOW, BROTHER, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO SING? ...Come on, tell me...What are you going to sing?

THOMAS: Well I don't know, Jack...I don't have a very large repertoire.

JACK: What?...What was that you said?

THOMAS: I said I don't have a very large repertoire.

JACK: Well brother, from where I'm standing, you have the 1....NO, I'M NOT GONNA SAY IT, I'M NOT GONNA SAY IT... Now, look, Mr. Thomas, I think the best kind of a number for you to sing on my program would be one of the popular classics...like "Cherie Berie Bee."

THOMAS: Cherie Berie Bee?

JACK: Yes, and I'll tell you what I'll do. I happen to know the lyrics, so I'll join you and we'll make a duet out of it.

MARY: Oh Jack, you and your boy soprano.

JACK: Mary, keep out of this...Come on, Mr. Thomas, what do you say?

THOMAS: All right, Jack, let's rehearse it now.

JACK: Good.

(PIANO INTRODUCTION)

THOMAS: (SINGS) CHERIE BERIE BEE
CHERIE BERIE BEE
CHERIE BERIE BEEEEEEEEEE --
CHERIE BERIE BEE
HE WAITS FOR HER EACH NIGHT
BENEATH HER BALCONY

JACK: (SINGS) L S M F T
HE BEGS TO HOLD HER TIGHT
BUT NO SHE WON'T AGREE

THOMAS: (SINGS) CHERIE BERIE BEE
SHE THROWS A ROSE
AND BLOWS A KISS FROM UP ABOVE

JACK: (SINGS) CHERIE BERIE BEE

THOMAS: (SINGS) L S M F T

JACK & THOMAS: CHERIE BERIE BEE
THEY'RE SO IN LOVE

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC UP TO FINISH)

DON: And now we'll hear from my good friends, L.A. (Speed)
Riggs and Kenneth Delmar.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- the riper, the naturally milder Lucky Strike Tobacco. Remember this all-important fact the next time you buy cigarettes, for it takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette. And - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina, (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN) and Mr. F. E. Boone of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN). Basil Ruysdael speaking!

TICKER: (2 & 3 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: A friendly suggestion: For your own real deep down smoking enjoyment smoke Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN OFF)

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

REBROADCAST: 9:30-10:00 PM - P.W.T.
STATIONS: KPD, KOMO, KMJ, KHQ,
KGW, KFSD, KFI.

CLIENT: AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

BROADCAST: #1

DATE: OCT. 22, 1948

PROGRAM: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK: NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

[Handwritten notes and stamps, including "RECEIVED" and "OCT 22 1948"]

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm,
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Yes, sir!

SHARBUTT: Right you are!

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm,
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

(MORE)

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DELMAR: Remember, in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts...
the better the tobacco, the better the cigarette. And -
remember Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- yes, first,
last and always, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. At
markets now open in the South, independent tobacco
experts -- auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen --
present at the auctions can see the makers of
Lucky Strike consistently select the riper, the natural;
milder Lucky Strike tobacco. So - smoke the smoke
tobacco experts smoke - Lucky Strike!

RIGGS: (CHANT -- SOLD AMERICAN)
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD, FOR JACK BENNY SHOW)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL: MUSIC UP, AND FADES)

DON: HELLO EVERYBODY, THIS IS DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE - MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN .. LET'S MOVE THE CLOCK BACK TEN MINUTES AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS BEFORE A RADIO PROGRAM GOES ON THE AIR .. SO NOW WE TAKE YOU BACK-STAGE TO JACK BENNY'S DRESSING ROOM, WHERE JACK IS RELAXING.

JACK: (SNORES TWICE)

ROCHESTER: Hmm, I sure hate to wake the boss up .. but the program goes on in ten minutes.

JACK: (SNORES AGAIN)

ROCHESTER: Just look at him lyin' there, sleepin' like a baby.

JACK: (SNORES)

ROCHESTER: Yup, just like a baby..Maybe I oughta take his thumb out of his mouth again.

JACK: (SNORES, THEN MUMBLES..THEN TALKS DREAMILY) Now Hedy, please....Wait a minute, Hedy..Wait a minute, Hedy... (SNORES)...Stop it.... (LAUGHS)...Paulette, Paulette, please, you're tickling my ear....(SNORES)..LANA..LANA, STOP KISSING ME!...You too, Hedy, Hedy, stop.

ROCHESTER: BOBS, BOSS, WAKE UP..YOU WENT TO SLEEP TO RELAX!.

JACK: Huh? What? Ch, it's you, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: Yeah and don't look so disappointed.

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: You were talkin' in your sleep again, boss.

JACK: Oh yes, yes..I..I dreamt that I was making a political speech.

ROCHESTER: That was a political speech?

JACK: Yes.

ROCHESTER: WELL WITH THOSE PEOPLE ON YOUR SIDE, YOU'LL EVEN CARRY MAINE AND VERMONT.

JACK: What are you talking about?

ROCHESTER: Oh, nothin', boss..you better hurry, you haven't got too much time before the broadcast.

JACK: The broadcast, the broadcast, always the broadcast..It's like a ghost that keeps haunting me week after week.. Monday I think of ideas..Tuesday I meet with my writers ..Wednesday, Thursday and Friday we write..Saturday I rehearse, then on Sunday I do my program and in a half hour it's all over. AND FOR WHAT I ASK YOU..FOR WHAT?

ROCHESTER: FOR A LOUSY MILLION DOLLARS!

JACK: No, Rochester, no..You have the wrong slant on life.. Money isn't everything.

ROCHESTER: BOSS, WAKE UP!

JACK: I am awake..GEE WHIZ, LOOK WHAT TIME IT IS, I BETTER HURRY. Oh darn it, now I'm sorry I took that nap.. Whenever I sleep, I toss and turn and get all ruffled up..How does my hair look?

ROCHESTER: Fine, boss, fine..YOU WANNA PUT IT ON NOW?

JACK: Yes..Hold the mirror for me, please..Hmm..Rochester, it looks awful, it's sticking up all over..What happened to it?

ROCHESTER: Remember yesterday when you asked me to shampoo your hair?

JACK: Yes.

ROCHESTER: WELL THE SIDEBURNS GOT CAUGHT IN THE WRINGER.

JACK: Wringer!.You washed it in a washing machine?..Rochester that's the worst mistake you could make.

ROCHESTER: A WORSE ONE WAS PUTTING STARCH IN THE WATER.

JACK: Starch!

ROCHESTER: HEE HEE HEE..YOU LOOK SO NELSON EDDYISH WITH THOSE CRISP CURLS.

JACK: Rochester, don't you ever put my hair in the washing machine..I've told you time and again I want you to Lux it along with my undies.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.
(DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Now where's my --

MARY: JACK, WE'LL BE ON THE AIR IN SIX MINUTES, YOU BETTER HURRY.

JACK: Oh hello, Mary, I'll be right with you..Rochester, help me on with my jacket.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir...There you are, boss.

JACK: Thanks..How does this jacket look on me, Mary?..Does it drape too much around my shoulders?

MARY: I don't know, where are your shoulders?

JACK: Mary, save those till we get on the air..and then save 'em again.,

MARY: Oh Jack, don't be so irritable, I was only kidding.

JACK: I'm sorry, Mary, it's just that I've got a thousand things on my mind..I'm trying to do a program, I haven't got a singer --

MARY: Well what about John Charles Thomas?

JACK: I can't get him, he's on every week for Westinghouse...
But I still haven't given up hopes of getting Frank
Sinatra.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: What a combination...you and Sinatra on the same
program... (LAUGHS)

JACK: What's so funny about that?

MARY: (LAUGHS) Old Blood and Guts and No Blood and Bow-Tie.

JACK: Mary, don't pull that on the show or you'll get hit
with a bobby sock.

MARY: Okay, okay, let's get going.

JACK: Wait a minute...Here Rochester, I want you to spray a
little perfume on me.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir....

SOUND: (FOUR LOUD ATOMIZER SPRAYS)

JACK: A little more....

SOUND: (FOUR MORE SPRAYS)

JACK: Ahh!.....

SOUND: (TWO MORE SPRAYS)

ROCHESTER: Is that enough, Boss?

JACK: Yes.

ROCHESTER: NOW STAND BACK WHILE I SWEEP THE DEAD FLIES OUT.

JACK: Flies.....stop exaggerating.

SOUND: (ONE LOUD SLAP)

MARY: That one put up a struggle.

JACK: All right...Now let's go...Rochester, I'll be back in about thirty-five minutes...While I'm gone, I want you to press the suit I wore down here, and the tie, shine my other shoes, darn my socks and think up a few jokes for next week's program.

ROCHESTER: But Boss, I'm your valet...You got writers to think up jokes.

JACK: Don't be so selfish...they help you mow the lawn.

ROCHESTER: Yeah, that's right...AND SINCE WE LOST OUR LAWNMOWER, THAT WRITER WITH THE BUCK TEETH AND REVOLVING HEAD IS A DEFINITE ASSET.

JACK: Yeah, I wish I had more like him...Come on, Mary.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS, FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Say Mary, what was happening on-stage when you left?

MARY: Oh the usual thing...Don was helping Phil memorize his lines.

JACK: Gosh, isn't it awful the way Phil has to spend all week memorizing his part?...I wish he'd learn to read...he can't even -- He can't even find his dressing room with his name on it.

MARY: Worse than that....I bumped into him twice this morning where he shouldn't have --

JACK: I know, I know, he told me....Come on, let's go into the studio.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

DON: Oh, Hello, Jack.

JACK: Hello Don....are we all ready to start?

DON: Ah, I think so...But Jack, I've been going through the script and there's one line that you have in it that I'd like to change.

JACK: What is it?

DON: It's here on page twelve...Don't you think it would be better to say, "DON WILSON READS COMMERCIAL", instead of "BLUBBER DOES PLUG"?

JACK: Oh Don, it doesn't make any difference, that's just a stage direction..

PHIL: HI YA, JACKSON.

JACK: Hello Phil...how did the orchestra rehearsal go?

PHIL: Oh everything's all right, Jackson. Lawrence just put four strings on his violin.

JACK: Four more strings!

PHIL: That makes eight all told.

JACK: You mean he's playing a violin with eight strings?

PHIL: Yeah...My other fiddle player was drafted, we gotta make up for it somehow.

JACK: Phil, that's ridiculous...a violin with eight strings... You've seen my violin, it's only got four strings.

PHIL: Well you're cheap with everything.

JACK: Well, I'm sure of one thing, Phil. You'll never be a Stokowski or a Toscanini.

PHIL: Whom?

JACK: Whom! Toscanini and Stokowski...they happen to be the world's most famous orchestra leaders.

PHIL: Oh they are, eh?

JACK: Yes.

PHIL: THEN HOW COME HARRY JAMES HOLDS THE ATTENDANCE RECORD
AT THE PALLADIUM?

JACK: Well, I ought to have my head examined for even --

DON: WE GO ON THE AIR IN THIRTY SECONDS, EVERYBODY.

JACK: Thank you, Don...Now look, Phil --

PHIL: Just a minute, Jackson, I gotta get my boys ready..ALL
RIGHT FELLAHS, THIRTY SECONDS TO GO...PUT AWAY THEM
CARDS, TAKE THE MONEY OFF THE BASS DRUM AND STAND IT
BACK UP.

JACK: Hmmm.

PHIL: AND FRANKIE...PUT THAT AWAY TOO!

LANG: WHAT?

PHIL: I SAID PUT THAT AWAY TOO.

LANG: I CAN'T FIND THE CORK.

JACK: WELL STICK A MUTE IN IT OR SOMETHING....And hurry,
because --

MEL: (OFF STAGE) THREE SECONDS..STAND BY....TAKE IT!

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM...STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER AND "YOURS
TRULY" DON WILSON.
(APPLAUSE, AND SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

JACK: That was "Is You Is Or Is You Ain't My Baby", played by Phil Harris and his Death-takes-a-Holiday-for-Strings orchestra....AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN OUR NEW RADIO SERIES, WE BRING YOU OUR THRILLING DRAMATIC FEATURE...ANOTHER EPISODE IN THE EXCITING, ADVENTUROUS CAREER OF THAT FAMOUS, CRIME-BUSTING, FEARLESS, MASTER DETECTIVE...CAPTAIN O'BENNY.

SOUND: (FOUR RAPID GUNSHOTS...MINNIE DOES BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM)

MARY: Don, Don, help me pick Jack up.

DON: Okay.

MARY: Are you all right, Jack?

JACK: Yes, thank you...THAT FEARLESS, CRIME-BUSTING, MASTER DETECTIVE...CAPTAIN O'BENNY....Now Mary, you play the part of Mrs. H. Bekin Van Storage...You live in a big mansion, have four mink coats, six yachts and eighty million dollars.

MARY: Gosh, Jack, how did I get so rich?

JACK: You sold your car to Muntz....Now of course I'm going to play the part of that fearless, crime-busting, master detective...Captain O'Benny.

MARY: Oh, Jack, why do you always play those tough parts when you're such a coward?...You're even afraid of the dark.

JACK: I'm not a coward, and I'm not afraid of the dark.

MARY: Go on, you've got a bodyguard with you all night long.

JACK: Mary, lots of people have bodyguards.

MARY: Well, the least you could do is get twin beds.

JACK: Oh, don't be ridiculous.

MARY: You fired your last guy because he had cold feet.

JACK: Mary, save that funny stuff for the sketch...Now let's get on with it, because we haven't got....

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Excuse me....COME IN ..

(DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Helloremember me, I'm Herman Peabody, the insurance salesman.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Oh hello Herman....I'm busy now and --

MEL: I know, Mr. Benny, but I just dropped in to talk to you about that life insurance policy you took out last spring.

JACK: Why....I've been paying the premiums.

MEL: I know, but for an extra fifteen cents a month, you get an added protection now.

JACK: An added protection?

MEL: Yes....We pay you double if the planet Mars crashes into the earth.

JACK: Oh Herman, who thinks up those silly policies? If the planet Mars crashed into the earth, everybody would be killed, the money wouldn't be any good to me.

MEL: Yeah....but at least you wouldn't feel like a sucker.

JACK: All right, Herman, all right...If it'll make you happy, I'll take it....Here's your fifteen cents.

MEL: Thank you....And here, Mr. Benny, this goes with the planet Mars policy.

JACK: What's that?

MEL: A telescope, if you see it coming, get out of the way.

JACK: Well thank you, Herman, thank you....But you better go now, I'm upset enough as it is....I'm trying to do a program, I haven't got a singer, or anything.

MEL: Well gee, Mr. Benny, you don't have to look any further I'm your man.

JACK: But Herman...LOCK...

MEL: (SINGS) ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

JACK: Herman, please...

MEL: WHERE THE FLYING FISHES PLAY

JACK: Herman -- look....

MEL: AND THE DAWN COMES UP LIKE THUNDER....BOOM

JACK: Boom?

MEL: OUT OF CHINA CROSS --

JACK: That's very good, Herman, that's fine...lookit....
Now sit down. Will you?

MEL: Maybe you'd like a novelty.

JACK: No, no, Herman, I don't want a novelty. Sit down.

MEL: I sing a song and imitate an electric organ at the same time.

JACK: Herman, please. Really, I haven't got time.

MEL: (DOES IMITATION)

JACK: HERMAN, HERMAN..STOP..HERMAN!..STOP!..PEOPLE WILL THINK THIS IS THE SPIKE JONES PROGRAM....Now will you please sit down and let me get going with my show?

MEL: Yes sir, and I'll hold your telescope.

JACK: Good, good..Now let's see, where was I...Oh yes..Now Mary, as I said before, you're the rich Mrs. H. Bekin Van Storage...and you murder your husband...Now in the first scene --

DON: Say Jack, am I going to be in your sketch, too?

JACK: Yes, Don...you're going to be the big fat corpse..Now in the first scene...

DON: Aw gee, I never get anything to say...Every time you do a mystery sketch, I'm the corpse.

JACK: Well, it's your own fault, Don...Every time you have a couple of lines to say, you always make a commercial out of it...And I'm not taking any more chances.

DON: But I have a wonderful idea for your..

JACK: Some other time, Don...NOW Phil...

PHIL: (DOES WOLF WHISTLE)

JACK: PHIL.....

PHIL: (WHISTLES AGAIN)

JACK: PHIL, GET AWAY FROM THE WINDOW AND GIVE HERMAN BACK THAT TELESCOPEWhat a guy....Now Phil, you're going to play the part of my assistant, Sergeant O'Harris.

PHIL: Okay, Jackson.

JACK: Now in the first scene...

DON: But Jack, I really do have a wonderful idea for your sketch.

JACK: Okay, Don, what is it?

DON: Well I feel that if you have a murder, you must have a motive....And in my idea, the motive is a diamond necklace.

JACK: Say, that is interesting.

DON: You see, you're searching for the necklace, but you can't find it..You're on the right street, but you don't know which apartment house to go to..AND I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS!

JACK: Gosh, what intrigue!.Continue, Don..Gee...

DON: Well..The house you're looking for is on the left hand side of the street, in the middle of the block, the front apartment..on top.

JACK: Left side..middle of block, front, on top. I'll have to remember that..

DON: Just think of..Left side..middle, front, top.

JACK: Left side..middle, front, top.

DON: Yes, L S M F T.

JACK: I KNEW IT, I KNEW IT..HE WAS GOING FOR A COMMERCIAL ALL THE TIME...you didn't fool me for a minute.

DON: But Jack, it's just a coincidence that LSMFT also stands for LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

JACK: Oh sure, sure. Coincidence...

DON: SURE..LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO..SO ROUND, SO FIRM SO FULLY PACKED.

(THREE RAPID GUN SHOTS)

MARY: JACK, JACK, WHY DID YOU SHOOT DON?

JACK: I COULDN'T HELP IT, SISTER, I'M FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW!...And Don, Don, I'm sorry I shot you.

DON: Oh that's all right, Jack..Anything for a commercial.

JACK: Thanks..And just for that, instead of being the corpse in our sketch, you can be one of my assistants..Now Mary when the scene opens, we find you at your --

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Excuse me, Mary..COME IN.
(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

CLIFF: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes.

CLIFF: I understand that you're in the market for a singer.

JACK: Well..yes, yes I am..but right now we're preparing a dramatic--

CLIFF: My name is Nazarro, Cliff Nazarro.

JACK: Well look as long as you're here, I might as well talk to you..You're a singer?

CLIFF: Yes sir.

JACK: You've sung professionally?

CLIFF: Yes sir.

JACK: How long?

CLIFF: Four years.

JACK: Where?

CLIFF: Western Union.

JACK: Western Union!

CLIFF: (SINGS) HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU, HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU,

JACK: Wait a minute..WAIT A MINUTE!

CLIFF: Don't you like it?

JACK: That's awful.

CLIFF: I sing much better on a bicycle.

JACK: Look, Mr. Nazarro, I hate to turn you down..but I'm afraid you're not the type.

MARY: Anyway Jack, why don't you talk to him later?..We've got a sketch to do.

PHIL: Wait a minute, Jackson..Why don't you give the kid a chance..let him show you what he can do?

CLIFF: Thanks, Uncle Phil.

JACK: Uncle Phil?

PHIL: All right, so he's my nephew..what's the difference, as long as he can sing.

JACK: All right, kid, go ahead, What are you going to sing?

CLIFF: I'll sing a chorus of "I'll Remember", and in the second chorus I do a recitation.

JACK: Well that's swell, go right ahead.

(SEGUE INTO NAZARRO SONG "I'LL REMEMBER")

CLIFF: I'LL REMEMBER
HOW I THRILLED AT THE SIGHT OF YOU
I'LL REMEMBER
HOW THE DREAM OF MY HEART CAME TRUE
I'LL REMEMBER
HOW WE STOOD IN THE MOONGLOW
SO YOUNG AND FREE
SO GLAD TO BE ALONE

I'LL REMEMBER
CIGARETTES WE FORGOT TO LIGHT
AND THE SUNRISE
THAT WE MISSED WHEN WE KISSED GOODNIGHT
ALL THOSE MOMENTS SPENT
IN PARADISE FOR TWO
I'LL REMEMBER
WILL YOU?

(SECOND CHORUS - RECITATION)

CLIFF: I'll remember the look in your eyes at that first
fraternity dance. And that crazy indescribable feeling
I had when we first spoke of _____. It wasn't
_____. It was the way you looked at my _____
that day I _____. We found out the little _____
Going together the way we did _____ It was that
night _____.

(MORE)

CLIFF:
(CONTD)

The _____ The _____ And that little _____
at that _____. That was a _____. It was a
feeling of _____ and I'll remember the times
when _____ And I was _____ You said
_____ to give me that little _____
that I had to go on _____ That look in your e,
that _____ that smile of _____ And all
the years when you _____ forced me to meet it
_____. We didn't _____ and the
_____ that I could _____

I'LL REMEMBER. WILL YOU?

(DURING FIRST CHORUS OF SONG:)

JACK:

Not bad, not bad.....

Say, the kid has possibilities....you know that, Mary?
The kid's all right. Cigarettes? Why that's a plug for
the sponsor. Cigarettes -- that's good. He'll love
that -- George Washington Hill, he'll love that.
Think so, fellas....Does Myrt like it...Beautiful...

(DURING DOUBLE TALK:

JACK:

Huh?.....What's that?.....

Hey, wait a minute, fellah.....Wait a minute...

Look, what is this anyway?.....

What do you want to be, a singer or a tobacco
auctioneer?.....

(THIRD ROUTINE)

CLIFF: (ON CUE) Well Mr. Benny, how did you like it?

JACK: I don't know..I'll tell you what..keep in touch with me and in the meantime I'll think about you and your Uncle Phil's option..Now you might as well sit down and hear the rest of the program.

JACK: AND NOW FOLKS, FOR THE THRILLING, BLOOD-CURDLING ADVENTURE IN THE LIFE OF THAT MASTER DETECTIVE...CAPTAIN O'BENNY.

(WEIRD CHORD)

DON: THE SCENE OPENS BEHIND CLOSED DOORS AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

(WEIRD CHORD, INTO MUSIC AND FADE)

(PHONE RINGS, CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Police headquarters, Captain O'Benny talking....What?... What was that, Madam?...323 Beverly Drive?..Well what about it?...You returned home suddenly and found your husband dead?...Oh..Well you want the flower shop, it's Hillside 7593....You're welcome.

(RECEIVER CLICK)

DON: Say Captain, let's finish this checker game.

JACK: Okay..It's your move, Wilson.

(PHONE RINGS)

PHIL: Hey Captain your other phone is ringing..Shall I get it?

JACK: No no, O'Harris, I'm expecting that call..I'll take it.

(RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Hello...What?...Four dozen white carnations?... Yes, Madam, I'll send them...I KNOW THE ADDRESS, 323 Beverly Drive..Goodbye.

(RECEIVER CLICK)

PHIL: You oughta be ashamed of yourself, Captain...running a police station with a flower shop on the side.

JACK: What's wrong with it?

PHIL: What's wrong with it! How can I be a tough lookin' cop with a petunia in my lapel?...YOU AND YOUR ADVERTISING.

JACK: Never mind that..Now let's get back to the checker game.. It's your move, Wilson.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

MARY: (A LA MAE WEST) Hello, Boys..I happened to be strollin' down this way, so I thought I'd drop in and see the Captain.

JACK: Well..I'm the Captain.

MARY: So you're the Captain, eh?

JACK: Yes.

MARY: Oh...What about you, curley?

PHIL: I'm the Sergeant.

MARY: What's holdin' ya back, Good-lookin'?

JACK: Look Miss, what is it you want?

MARY: Well don't let it frighten you, but my husband was shot, and the murderer is still in the house.

JACK: Leave it to me..O'HARRIS --

PHIL: Yes, chief.

JACK: Get the shotguns, the handcuffs, the tear gas, the fingerprint equipment, the fingerprint equipment, the squad car and an A coupon...Hurry.

DON: Oh say Chief, aren't you going to finish this checker game?

JACK: Checker game..at a time like this?..We gotta hurry and catch that...Madam, did you say the murderer was still in the house?

MARY: Yes.

JACK: It's your move, Wilson...Go ahead.

MARY: Aw Chiefie, come on, let's go solve that nasty old murder.

JACK: Well --

MARY: Will you go if I give you a kiss?

JACK: Well I don't want the boys to think I'm takin' a bribe... So I'll kiss you.

MARY: Okay.
(LONG MOIST KISS)

JACK: Wait a minute, wait a minute..what are you feeling around my throat for?

MARY: Anything that kisses like that must have a keg of brandy around its neck.

JACK: Thank you..ALL RIGHT MEN, LET'S GO..AND WE'll SOLVE THIS MURDER MYSTERY, OR MY NAME AIN'T --
(LOUD KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Oh, now what..COME IN.
(DOOR OPENS)

MINNIE: (Come on, son)...Mr. Benny?

JACK: Huh?

MINNIE: I heard you're lookin' for a singer for your program.

JACK: Oh no no, not now, I'm broadcasting..I'm right in the middle of a sketch..Come back some other time.

MINNIE: Now wait a minute, Mister..I dragged my kid all the way up here from downtown to see you and I ain't takin' no brushoff.

JACK: Look Madam, I'll listen to your boy..I'll listen to anybody..But first I want to finish the program.

MINNIE: I can't hang around that long..The Wilshire bus is out in the parking lot waiting for me.

JACK: The Wilshire bus up here on Vine Street in a parking lot! That's impossible.

MINNIE: No it ain't, I'm the driver!

JACK: Well look, I'll have to talk to you later, right now I'm doing a --

MARY: Jack, the sketch is spoiled anyway..you might as well talk to her.

JACK: Oh all right.

MINNIE: Thanks, Mr. Benny..My boy's really a nice kid..His name is Wilbur.

JACK: Well that's a very nice name..Hello Wilbur --

WALLY: Hello..(SNIFF)

JACK: Wilbur, your mother tells me you'd like to be on my program.

WALLY: Uh huh.

JACK: Hmm..Look Madam, how old is your boy?

MINNIE: He's fifteen.

JACK: Fifteen!

MINNIE: Yeah, you wanna make something out of it?

JACK: Oh no no no, Wilbur's a nice-looking boy.

WALLY: (LAUGHS) I like you, you're silly.

JACK: Look Wilbur --

MINNIE: Now Wilbur, you mind your mother and talk nice to the man.

WALLY: Aw gee, Ma, you said you wouldn't yell at me no more since I had to go to the doctor.

JACK: You..you had to go to the doctor, Wilbur?

WALLY: Uh huh..For three whole weeks I couldn't see, I couldn't see nothin' at all..So they took me to the doctor, and now I can see fine.

JACK: Well I'm glad to hear that, Wilbur..What did the doctor do?

WALLY: He gave me a haircut!

JACK: Oh my goodness..Look Wilbur it's no use..I haven't heard you sing, but I know there's something wrong with your voice. I know it.

MINNIE: I told ya, I ain't takin' no brushoff..Come on, Wilbur..sing.

WALLY: Oh no.

MINNIE: Wilbur..sing.

WALLY: Uh huh.

MINNIE: Wilbur, if you don't sing..when we get back to the bus I won't let you smell the exhaust pipe.

WALLY: You won't?

MINNIE: No.

WALLY: (CRIES)

MINNIE: Wilbur, stop cryin'.

WALLY: (CRIES)

JACK: This is all my fault..Wilbur, stop crying.

WALLY: (STOPS SUDDENLY)...Okay.

MINNIE: Now Wilbur, go ahead and sing.

WALLY: Okay Mor, wait till I get warmed up..MI MI MI MI --

JACK: Wait a minute, wait Wilbur, if you're going to sing,
take your hat off.

WALLY: What, and let my bees get away?

JACK: BEES?..YOU KEEP BEES IN YOUR HAT?

WALLY: OH SURE..WHEN I PUT 'EM IN MY SHIRT THEY KEEP STINGING
MY RABBIT.

JACK: THAT'S ALL, BROTHER, THAT'S ALL..(MUSIC STARTS SOFT)..
OUT..OUT..YOU TOO, MADAM..OUT.

MINNIE: I AIN'T TAKIN' NO BRUSHOFF.

JACK: THERE'S THE DOOR...OUT...OUT...OUT.

WALLY: HIT 'IM, MOM.

JACK: HEY, SHE WOULDN'T DARE, I GOT A BODYGUARD...OUT...OUT...
THERE'S THE EXIT...OUT.

MINNIE: YOU AIN'T GIVIN' ME NO BRUSH --
(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: OUT OUT!..what I have to go through to get a singer.
(MUSIC UP AND APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first here
is my good friend Mr. F. E. Boone...

RTX01 0234947

(O.W.I. PLUG...WAR FUND DRIVE)

JACK:

And now ladies and gentlemen, this is Jack Benny again. I have an important message for all our listeners..Again this fall, the people of the United States are asked to support the National War Fund with their dollars -- to meet the daily-increasing needs of twenty-two major war relief and service organizations. The campaign has been on since September twenty fifth and the goal of two hundred fifty million dollars must be reached by November first. Every dollar given to the National War Fund does a three-way job. It aids our own fighting forces, helps the suffering people of our allies, and fills vital needs here at home. So give freely to your local National War Fund NOW...Thank you and goodnight everybody.

ANNR:

This is the National Broadcasting System.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: Many things change with the years, but here's one thing you can depend on always - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Yes, first, last and always, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. F. E. Boone of Lexington, Kentucky, (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN), and Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN). And this is Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT
LS - MFT

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and fine tobacco means real deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.
(imp. Tag #15)
So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke - Lucky Strike
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN OFF)

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION REBROADCAST: 9:30-10:00 PM - PWT
 STATIONS - KPO, KDMO, KMJ, KHQ,
 KGW, KFSD, KFI.

CLIENT: AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
 LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

PROGRAM: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

BROADCAST: #5
DATE: OCT. 29, 1941
 NEC

NETWORK:

I OPENING NEW YORK

AS BROADCAST

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SCID AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm,
 so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT
LS - MFT

DELMAR: Why, sure!

RUYSDAEL: Yes, sir!

SHARBUTT: You bet!

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm,
 so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

(MORE)

ATX01 0234950

SHARBUTT: At markets now open in the South, independent tobacco experts -- auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen -- present at the auctions can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy the riper, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DEIMAR: Remember sworn records show that among such men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies two to one!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD, FOR JACK BENNY SHOW)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL: MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM..STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, AND "YOURS
TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..LET'S GO OUT TO JACK
BENNY'S HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS..JACK HAS INVITED THE
GANG OVER FOR A LATE SUNDAY BREAKFAST..AND RIGHT NOW
HE'S IN THE KITCHEN GETTING THINGS STARTED.

JACK: Now let's see...I want the gang to have a nice
breakfast..I think I'll start 'em off with some good
old California orange juice..No..No, I think they'd
like sliced orange better...Yup, that's what I'll do,
I'll slice it.

(CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT,
CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT,..(STOPS)

JACK: Whew!..Oh well, there's no use stopping now, I might
as well slice the other half...Yeah.

~~OFF THE AIR~~

(CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT)

JACK: Gee, look what time it is, the gang'll be here any
minute..I oughta start mixing the pancake batter.

(DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oops, the door.

(FEW FOOTSTEPS, THEN DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Oh I'm sorry, Miss, I thought this was Mr. Benny's ---

JACK: It is, it is! This is an apron I'm wearing!..Can't you
see?

MARY: Jack, I'm only kidding..

JACK: The gang's coming over for breakfast, and I've been in the kitchen preparing it...That's why I'm wearing this apron.

MARY: Well you don't have to over-do it..ROLL DOWN YOUR PANTS LEGS!

JACK: What?...Oh..Ha ha ha...I rolled 'em up a little while ago, and I forgot to pull 'em back down again.

MARY: Jack, I can understand your wearing an apron..but why did you roll your pants legs up in the first place?

JACK: The milkman was here and I tried to get some butter out of 'im!...That's why.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: Jack, with those legs you couldn't fool anybody.

JACK: Oh no? ^{ON THE AIR} LOOK IN THE ICEBOX, SISTER, LOOK IN THE ICEBOX!
I know what I'm doin' every minute.
(DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: That must be the rest of the gang....COME IN.
(DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: HI YA, MARY.

DON: HELLO, MARY.

MARY: HELLO, FELLAHS.

PHIL: HEY MARY, WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?....COME HERE, BABE.

JACK: Phil, cut that out, it's me!.....wise guy.

MARY: Jack, I told you to roll your pants legs down.

JACK: I'm leaving them up, it's cooler this way...Come on, let's go in the kitchen and gets things -- PHIL, STOP TWISTING MY KNEE.

PHIL: Oh I'm sorry, I though it was the doorknob.

JACK: Well it isn't exactly a hope chest. He won it from an undertaker and had no other use for it. Anyway, he couldn't have gotten married...I didn't give him his availability certificate...Now come on, Mary, help me with the food.

MARY: Look..if you fellahs will get out of my way, I'll have breakfast ready in no time.

JACK: Mary's right, fellahs...Come on, let's go in the other room.

(DOOR OPENS, FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hey, Phil, not so fast...that easy chair is mine.

DON: Say Jack, while we're waiting, do you mind if I turn on the radio?

JACK: No, no, Don, go ahead.

(CLICK OF DIAL..LITTLE STATIC)

KERN: (FILTER)...Never in automobile history have used cars brought such high prices...So..if you have a car in your garage that's not working, sell that car to me... I will pay you eight thousand dollars for it..sight unseen...Providing, after selling the car, you will let me live in the garage! The phone number is Granite 8-6-4 --

JACK: Get something else, Don.

(MORE STATIC SQUEALS)

JACK: Stop moving the dial so much.

DON: Okay...Here.

(RECORD OF SQUIRREL TALK, STOPS ON CUE)

MEL: (FILTER) THE FOREGOING WAS A PAID POLITICAL BROADCAST

JACK: Oh gosh, my set always does that when something interesting comes on...Get something else, Don.
(MORE STATIC)

NELSON: (FILTER) How do you do, ladies and gentlemen...Is your belt buckle tarnished? Do your suspenders give you that over-thirty-five let-down? Is there a deficiency in your diet? If there is..you need bulk in your hulk! ...So remember...to avoid these annoyances...Use SYMMMPATHY SOOTHING SYRUP..Sympathy spelled backwards is...Yitapamiss..Y-H-T-A-P-M-Y-S.

QUARTETTE: (SINGS) YIT YIT YITAPAMISS
YIT YIT YITAPAMISS
YIT YIT YITAPAMISS
DRIVES YOUR BLUES AW/ASAY!

JACK: You know, I gotta try some of that stuff.

NELSON: (FILTER) Remember, folks...Sympathy Soothing Syrup comes in the ten-cent size..the twenty-five-cent family size..the forty-nine-cent economy size..or for a dollar ninety-eight we will pipe it right to your house.

JACK: Say fellahs, that must be awfully good stuff.

MARY: OKAY, BOYS, BREAKFAST IS READY..COME AND GET IT.

JACK: Okay..Come on, Don..Phil, shut off the radio.

NELSON: (FILTER) And now for today's guest star, we have that lovely singer of songs...Miss Martha Tilton.
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Hey, wait a minute..don't shut it off, Phil...That's Martha Tilton, she was overseas with me in the South Pacific...Let's listen to her.

NELSON: Martha, before you sing, would you tell us a little something about your overseas trip?

JACK: (What a show we had!)

MARTHA: (FILTER) Well, as you know, I went over with Larry Adler, Carole Landis, June Bruner and Jack Benny.

JACK: (Hmm, she had to put my name last...Oh well--)

NELSON: Is there any particular incident you'd like to tell us about?

MARTHA: Well..let's see...Oh yes..One night Jack and I and a native guide were making our way through a dark jungle in New Guinea.

NELSON: Uh huh.

JACK: (Oh my goodness..Gosh!)

MARTHA: Jack was carrying the flashlight, and the native guide and I were close behind...Suddenly Jack snapped the light off...(LAUGHS)

NELSON: What are you laughing at, Martha?

MARTHA: Jack still thinks he kissed me!

JACK: Well how you do like that!...She must have ducked.

NELSON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MARTHA TILTON WILL SING "THE TROLLEY SONG".

(INTRODUCTION STARTS SOFT)

JACK: Imagine her telling a thing like that!

MARY: Come on, fellows, sit down and have breakfast.

(MUSIC UP -"THE TROLLEY SONG" - MARTHA TILTON)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Hey! Wasn't that swell!

MARY: Yeah..She can really sing, can't she, Jack?

JACK: You said it..The boys were nuts about her..Hey, that was a wonderful breakfast, Mary..I'll help you with the dishes.

PHIL: Let me help her, Jackson..We don't want you to get dishpan hands.

JACK: If Rochester was here, we wouldn't have to -- DON..DON STOP DROPPING YOUR ASHES ON THE RUG.

DON: BUT JACK, THESE ARE CIGARETTE ASHES.

JACK: I KNOW THEY'RE CIGARETTE ASHES, AND I DON'T WANT 'EM ON MY RUG.

DON: BUT JACK, THESE ARE LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE ASHES.

JACK: I DON'T CARE IF THEY'RE...Oh, oh I'm 'sorry, Don..go right ahead..You see, I got a little excited because this is a very unusual rug..it's real angora.

MARY: Why don't you kill it, so you don't have to take it out at night?

JACK: Mary, that isn't funny..Say fellows, I've gotta go over to N.B.C. and set up the sound effects for the broadcast...See you there later.

PHIL: Okay, Jackson.

MARY: So long, Jack.

DON: Do you have to go this early?

JACK: Yes, I just have a few minutes to catch the bus... Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSES)

ATX01 0234957

(TRANSITION MUSIC, WHICH FADES INTO
(BUS MOTOR UP, THEN FADES TO BACKGROUND)

JACK: Clang, clang, clang went the trolley...buzz buzz buzz
went the -- Gee, these busses are always so crowded..
Oh well, I don't mind standing.
(RATTLE OF NEWSPAPER)

JACK: Hmm..things are sure happening fast these days..
(RATTLE OF NEWSPAPER)

JACK: (READING) "Japs Driven Back in Leyte"...(That's swell).
"Both Candidates Winding Up Their Political Campaigns"..
(Gee, I mustn't forget to vote).. "Russians Advancing
in Germany" (Ah, they're doing a great job).
(NEWSPAPER PAGES BEING TURNED)

MEL: Hey buddy, do you mind if I turn my own pages?

JACK: Oh I'm sorry..I just wanted to find out what happend to
Snowflake and Shaky..(Gee, that Shaky is some guy..and
before him there was the Brow, and Pruneface and
Flattop..(SIGHS)..Gosh, I'm tired,..I wish I could
sit down.)

FRED: Well, here, old man, take my seat.

JACK: Thank you very..WHY FRED..FRED ALLEN!
(APPLAUSE)

FRED: Hello Jack..Imagine meeting you on a bus.

JACK: Why yes, it's such an amazing coincidence..Here I was
just thinking about the Brow, Flattop and Pruneface,
and I run into you.

FRED: That's what I like about you, Jack..You'll say anything
for a laugh.....and some day you may get one.

JACK: Thanks..By the way Fred, how are you coming along with your picture?

FRED: Oh, I just finished it, Jack..It's called "It's in the Bag".

JACK: Oh..Well it ought to be a success, you're advertising it under each eye...Anyway, good luck on the picture.

FRED: Well, thanks..You know Jack, people would sure be surprised to hear you wishing me luck..They think our feud is on the level.

JACK: Yeah.

FRED: You know, I wonder how many of my listeners, my ex-listeners thought I was serious last year when I said.."Benny isn't really cheap..It's just that he has short arms and carries his money low in his pockets".

JACK: Yeah..Ha ha ha ha! You know I'll bet a lot of my listeners thought I meant it when I said.."The way Allen talks through his nose, he's the only comedian in radio who tells 'em and smells 'em at the same time".

FRED: Yes, that was a good one..One of the few as I -- ha ha ha ha!...And remember the time on my program when I was kidding about you having no blood.

JACK: Yeah.

FRED: What a laugh I got that time I said.."Every time Benny goes out in a polo shirt, he takes a pencil and makes lines on his arms so people will think he has veins".

JACK: Yes..Ha ha ha ha..When Mary explained that to me I nearly died..And remember the time I said that "Allen had so many wrinkles in his face he looked like a convertible with the top halfway down".

FRED: I was with Muntz the day that they -- Oh yes..When I explained that to my Pontiac, I thought the exhaust pipe on the car had lips.

JACK: Oh gosh, what fun we have on the radio..You know Fred, radio wouldn't be so bad if I could just find a singer.

FRED: You haven't found one yet?

JACK: No..and I'm willing to pay as high as thirty-five dollars a week...(FRED WHISTLES)..if I could just get the kind of singer the public likes.

FRED: Well, that's just it, Jack...You have to find out what the public wants...Why, you should take a poll you know, like Doctor Gallup, ask the man in the street.

JACK: The man in the street?

FRED: Why, certainly..Now Jack, if you'll come with me, I know just the place where we can find a cross section of public opinion.

JACK: All right, let's go.

(MUSIC "WHISPERING")

(WALKING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: But Fred, do you think this is the right type of neighborhood for me to conduct my poll?

FRED: Yes, Jack, here we are down in ALLEN'S ALLEY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Allen's Alley..You know, we have something like this around my neighborhood, only we call it the La Brea Tar Pits.

FRED: I know it. I saw it the day I went over to see your uncle. He was playing pitch in -- Well let's not lose any time..Here's the first house..the little vine-covered, termite-gnawed shack of John Doe.

(KNOCKING ON DOOR..DOOR OPENS)

BROWN: Yeah?

(APPLAUSE)

FRED: Mr. Doe, this is Jack Benny, he's trying to find a singer for his radio show.

BROWN: Oh, yeah?..Well Mr. Benny, who's that jelly-head who's been singin' on the show?..He always sings the same song, "That's What I Like About the South";

JACK: Oh, you mean Mr. Fay -- I mean Phil Harris..Do you like Phil's singing?

BROWN: His voice is flatter than a lunchwagon waffle.

FRED: Look, Mr. Doe --

BROWN: If Harris don't quit singin' about the South, he'll start another Civil War.

JACK: Forget Mr. Harris..Just tell me one thing..Do you know where I can get a singer?

BROWN: Oh, why don't you ask the Andrews Sisters? Maybe they got a brother.

JACK: No, I've tried everybody else, though.

BROWN: Hey, why don't you do what Frankenstein done?

JACK: You mean make myself a singing monster?

BROWN: Yeah..You could take Singin' Sam's mouth, Rudy Vallee's nose, Morton Downey's chest, Nelson Eddy's body --

JACK: Say, that sounds good.

BROWN: You'd have ten percent Vallee, fifteen percent Singin' Sam, twenty percent Downey and forty-nine percent Eddy.

JACK: Why not fifty percent Eddy?

BROWN: You don't want no half-nelson, do you, Bud?..So long.
(DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: This is a waste of time, Fred..He didn't help me any.

FRED: Now, keep your beret on, Jack..Let's try this next house.
(KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS)

MINNIE: Nu?
(APPLAUSE)

FRED: Ah, Mrs. Nussbaum.

MINNIE: You are expecting maybe Mr. Skeffington?

FRED: No..No..Mrs. Nussbaum, this is Jack Benny, the radio comedian.

JACK: Yes..HaVen't you ever heard my program on Sunday night?

MINNIE: No..On Sunday nights I am listening to the other droop.

JACK: The other droop?

MINNIE: Droop Pearson.

FRED: Mrs. Nussbaum, Mr. Benny is looking for a singer for his radio program.

JACK: Who is your favorite singer, Mrs. Nussbaum?

MINNIE: Only one singer I am enjoining..John Charles Shapiro.

JACK: John Charles Shapiro!

MINNIE: Yes, he is singing at Goldberg's Delicatessen by Appointment only.

JACK: And he's good, you say?

MINNIE: Good? When John Charles Shapiro is singing "Was You Is Or Couldn't You Possibly Be Mine Baby". I tell you when he is singing the aforementioned selection, I am going crazy.

FRED: No kidding.

MINNIE: Why, Shapiro is positively the woild's greatest singer.

FRED: The world's greatest singer? Wait a minute, Mrs..Nussbaum, don't forget Sinatra..What about Frankie?

MINNIE: Frankie, Schmankie, Shapiro is romantic.

JACK: Have you ever heard Sinatra?

MINNIE: Incessantly I am hearing Sinatra. When he is singing I am swoonink.

JACK: If Shapiro is more romantic, how can you swoon at Sinatra?

MINNIE: When I am swoonink at Sinatra, I am thinkink of Shapiro..Dark You!

(DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: That's all I need on my program..John Charles Shapiro by appointment only.

FRED: Now don't be impatient, Jack..We'll find somebody... Let's see who is in here.

(KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS)

CANTOR: Duh -- Yeah?

(APPLAUSE)

FRED: Mr. Benny, this is Socrates Mulligan.

JACK: Pleased to meet you.

CANTOR: Pleased to meet you, Mr. Mulligan.

FRED: No, no, he's Jack Benny, the radio comedian..You're Socrates Mulligan

CANTOR: I am?

FRED: Certainly you are..What does it say on your birth certificate?

CANTOR: Mollie Mulligan..My mother wanted a girl.

FRED: Look Socrates, Mr. Benny is trying to find a singer for his radio program.

CANTOR: Oh, a singer..(SINGS)..WHEN THE BLUE OF THE NIGHT, MEETS THE GOLD OF THE DAY..SUNDAY MONDAY OR ALWAYS.. OR WOULD YOU RATHER BE A TUESDAY?

JACK: Wait a minute, Mr. Mulligan..Something tells me you're a great admirer of Bing Crosby.

CANTOR: Duh..yeah..I always eat his cheese.

FRED: Well, look..while you're talking to us, would you mind taking it out of your mouth?

JACK: Yes, Socrates, what about the singer?

CANTOR: I'm nuts about Bing..I eat his cheese for breakfast, cheese for lunch and cheese for dinner.

FRED: That's a lot of cheese, but Mr. Benny's looking for a singer.

CANTOR: Well there's only one singer, Bing Crosby..I got two hundred of Bing's records inside.

JACK: Two hundred of Crosby's records?

CANTOR: Yeah, and they're all the same song..(SINGS) MAMMY'S LITTLE BABY LOVES SHORTNIN, SHORTNIN..MAMMY'S LITTLE BABY LOVES SHORTNIN BREAD..MAMMY'S LITTLE BABY LOVES SHORTNIN, SHORTNIN --

JACK: Wait a minute..What do you do with all that shortnin bread?

CANTOR: Duh -- With cheese it's delicious..So long!
(DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Allen's Alley..This whole thing is hopeless.

FRED: Don't give up now, Jack..Let's see what happens here.
(KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS)

REED: Heigh-ho, All! I'll start my chore. Falstaff's here with poems galore.
(APPLAUSE)

FRED: Falstaff, this is Jack Benny.

REED: Well, you're just in time, Mr. Benny, I've just written some new odes..Have you heard..The Rose Has Gone From Your Cheeks, Darling, But Your Neck Still Looks Like A Stem.

JACK: No.

REED: Or perhaps My Mother's A Bird in a Gilded Cage Since They Painted the Bars of Her Cell.

JACK: No.

REED: Or The Siamese Twins are Going Screwy..One's Voting for Roosevelt, the Other's for Dewey.

FRED: That's done it, Falstaff..Mr. Benny isn't interested in your poetry..he's just trying to find a singer for his program.

REED: Precisely why I am here....I have written a poem.
JACK: You have written a poem about my problem, Falstaff?
REED: Yes...It's called....The Reason.
JACK: How does it go?

REED: Mr. Benny you're haggard and worried
As you start your radio season,
You wonder why you can't get a singer
I think I can tell you the reason.

Other programs have no singer problems
So you know something's radically wrong,
When all radio rings with fine voices,
And your show boasts nary a song.

The reason you can't get a singer
I'll be frank, Mr. B. - here is why
A singer won't work for just L S -- M F T
You've got to pay M O -- N E Y.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well its no use, Fred...these people didn't help me at
all.

FRED: I'm sorry, Falstaff...thanks just the same.

REED: Well you gentlemen must have had a long journey.
Wouldst join me in a cup of tea?

JACK: Wouldst.

FRED: Wouldst.

REED: Goodst! This way gentlemen....

(FEW FOOTSTEPS)

REED: Oh Jeeves...Jeeves,
Please serve some tea.
Two for these gentlemen
And one for me.

ROCHESTER: YOUR ORDER, SIR, WILL BE UP IN A MINUTE..
DO YOU WANT IT STRAIGHT
OR DO YOU WANT SOMETHING IN IT?

JACK: ROCHESTER!...ROCHESTER VAN JONES...WHAT ARE YOU DOING
HERE?

ROCHESTER: MR. FALSTAFF GAVE ME A JOB WRITING POEMS.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Remember that, ladies
and gentlemen! Lucky Strike means fine tobacco --
the riper, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco!
Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! So smoke the
smoke tobacco experts smoke -- Lucky Strike - so round,
so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's
program were Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs of Goldsboro,
North Carolina, (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN), and Mr. F. E.
Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN).
And this is Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: A friendly suggestion: For your own real deep-down
smoking enjoyment, smoke the smoke tobacco experts
smoke - Lucky Strike!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN OFF)

JACK: WHAT?

ROCHESTER: HAVE YOU HEARD...TAKE THAT HANDKERCHIEF OUT OF MY BROTHER'S MOUTH, OFFICER, HE CAN'T GO ALONG WITH A GAG?

JACK: NO I HAVEN'T...AND BESIDES, I'M LOOKING -- I'M NOT LOOKING FOR A POET, I'M LOOKING FOR A SINGER.

ROCHESTER: A SINGER!...WELL WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? (SINGS)

I'LL BE SEEING YOU
IN ALL THE OLD FAMILIAR PLACES
WHEN YOU PAY ME HIGHER WAGES
ALL YEAR THROUGH!

JACK: ROCHESTER!

ROCHESTER: I'LL FIND YOU IN THE MORNING SUN.

JACK: ROCHESTER!

ROCHESTER: AND WHEN THE NIGHT IS NEW....

JACK: ROCHESTER!...NOW CUT THAT OUT AND COME ON HOME RIGHT NOW...Come on, Fred. Let's go
(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC UP...AND FADE)

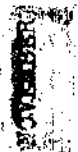
JACK:

Ladies and gentlemen, this is Jack Benny again. Last Friday, October 27th, was Navy Day and I had planned sort of a little speech about it...But after reading the headlines in the newspapers about the job our Navy is doing in the South Pacific, I decided to throw my speech away because anything I might say would be insignificant. There's just one thing, however..our men are out there fighting while I'm talking to you now. Navy Day means that we here at home must continue to back those men up by sticking to our wartime jobs and giving through the many channels at our disposal. Thank you very much.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC UP)

DON:

Jack'll be back in just a minute, but first -- my good friends L. A. Speed Riggs and Kenneth Delmar.



RTX01 0234971

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

REBROADCAST: 9:30-10:00 PM - R.W.T.
 STATIONS: KPD, KOMO, KMJ, KHQ,
 KGW, KFSD, KFI.

CLIENT:

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
 LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

BROADCAST:

DATE: NOV. 5, 1944

PROGRAM:

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK:

I OPENING NEW YORK

AS BROADCAST

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!
 BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)
 SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,
 so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!
 TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)
 RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT
LS - MFT
 SHARBUTT: Why sure!
 DELMAR: Of course!
 RUYSDAEL: Right you are!
 SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm, so
 fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

(MORE)

DELMAR: Folks, you want quality in everything you buy -- and of course in your cigarette. Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- and that's quality where quality counts -- right in the tobacco itself! So, remember the next time you buy cigarettes - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD, FOR JACK BENNY SHOW)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL: MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM...STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER AND "YOURS
TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC UP, THEN FADES)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..IF YOU HAVE NOTHING
ELSE TO DO, LET'S GO TO JACK BENNY'S HOUSE IN
BEVERLY HILLS.

ROCHESTER: (ON CUE .. SINGS)

MY WORK IS NEVER DONE
I'M KEPT ON THE RUN
SUNDAY, MONDAY AND ALWAYS

JACK: Rochester!

ROCHESTER: I HAVE TO CLEAN THE HOUSE
AM I A MAN OR MOUSE
SUNDAY, MONDAY AND ALWAYS

JACK: Rochester!

ROCHESTER: IF I SHOULD --

JACK: ROCHESTER!..Stop singing and start shaving me, will
you?...Come on now, give me a shave.

ROCHESTER: Okay, Boss.

JACK: Wait a minute..Are you sure you've got everything
ready?

ROCHESTER: Yes sir, it's all here..Hot water, towel, brush,
shaving soap, razor and smelling salts.

JACK: Smelling salts!

ROCHESTER: YEAH....I CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF BLOOD!

JACK: Well shut your eyes and start shaving me..I mean,
hurry up...I've got a date.

ROCHESTER: Okay...Wait'll I get the cap off this new tube of shaving cream.

JACK: New tube!..What happened to the old tube?...There ought to be one more shave in it.

ROCHESTER: But Boss, you've been saying that since last March.

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: NOW, I DIDN'T MIND WHEN YOU MADE ME RUN IT THROUGH THE WRINGER ---

JACK: Now look -- look, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: AND I DIDN'T MIND WHEN YOU ASKED MR. WILSON TO SIT ON IT.

JACK: Look -- Rochester .

ROCHESTER: BUT WHEN YOU MADE ME TAKE THAT TUBE DOWN TO THE UNION STATION AND LAY IT ON THE RAILROAD TRACK, THAT WAS GOIN' 'DOC FAR!

JACK: Well all right, Rochester..If you say it's empty, I'll take your word for it...Go ahead, you can open up that new tube.

ROCHESTER: Okay...DO YOU WANT ME TO CHRISTEN IT WITH A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE?

JACK: No...Now go ahead and lather my face.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.
(LOUD NOISE OF LATHERING FACE)

ROCHESTER: Mmm mmm, look at that soap foam.
(MORE LATHERING)

ROCHESTER: ...ARE YOU STILL UNDER THERE, BOSS?

JACK: (MUFFLED) Yes...and be careful with that razor.

ROCHESTER: Okay..Now let's see...Two ears...one nose..one chin

JACK: Two ears, one nose, one chin?...Rochester, what are you writing that down for?

ROCHESTER: AFTER I FINISH SHAVING YOU, I CALL THE ROLL.

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: AND IF THERE'S ANYTHING MISSING, JUST CALL ME SHAKY!

JACK: Rochester, stop being funny...I told you I've got a date...I'm taking Miss Livingstone to see Dunninger at the Shrine Auditorium.

ROCHESTER: Dunninger?

JACK: Yes..You know, the mind reader...So please get started with the shave.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

(DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: There's the door....COME IN.

(DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Remember me?...I'm Herman Peabody, the insurance salesman.

JACK: Oh yes...yes..come on in, Herman.

ROCHESTER: SIT DOWN, MR. PEABODY, YOU'RE NEXT.

JACK: Yes...you'll find some magazines on that couch..Sit down.

MEL: Oh I didn't come for a shave.

JACK: Oh.

MEL: I came over to tell you that while going through our files, we found a policy you took out when you were twenty-two years old.

JACK: Oh yes, yes....what about it?

MEL: Well it's been gathering dividends all these years,
and the money's lousing up our office.

JACK: Oh ... Well I'll come over in the morning and pick
it up.

MEL: Thank you..Well I've gotta go home now, Mr. Benny...
My wife's waiting for me.

JACK: Oh....Well goodbye, Herman.

MEL: We've been married twelve years today, and I'm
celebrating my iron anniversary.

JACK: Your iron anniversary!

MEL: Yes..You gotta be made out of iron to be married to
my wife for twelve years.

JACK: Oh, I see what you mean.

MEL: Yeah..(LAUGHS)..I wish she'd let me rust in peace.

JACK: Say, you little ad libbing fool, that's very good..
So long, Herman.

MEL: Goodbye.
(DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: I'd like to meet his wife sometime....
(LOUD SCRAPING OF RAZOR)

JACK: Rochester be careful with that razor.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir..Now lean way back and lift your chin up...I
want to get your neck nice and smooth.

JACK: Okay.
(ONE SHORT SCRAPE OF RAZOR)

JACK: ...Rochester, what did you stop for?

ROCHESTER: I was just wondering, boss..DO YOU THINK THIS WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO ASK YOU FOR A RAISE?

JACK: No it wouldn't, and wipe the soap off my face.
(PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Answer the phone, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.
(PHONE RINGS AGAIN..THEN RECEIVER CLICK)

ROCHESTER: (IMITATES TOBACCO AUCTIONEER'S CHANT, ENDING WITH.. BENNY'S RESIDENCE.)

JACK: Rochester!

PHIL: HELLO ROCHESTER, LOOK - I WANT TO SPEAK TO MR. BENNY.

ROCHESTER: JUST A MINUTE, MR. HARRIS...It's for you, boss.

JACK: Okay, and while I'm talking on the phone, get my shirt and things ready...HELLO.

PHIL: HELLO JACKSON, THIS IS PHIL.

JACK: What do you want, Phil?

PHIL: Well, I got a problem..My arranger hired another harp player for my band...Now I don't mind class, but what am I gonna do with two harpists?

JACK: Two harpists?...You never had a harpist before.

PHIL: Are you crazy?...Who do you think that guy is that's there every week running his fingers up and down them strings?

JACK: THAT'S THE PIANO TUNER, HE WORKS FOR N.B.C.

PHIL: Oh.

JACK: And while you're talking about your orchestra, Phil.. why don't you move your drums back a little?..They're too loud.

PHIL: Well, don't worry about that, Jackson, I gave my drummer the air....I don't like the way he votes.

JACK: Phil, that's awful..to fire a man because of his political beliefs.

PHIL: Well, I don't think so...Last week Downbeat magazine took a poll, and he voted me the band leader most likely to become a bum.

JACK: Well Phil, you can't blame one guy for a landslide.. Anyway, I gotta hang up now, I have to meet Mary.. I'm taking her to see Dunninger.

PHIL: Dunninger...The F.B.I. shot him long ago.

JACK: That's Dillinger...This is Dunninger, the mind reader.

PHIL: Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh.

JACK: Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh. Anyway, Phil, I'll see you later.

PHIL: Okay....So long, Jackson.
(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

ROCHESTER: Here are your things, boss.

JACK: Thanks.

ROCHESTER: Let me help you with ---

JACK: Rochester, I can dress myself..And while I'm gone, see that..Oh darn it..Look what I did, Rochester, I pulled a button off.

ROCHESTER: THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BOSS, YOU CAN WEAR YOUR OTHER SHOES.

JACK: I don't like my other shoes.

ROCHESTER: WELL IF YOU AIN'T GONNA WEAR 'EM, YOU OUGHTA NAIL THE ICE SKATES BACK ON.

JACK: I'll do that when I get to New York..Well so long, Rochester...If Miss Livingstone calls, tell her I'm on my way.
(MUSIC TRANSITION)

(WALKING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, it's nice out...I'm glad I got my boots on. If I didn't walk over to Mary's house now and then, I wouldn't get any exercise at all...

(HUMS LOWE IN BLOOM)

LEONE: HELLO, MR. BENNY.

JACK: Hello...(CONTINUES HUMMING)... Gee, she turned around. Oh well, that's the price of being a celebrity.. (HUMS AGAIN)

TEMPY: How do you do, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello....(HUMS)Well what d'ya know...she turned around too.

TEMPY: I'm sorry, Mr. Benny, I really didn't mean to stare.

JACK: Oh that's all right, quite all right..I'm used to it.. I wonder what it is that makes girls turn around and look at me.

TEMPY: Your garter is dragging!

JACK: Oh oh OH!...Would you mind turning around please?

TEMPY: I'm going anyway....(OFF MIKE) Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh darn it, this garter always ---

MEL: (DOES DOG BARK)

JACK: Hello, little dog...Come here, come here, little doggy

MEL: (BARKS AGAIN)

JACK: Wait a minute...let go of my garter...Come back here ...COME BACK HERE!...COME --

(LOUD SNAP OF GARTER)

JACK: Ouch!...Ooohh, my ankle!...I better fix this garter before something else...WHOOOPS!...MADAM, THAT BOY OF YOURS ISN'T FUNNY....For heaven's sake.

EDITH: Junior, put away your boon--bean shooter and come on.

JACK: Boon Shooter! Bean shooter...That's a civilian bazooka!...Oh well --

(FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE THROUGH HUMMING)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM).....Well...Hello, Amos.

AMOS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello, Andy.

ANDY: HI, Mr. Benny.

AMOS: Oh Mr. Benny, I hope you don't forget that you is gonna be on our program next Friday.

ANDY: Yawsuh, we is countin' on you.

JACK: I won't forget...see you Friday night.

(COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

AMOS: Say Andy, he's supposed to be a big comedian..He ain't said nothin' funny.

ANDY: Well, just like I told you, Amos...He ain't nothin' without Rochester.

JACK: Were you boys talking to me?

AMOS & ANDY: (AD LIB) No no, we didn't say nothin'...Goodbye.

(APPLAUSE)

(FOOTSTEPS, WHICH CONTINUE)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)...Gosh, imagine...Amos and Andy have been on the air for twelve years as comedians... They didn't say anything funny...Oh well -- it'll be fun being on their show Friday. I'm gonna take Rochester with me.

DON: (OK CUE) Hello, Jack.

(FOOTSTEPS STOP) and Mr.

JACK: Oh hello Don...what are you doing here in front of the drugstore?

DON: I was just going in for a coke.

JACK: Good, I'll join you.

MEL: (OVER P.A.) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ---

JACK: Hey Don, look at the size of that sound truck.

MEL: (OVER P.A.) TUESDAY IS ELECTION DAY...SO DON'T FORGET TO GO TO THE POLLS AND VOTE FOR THE MAN OF YOUR CHOICE..REMEMBER...GO TO THE POLLS AND VOTE!

JACK: Gosh, there's always so much excitement during election.

(CAR MOTORS FADE IN)

JACK: People are sure steamed up.

DON: Yeah.

JACK: Hey Don, look...here comes a car all covered with Roosevelt stickers.

DON: Yeah, and here comes another car with Dewey stickers.

JACK: Yeah.

(CAR MOTOR UP FAST...THEN A TERRIFIC CRASH)

JACK: Some people take it too seriously....Come on, Don let's go in and have that coke.

DON: Okay.

(DOOR OPENS)

DON: Come on, Jack, we'll sit at the counter.

JACK: Oh wait a minute, I want to get this month's American magazine...There's a story in it about me..Here's one.

DON: A story about you, eh, Jack?

JACK: Yeah...I wonder where it is.

(MAGAZINE PAGES BEING FLIPPED)

JACK: It ought to be near the front here someplace.

(MORE PAGES FLIPPED)

DON: Oh look, Jack, look.

JACK: My story?

DON: No, a full page Lucky Strike ad.

JACK: But Don, I want to find my --

DON: Just look at that ad, Jack...look at the golden color of that tobacco.

JACK: I see, I see, but I want to find my --

DON: Look at that tobacco...No wonder with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies two to one.

JACK: Don, stop quoting me odds and let me find my story... Here it is...Here's the story...say, I gotta take this over and show it to Mary.

GEORGE: That'll be twenty-five cents for the magazine.

JACK: Oh..Well I'll bring Mary over here...Mary got a new maid yesterday..I hope she'll be ready when I call. Come on, Don, let's have our cokes.

(SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

PAULINE: Oh, Miss Livingstone --

MARY: Yes, Pauline?

PAULINE: There's a gentleman here to see you.

MARY: Oh, wouldn't you know it, just when I have a date..
What's his name?

PAULINE: It's..uh...oh gee, I forgot.

MARY: What does he look like?

PAULINE: Well...he's tall and handsome.

MARY: (I wonder who that can be.)

PAULINE: He's got broad shoulders.

MARY: Well!

PAULINE: And his garter is dragging.

MARY: Oh for heaven's sake, I wonder what Jack's doing here
so early?...Tall, broad shoulders, handsome..where did
that come from?

PAULINE: Oh I'm sorry, Miss Livingstone..I went to the movies
last night, and I was still thinking about my favorite
movie actor.

MARY: Who's that?

PAULINE: Peter Lorre.

MARY: Oh..well I guess it's all in the way you look at it..
now Pauline I wish you'd help me with my hair, please.

PAULINE: Yes ma'am...Gee, Miss Livingstone, you have such pretty
curls.

MARY: Well, thank you.

PAULINE: Gee, I wish I had curls like that, but every time I make
curls, something happens to them especially when I have
a date, like last week I had a date and my curls came
out, but the week before I didn't have a date and the
curls came out anyway, so it really doesn't make any
difference, does it.

MARY: No I guess not.

JACK: (OFF MIKE) HEY MARY, HOW ABOUT IT..AREN'T YOU READY YET?

MARY: (OFF MIKE) I'LL BE OUT IN A MINUTE, JACK.

JACK: (OFF MIKE) A minute, a minute..WHAT AM I SPOSED TO DO WHILE I'M WAITING?

MARY: (OFF MIKE) WELL FOR ONE THING, YOU CAN FIX YOUR GARTER.

JACK: Huh?...Oh darn it, it's dragging again..It must have happened when I skipped across the street.

(MUSIC TRANSITION)

(CAR MOTOR UP AND FADES)

JACK: Mary, you turned that corner too sharp --

MARY: Jack, this is my car, and I know how to drive it.

JACK: Well take it easy..watch out for that man..put your foot on the brake..slow down..you're getting too cLOHHHse to that bus ...watch out..

MARY: Oh for heaven's sake, Jack...stop being so nervous.

JACK: I'm not nervous.

MARY: Then get back inside the car!

JACK: All right...but take it easy, I don't want to miss Dunninger.

MARY: Neither do I...I always listen to him on his Kem-Tone program.

JACK: Hey Mary, here we are at the Shrine Auditorium.

(MUSIC TRANSITION)

DUNNINGER: THE PHONE NUMBER THAT YOU ARE THINKING ABOUT IS BEACHVIEW 2-1749...IS THAT CORRECT, SIR?

MEL: YES, MR. DUNNINGER.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: Gosh Jack, he's wonderful...He's read everybody's mind correctly so far.

JACK: Yeah, but it must be some sort of a trick..I remember when I was in vaudeville, I once went out with a lady mind reader, and it was all a phoney.

MARY: You mean she didn't read your mind?

JACK: Of course not..Twice she slapped my face for the wrong reason..And then once --

MARY: Shhhh...Quiet, Jack, quiet.

DUNNINGER: I GET A THOUGHT FROM A LADY IN THE THIRD ROW...LEFT AISLE SEAT...HER NAME IS MRS...MRS. NUSSBAUM.

MINNIE: Nu?
(APPLAUSE)

DUNNINGER: MADAM, YOUR FULL NAME IS MRS. BEVERLY W. NUSSBAUM.

MINNIE: Dot's right...Mrs. Beverly Wilshire Nussbaum.

DUNNINGER: BEVERLY WILSHIRE NUSSBAUM?

MINNIE: Junior..Dot's my full name.

DUNNINGER: MRS. NUSSBAUM..THE PROBLEM ON YOUR MIND IS A SERIOUS ONE..YOU'RE MARRIED, AND YET YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH ANOTHER MAN..AM I CORRECT SO FAR?

MINNIE: You are intriguing me..Continue please.

DUNNINGER: WELL I MUST ADVISE YOU THAT THE MAN YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH IS NOT FOR YOU..YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE.

MINNIE: I haven't?

DUNNINGER: NO..CHARLES BOYER IS ALREADY MARRIED.

MINNIE: Now he tells me..So what are you advising I should do, Mr. Dunninger?

DUNNINGER: WELL GO BACK TO YOUR HUSBAND AND FORGET CHARLES BOYER.

MINNIE: Forgetting him I can't. When Charles Boyer is saying, "Come wizz me, come wizz me, come wizz me to the Cassssbahhh,"...I am arriving there ten minutes ahead of him...And when I saw him making love to Ingrid Bergman, I said to mine self. If Boyer can be so wonderful with gaslight, imagine when he starts cooking with electricity...What a man!

DUNNINGER: WELL MRS. NUSSBAUM, I ADVISE YOU TO FORGET ABOUT BOYER.

MINNIE: Uh, uh maybe you could arrange for me Van Johnson?... For him I could going.

DUNNINGER: NO MADAM..MY ADVICE IS FOR YOU TO GO HOME TO YOUR HUSBAND.

MINNIE: For this kind of advice I am paying money?

JACK: (Boyer, Van Johnson...You see, Mary, he didn't help her.)

DUNNINGER: AND NOW, I HAVE THOUGHT WAVES COMING TO ME FROM A MAN
IN THE FOURTH ROW...I GET THE NAME OF BENNETT..OR
BENNY..JACK BENNY.

MARY: (Jack, that's you..stand up.)

JACK: (EMBARRASSED) Oh I don't wanna, everybody'll look at
me.

DUNNINGER: MR. BENNY, PLEASE STAND UP.

JACK: YES, MR. DILLINGER..OR DUNNINGER...Darn that Phil
Harris.

DUNNINGER: MR. BENNY, A THOUGHT COMES TO ME THAT TWO WEEKS AGO YOU
LOST A DOLLAR BILL.

JACK: A dollar bill? Yes, yes sir, I did.

DUNNINGER: THE SERIAL NUMBER ON THAT DOLLAR WAS k 155134...WAIT
A MINUTE, I DON'T SEEM TO GET THE LAST THREE NUMBERS.

JACK: Five one eight...That's what it was.

DUNNINGER: HOW DID YOU KNOW?

MARY: WHAT DO YOU THINK HE READS AT NIGHT?

JACK: (Mary, quiet.)

DUNNINGER: NOW MR. BENNY, YOU HAVE ANOTHER PROBLEM. YOU HAVE A
RADIO PROGRAM, AND YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A SINGER...IS
THAT CORRECT?

JACK: Yes sir..and I've looked everywhere.

DUNNINGER: WELL MR. BENNY, I DON'T PREDICT, I THINK I CAN HELP YOU

JACK: Really?

DUNNINGER: WELL LET ME CONCENTRATE....I SEE...I SEE A GAS STATION.
IT'S ON THE CORNER OF THIRD AND LA C-I-E-N-E-G-A.

JACK: Third and La Cienega.

DUNNINGER: IF YOU'LL GO TO THAT GAS STATION..YOU WILL FIND THERE IS A YOUNG MAN WAITING TO FILL YOUR TANK IT'S A YOUNG MAN WITH RED HAIR...I GET THE NAME OF STEVENS....
LARRY STEVENS.

JACK: Larry Stevens?

DUNNINGER: YES..THE BOY NEVER HAS SUNG PROFESSIONALLY..HE HAS BEEN WORKING IN THIS GAS STATION FOR SEVERAL MONTHS, SINCE HE WAS HONORABLY DISCHARGED FROM THE ARMY AIR FORCE.

JACK: Gee!

DUNNINGER: HE IS TWENTY-ONE YEARS OLD...WEIGHS A HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE POUNDS...AND IS A GRADUATE OF FAIRFAX HIGH SCHOOL IN HOLLYWOOD.

JACK: Larry Stevens, eh?

DUNNINGER: HE HAS A VERY NICE VOICE AND SINGS ALL THE TIME..EVEN WHEN HE'S WORKING.

JACK: He does?

DUNNINGER: YES..NOW MR. BENNY, THE THOUGHT IS FADING AWAY, AND THAT'S ABOUT ALL I CAN TELL YOU.

JACK: Well thank you very much, Mr. Dunninger.

DUNNINGER: OH MR. BENNY, ONE THING MORE.

JACK: Yes sir?

DUNNINGER: YOUR GARTER IS DRAGGING!

JACK: Thank you..Mary, please, I'll fix it myself.

(MUSIC TRANSITION)

(CAR MOTOR UP, AND FADES)

JACK: Mary, why are you turning here?..This isn't the way home

MARY: I'm going to Third and La Cienega, to that gas station.

JACK: Oh Mary, are you falling for that stuff?..How does Dunninger know?

MARY: Well what have we got to lose?..Anyway, there's the gas station he was talking about. And I'm driving in.

JACK: Oh all right.
(MOTOR SLOWS DOWN AND STOPS)

JACK: This is so silly.

MARY: Jack, look...Here comes the attendant, and just like Dunninger said, he's got red hair.

JACK: (SURPRISED) Yeah..Oh it's just a coincidence..that's all.

LARRY: Yes mam?

MARY: Four gallons of gas please.

LARRY: Yes mam.

JACK: He's got red hair..so what?..Dunninger.
(CLICK OF METAL CAP ON GAS TANK)

JACK: Sings while he works.
(ELECTRIC GASOLINE PUMP)

JACK: Listen to that..some voice.

MARY: That's the gasoline pump.

JACK: Oh..Anyway, you fall for anything.
(ORCHESTRA STARTS "I'LL BE SEEING YOU")

LARRY: (SINGS INTRODUCTION)
I'LL FIND YOU IN THE MORNING SUN
AND WHEN THE NIGHT IS NEW,
I'LL BE LOOKING AT THE MOON,
BUT I'LL BE SEEING YOU.

MARY: Jack, Jack..did you hear that?

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: Well I guess that'll show you whether --

JACK: Mary, quiet.

LARRY: (SINGS VERSE)

CATHEDRAL BELLS WERE TOLLING
AND OUR HEARTS SANG ON.
WAS IT THE SPELL OF PARIS
OR AN APRIL DAWN?
WHO KNOWS IF WE SHALL MEET AGAIN
OR WHEN THE MORNING CHIMES
RING SWEET AGAIN.

JACK: Say, that sounds good.

LARRY: Should I check the oil and water?

MARY: Yes, please.

JACK: Yes yes yes, yes. Check them.

(SNAP OF HOOD BEING RAISED)

LARRY: (CHORUS)

I'LL BE SEEING YOU

IN ALL THE OLD FAMILIAR PLACES

THAT THIS HEART OF MINE EMBRACES

ALL DAY THROUGH.

IN THAT SMALL CAFE

THE PARK ACROSS THE WAY,

THE CHILDREN'S CAROUSSEL, THE CHESTNUT TREE,

A WISHING WELL

I'LL BE SEEING YOU

IN EVERY LOVELY SUMMER'S DAY

IN EVERYTHING THAT'S LIGHT AND GAY

I'LL ALWAYS THINK OF YOU THAT WAY

I'LL FIND YOU IN THE MORNING SUN.

AND WHEN THE NIGHT IS NEW,

I'LL BE LOOKING AT THE MOON

BUT I'LL BE SEEING APRIL IN PARIS,

WHO CAN I RUN TO

BUT YOU.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well what do you know about that?..Say Mary, he's pretty good.

MARY: Of course he's good.

JACK: I'm going to tell him..HEY LARRY --

LARRY: Huh?

JACK: COME HERE A MINUTE, LARRY.

LARRY: Well, how did you know my name?

JACK: Oh I know everything..your full name is Larry Stevens.
LARRY: Gee!
JACK: And not only that --
MARY: Oh brother!
JACK: (Quiet, Mary)...You're twenty-one years old and you graduated from Fairfax High School.
LARRY: Gosh!
JACK: You were in the Army Air Force and you weigh a hundred and sixty five pounds.
LARRY: A hundred and sixty six.
JACK: You had lunch...You see, kid, I know everything.
LARRY: Gee!..What's my mother's name?
JACK: Your mother?..Uh..Uh..I'm sorry, the thought seems to be fading away.
MARY: What's my name?
JACK: Mary..Living..Now cut that out...Larry, I'd like to talk to you for a minute..My name is Jack Benny.
LARRY: (EXCITED) Jack Benny! You mean Jack Benny, the radio comedian?
JACK: Yes sir!...Now look Larry, I'm trying to find a singer for my program, and from hearing you sing just now, I think you might fit in.
LARRY: Gee! Do you, Mr. Benny?
JACK: Yes, and I'd like to talk to you about it..I'll tell you what, Larry..come over to my broadcast next Sunday and we'll get together on a deal..How about it?
LARRY: Oh boy, I'll sure be there, Mr. Benny.
JACK: All right, kid..we'll be looking for you..Goodbye.
LARRY: Goodbye.

MARY: Goodbye, Larry.

LARRY: Goodbye.

(CAR MOTOR STARTS AND CAR DRIVES AWAY)

LARRY: (ON CUE) Gee whiz....me on the radio....oh boy..

Wait'll I tell my folks.

(SINGS LAST HALF OF CHORUS)

I'LL FIND YOU IN THE MORNING SUN

AND WHEN THE NIGHT IS NEW

I'LL BE LOOKING AT THE MOON

BUT I'LL BE SEEING YOU.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: (ON CUE) Jack will be back in a minute, but first
here is my good friend, F. E. Boone.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: An obvious fact: - It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette: So remember Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - yes, first, last and always, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. At markets now open in the South independent tobacco experts present at the auctions can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.

DELMAR: And sworn records show that among such independent tobacco experts -- auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen -- with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies two to one!

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky, (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN), and Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina, (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN). Basil Ruysdael speaking!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN OFF)

REYSDAEL: Always those words will mean much to you ... for
quality is always your first concern and Lucky
Strike quality remains steadfast! Today, as always,
Lucky Strike selects and buys the finer, the lighter,
the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco! That's
why Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DELMAR: Yes - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD, FOR JACK BENNY SHOW)

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

REBROADCAST: 9:30-10:00 PM-PWT.
STATIONS - KPD, KOMO, KMO, KHQ
KGW, KFSD, KFI.

CLIENT: AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

BROADCAST:
DATE: NOV. 12, 1944 - #7

PROGRAM: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK: NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT
LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Sure, Brother!

DELMAR: You said it!

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

(MORE)

ATK01 0234997

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER OPENING COMMERCIAL: MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: FROM THE ARMY AIR FIELD AT MUROC DRY LAKE..A 4TH AIR FORCE BASE...WE BRING YOU THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM... STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:..AFTER THE THRILLS, ACTION AND EXCITEMENT OF THE RECENT HECTIC ELECTION, THERE HAS BEEN A TERRIFIC LET-DOWN..AND HERE HE IS..JACK BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, thank you, thank you, thank you...Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking..And you're right, Don, this past election really was exciting, wasn't it?

DON: It sure was, Jack.

JACK: What a close race..twenty four million, three hundred seven thousand, five hundred ninety eight for Roosevelt; twenty one million, two hundred twenty four thousand, four hundred forty seven for Dewey, and two for Jack Benny...yes sir.

DON: Two!...Now wait a minute, Jack...I know you voted for yourself..but where did that other vote come from?

JACK: I'VE GOT FRIENDS, BROTHER, I'VE GOT FRIENDS!..Anyway Don, here we are at the Army Air Field at Muroc, and I've got an idea..These boys want real impromptu entertainment, so let's forget the script and give 'em an informal show.

DON: You mean you're going to ad lib?

JACK: Sure..I'll make up the jokes as I go along..Here take my script.

DON: Okay.

(TEARING PAPER)

JACK: Now watch the real Benny operate..Now fellas, watch me ad lib here -- WELL, FELLAHS, HERE WE ARE UP AT MUROC..LOCATED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DESERT..WHICH REMINDS ME..WHEN I GOT HERE..HA HA HA!...I TOOK A GIRL FOR A WALK IN THE DESERT AND EVEN THE SAGE GAVE ME THE BRUSH!..HA HA HA!...Get it?..Sage, Brush?... Who needs a script..

DON: You do and here it is.

JACK: All right, wise guy, but I still think I can....OH HELLO, MARY.

MARY: HELLO, JACK, HI YA FELLAHS.
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well Mary, how do you like it up here at Muroc?

MARY: Oh it's swell, Jack..And say..did you see that Japanese battleship right in the middle of the desert?

JACK: Yeah..When Halsey hits 'em, there's no tellin where they're gonna land...You know that could happen, Mary, but this ship was specially built for target practice.

MARY: So was the Japanese Navy.

JACK: You said it..But Mary, just look out at the audience.. Did you ever see such a fine bunch of boys?...And did you notice, they're all wearing ribbons for good conduct.

MARY: Good conduct?

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: Well up here what else can they do?

JACK: Yeah, I guess you're right, Mary.

MARY: Oh say Jack..did you know that we've been invited to stay for dinner after the show?

JACK: For dinner?...Here? Well, no, I can't do it, Mary.... You see, Rochester is preparing dinner at home for me.

MARY: But Jack, last year when we were here you stayed for dinner..Remember?...After your show they gave a barbecue especially for you.

JACK: Some barbecue..A COYOTE WITH AN APPLE IN ITS MOUTH!....
Barbecue.

MARY: Oh Jack, where would they get a coyote around here?

JACK: Are you kidding?..Let me tell you something, Mary.. Last night about midnight when all was dark and quiet about ten coyotes sneaked into the mess hall and ate up all the K-rations.

MARY: Well how did the coyotes get past the guard?

JACK: Past the guard!..WHO DO YOU THINK GAVE 'EM THE CAN OPENER?..Say, that was pretty good, wasn't it, Don?

DON: It sure was, Jack..Sure was..you see, you do a lot better when you stick to your script.

MARY: What are you talking about, Don?

DON: Well at the start of the show, Jack told me to hold his script while he did some ad-libbing.

MARY: Jack ad-libbing!..(LAUGHS)

JACK: Hmm.

DON: What are you laughing at, Mary?

MARY: Ad-libbing..Last week Jack went for a physical examination, and when the doctor told him to open his mouth and say "Ah," he had to send for his writer.

JACK: (MIMICING) Send for his writer, send for his writer.. And Don, this whole thing wouldn't have happened if you didn't open your big fat mouth..You could show me a little gratitude for the thousand dollars a week I'm paying you.

MARY: You pay Don a thousand dollars a week?

JACK: I hired him by the pound...Hey, did you hear what I just said?..That's a terrific joke, what a beauty, what a sensational gag!

MARY: Why Jack Benny..I heard Fred Allen on a program
Thursday night, and he told that same joke.

JACK: He did?

MARY: You know he did...We were both listening to the radio
at the time.

JACK: Oh yeah?..Whose radio was it?

MARY: Yours.

JACK: WELL, ANYTHING THAT COMES OUT OF MY RADIO IS MINE....
Anyway, mine isn't a joke, I did hide Don Wilson by the
pound.

MARY: Well for heaven's sake, how could you go into such a
stupid deal?

JACK: It wasn't stupid when I made it..Twelve years ago
Wilson looked like Sinatra and if he doesn't stop eating
all that kind of things --

PHIL: HI JACKSON..OKAY FELLAHS, MAKE WITH THE PATTY-CAKE,
HARRIS IS HERE! Yes -- you pretty things -- yeah..
yeah..
(APPLAUSE

JACK: Phil, what kind of an entrance is that?..Make with the
patty-cake..These fellows aren't children, you know..
They're men! They've seen life!

PHIL: You mean they haven't always been in Muroc?

JACK: Phil, that's no way to talk about a place that's doing
so much good.

PHIL: You're not kiddin', Jackson..you know I've only been
here one day and it's made a new man out of me.

JACK: What?

PHIL: Yes sir..I ain't touchin' another drop as long as I live.

JACK: You're kidding.

PHIL: Not me, Jackson..Now I've heard of seein' pink elephants..and two-headed tigers..but what I seen today would make W.C. Fields vote for prohibition.

JACK: Phil, what are you talking about?

PHIL: Well; I was drivin' along, mindin' my own business see when all of a sudden, there it is..I close my eyes, shake my head, open my eyes again, but it's still there.

JACK: What's still there?..What did you see?

PHIL: A battleship right in the middle of the desert.

JACK: Phil, do me a favor and sit down, will you?

PHIL: Oh, you're ashamed of me, huh?..Well, I'm not as bad as some of these guys around here.

JACK: What?

PHIL: I ONLY SAW THE BATTLESHIP, THEY WERE SHOOTIN' AT IT!

JACK: Hmmm.

MARY: Phil, they've got that battleship in the desert for target practice..That's how the gunners --

JACK: Mary, don't explain it to him..And Phil, if you feel up to it, I wish you'd stand up in front of your band and scare your boys through two choruses of --

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes.

MEL: On behalf of the boys stationed here at Muroc, I
want to present you with this hand grenade.

JACK: Hand grenade?

MEL: Yeah..Hold it in your right hand, pull out the pin,
count ten -

JACK: Yes.

MEL: Then change hands.

JACK: Thank you, I will.

(DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Hmm..I wonder if I should pull it now or wait till
after the show..Oh well..Go ahead and play, Phil.
What's the difference..

(APPLAUSE)

(SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "How Many Hearts Have You Broken?" played by Phil Harris and his "Makes You Wanna, But You Wouldn't Dare, because It's Against The Law" orchestra.....Say Phil, after the broadcast we're going to do another show...so have your boys stick around..You too, Mary.

MARY: Okay.

JACK: AND NOW FELLOWS ---

MARY: } I think I'll change into my low-cut evening gown.
PHIL: } I think I'll change into my low-cut evening gown.

JACK: ...Phil, that's Mary's line....

PHIL: Ch, Ch, Ch.

JACK: Low cut evening gown -- you know if you'd get here early enough for rehearsal once in a while, you wouldn't make these mistakes.

PHIL: Well I couldn't help it, Jackson...I started out early enough, but I got lost in Rosemont.

JACK: How can you get lost in Rosemont?...Why there's nothing there but two stores and a bowling alley.

MARY: Maybe he went up the wrong alley.

JACK: Mary, please.

PHIL: That's exactly what happened.

JACK: Now cut that out.....Imagine getting lost in Rosemont.. That town is so small the city limit signs are back to back..That's a small town around here, folks..No really..I know because I walked through Rosemont this morning.

ON: That's right, fellows...As I came through I saw Jack standing in front of the bowling alley smoking a cigar.

JACK: What...what did you say, Don?

DON: I said you were standing in front of the bowling alley smoking a cigar.

JACK: A cigar?...Why Don Wilson, I was smoking a Lucky Strike cigarette.

DON: You should have been, Jack...but I saw you with my own eyes and you were smoking a cigar.

JACK: I was smoking a Lucky Strike cigarette.

DON: You were smoking a cigar.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Don...I had the cigarette inside the cigar....so there.

DON: WELL WHY IN THE WORLD WOULD YOU PUT A CIGARETTE INSIDE OF A CIGAR?

JACK: BECAUSE IT WAS RAINING AND SHUT UP....You're just trying to get my job..Anyway Don, we're out on a desert, so what you saw was a mirage.

DON: AND WITH MEN WHO KNOW MIRAGES BEST, IT'S LUCKIES TWO TO ONE!

JACK: Very good, Don..Our little fight worked out for the best...Now let's get back to the....

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Oh darn it...COME IN.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

REDMAN: SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER FOR MISS MARY LIVINGSTONE.

JACK: I'll take it, boy...Here's a tip for you.

REDMAN: OH GEE, A NICKEL, NOW I CAN DO MY CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Christmas shopping with a nickel, what a cheap guy..
You know he's got a peculiar voice for a boy.

MARY: Jack, give me my letter.

JACK: Oh yes...Here it is, Mary.

MARY: Thanks.

SOUND: (LETTER BEING OPENED)

JACK: Who's it from?

MARY: Oh look, it's from Mama.

JACK: Yeah? Read it, Mary.

MARY: PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY...NOVEMBER 8TH..FOUR O'CLOCK..
(SINGS) GRUEN WATCH TIME.

JACK: WHAT?

MARY: (SINGS) TICK TOCK!

JACK: All right, read the letter.

PHIL: Yeah, let's hear it, Mary.

MARY: Okay...MY DARLING DAUGHTER MARY...JUST A SHORT NOTE
TO LET YOU KNOW THAT PAPA AND I ARE FEELING WELL AND
WANT TO THANK YOU FOR THE CHECKS YOU SENT US ON OUR
WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

JACK: Well!

MARY: JUST THINK, WE'VE BEEN MARRIED THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS, AND
PAPA KEEPS TELLING ME THAT I'M AS BEAUTIFUL NOW AS I
WAS THE DAY HE MARRIED ME...HE'S SO SWEET ABOUT IT
SOMETIMES I FEEL GUILTY ABOUT HIDING HIS GLASSES.

JACK: How sweet, hiding his glasses.

MARY: I GOT A LETTER FROM YOUR COUSIN WILLIE, WHO IS NOW
STATIONED IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC...HE SAYS THAT THIS
SUMMER JACK BENNY ENTERTAINED AT HIS CAMP, AND IN HIS
OPINION JACK IS CERTAINLY ONE OF THE BIGGEST, AND THEN
FIVE WORDS WERE CUT OUT BY THE CENSOR.

JACK: Hmm...I was a big hit there.

MARY: WILLIE WROTE ME ALL ABOUT THE FOOD THEY SERVE HIM IN CAMP, AND SCIENCE IS CERTAINLY WONDERFUL..BUT THEY MUST GIVE THOSE HENS A LOT OF BASIC TRAINING TO GET THEM TO LAY POWDERED EGGS.

JACK: I never could figure that cut either.

MARY: I'M GLAD THE ELECTION IS OVER BECAUSE NOW PAPA AND UNCLE JULIUS CAN BE FRIENDS AGAIN...THEY WERE ALWAYS ARGUING ABOUT POLITICS, AND UNCLE JULIUS IS SUCH A HARD LOSER...HE NEVER GIVES UP.

JACK: A lot of people are like that.

MARY: WHEN THE ELECTION RESULTS WERE FINAL, PAPA STARTED TEASING HIM ABOUT IT, AND UNCLE JULIUS LOST HIS TEMPER AND HIT PAPA OVER THE HEAD WITH HIS HOOVER BUTTON.

JACK: Oh fine.

MARY: NO OTHER NEWS SO WILL CLOSE WITH LOVE FROM US BOTH.. MAMA.

JACK: You know your mother is cute at that.

MARY: P.S..IF JACK IS READING OVER YOUR SHOULDER, GIVE HIM MY REGARDS...IF HE ISN'T...WHAT I TOLD YOU OVER THE TELEPHONE STILL GOES.

JACK: How do you like that..I hope your father finds his glasses...And Mary, next time have your letter delivered at home...Now where were we.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, I meant to ask you...How about that new singer you hired?...When are we gonna meet the kid?

JACK: Larry Stevens?...Oh he'll be along soon...I haven't exactly hired him yet..You see, we haven't discussed money.

PHIL: Well if he don't bring it up, you never will.

JACK: I'll bring it up, don't worry...And this kid's going to....(Shh, here he comes now.)

LARRY: Hello Miss Livingstone.

MARY: Hello Larry.

LARRY: Hello Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hi ya, Larry....Larry, this is Don Wilson, my announcer.

DON: Hello Larry.

LARRY: It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Wilson.

JACK: And this is Phil Harris, my...oh well, I might as well say it..my orchestra leader.

PHIL: Hi, kid.

LARRY: I'm glad to know you, Mr. Harris, and I've always enjoyed your music.

PHIL: You see, Jackson, the kid's hep, he ain't no long-hair.. He's mellow and on the beam..and when he beats his gums, his jive is groovey..

JACK: Jive, groovey?...Phil, did you vote Tuesday?

PHIL: Yeah, why?

JACK: How could you prove you were a citizen?...Now Larry --

LARRY: Yes, Mr. Benny?

JACK: You and I are going to talk a little business today.. but first I'd like to have you sing a number for the boys....How about it?

LARRY: I'll be glad to.

JACK: Good...Now don't be nervous..Just relax and take it easy, we're all with you..so are these fellows here.... So go ahead and sing.

LARRY: Should I pass the music around to the orchestra?

JACK: No, that'll only make it tough for 'em...They make less mistakes guessing at it...Go ahead, kid.

(APPLAUSE)

(SEGUE INTO LARRY'S NUMBER)

"LET ME LOVE YOU TONIGHT"

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Yes, sir. That was "Let Me Love You Tonight", sung by Larry Stevens...and very good, Larry.

LARRY: Thank you, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Now, Larry, I want to talk things over with you..You know, your future, your career, your salary...you know, your salary.

PHIL: His voice always cracks on that word.

JACK: Never mind...Come here, Larry...sit down.

LARRY: Yes, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Larry, my boy, you're young and have many many years ahead of you...and kid, there's something I'm going to tell you --

MARY: (MOCKING) Money isn't everything.

JACK: Money isn't...Mary, will you please leave us alone?... (VERY INSINCERE) Now Larry, when I was your age, I was a poor kid in Waukegan...I used to get up at five o'clock in the morning...

MARY: He was an eager beaver.

JACK: Miss Livingstone, please.

LARRY: Yes, Miss Livingstone. I want to hear this.

JACK: Yes, Larry, I was very poor....I didn't have the opportunities that you have....While the other children went to school to get an education, I had to sell papers, barefoot in the snow...and run errands for people in the neighborhood.

(VIOLINS PLAY "HEARTS AND FLOWERS" SOFT)

JACK: And when I ran those errands I'd be happy just to get a nickel, or a dime...and clenched tight in my little fist, I'd bring it home to my mother and father...Phil!

(MUSIC STOPS)

PHIL: I was only trying to coagulate.

(MUSIC OUT)

(MUSIC STOPS ABRUPTLY)

JACK: Oh....so you see, kid...I've never forgotten those early days when I started from the bottom...So, Larry, let's talk about your salary.

LARRY: You're gonna hit a new bottom, kid.

JACK: Hmmmm....Now, Larry --

LARRY: Yes, Mr. Benny...

JACK: Dennis Day came to work for me, and after being on my program for only five years, I paid him thirty-five dollars a week.

LARRY: OH BOY, AS MUCH AS THAT?

JACK:Sit down, son, I want to talk to you...Now, naturally you wouldn't expect thirty-five a week to start with, would you?

LARRY:Welllllll....

JACK: Of course not, so I'll tell you what I'm going to do, Kid...Larry, Larry, my boy, I'm going to pay you...that is I'll start you off with twenty-two dollars and fifty cents a week....How's that, kid?

LARRY: Oh, that's swell, Mr. Benny....Thanks very much.

JACK: Yes, sirree!

(PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Excuse me.

(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Hello.

ROCHESTER: HELLO, MR. BENNY, THIS IS ROCHESTER.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Yes...what is it, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: I called to tell you that if they invited you to dinner up there, by all means accept.

JACK: No, no, I'm coming home to dinner...Did you roast that chicken like I told you to?

ROCHESTER: I was going to, boss, but that chicken was so smart I didn't have the heart to kill it.

JACK: What do you mean, smart?

ROCHESTER: Well, when I brought him into the kitchen, he jumped up on the stove, looked in the pot, and said "IS YOU IS CR IS YOU AIN'T MY GRAVY!"

JACK: Rochester, that's a terrible joke.

ROCHESTER: THAT AIN'T BAD FOR A CHICKEN.

JACK: How, Rochester, stop being silly..and I hope you prepared something else for dinner.

ROCHESTER: Well, I put on that pot roast you bought yesterday, but I think it's a little too well done.

JACK: That's all right, I like my meat well done.

ROCHESTER: SO DO I, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS.

JACK: You mean it's burned?

ROCHESTER: BURNED!...EVEN A MESS SERGEANT WITH A LONG ARM WOULDN'T HAVE NERVE ENOUGH TO SERVE IT.

JACK: You mean it's that bad...Rochester, how did it happen?

ROCHESTER: Well, when it was cooking I stepped out of the house for a little while.

JACK: I know your little whiles...How long were you gone?

ROCHESTER: Oh, it was just a matter of minutes, boss.

JACK: How many minutes?

ROCHESTER: ABOUT FIFTEEN HUNDRED.

JACK: Fifteen hundred!....That's more than twenty-four hours
Now what did you leave the house for?

ROCHESTER: I STEPPED OUT TO GET A PACKAGE OF CIGARETTES.

JACK: Cigarettes...Well that shouldn't have taken you long.

ROCHESTER: OH, BOSS, COME NOW!

JACK: Rochester, we'll talk about this when I get home...and you'd better have something for me to eat.

ATK01 0235014

ROCHESTER: Okay..goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

ROCHESTER: Oh say boss --

JACK: How what.

ROCHESTER: Mr. Fred Allen called a little while ago, and he's sure mad at you.

JACK: Allen..mad at me?

ROCHESTER: Yeah..He said he was listening to your program, and you stole one of his jokes.

JACK: You mean he called me a low-down crook?

ROCHESTER: THAT'S WHAT HE SAID -- THAT'S WHAT THE MAN SAID, HE SAID THAT.

JACK: Well I'll take care of him when I get back..Goodbye.
(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Imagine a guy getting sore about one little joke...
Play, Phil.
(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC TO FINISH)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen..I have an extremely serious message to deliver and ask you to listen closely..Our fighting men are being returned to this country in steadily growing numbers -- They are sick and wounded.. The gallant members of the Army Nurse Corps have managed, up till now, to hold their own in caring for these men. But as I speak to you, ten thousand more registered nurses are needed immediately.

:(MORE):

ATX01 0235015

JACK:
(CONT'D)

The nurse who enters the Army Nurse Corps will practice her profession where it will do the most good. Now you listeners can help me urge all registered nurses, those about to graduate, and members of the Cadet Nurse Corps, to join the Army right now. For information, write to the Surgeon General, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C. tonight. While you are writing, wounded men are returning. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

TON:

Jack will be back in just a minute, but first here are my good friends L. A. "Speed" Riggs, and Kenneth Delmar.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DELMAR: Ladies and gentlemen -- at tobacco markets now open in the South, independent tobacco experts present at the auctions can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco. And sworn records show that among such independent tobacco experts -- auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen -- with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies two to one. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke -- Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN), and Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky, (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN). This is Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT
LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN OFF)

JACK: Well folks, we've had a wonderful time here at the Army Air Field at Muroc Dry Lake..And I want to thank all the boys for inviting us up here and being such a swell audience...Next Sunday night we'll be broadcasting from the U. S. Naval Hospital at Corona..So we'll see you next week, boys..Well Larry, how did you feel being up here on the stage and singing in front of an audience?

LARRY: Oh I liked it very much, Mr. Benny.

JACK: You weren't nervous?

LARRY: Well, a little bit.

JACK: Oh, that's all right. You'll get over it.

LARRY: Say Mr. Benny..where do I have to sing tomorrow night?

JACK: Tomorrow night?..No place, kid..you don't have to sing until next Sunday.

LARRY: You mean I have the whole week off?

JACK: Why, why certainly.

LARRY: Gee..AND YOU'RE PAYING ME TWENTY TWO FIFTY A WEEK.

JACK: Well..I happen to like you, kid, and you know when I like somebody, the sky's the limit.

LARRY: But Mr. Benny --

JACK: Forget it, kid, forget it...Goodnight, folks.

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

REBROADCAST: 9:30-10:00 P.M.-P.W.T.
 STATIONS: KPD, KOMO, KMJ, KHQ
 KGW, KFSD, KFI

CLIENT: AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
 LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

PROGRAM: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

BROADCAST: 30
DATE: NOV. 19, 1944
NETWORK: NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!
 BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)
 SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm,
 so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!
 TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)
 RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT
LS - MFT
 DELMAR: Why, sure!
 RUYSDAEL: Yes, sir!
 SHARBUTT: Of course!
 DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm,
 so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

(MORE)

RUYSDAEL: If you were present at the tobacco markets now open in the South, you could see Lucky Strike consistently select and buy the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DELMAR: And this finer, lighter, naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco means real deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.

SHARBUTT: So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke,
Lucky Strike!

(AFTER COMMERCIAL; MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: FROM THE U.S. NAVAL HOSPITAL AT CORONA..WE BRING YOU
THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM..STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, "YOUR TRULIE"
DON WILSON, AND OUR NEW SINGER, LARRY STEVENS,
(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AS YOU ALL KNOW,..ONE OF
AMERICA'S GREAT NAVAL HEROES..CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE..
ONCE SAID.."DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP"..SO NOW WE BRING
YOU A MAN WHO WOULDN'T GIVE UP ANYTHING...JACK BENNY!
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Yes sir..Yep, yep..Thank you, thank you..Hello again,
this is Jack Benny talking..And Don, that was a very
clever introduction except for one thing..It just so
happens that it wasn't Captain James Lawrence who said
"Don't give up the ship"..It was John Paul Jones.

DON: No no, Jack you're wrong, it was Captain James Lawrence.

JACK: No Don. No, no, look..Captain Lawrence said..."Don't
shoot until they make eyes at ya"..And it was John
Paul Jones who said "Don't give up the ship"

DON: It was Captain James Lawrence.

JACK: It was John Paul Jones and I ought to know because I'm
an old Navy man myself...no kidding.

DON: Say that's right, Jack..You were in the Navy during the
last war, weren't you?

JACK: Don, not only was I in the Navy, but wherever there was
any fighting going on, Benny was right in the thick of
it..No kidding,..In there every minute.

DON: Really, Jack?...Where were you?

JACK: At Great Lakes!...What a place.

DON: But Jack, Great Lakes is in Illincis..and that was forty-five hundred miles away from enemy action..so how could there have been any fighting?

JACK: How could there have been any fighting!..Don, there were twenty thousand sailors and only twelve girls.. It was almost as bad as being stationed at Corona.. after six o'clock..Hmm.

DON: Say Jack --

JACK: On a rainy night.

DON: Say Jack --

JACK: When you're flat broke.

DON: Say Jack --

JACK: And no matter where you go, you're followed by a Smootch patrol...Hmm.

DON: Smootch patrol?..What's that?

JACK: I don't know, but whenever you're having any fun, they break it up!..the old meanies..Anyway, let's...
OH HELLO MARY.

MARY: HELLO JACK, HI YA FELLAHS.
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Say..you got a nice reception there, Mary.

MARY: Why not?..These boys know a trim craft when they see one.

JACK: Well now wait a minute, Mary, that's pretty egotistical.. My goodness, you'd think you were Betty Grable or somebody.....

MARY: Look Jack..as long as Betty Grable is in Hollywood, I'm somebody here.

JACK: You're right at that, Mary, you see they agree with you!
and you're right at that, Mary. You really look nice
today in that new outfit you're wearing..but that
material's kind of thin, isn't it?

MARY: Well it's supposed to be, Jack..This is what you call
a peek-a-boo blouse.

JACK: A peek-a-boo blouse? First one I've ever seen with a
Venetian blind. Peek-a-boo blouse..

MARY: Jack, that's lace.

JACK: Lace?

MARY: You know, like the kind you've got on your shawl.

JACK: Oh yes, yes, it is..But Mary, you didn't have to
mention my shawl here..you know I only wear it around
the house.

MARY: I know..(LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: Every time you sit in a rocking chair you look like
Whistler's Mother.

JACK: Mary, when you're knitting socks for the boys in the
service, you don't care how you look..So there..

DON: Say, Jack, do you mind if I ask Mary a question?

JACK: No no Don, go ahead.

DON: Well you see, Mary, Jack and I were having a little
discussion, and --

JACK: Oh Don, don't be such a hard loser.

MARY: What's the matter, what's it all about?

JACK: Mary, tell Don who it was that said, "Don't give up
the ship."

MARY: Admiral Farragut.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake..Mary, Admiral Farragut said...
"Full speed ahead and oh fudge to the torpedoes"..So
there.

MARY: Admiral Farragut said Oh Fudge?

JACK: He had to be careful, there was a Smootch Patrol behind
him..Anyway Mary, it was John Paul Jones who said
"Don't give up the ship."

DON: No Jack, John Paul Jones said "We have just begun to
fight."

JACK: Don, let's not argue about it..We're up here at the
Corona Naval Hospital, so let's do a good show,
because -- after all..

SARA: (ON P.A.) MR. BENNY, CALL SURGERY..MR. BENNY, CALL
SURGERY.

JACK: Hey Mary, that's me.

SARA: MR. BENNY, CALL SURGERY.

JACK: Excuse me a minute.
(SOUND: CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Hello.

MEL: (FILTER) Mr. Benny, are you still looking for a singer
for your program?

JACK: No I'm not..Who is this?

MEL: Joe Surgery...Goodbye.
(SOUND: CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: Jack, who was that?

JACK: Joe Surgery, a kid I used to go to school with in Waukegan..Now let's see..where were we before --

MARY: Oh Jack, here comes your new singer, Larry Stevens.

JACK: Oh yes..Hello Larry.

STEVENS: Hello Mr. Benny.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well Larry, Larry, this is your third week on our program. How do you like it?

STEVENS: Swell, Mr. Benny, and I'm even going to change my name like you told me to.

MARY: Wait a minute....Larry Stevens is a nice name.

JACK: It is, Mary, but it's too short to be impressive....it should be longer, like John Charles Thomas.

STEVENS: Mr. Benny's right...That's why I'm taking his advice and changing my name to Larry Stevens Milton Frank Tibbett.

MARY: Larry Stevens Milton Frank Tibbett....but that's too long.

STEVENS: Well Mr. Benny said it would be all right if I just used my initials, LSMFT.

JACK: Yes sir!

DON: But Larry, LSMFT stands for LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

STEVENS: What?

DON: YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

STEVENS: Gee, and Mr. Benny told me LSMFT stands for....LARRY STEVENS MAKES FINE TUNES.

MARY: Why Jack Benny, did you tell Larry that?

JACK: Well--

STEVENS: Oh Miss Livingstone, don't be angry at Mr. Benny...He's helped me a lot....he even told me how to breathe when I sing.

MARY: He did?

STEVENS: Yes...he told me to be free and easy on the draw.

JACK: That's right....Now Larry, how about doing a song for the boys right now?

STEVENS: Okay, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh just a minute, kid...Lookit...you studied history in school, didn't you?

STEVENS: Yes sir.

JACK: Now I want to ask you a question...I just had an argument with Don Wilson, and you can settle it once and for all....Tell me, Larry, who was it that said, "Don't give up the ship"....Was it Captain James Lawrence or John Paul Jones?

STEVENS: Captain James Lawrence.

JACK: WHAT?

STEVENS: John Paul Jones.

JACK: There you are, Wilson...That ought to hold you...Go ahead and sing, kid.

(APPLAUSE)

(SEGUE INTO LARRY'S NUMBER)

"WHAT A DIFFERENCE A DAY MADE"

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Very good, Larry. Swell, swell, swell, swell. That was "What a Difference a Day Made", sung by LSMF.... I mean Larry Stevens...and very good, Larry

STEVENS: Thank you, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Say Larry, Larry aren't you thrilled being here today and singing for all these sailors?

STEVENS: I sure am... and say Mr. Benny, didn't you tell me that you were a hero during the last war?

JACK: A hero? Oh, did I mention that to you, kid?

MARY: Mention it....you had him down with your knee in his chest.

JACK: Mary, stop making things up...Yes, Larry, I was quite a hero....In fact, these boys would have been mighty proud of me in 1917...You know I saw plenty of action.

MARY: Some.... action...you joined the Navy, went to bed, fell out of your hammock, and when you came to, the war was over.

JACK: Well, those hammocks are pretty tough to sleep in... I wonder why they always hung mine where the lifeboat was supposed to be. Oh say Mary, I meant to ask you... Did you see Larry Adler when you came in?

MARY: Larry Adler? No, why?

JACK: Well he promised to come over today and play his harmonica for the boys....He ought to be here pretty soon.

DON: Well, Jack, when Adler gets here, you ask him what Naval hero said, "Don't give up the ship."

JACK: Don for heaven's sake -- I don't have to ask anybody, it was John Paul Jones.

DON: But Jack --

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake --

DON: IF JOHN PAUL JONES SAID "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP"...THEN WHO SAID "WE HAVE JUST BEGUN TO FIGHT?"

JACK: THE REPUBLICANS!....That's who.

MARY: Oh Jack, you're just trying to get out of it.

JACK: I am not, Mary. Now I know every famous saying in history and who said it.

DON: All right Jack, then tell me....WHO SAID "GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH?"

JACK:When I went to school I was good in history. You know that, Mary? I know everything there was to know about it.

DON: ALL RIGHT JACK, THEN TELL ME...WHO SAID "GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH?"

JACK:I was the smartest kid in school, too....You know, Mary, I knew more about history than any kid in my class...There wasn't a thing I didn't --

DON: THEN FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, TELL ME WHO SAID "GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH?"

JACK: I DON'T KNOW, HE MUST HAVE SAID IT AFTER I LEFT SCHOOL..
That could drive you nuts, you know. Now lookit -- let's drop the whole thing, will you fellas?

DON: All right, but it was Patrick Henry who said that.

JACK: As if I didn't know...And I still say it was John Paul Jones who said "Don't give up the ship"....He said it in 1812, in the latter part of December.

MARY: Morning or afternoon?

JACK: Never mind..Anyway, we didn't come up to this Naval Hospital just to argue about --

PHIL: Hello Jackson, Hi ya fellahs.
(APPIAUSE)

JACK: Phil....Phil, what happened to those big entrances you usually make?...You know, where you come in and say.. "OKAY FELLAHS, STAND UP AND CHEER...THE SHOW'S GONNA START CAUSE HARRIS IS HERE...YAHOO.".....How come you didn't make an entrance like that?

PHIL: Listen Jackson, I ain't doin' that stuff any more, it's too hammy.

JACK: Well I've been telling you that for eight years..What finally convinced you?

PHIL: Well it just ain't payin' off any more, that's all..The last time I made one of them entrances, I yelled.."OKAY KIDS, BEAT YOUR SKIN.GET READY TO LAUGH CAUSE HARRIS CAME IN..ZZZZOOT!"

JACK: Zzzoot?

PHIL: And would you believe it, Jackson..when I made that entrance, the people just stared at me like I was a dope.

JACK: Phil, when did this happen?

PHIL: This morning when I got on the Corona bus.

JACK: Well I'll be..Imagine, getting on the Corona bus and going into your act..Phil, are you crazy?

PHIL: What are you talkin' about?..Last week I did it on the Riverside bus and I was held over for two round trips.

JACK: Hmm.

DON: Oh say Phil, I want to ask you a question.

JACK: Oh Don, there you go again..You know I'm right, why don't you give up?

DON: Well it won't hurt to ask Phil..unless you're afraid.

JACK: I'm not afraid and I'll ask him..Phil --

PHIL: Yeah.

JACK: WHAT DID JOHN PAUL JONES SAY IN 1812 IN THE LATTER PART OF DECEMBER?

PHIL: MERRY CHRISTMAS.

JACK: He did not..Don't you know anything about history..Don't you know any famous sayings?

PHIL: Sure, I know one.

JACK: What?

PHIL: "You're not shot till they see the reds of your eyes."

JACK: "You're not shot till they see the reds of your eyes?"..
Who said that?

PHIL: W. C. Fields.

JACK: Well there's no use trying to prove anything with you..
Anyway, the man who said "Don't give up the ship" was
John Paul Jones..and I hope this is the last time --
(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.
(DOOR OPENS)

ADLER: (LOUD) OKAY KIDS, BEAT YOUR SKIN..GET READY TO LAUGH
CAUSE ADLER CAME IN" AAZZZZOOT

JACK: Well Larry Adler!
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Larry, Larry, where did you ever pick up an entrance
like that?

ADLER: Oh I was riding on the Corona bus this morning, and I
dunno some jerk got on and did it.

JACK: Just as I thought, I know the rest of the story.Say
Larry, I'm glad you got here, because now you can play
your harmonica like you did on our show over-seas.

ADLER: All right, Jack.

JACK: And I'll accompany you on my violin!

PHIL: (CRYING) OH NO NO NO NO, JACKSON..NO NO! SEND ME BACK
TO BOOT CAMP, MAKE ME AN ENSIGN BUT NOT THAT, NOT THAT.

JACK: Phil, I was a big hit with my violin in the South
Pacific..wasn't I, Larry?

ADLER: Well, I will say you were a curiosity to the natives.

JACK: What do you mean?

ADLER: Well, All I know is, a Ubangi came out and gave you the bird.

JACK: What?

HILL: And when you get a bird with them lips, they ain't kiddin', Pop.

JACK: All right, so one Ubangi didn't like me happened to be a cousin of Fred Allen...Anyway Larry, you play something for the boys, and we'll play something together later.

ADLER: All right, Jack..I'll give 'em "Holiday for Strings."

JACK: Good..Hit it, boys.

(APPLAUSE)

(SEGUE INTO LARRY ADLER'S NUMBER)

("HOLIDAY FOR STRINGS")

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "Holiday for Strings" played by Larry Adler.. And Larry, you certainly played a mouthful..You know Larry, that's a fascinating instrument.

ADLER: You're right, Jack, you know this is an instrument that really gets you.

JACK: What do you mean?

ADLER: I know a fellow who loved the harmonica so much he married a girl with every other tooth missing.

JACK: Oh I see..Well now that I think of my aunt, I guess my uncle was in love with a bass fiddle..That gag's no good at all. Anyway, Larry, that number you just played was terrific.

MARY: Yes it was, Larry..I enjoyed it very much.

ADLER: Why, Thanks..And say Mary, I meant to tell you..that's a very pretty outfit you're wearing.

MARY: Well, Thank you, Larry.

ADLER: But isn't that material awfully thin?

MARY: Yes..In fact when I bought it, my dressmaker said those famous historical words.

JACK: What was that?

MARY: "Don't give up the slip."

JACK: Gee, I nearly missed my cue there, didn't I? I thought Larry was supposed to say that.

LARRY: I was all set to jump in.

JACK: Really you didn't have to -- anyway -- Hey -- you're all right. You can be on my show again, bud. You're all right. Anyway -- Now cut that out. You know you didn't have to start that all over again.

DON: WELL I'M GLAD YOU DID, MARY.

JACK: NOW, DON --

DON: Go ahead, ask Larry Adler..Maybe he can settle our argument.

JACK: Okay, okay..Larry, who said "Don't give up the ship".. Was it Captain James Lawrence or John Paul Jones?

ADLER: Captain James Lawrence.

JACK: Well, that's gratitude..and after all I did for you.
MARY: What did you ever do for him?
JACK: I introduced him to that girl with every other tooth missing. Now listen, Larry, you and Don Wilson don't know anything about Naval tradition. You've never been in the Navy. Now I can bring any sailor up from the audience and prove what I'm talking about...In fact, I'll..Hey look, there's a sailor that just walked into the auditorium...HEY BUDDY..BUDDY, COME HERE A MINUTE, WILL YOU?

MEL: (OFF MIKE) WHO, ME?

JACK: YEAH..WILL YOU COME UP ON THE STAGE FOR A MINUTE?
(I'll show you guys)...Now sailor, I'd like to ask you a few questions..We're having a big discussion here over famous Naval sayings, and I think you can help us. Do you know anything about Naval expressions?

MEL: Yes sir.

JACK: Tell me, what is the most famous saying in the Navy?

MEL: Ask her if she's got a friend for me.

JACK: I don't mean that one...The saying I mean is over a hundred years old.

MEL: Well, this one didn't start yesterday, Bub.

JACK: Oh..Well thanks, anyway, sailor, for coming up here.

MEL: You're welcome.

JACK: Now listen, Don..and that goes for you, Mary, and Phil, and everybody..John Paul Jones was the one who said "Don't give up the ship," and I'll prove it once and for all..I'm going to call up my house and have Rochester look it up in the encyclopedia..Give me that phone.

(RECEIVER CLICK, DIALS ONCE)

JACK: This'll prove my point..OH OPERATOR...I'll show you kids...(THREE CLICKS OF PHONE)..OPERATOR...(THREE MORE CLICKS)...OPERATOR --

SARA: Number, please.

JACK: For goodness sake, Operator, what took you so long?.. to answer?

SARA: I'm bashful.

JACK: Well, stop blushing and got me my home in Beverly Hills, the number is Crestview 6-7071.

SARA: Yes sir.

JACK: Bashful...(THREE BUZZES OF PHONE THROUGH SPEECH).. Anyway, kids, when Rochester looks it up in the encyclopedia, you'll know I'm right.
(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

ROCHESTER: HELLO.

JACK: Hello, Rochester.
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, Rochester, we're having a big argument here and I want to ask you something...Do you know any famous historical sayings?

ROCHESTER: I KNOW ONE.

JACK: What is it?

ROCHESTER: DON'T SHOOT TILL YOU'RE FADED!

JACK: Rochester, I'm talking about expressions that were said during the heat of battle.

ROCHESTER: WELL THIS ONE WASN'T UTTERED AT A TAPFY PULL.

JACK: I don't mean that..Now Rochester, do you happen to know who said "Don't give up the ship?"

ROCHESTER: No, sir.

JACK: Then do you know who said "Give me liberty or give me death?"

ROCHESTER: No, sir.

JACK: Well do you know who said "We have just begun to fight?"

ROCHESTER: BOSS, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO SAYS (DOES CHANE)

JACK: Rochester--

ROCHESTER: (CONTINUES CHANE)

JACK: Rochester, stop.

ROCHESTER: Just a minute...SOLD AMERICAN!

JACK: Now, Rochester, listen carefully...We're having an argument and I want to prove something about John Paul Jones..so will you please look it up in the book?

ROCHESTER: Yes sir...Hold on, boss.

JACK: (He's looking it up now, kids..we'll get this settled once and for all.)

SARA: I'm anxious to find out too.

JACK: Operator, you keep out of this...(And Don, you'll be sorry you ever started this whole--

ROCHESTER: I GOT IT, BOSS, I GOT IT.

JACK: You have?..What does it say?

ROCHESTER: JOHN PAUL JONES, CRESTVIEW 5-6859.

JACK: I don't mean in the telephone book..I want you to go in the library and look up John Paul Jones in my encyclopedia.

ROCHESTER: BUT BOSS, I CAN'T DO THAT, I'M OVER AT MY GIRL'S HOUSE.

JACK: You're over at your girls house?...Then how did you happen to answer when I called my home?

ROCHESTER: THAT LONG CORD ON YOUR PHONE IS LONGER THAN YOU THINK IT IS.

JACK: Rochester, that's ridiculous...Where does your girl live?

ROCHESTER: IN PASADENA!

JACK: Pasadena? How could the cord on my telephone reach from Beverly Hills to your girl's house in Pasadena... This sounds like Jerry Colonna...How could the cord on my telephone reach from Beverly Hills to your girl's house in Pasadena?

ROCHESTER: BOSS, DID YOU EVER HEAR THAT OLD EXPRESSION, LOVE WILL FIND A WAY?

JACK: Yes.

ROCHESTER: WELL IT DID IT AGAIN!

JACK: I don't care what it did...Now you get back home at once and bring the phone with you.

ROCHESTER: Okay...Goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well I guess that'll show you kids.

MARY: What did Rochester say?

JACK: He looked it up in the encyclopedia, and I was right. It was John Paul Jones who said "Don't give up the ship."

DON: But Jack, I heard you say something about Pasadena.

JACK: THAT'S WHERE HE SAID IT, IN THE BATTLE OF PASADENA.

I don't want to hear any more about it. Play, Phil.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC UP TO FINISH)

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first here are my good friends, F.E.Boone and Kenneth Delmar.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

7 CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Independent tobacco experts present at the auctions can see Lucky Strike consistently buy the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco. And with such men who know tobacco best - auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen - it's Luckies two to one!

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky, (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN) and Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN). Basil Ruysdael speaking!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Remember, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION REBROADCAST: 9:30-10:00 PM - PWT.
 STATIONS - KPD, KOMO, KMJ, KHQ
 KGW, KPSP, KFI.

CLIENT: AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
 LUCKY STRIKE - I.S./M.F.T.

BROADCAST:
DATE: NOV. 26, 1944

PROGRAM: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK: NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm,
 so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT
LS - MFT

DELMAR: Of course!

RUYSDAEL: Right you are!

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm,
 so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

(MORE)

ATX01 0235039

DELMAR: For real deep-down smoking enjoyment, you want a
cigarette made of fine tobacco. For, certainly,
it takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette!

RUYSDAEL: And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- yes, first,
last and always, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco --
so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy
on the draw!

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: So for real, deep-down smoking enjoyment, smoke that
smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD, FOR JACK BENNY SHOW)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM....STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY STEVENS,
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: WELL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LAST THURSDAY WAS
THANKSGIVING....SO LET'S TURN BACK THE CLOCK AND SHOW
YOU HOW JACK BENNY AND HIS GANG SPENT THE DAY....OUR
SCENE OPENS IN JACK'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS, AND AT
THE MOMENT, ROCHESTER IS STRAIGHTENING UP THE HOUSE.

ROCHESTER: (SINGS) NIGHT AND DAY
I AM THE ONE
THANKSGIVING COMES AND GOES
BUT I'M NEVER DONE.

JACK: Rochester --

ROCHESTER: I'M WORKIN' ALL THE TIME
I'M NOTHIN' BUT A ONE-MAN ASSEMBLY LINE,
NIGHT AND DAY.

JACK: Rochester --

ROCHESTER: DAY AND NIGHT!

JACK: PAUL ROBESON!

ROCHESTER: Yes, Mr. Benny.

JACK: You're always singing, always singing.

ROCHESTER: Well, I'm happy, boss....Here it is Thanksgiving
and I'm glad I wasn't born a turkey.

JACK: Oh you wouldn't like that, huh?

ROCHESTER: No....I COULDN'T STAND BEING IN AN OVEN ALL UN-DRESSED
AND PEOPLE PEEPIN' IN AT ME EVERY FEW MINUTES.

JACK: Oh.

ROCHESTER: AND WHEN YOU AIN'T GOT NO HEAD, YOU CAN'T BLUSH.

ATX01 0235041

JACK: Rochester, stop being so silly....You know I'm going to Miss Livingstone's house for a Thanksgiving party so help me get dressed.

ROCHESTER: Okay, boss, but if I were you I'd change my mind about wearing that old tuxedo.

JACK: Why, what did you do to it?

ROCHESTER: Oh, it's nothin' I did, boss...but when I went to get it, the closet was full of moths.

JACK: Moths....Oh my goodness...were they eating my tuxedo?

ROCHESTER: EATIN' IT!..THEY DIDN'T EVEN LOOK UP WHEN I CAME IN.

JACK: Well maybe it won't show...what part did they eat?

ROCHESTER: WELL TO PUT IT GEOGRAPHICALLY..THE SOUTH AIN'T SOLID ANY MORE.

JACK: Oh it can't be that bad....Now go get my dress shoes.

ROCHESTER: I ain't goin' back in that closet again, THEY WARNED ME!

JACK: Warned you!

ROCHESTER: THOSE MOTHS ARE TOUGH.

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: WHEN I REACHED FOR YOUR TUXEDO, THEY GRABBED THE FOUNTAIN PEN OUT OF THE POCKET, UNSCREWED THE CAP, PUT IT UP TO THEIR SHOULDERS LIKE A BAZOOKA AND SQUIRTED INK IN MY FACE.

JACK: Squirted ink in your face!

ROCHESTER: YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, BOSS.

JACK: Rochester, why is it that every time I get dressed I have to go through all this --

SOUND: (DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Remember me? I'm Herman Peabody, the insurance salesman.

JACK: Oh, hello, Herman.

MEL: I just dropped by to wish you a happy Thanksgiving.

JACK: Well, thanks, thanks, Herman, come on in.

MEL: I'd like to, but this leash won't reach any farther.

JACK: Oh, you've got your dog with you?

MEL: No, my turkey...I'm taking it out for a walk.

JACK: Herman, you're taking your turkey out for a walk on Thanksgiving?

MEL: It was his last request.

JACK: Oh.

MEL: On the way over here I put the turkey on a penny weighing machine and a little card came out.

JACK: What did it say?

MEL: It said, "You weigh thirty-two pounds, have good character, make friends easily, but you have a tendency to lose your head." Heh!

JACK: Now wait a minute, Herman...have you been celebrating Thanksgiving?

MEL: Uh-huh.

JACK: I thought so..Well goodbye, Herman...have a nice dinner.

MEL: Goodbye, Mr. Benny...Come on Dolores...(MEL DOES GOBBLE, GOBBLE,GOBBLE.)

JACK: Hmm.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: He's a peculiar sort of a fellow..Here, Rochester, before I put my coat on you better fix my bow-tie.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir...lift your chin up a little.

JACK: Some day I'm going to learn how to tie a bow myself, then I won't have to...Rochester, don't just stand there holding it, tie it.

ROCHESTER: I'M WAITIN' FOR YOUR ADAM'S APPLE TO CLEAR THE RUNWAY.

JACK: Rochester, this is no time for jokes, so hurry up with my bow-tie.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

JACK: Wait a minute...tie it below my Adam's apple.

ROCHESTER: But boss, the last time you went to a party I tied it above your Adams apple.

JACK: I KNOW, AND EVERY TIME I SWALLOWED I PULLED MY SHIRT TAIL OUT...So this time tie it --

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: There's the phone.

ROCHESTER: I'll get it.

SOUND: (CLICK OF RECEIVER)

ROCHESTER: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE..STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN AND RADIO.. AND WILL SIT WITH CHILDREN, FIFTY CENTS EXTRA.

JACK: Rochester, just answer the phone and don't...

MARY: Hello, Rochester, this is Miss Livingstone..Is Mr. Benny there?

ROCHESTER: YES MISS LIVINGSTONE, JUST A MINUTE..It's for you, boss.

JACK:Hello.

MARY: Jack, what's taking you so long? Everybody's here but you.

JACK: Well, Mary, I've got a little surprise for you..I'm going to dress formal tonight.

MARY: Formal!

JACK: Yes.

MARY: What are you gonna do, wear your black toupay?

JACK: No, I'm wearing my tuxedo.

MARY: Oh, Jack, that faded old thing? It's so green and splotchy

JACK: It is not.

MARY: It is too....the last time you wore it you looked like a Jap sniper.

JACK: Well, I'm going to wear it anyway...and I'll be over in a few minutes.

MARY: Okay...goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

MARY: Oh Jack --

JACK: Yes?

MARY: I hate to ask you this, but...well...I've worked hard making this dinner for the whole gang...so I thought maybe you'd stop over at the florists and bring me some flowers.

JACK: Okay, Mary. I'll bring you half a dozen roses.

MARY: Only half a dozen?...But Jack, they don't cost much.

JACK: Well no, the roses alone don't, Mary...but you're going to the expense of the entire dinner, why should you spend any more....After all, you're doing enough.

MARY: Jack, I meant for you to buy the roses.

JACK: Oh...Oh...Oh oh oh OH!...Well Mary, you didn't have to beat around the bush...why didn't you come right out and say so? Of course I'll bring 'em...Goodbye.

MARY: Goodbye.

GOULD: Of all the cheap guys I ever...

JACK: What did you say, Mary.

GOULD: This isn't Mary, this is the operator.

JACK: Well you're not supposed to be listening in.

SOUND: (LOUD CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: (Smart aleck operator)...Oh say Rochester, I think it would be a good idea if you came along with me..Miss Livingstone might need some more help.

ROCHESTER: I'd like to, but you know every Thanksgiving I go to a party on Central Avenue.

JACK: Oh yes, that's right.

ROCHESTER: WE FILL UP ON PLUM PUDDING AND BRANDY SAUCE. .MMM MML.

JACK: Say, that sounds good...plum pudding and brandy sauce.

ROCHESTER: YES SIR, AND THIS YEAR IT'S GONNA BE BETTER THAN EVER.

JACK: Why?

ROCHESTER: WE COULDN'T GET ANY PLUM PUDDING!

JACK: Oh...well you go right ahead, Rochester, and have a good time. I better be running along too...How do I look? Am I okay?

ROCHESTER: You look neat, boss...but do you have to wear all those Elk's teeth at the same time?

JACK: Certainly, Rochester...I belong to eight different lodges...Anyway, what's wrong with it?

ROCHESTER: NOTHIN', BUT YOU'VE GOT THE ONLY VEST IN TOWN THAT SMILES AT YA!

JACK: Well you know me, I always like to put up a happy front...Ha ha ha ha...So long, Rochester. So long, kid. See you later.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

(SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

"THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME IN THE TOWN OF BERLIN"....

QUARTET DOES CHORUS.

(SECOND ROUTINE)

(GANG WHISTLES AND APPLAUDS)

DON: SAY, THAT WAS GREAT, PHIL.

LARRY: IT SURE WAS.

MARY: GEE, I WISH JACK WOULD GET HERE.

QUARTET:
1st) COME ON PHIL, PLAY US ANOTHER ONE.
2nd) YEAH, GET HOT.
3rd) SWING IT!
DON: SAY PHIL THAT WAS A SWELL IDEA, BRINGING YOUR WHOLE
BAND OVER HERE TO MARY'S HOUSE.
PHIL: YEAH, WASN'T IT, MARY?
MARY: Phil, I don't mind your band being here, but your boys
have got a lot of nerve putting one of my best dishes
on the piano for an ash tray.
PHIL: That ain't no ash tray, that's for tips!
MARY: Tips....What a gang!
DON: SAY, MARY, WHEN ARE WE GOING TO EAT, I'M HUNGRY.
LARRY: ME TOO, MISS LIVINGSTONE.
MARY: Take it easy, fellows...We'll eat as soon as Jack
gets here...Meanwhile let's have some fun.
PHIL: OKAY, LET'S HAVE SOME MORE MUSIC...HIT IT, GEORGE.
DON: HEY WAIT A MINUTE, PHIL...CAN I PLAY THE DRUMS?
PHIL: SURE, GO AHEAD, HIT IT OUT DON. COME, ON, GEORGE, HIT IT
OUT AND PLAY IT DONO. YEAH, DONO.
(PIANO STARTS "I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, BABY.
DRUMMER COMES IN VERY LOUD...THEN HITS CYMBAL)
PHIL: HEY DON, DON, LOOK OUT! LOOK OUT, DON!
SOUND: (TERRIFIC CRASH OF EVERYTHING)
MARY: (ON CUE) DON, TAKE THAT CYMBAL OFF YOUR HEAD, YOU LOOK
LIKE DRAGONSEED....And fellows, don't break up the
house...I've gotta go out in the kitchen and see how my
new maid is doing.
(PIANO STARTS "I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE")

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PHIL: (OFF MIKE) OKAY MARY, HURRY BACK.

MARY: I WILL....

PHIL: Okay, boys, hit it!

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: (HUMS) "I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, BABY...
That's the only thing I've plenty of, baby...."

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES, AND PIANO OUT)

MARY: Oh Pauline, as soon as Mr. Benny gets here we'll have dinner.

PAULINE: Yes mam.

MARY: I'll put the turkey on the serving tray, and you go in the dining room and set the table.

PAULINE: Oh I've already done that, Miss Livingstone, and I hope you like it...I put the butter right in the center and around it I put the salt shakers.

MARY: You put the salt shakers around the butter?

PAULINE: And around the salt shakers I put the pepper shakers, and around the pepper shakers I put the cream pitchers, and around the cream pitchers I put the sugar bowls.

MARY: Pauline, why did you do all that?

PAULINE: Well we can't stop 'em from using the butter, but I figured we can slow 'em down a little!

MARY: Well that was thoughtful of you, Pauline, but I'll rearrange the table later.

PAULINE: Yes, mam.

MARY: Right now you better help me. I've been having trouble with the cranberry sauce.

PAULINE: What's the matter, can't you get the berries to cram?

MARY: Pauline, you don't cram berries, you mash them.

PAULINE: Gee I'm sorry, Miss Livingstone. I don't know much about cooking but if I did it would probably help me to get a boy friend who is interested in marriage, like my girl friend who wanted to get married so she went to school to learn how to cook, then after she learned how to cook she met the cutest fellow and they were married, and after they were married she found out he was a chef, so it really doesn't make any difference, does it?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) No, I guess it doesn't. Anyway, let's --

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: OH, SAY MARY, I JUST THOUGHT ABOUT SOMETHING.

MARY: Just a minute, Phil, I'm talking to my maid.

PHIL: WELL!..(WHISTLES)..GET A LOAD OF THEM LEGS!

MARY: PHIL!

PHIL: I'M LOOKIN' AT THE TURKEY.

MARY: Oh.

PHIL: Anyway Livy, when the food's all ready let me know and I'll help you serve it.

MARY: Thanks, but it won't be necessary, Phil. I've hired a butler for the day.

PHIL: Okay..(I'd just love to see that turkey in a bathing suit).

MARY: Phil, get out of here.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

PAULINE: Say, he's cute, isn't he?

MARY: Yeah...Now Pauline, you mash the potatoes while I get the ice cubes out of the --

SOUND: (DOOR BUZZER)

PAULINE: Oh, there's the door.

MARY: That's all right, Pauline, I'll get it.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND FEW FAST FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: (HUMS) I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, BABY.:
THAT'S THE ONLY --

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Oh hello, Jack..come on in.

JACK: Hello, Mary...It's so nice I thought I'd walk over.
Isn't it a bright sunny day?

MARY: Yeah...Here, I'll take your parasol.

JACK: Thanks...And help me off with my overcoat, will you?

MARY: Okay...Now hand me your hat.

JACK: Here...And here's my muffler..and my gloves...Now hold my coat while I take off my sweater, will you?

MARY: Okay.

JACK: (GRUNTS) There you are...all set.

MARY: Do you want a refill on your hot water bottle?

JACK: Well you can kid if you want to, but this is the season for colds. You know, Mary, a funny thing just happened. As many times as I've been over here, today I walked right by your house and had to come back.

MARY: I don't doubt it. Once you get all those clothes moving it's hard to stop 'em.

JACK: Yeah...Is everybody here?

MARY: Sure, they're in the living room. Let's go in.

JACK: Okay.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Say, Jack, how about the flowers?

JACK: They said they'd send 'em over. They'll probably be here pretty soon.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: HI YA, FELLAHS.

PHIL) HI YA, JACKSON.
LARRY) HELLO, MR. BENNY.
DON) HELLO, JACK.

(STARTS "LOVE IN BLOOM". GANG SINGS OFF KEY)

JACK: ALL RIGHT, BOYS, ALL RIGHT...I GET IT, I GET IT..
I GET IT..I GET IT..WELL, FELLAHS, YOU HAVING FUN?

DON: I'LL SAY WE ARE...COME ON GEORGE, LET'S HAVE SOME MORE
MUSIC.

(PIANO STARTS LOUD: "I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE")

JACK: DOGGONE IT, I FORGOT TO BRING MY VIOLIN.

MARY: HURRAH!

JACK: WHAT?

GANG SINGS: FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW
FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

(GANG ALL LAUGH)

JACK: ALL RIGHT, WISE GUYS.

PHIL: HEY, JACKSON, WHO DO YOU THINK I RAN INTO LAST NIGHT?

JACK: WHO, PHIL?

PHIL: YOUR OLD GIRL FRIEND, GLADYS ZYBISCO.

JACK: REALLY?...HOW IS GLADYS?

PHIL: OH, FINE, AND YOU KNOW, JACKSON, SHE LOOKS A LOT BETTER..
SHE HAD AN OPERATION ON HER NOSE.

JACK: HER NOSE...WHY HER NOSE WAS STRAIGHT...WHAT DID SHE HAVE DONE?

PHIL: SHE HAD IT MOVED TO THE MIDDLE OF HER FACE.

JACK: NOW CUT THAT OUT!
(GANG LAUGHS)

JACK: Anyway, when are we going to eat?

DON: Yeah, I'm hungry, Mary.

MARY: Pretty soon...Say Larry, while we're waiting, how about singing us a song?

DON: YEAH, COME ON LARRY...HOW ABOUT IT?

JACK: SURE KID, GO AHEAD.

LARRY: OKAY.

SOUND: (DOOR BUZZER)

MARY: OH THERE'S THE DOOR.

JACK: I'LL GET IT, MARY..HOLD THE SONG TILL I COME BACK, WILL YOU, KID?

SOUND: (FEW FAST FOOTSTEPS AS PIANO FADES OUT)

JACK: (HUMS) "I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, BABY".
"SWEET GEORGIA BROWN"...

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

NELSON: How do you do...Is this Miss Livingstone's residence?

JACK: Yes, yes it is.

NELSON: Well, Miss Livingstone is expecting me for Thanksgiving dinner.

JACK: Oh, oh..Well, come right in. You got here just in time, the fun's just starting.

NELSON: How nice.

JACK: Now, let me take your hat.

NELSON: Thank you.

JACK: Your coat?

NELSON: Thank you.

JACK: Now follow me..HEY KIDS..Oh pardon me, pardon me, I didn't introduce myself..I'm Jack Benny.

NELSON: How do you do, I'm the new butler.

JACK: HEY KI..WHAT?....THE BUTLER!

NELSON: Yes..Are you the downstairs man?

JACK: I happen to be a guest here..If you're the butler, the kitchen's right through that door.

NELSON: Thank you, sir.

JACK: Hmm..

(FEW FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Jack, who was that at the door?

JACK: Nobody.

MARY: Well whose coat and hat are you carrying?

JACK: Whose hoat and cat? Oh darn it, it's your butler, he just came in;

(GANG ALL LAUGH)

JACK: All right, laugh, laugh..But I know how to keep help.. Go ahead and sing, Larry. Go ahead.

(APPLAUSE)

(SEGUE INTO LARRY'S NUMBER - "I'LL WALK ALONG")

(THIRD ROUTINE)

GANG: (AD LIBS) THAT WAS WONDERFUL...GREAT...SWELL.

MARY: HEY, FELLAHS, FELLAHS...EVERYBCDY IN THE DINING ROOM,
DINNER'S ON THE TABLE.

GANG: (AD LIBS) OH BOY, DINNER...LET'S GO.

JACK: HEY KIDS, WAIT A MINUTE, LET'S ALL MARCH IN...YOU KNOW,
CONGA LINE.

PHIL: OKAY.

GANG: (CONGA RHYTHM)
DA DA DA DA DA BOOM
DA DA DA DA DA BCOM
DA DA DA DA DA BOOM

SOUND: (OBJECT FALLING & THEN A GLASS CRASH)

JACK: DON, IF YOU CAN'T CONTROL IT, DON'T SWING IT!...FOR
HEAVEN'S SAKE.

MARY: OH JACK, YOU AND YOUR IDEAS...NOW COME ON IN, FELLAHS..
THE DINNER WILL GET COLD.

DON: OKAY, LET'S GO.

SOUND: (NOISE AND SHUFFLING OF FEET)

MARY: (OFF MIKE) JACK, BRING IN AN EXTRA CHAIR.

JACK: OKAY, I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE....Hey, look what's
in this dish here on top of the piano?

SOUND: (RATTLE OF COINS IN PLATE)

JACK: Well!

PHIL: (OFF MIKE) HEY, GET YOUR HANDS OUT OF THERE, JACKSON
THAT'S FOR THE BOYS!

JACK: Oh.

SOUND: (COINS DROPPED IN PLATE)

MARY: (OFF) JACK!

SOUND: (TWO COINS DROPPED)

JACK: Hmm..How in the world could she see from the other room...MARY, I'LL BRING THIS STRAIGHT BACK CHAIR.

MARY: (OFF) OKAY.

SOUND: (NOISE OF PLATES)

JACK: WHERE DO YOU WANT ME TO SIT, MARY?

MARY: Right there....Your name's on the place card.

JACK: Well, place cards and everything..How did Phil know where to sit down, he can't read.

MARY: I put his picture on the plate.

JACK: Oh.

PHIL: That's all your fault, Jackson..You got people thinkin' I can't read.

JACK: Oh yeah?..well, let me see you write your name.

PHIL: Don't change the subject, I'm talkin' about readin'.

JACK: I thought so.

MARY: Jack, will you please sit down and carve the turkey?

JACK: Okay, okay.

DON: Boy, get the size of it.

MARY: You know,Jack, that's a bigger one than we had at your house last Thanksgiving.

JACK: Oh, I don't know..My turkey was pretty big.

PHIL: Go on, I've seen more meat on Sinatra.

JACK: I don't know about that.

SOUND: (RATTLE OF CARVING KNIFE ON PLATE)

JACK: Larry, what do you want, white meat or dark meat?

LARRY: White meat, please.

JACK: Don?

DON: I'll have some dark meat.

PHIL: Say Mary, did you stuff this turkey yourself?

MARY: Yes, why?

PHIL: WELL, IT'S SO ROUND, SO FITTIN SO FULLY PACKED..HA HA HA..
OH HARRIS, YOU'RE SO SPONSORTANEOUS, AND YOU HAVEN'T
HAD A DRINK ALL DAY!

JACK: Phil, that doesn't apply to turkeys...That's Lucky
Strike cigarettes.

PHIL: I know, I know...Hey kids, pass the sauce.

MARY: The sauce?

PHIL: Yeah...WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBASCO BEST, I'LL TAKE IT
TWO TO ONE....HA HA HA HA...OH HARRIS, JUST LIKE A
PILGRIM YOU'RE MAKIN' PROGRESS. YOU BOY YOU.

JACK: Oh brother!

DON: (MAD) NOW PHIL, CUT THAT OUT..THE CORRECT SAYING IS,
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST, IT'S LUCKIES TWO TO ONE..

MARY: Don, Phil's only kidding...Can't you see we've got
Lucky Strike cigarettes on the table?

DON: WELL THEN LET'S HURRY UP WITH THE DINNER AND GET AT
'EM!

JACK: All right, all right.

NELSON: Oh Miss Livingstone, shall I serve the hot biscuits
now?

MARY: Yes, Carl.

NELSON: Very well, madam....There.

SOUND: (FLOP OF BISCUIT LANDING ON PLATE)

MARY: Carl, don't throw the biscuits.

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: Why don't you stand closer to the table?

NELSON: I've been watching these people eat and I don't want
to get any on me.

MARY: What?

NELSON: And that old man with the carving knife scares me to death.

JACK: Now wait a minute.

NELSON: I know your type, those blue eyes aren't fooling me a bit.

JACK: You're just mad because my tuxedo is better than yours.

MARY: Now Carl, your job is just to serve the food and not to antagonize the guests.

NELSON: Yes, madam.

PHIL: HEY JACKSON, HOW ABOUT MAKIN' A SPEECH?

GANG: (AD LIBS) YEAH....SPEECH, SPEECH.

MARY: Go ahead, Jack, say something..This is the first time we've all had dinner together in a long time.

JACK: Okay.

(GANG APPLAUDS)

SOUND: (HITS PLATE WITH KNIFE)

JACK: Well, kids, it's sure nice for all of us to be gathered here on Thanksgiving...I know that during the year we've had our little differences and a few arguments, but this is the day to forget all that, and cement our friendship so that it's stronger than ever.

GANG: HEAR, HEAR!

JACK: Thank you..and now if we'll just forget ou little differences -

MARY: But Jack, we've never have any real arguments.

PHIL: Of course not, Jackson.

JACK: Oh I was just thinking about little things like last week when Don and I had that argument about what Naval hero said "Don't give up the ship"..Now Don found out he was wrong, and I'm not going to rub it in..it's all over...So if we'll just --

DON: Wait a minute, Jack...I wasn't wrong:

JACK: So if we'll just --

DON: It was Captain James Lawrence who said "Don't give up the ship".

JACK: No no, Don, it was John Paul Jones..So if we'll just --

DON: Jack, I still insist you're wrong, it was Captain James Lawrence.

JACK: DON WILSON, YOU CAN ARGUE TILL YOU'RE BLUE IN THE FACE.. IT WAS JOHN PAUL JONES. AND I'M GONNA PROVE IT.

MARY: JACK, PUT DOWN THAT CARVING KNIFE.

JACK: Oh pardon me.

NELSON: Beast!

JACK: NOW DON, THIS IS THANKSGIVING, SO LET'S FORGET IT.. YOU THINK IT WAS CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE, BUT I KNOW IT WAS JOHN PAUL JONES.

PHIL: Say, Jackson, wasn't he on our program about five weeks ago?

JACK: THAT WAS JOHN CHARLES THOMAS...NOW DON, TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.

DON: WELL SO DO I, IT WAS CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE.

JACK: IT WAS JOHN PAUL JONES.

MARY: Oh for heaven's sake, cut it out...Carl, serve the dessert, will you?

NELSON : I will if those two gentlemen will get off the table.

JACK: I WILL IF HE WILL.

LARRY: I'll have some more of that white meat.

JACK: THAT'S MY LEG!

JACK: NOW DON WILSON, I THINK IT'S AWFUL FOR YOU TO COME
HERE ON THANKSGIVING, ACCEPT MARY'S HOSPITALITY, AND
START A BIG ARGUMENT LIKE THIS.

DON: I DIDN'T START THE ARGUMENT, YOU DID..AND ANY SCHOOL
BOY KNOWS THAT CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE SAID "DON'T
GIVE UP THE SHIP".

JACK: EVERY SCHOOL BOY KNOWS THAT IT WAS JOHN PAUL JONES, AND
YOU'RE JUST BEING STUBBORN ABOUT IT, THAT'S ALL.

MARY: JACK, FOR GOODNESS SAKE, FINISH THE SPEECH YOU STARTED.

JACK: I'LL DO IT IF EVERYBODY WILL SHUT UP....Now as I was
saying, friends, we're gathered here on Thanksgiving
Day in a spirit of friendship..

(MUSIC STARTS SOFT)

JACK: A word that in itself represents that binding tie
between all people.

(MUSIC A LITTLE LOUDER)

JACK: Let's try, friends, let's try to keep the feeling that
is so prevalent on this day throughout the entire year.

(MUSIC LOUD)

JACK: So whenever you feel discouraged, just think of those
famous words of John Paul Jones..Don't give up the
friendship.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC UP TO FINISH)

DON: Jack'll be back in just a minute, but first, here are
my good friends L. A. Speed Riggs and Kenneth Delmar.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

REPS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DELMAR: If you were present at the auctions down South, you could see Lucky Strike consistently select and buy the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco. Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco and in a cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts. Remember that the next time you buy cigarettes. Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN) and Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN) And this is Basil Ruysdael, speaking for Lucky Strike!

TICKER: (2 2 3, 2 2 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: A friendly suggestion! For your own greater enjoyment, smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN OFF)

JACK: Say Mary, I enjoyed your Thanksgiving dinner very much but I wish Don wouldn't be so stubborn..after all, when a man's wrong why doesn't he give in?

MARY: But Jack, Don is right..It wasn't John Paul Jones, it was Captain James Lawrence who said "Don't give up the ship."

JACK: Mary, Captain James Lawrence said "I do not choose to run."

MARY: He did not.

JACK: Then who said it?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) One of Crosby's horses.

JACK: All right..Well I'm not going to argue..I've gotta go over to Joe E. Brown's program and congratulate him on his forty-fourth anniversary.

(DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I don't have to -- I want to. There's the door.

(FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK AND MARY (BOTH HUM) "I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, BABY"

- TOO TOO

I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, BABY -- TOO TOO"

(DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Flowers for Miss Livingstone.

MARY: Flowers?

JACK: Oh yes, Mary, don't you remember..I stopped off at the florists.

MARY: Oh yes..well boy, what took you so long?...Why didn't you bring the flowers sooner?

MEL: I couldn't, Mr. Benny only ordered the seeds.

JACK: Well I wanted 'em to be nice and fresh..Goodnight folks.

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 STATIONS - KPD, KOMO, KMJ, KHQ
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CLIENT:

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
 LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

BROADCAST:

DATE: #10
 DEC. 3, 1944

PROGRAM:

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK:

NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

AS BROADCAST

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!
 BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)
 RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm,
 so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!
 TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)
 RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT
LS - MFT
 DELMAR: You said it!
 RUYSDAEL: Why, sure!
 SHARBUTT: Yes sir!
 RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm,
 so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

(MORE)

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DELMAR: Yes, ladies and gentlemen, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Always those words will mean much to you... for, of course, quality is always your first concern. Today, as always, Lucky Strike selects and buys the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobaccos! Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD, FOR JACK BENNY SHOW)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL: MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM...STARRING JACK BENNY...
WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY
STEWENS AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPIAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, 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 RADIO.

PHIL: FROM BROADWAY TO PICTURES.

MARY: FROM PICTURES TO BROADWAY.

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,
when I was playing the Palace Theatre in New York,
Nelson Eddy didn't even have the recipe for Shortnin'
Bread..In fact, when I first started in show business,
Charlie McCarthy was taking his physical to get into
Sequoia...Why I was in front of an audience when --

PHIL: Hey, a minute, Jackson....if you want to know
something, I was on the stage when I was two days old.

JACK: Two days old!

DON: Phil, that's ridiculous.

JACK: Certainly...What could you do when you were two days
old?

PHIL: I don't know, but people kept payin' admision to see me.

JACK: Oh, Phil.

MARY: Stop making up such nonsense, Phil.

PHIL: I ain't makin' nothin' up...I was an incubaby bator.

JACK: You were what?

PHIL: Oh, I mean I was an incubator baby..Yes sir, that was me.... Two and a half pounds of solid personality.

JACK: Oh sure, sure.

DON: Say Phil, I've often wondered about those incubators.. It must have been nice and warm in a glass case with a little gas light burning underneath.

PHIL: Naw..First I was hot, then I was cold, then I was hot, then I was cold.

JACK: Well I'm a sucker for asking this...but why were you hot and cold and hot and cold?

MARY: His father kept blowing out the flame and his mother kept lighting it.

JACK: Mary, don't be ridiculous.

PHIL: That's exactly what happened.

JACK: Phil, you admit that your father kept blowing out the flame and your mother kept lighting it?

PHIL: Yeah, and it was a lucky thing I could reach up to that little glass door.

JACK: Why?

PHIL: Who do you think kept handin' my mother 'the matches'?

JACK: Now wait a minute, Phil..you were two days old...in an incubator..WHERE IN THE WORLD DID YOU GET THE MATCHES?

PHIL: The day I was born.

JACK: What?

PHIL: WHEN THE DOCTOR GRABBED ME BY THE FEET AND HELD ME UP,
I STOLE HIM OUT OF HIS WEST POCKET.

JACK: Oh for --

PHIL: AND HE MUST'VE SEEN ME DO IT CAUSE HE GAVE ME AN
AWFUL REACK!

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake.

MARY: Phil, you were just born...how can you remember what
happened then?

PHIL: I wrote it in my diary.

JACK: Well that's the pay-off Phil,..you can't even write
now, how could you write when you were two days old?

MARY: Maybe he dictated it.

JACK: Yeah.

PHIL: That's exactly what happened.

JACK: Mary, did you ever hear such silly talk?..Phil was just
born and already he was dictating.

MARY: I'll bet eight to five he had the stenographer on his
lap...eh..Phil?

JACK &
PHIL: That's exactly what happened.

JACK: Phil, you don't have to invent a fantastic story just
to make it sound like you've been in show business
longer than I have.

DON: Maybe he was, Jack.

JACK: Don, that's impossible..I was in show business before
anybody..Why I was on the stage before..before Monty
Woolley had a beard.

MARY: Before Monty Woolley had a beard!

JACK: Yes..why, when I was a big hit at the Palace, Woolley was still standing in front of a mirror, rubbing his chin and singing...COME OUT..COME OUT WHEREVER YOU ARE.. I'm telling you, kids...I've been in show business longer than anybody.

MARY: Oh yeah?How about C. Aubrey Smith?

JACK: You mean Little Aubrey?...Why, he was only a kid when I was starting out at the --

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes.

MEL: I'm from Esquire magazine..We printed a story about you and have all the information in our files except one thing.

JACK: What would you like to know?

MEL: Your age, please.

JACK: Thirty-six.

MEL:But.....Well, okay.

SOUND: (LOUD DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Now where were we?

PHIL: Well, you were informing us that you were a thespian in the legitimate drama prior to the inauguration of the cinema.

JACK: Phil, did that come out of you?

PHIL: Yes, and boy, am I glad to get rid of it!

JACK: Well I don't blame you...Now let's forget show business and -- find out if...

LARRY: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh hello Larry...You got here just in time for your song..What are you going to sing?

LARRY: Well I got a letter from a friend of mine in the Navy, requesting me to sing "I'm Making Believe".

JACK: A friend of yours in the Navy?...Who is he?

LARRY: Dennis Day.

JACK: Oh...Dennis!

MARY: A letter from Dennis!

LARRY: Would you like to read it, Miss Livingstone?

MARY: Why Larry, I don't think I should read your mail.

LARRY: Oh that's all right, there's nothing about girls in it.

JACK: Go ahead, and read it, Mary.

DON: Yes, we haven't heard from Dennis in weeks...What's he got to say?

MARY: Well here it is...DEAR LARRY...I HEARD YOU SING ON THE LAST FOUR BROADCASTS, AND I THINK YOU HAVE A SWELL VOICE.

JACK: Well, isn't that nice.

MARY: I ALSO HEARD THAT YOU'RE MAKING TWENTY-TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS A WEEK, WHICH IS A VERY GOOD SALARY TO START WITH.

JACK: Yes sir.

MARY: MR. BENNY WILL GIVE YOU A RAISE ALMOST EVERY YEAR...BUT IT WILL HELP TO HAVE YOUR MOTHER COME DOWN AND REMIND HIM...ESPECIALLY IF SHE'S AS BIG AS MY MOTHER.

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: HOWEVER, LARRY WHEN YOU... (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: WHEN YOU REACH THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS A WEEK, THERE'S NO USE REMINDING MR. BENNY ANY MORE, BECAUSE NOBODY'S MOTHER CAN HELP YOU THEN.

JACK: Ha ha ha ha...Dennis always was a card, wasn't he?

MARY: Yeah...BEST WISHES ALWAYS, DENNIS DAY...P.S. BY THE WAY LARRY, I'D APPRECIATE IT VERY MUCH IF ON NEXT SUNDAY'S BROADCAST YOU'D SING "I'M MAKING BELIEVE".

LARRY: That's the part I told you about.

JACK: Yes yes, I know..well go right ahead and sing it for him, kid.

(INTRODUCTION TO SONG)

JACK: (I wonder why Dennis never requests me to play my violin. I don't understand it...)

(LARRY'S NUMBER, "I'M MAKING BELIEVE")

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Yes sir, that was "I'm Making Believe" sung by Larry Stevens, and Larry, that was swell...Keep it up, kid, and some of these days you too will be making thirty-five dollars a week, just like Dennis Day did.

LARRY: Gee, if Dennis made thirty-five dollars a week for a whole year, he must have saved a lot of money.

JACK: Well he should have, Larry, but you see, Dennis was somewhat of a spendthrift and he threw most of his salary away on luxuries, like uh...like uh....

MARY: Like bread and butter.

JACK: Mary, you know what I mean..Dennis could have saved a lot of money if he didn't have that root-beer-float habit..Anyway, Larry --

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

MEL: Mr. Benny, I'd...I'd like to try it again.

JACK: Again?

MEL: I'm from Esquire magazine..We printed a story about you and have all the information in our files except one thing.

JACK: Well, what would you like to know!

MEL: Your age, please.

JACK: I told you, I'm thirty-six.

MEL: Look...Mr. Benny this information isn't going to be printed, it's only for our private files.

JACK: I don't care what it's for, I'm thirty-six.

MEL:But.....Well, okay.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: What a persistent guy. I mean why doesn't he believe that I'm thirty-six?

MARY: Maybe he was at Breakfast at Sardi's the day you won the orchid.

JACK: No, if he'da been there, I'd have seen him...Now as I was saying, Larry.

LARRY: Yes, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Larry, as the years go by you'll have your ups and downs...sometimes it'll be easy, other times it'll be hard..but no matter what happens, just remember those immortal words of John Paul Jones.. "Don't give up the ship".....AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.....

DON: Jack, I'm not even going to argue with you today.

JACK: Well Don, I'm glad you finally see it my way...AND NOW,
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN....

DON: I DON'T SEE IT YOUR WAY AT ALL...IT WAS CAPTAIN JAMES
LAWRENCE WHO SAID, "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP"....BUT I
JUST DON'T WANT TO ARGUE ABOUT IT.

JACK: WELL NEITHER DO I, BUT IT WAS JOHN PAUL JONES...For
your information, Don, Captain James Lawrence said,
"Go west, young man, go west".....so there.

DON: What are you talking about? It was Horace Greeley who
said that.

PHIL: Horace Greeley!

DON: Yes, Phil.

PHIL: How could he say it? Horace Greeley's a statue in
Westlake Park.

JACK: Phil, I'm better off if you're on Don's side...Now
Larry, you forget everything that was said and listen
to me.

LARRY: Yes, Mr. Benny.

JACK: As I told you before, even though you may have your
ups and downs, always remember those immortal words
of John Paul Jones...."Don't go west in a ship"...I mean
"Don't give up the west"...I mean the ship..."Don't give
up the ship."

DON: WHICH WAS SAID BY CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE.

JACK: NOW DON WILSON, IF YOU SAY THAT ONCE MORE, THERE'S
GOING TO BE TROUBLE.

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DON: IT WAS CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE!

JACK: WELL YOU ASKED FOR IT...HOLD MY COAT, MARY.

MARY: WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

JACK: I'M GONNA PUT IT ON, I'M GOING HOME...IF DON WILSON KNOWS SO MUCH, LET HIM RUN THE PROGRAM HIMSELF...
GOODBYE.

MARY: JACK, JACK, COME BACK HERE.

JACK: I'M GOING HOME AND THAT SETTLES IT.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)
(TRANSITION MUSIC WHICH FADES TO)

SOUND: (WALKING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK:Hrrm..It's a good thing I held myself back when I did....If I'd hit Wilson I'd have knocked him cold... What if he does outweigh me, I can handle myself in a fight....They don't call me 'Old Blood and Guts' Benny for nothing....I know when I'm right...And when I'm right, I fight....Say, that sounds like a good motto...."I know when I'm right, and when I'm right, I fight"...Gee, I wonder if that will ever become as famous as "Don't give up the ship".....It could, you know....Imagine, years from now people might be saying ...Remember those immortal words of Jack Benny..."I know when I'm right, and when I'm right, I fight"... Say, say, that's pretty good...(HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)Gee, it's a nice day....But Sunday is always nice....People are all dressed up and coming home from...Hello, Reverend.

NELSON: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: ...Yup, Sunday's the nicest day in the week...It's so calm and peaceful and...Good afternoon, Father.. Oh pardon me, Hello Bing....Maybe I should have asked him if he was going my way...I like him..You know...I do...

(TRANSITION MUSIC, WHICH FADES TO)

SOUND: (COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS, DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hello Rochester.

ROCHESTER: Oh hello, boss...Say, you're home early.

JACK: I know, I left before the program was over..

ROCHESTER: Well I always thought as long as there was one person left in the audience, you'd stay right out there.

JACK: That's silly...What ever gave you that idea?

ROCHESTER: Remember in St. Louis when that man in the front row was swatting flies and you thought he was applauding?

JACK: Well, what about it?

ROCHESTER: IF THEY HADN'T DRAGGED YOU OFF THE STAGE YOU'D HAVE STARVED TO DEATH.

JACK: What are you talking about...I was going off anyway, even if they hadn't started the picture.

ROCHESTER: But boss, I can't get over you leaving in the middle of your program...isn't that takin' an awful chance?

JACK: What do you mean, chance?

ROCHESTER: WELL IF L.S.M.F.T. FINDS OUT YOU WERE A.W.O.L., YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU SAVED ALL THOSE BOXES OF J-E-L-L-O!

JACK: Well I'm not going to worry about it now..I'll just sit down and be comfortable...Ahhh, that feels good.. Pull off my shoes, will you, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: Sure, boss.....There.

SOUND: (ONE SHOE DROPS)

ROCHESTER: Now give me your other foot....(GRUNTS)

SOUND: (COINS FALLING ON FLOOR)

JACK: Hmm.

ROCHESTER: ...WIGGLE YOUR TOES, BOSS, THERE'S A DIME MISSING.

JACK: I know, I went to a movie..Now I wish you'd go out and fix me something..will you ..I feel like I need something to pick me up..

ROCHESTER: Okay, I know just the thing...I'll fix you a Super Zombie.

JACK: A Super Zombie...what's it made of?

ROCHESTER: I CAN'T TELL YOU THE RECIPE, IT'S A MILITARY SECRET.

JACK: A military secret!

ROCHESTER: YEAH, THAT'S THE STUFF THEY USE IN FLAME THROWERS!

JACK: Oh...Well I don't want anything like that..Just fix me some tea and toast. That's all.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

SOUND: (DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll answer the door.

SOUND: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

MEL: I'm from Esquire magazine..We printed a story about you and --

JACK: I know, I know. Listen --

MEL: Well look, Mr. Benny...now that you're in the privacy of your own home and away from those microphones, tell me...just how old are you?

JACK: I told you, I'm thirty-six.

MEL: (SOBBING) Look Mr. Benny, I've got a job to do, and I've gotta go back to my editor with the facts, the facts.

JACK: Well I'm bring to --

MEL: (STARTS GETTING HYSTERICAL) AND WHEN I SHOW HIM THIS, HE'LL NEVER BELIEVE ME..I'LL BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE OFFICE...I DON'T CARE ABOUT MYSELF BUT I'VE GOT A WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN.

JACK: Now look, bud, I'm telling you the --

MEL: (VERY HYSTERICAL) YOU CAN WHIP ME, KICK ME, BEAT ME,
BUT TELL ME THE TRUTH...THINK OF ME, THINK OF MY WIFE
AND KIDS...TELL ME THE TRUTH, THAT'S ALL I WANT, THE
TRUTH, THE TRUTH...MR. BENNY, HOW OLD ARE YOU?

JACK: Well if it will save your job, I'll tell you the truth.
I'm thirty-seven.

MEL: Thirty-seven!

JACK: Yes.

MEL: (CRYING) Well I'll try it, I'll try it, that's all
I can do, that's all I can do...(BACKS AWAY FROM MIKE)
...MAYBE THEY'LL BELIEVE ME, I HOPE SO, I HOPE SO,
I HOPE SO.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: What an emotional young man.

ROCHESTER: (OFF) OH BOSS, BOSS, I'VE GOT YOUR TEA AND TOAST IN
HERE.

JACK: I'M COMING, ROCHESTER. And turn on the radio, I
might as well have a little music while I'm eating.

ROCHESTER: DO YOU WANT ME TO DO A FAN DANCE?

JACK: No, just the music will be enough...Turn it on, will
you Rochester?

SOUND: (CLICK OF DIAL...STATIC)

(SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Say, that's a nice band...wish Phil Harris could've heard that. See what else is on the radio, will you, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: Okay.

SOUND: (STATIC)

NEILSON: ...Will Harold live..Will Hilda come back to her husband...will the lost baby be found..will the bank discover that George has absconded with the money.. will the doctor arrive in time to save Mildred's life.. will Mervin commit suicide because Cynthia has jilted him...TUNE IN AGAIN TOMORROW TO HEAR ANOTHER CHEERFUL CHAPTER OF HAPPINESS HOUSE.

JACK: Hmm, I didn't know that Cynthia jilted Mervin.

ROCHESTER: You missed yesterday's cheerful chapter, boss.

JACK: Oh yes, darn it..Get me something else, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: Okay.

SOUND: (MORE STATIC)

MEL: ...WELL HERE WE ARE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IN THE LAST MINUTE OF PLAY IN THE BIG GAME BETWEEN THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT LOS ANGELES AND THE LOUISIANA STATE MEN'S FRATERNITY TEAM.

JACK: The Louisiana State Men's Fraternity Team?

MEL: AND RIGHT NOW THE SCORE IS TWELVE FOR U.C.L.A., AND NINETEEN FOR L.S.M.F.T.

JACK: Oh, oh them, them.

SOUND: (RECORD OF CROWD CHEERS)

MEL: I WISH ALL YOU FOLKS COULD BE OUT HERE THIS AFTERNOON..
WHAT A CROWD..YOU SHOULD SEE THIS STADIUM..IT'S SO
ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED.

JACK: Boy, that place must be jammed.

MEL: AND NOW LET'S HEAR FROM THE CHEERING SECTION.

QUARTET & (CHIEF) L.,S...M F T
CAST: L.,S...M F T
LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO
LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO
FINE, FINE, FINE,
(DC AUCTIONEER'S CHANT, THEN SOLD AMERICAN)

JACK: Well..they must be playing in Goldsboro, North Carolina.

SOUND: (LOUD GUN SHOT)

MEL: AND THERE GOES THE GUN ENDING THE GAME.

JACK: Well, LSMFT won again..Get another station, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

SOUND: (STATIC..THEN TELEGRAPHER'S BUZZER)

WINCHELL: (FILTER) Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. America, this is
Walter Winchell doing a special broadcast for the Sixth
War Loan.

JACK: Hey listen, Rochester, that's Walter Winchell!

(APPLAUSE)

WINCHELL: Yes, ladies and gentlemen, this is the Sixth time we're
having a War Bond drive, but war is an expensive
proposition. There's no way to economize -- there are
no bargain basements in war, no cut-rate sales.
Everything must be paid for in cash, and in blood. And
you're only asked to put up the cash!

(MORE)

WINCHELL: I know you bought bonds during the other drives, but so did everyone else. Your bond is just as important as your neighbor's. There are no slackers on a battlefield -- so let's have none here. Remember, you must do your share! This is no time to pass the buck -- unless you pass it across the counter for a war bond!

JACK: Gee, Rochester, isn't he sensational?

ROCHESTER: He sure is, boss.

WINCHELL: And now for some news items as the time will allow.

SOUND: (TICKER)

WINCHELL: NEW DELLY, INDIA..ADMIRAL MOUNTBATTEN HAS EXCEEDED ALL EXPECTATIONS IN THE BATTLE OF BURMA..MOUNTBATTEN HAS CAPTURED A HUNDRED MILE STRETCH OF RAILROAD..NORTH OF MANDALAY..HIS COMMANDOS ARE STRIKING SOUTH OF THE IRRAWADDY.

JACK: Gosh, that guy Winchell knows everything.

WINCHELL: And here's one for you from the Far East..The B-29's are changing the name of Tokyo harbor to Bomb-bay.

JACK: (LAUGHS) What a sense of humor!

SOUND: (TICKER)

WINCHELL: Hollywood, California..Ladies and Gentlemen the whole movie town is talking about a certain radic comedian who lives in Beverly Hills, who tortures the violin, and is tighter than Dorothy Lamour's sarong.

JACK: Hmm.

WINCHELL: This fugitive from the cornfield who wears a size forty-four girdle, is making a complete and utter fool of himself by insisting that it was John Paul Jones who said "Don't give up the ship".

JACK: WHAT?

WINCHELL: Because of radio censorship and the laws of libel, I am not allowed to mention the name of this Waukegan Wit who is making such a dope of himself, but his initials are J.B.

JACK: Rochester, did you hear what I heard?..Did Winchell insinuate that I'm a jerk?

ROCHESTER: THAT'S WHAT HE SAID, THAT'S WHAT THE MAN SAID, HE SAID THAT.

JACK: Oh, he did, huh?

WINCHELL: Although he has been corrected dozens of times, ladies and gentlemen, this blue-eyed boob will not admit that it was Captain James Lawrence who said those famous words.

JACK: ROCHESTER, TURN THAT OFF!

SOUND: (CLICK OF DIAL)

JACK: OUT OF MY WAY, ROCHESTER..I'M GOING TO SEE THAT GUY WINCHELL, RIGHT NOW..HAND ME MY HAT, COAT AND CANE...
MY HEAVY CANE!

(HURRY MUSIC)

WINCHELL: (REGULAR MIKE) Well Rose...that finished my special bond program.

JANE: Yes, Mr. Winchell..And you still have about an hour and a half before your regular Jergens broadcast.

WINCHELL: Yeah..look, I'm going over my script again. You run out and get yourself a cup of coffee.and....

SOUND: (BANGING ON DOOR..THEN DOOR FLINGS OPEN)

JACK: WHERE IS HE?..WHERE IS THAT..Oh there you are, Winchell.

WINCHELL: (VERY FRIENDLY) WHY JACK..JACK BENNY..IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU.

JACK: Don't give me that good-to-see-you stuff..What was all that you said about me and John Paul Jones and "Don't give up the ship"?

WINCHELL: Now wait a minute, Jack, just a minute..All I said was that a certain Waukegan wit who's stingy, tortures the violin and wears a size forty-four girdle is making a jerk out of himself, and the initials are J. B.

JACK: WELL?

WINCHELL: What makes you think I was talking about you?

JACK:Well for one thing, the initials, J. B.

WINCHELL: But Jack, maybe I might have been talking about Joan Bennett.

JACK: JOAN BENNETT DOESN'T WEAR A SIZE FORTY-FOUR GIRDLE.....
To think that you would do this to me, Walter, after all I've done for you.

WINCHELL: What did you ever do for me?

JACK: Plenty, but not any more..Yesterday was positively the last time I'll ever wash my toupay in Jergens...and another thing -- Winchell--

WINCHELL: Now Jack, that's no attitude to take..Suppose I did mean you..I wouldn't have mentioned it if I didn't know the facts.

JACK: Oh, so now you know everything..WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE,..LOUELLA PARSONS?...I know my rights, brother.

WINCHELL: Oh Jack, calm down a little..Aren't you getting a little too excited about this?

JACK: No I'm not, because I believe in those famous immortal words.. "I KNOW WHEN I'M RIGHT, AND WHEN I'M RIGHT, I FIGHT".

WINCHELL: Who said that?

JACK: JACK BENNY..WHY DON'T YOU READ YOUR HISTORY?...That's who said it.

WINCHELL: (MAD) ALL RIGHT, BENNY,..I TRIED TO BE PATIENT WITH YOU, BUT NOW I'LL GET TOUGH TOO..JUST WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE TRYING TO CHANGE HISTORY BY SAYING JOHN PAUL JONES SAID "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP"..WHEN ANY SCHOOL BOY KNOWS IT WAS CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE.

JACK: OH YEAH?..WELL LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, WINCHELL... YOU'RE NOT -- GONNA --

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

WINCHELL: (SWEET) Pardon me, Jack.

JACK: (SWEET) Certainly, Walter.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

WINCHELL: Yeah..Winchell speaking...What? Your wife had a baby this morning? But how could she..you promised me it wouldn't happen 'till my next week's program..... NEVER MIND, IT'S TOO LATE TO APOLOGIZE NOW.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Hmm.

WINCHELL: (TOUGH) NOW GETTING BACK TO YOU, BENNY...EVERYBODY OF YOUR PROGRAM KNOWS THAT YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT JOHN PAUL JONES..BUT BECAUSE YOU'RE THE BOSS YOU BULLY THEM AND SHOVE THEM AROUND AND MAKE THEM TAKE ORDERS FROM YOU... WELL, YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO ME.

JACK: OH YEAH?...WELL LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, WINCHELL... YOU'RE NOT --

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

WINCHELL: (SWEET) Pardon me, Jack.

JACK: Certainly, Walter.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

WINCHELL: Yeah..Winchell speaking...Yes.....Yes.....Yes..... But Elliott, I told you you couldn't keep a secret all week long.....Oh well, congratulations.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Hmm.

WINCHELL: (TOUGH) NOW GETTING BACK TO YOU, BENNY...WHY DON'T YOU ADMIT IT LIKE A GOOD SPORT INSTEAD OF ACTING LIKE AN ARROGANT BOOB...IT'S GUYS LIKE YOU WITH BIG MOUTHS AND LITTLE BRAINS WHO THINK THEY KNOW IT ALL.

JACK: OH YEAH?...WELL LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, WINCHELL... YOU'RE NOT--

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: WAIT A MINUTE..HOW COME THAT TELEPHONE NEVER INTERRUPTS YOU?...Now listen, Winchell, if it was anything but a famous saying in Navy history, I might admit you're right..But I know Navy history..I was a sailor in the last war!

WINCHELL: SO WAS I -- I WAS A SAILOR TOO, LET ME ASK YOU SOMETHING...DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE?

JACK: Well..uh --

WINCHELL: THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT..NOW SHUT UP AND LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING ABOUT HIM..JAMES LAWRENCE WAS BORN IN BURLINGTON, NEW JERSEY, ON OCTOBER 1ST, 1781. HE ENTERED THE NAVY AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN AND ROSE TO THE RANK OF LIEUTENANT FOUR YEARS LATER. HE FOUGHT ON THE ENTERPRISE IN 1804 DURING OUR WAR WITH TRIPOLI.

JACK: We..We had a war WITH TRIPOLI?

WINCHELL: STEPHEN DECATUR SELECTED LAWRENCE AS HIS FIRST LIEUTENANT WHO THEN COMMANDED SUCH SHIPS AS THE ARGUS, VIXEN, AND THE WASP. IN 1813, COMMANDING THE HORNET, HE DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF BY CAPTURING THE ENEMY SHIP, THE FRACOCK.

BENNY
AD LIB
ABOUT
JOHN PAUL
JONES
THROUGHOUT
SPEECH

AS A RESULT HE WAS COMMISSIONED CAPTAIN AND RECEIVED A GOLD MEDAL FROM CONGRESS. AND ON JUNE 1ST, 1813, COMMANDING THE CHESAPEAKE, HE SAILED TO MEET THE ENEMY SHIP, SHANNON, ABOUT THIRTY MILES OFF BOSTON.

THE ENEMY'S CREW WAS BETTER TRAINED, BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP THE COURAGEOUS AND CONFIDENT CAPTAIN LAWRENCE. HOWEVER, AFTER A SHORT AND FIERCE BATTLE, THE CHESAPEAKE LAY HELPLESS, WITH CAPTAIN LAWRENCE MORFALLY WOUNDED. AS HIS MEN WERE CARRYING HIM BELOW, HE BESEECHED THEM TO KEEP ON FIGHTING BY SAYING, "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP".

LATER THIS SAME WAR CRY WAS USED BY CAPTAIN PERRY IN THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE, BUT IT WAS CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE WHO SAID IT FIRST.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC UP TO FINISH)

DON: Jack will be back in a minute, but first here's my good friend, F. E. Boone.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

SCENE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: Independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen -- present at the auctions now open in the South can see Lucky Strike consistently select and buy the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco. And this fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So, smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky, (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN) and Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN). And this is Basil Ruysdael speaking for the makers of Lucky Strike!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so smoke that

OFF THE
AIR

smoke of fine tobacco, Lucky Strike -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN OFF)

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RADIO DIVISION REBROADCAST - 9:30-10:00 PM-PWT
STATIONS - KPO, KDMO, KMJ, KHC
KGW, KFSB, KFI

CLIENT: AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

BROADCAST: 711

DATE: DEC. 10. 1944

PROGRAM: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK: NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Yes, sir!

DELMAR: That says it!

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

(MORE)

BOCNE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: There is no substitute for quality in any product and quality in a cigarette must mean the quality of the tobacco that's in it. Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco. Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD, FOR JACK BENNY SHOW)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL: MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM..STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY STEVENS,
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON..COMING TO YOU TONIGHT FROM
THE AIR TECHNICAL SERVICE COMMAND IN SAN BERNARDINO.

(APPLAUSE - MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..IN ALL MODESTY, I THINK
YOU 'LL AGREE WITH ME WHEN I SAY THAT OUR RADIO PROGRAM
BOASTS AN UNUSUAL ARRAY OF TALENT.

JACK: We have nothing but the best.

DON: FOR INSTANCE..OUR ORCHESTRAL ENSEMBLE IS CONDUCTED BY
THAT LEARNED SYMPHONIST..THAT GIFTED MAESTRO..PHIL
HARRIS.

JACK: That's right, folks, Phil is a great musician..Why Spike
Jones doesn't grab him is beyond me..Continue, Don.

DON: AND FOR OUR SINGER OF SONGS, WE HAVE LARRY STEVENS..A
NEWCOMER WHO IN ADDITION TO BEING A GREAT SINGER IS
SINCERE..UNASSUMING..AND INGRATIATING.

JACK: Well he better be..After all, I'm paying him twenty-two
fifty a week..And that ain't cactus, brother!..Go
ahead, Don.

DON: NEXT, AND WITH A FEELING OF PRIDE, I'D LIKE TO POINT TO
THE FEMININE SIDE OF OUR ROSTER..THE LOVELY, BEAUTIFUL,
CHARMING AND IRRESISTIBLE MARY LIVINGSTONE,

JACK: That's right, fellows..She was just voted Miss Hubba
Hubba Hubba of 1944..Sounds like the auctioneer for a
minute..Continue, Don.

DON: AND NOW, LAST BUT NOT LEAST, I'D LIKE TO PAY TRIBUTE TO THE MAN..THE ONE MAN WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR BRINGING THIS PROGRAM INTO YOUR HOME SUNDAY AFTER SUNDAY.

JACK: Yes sir..Sunday after Sunday..NEITHER RAIN, NOR SNOW, NOR SLEET, NOR STORM SHALL STAY THIS COURIER FROM HIS APPOINTED ROUNDS!...I copied that off a Post Office... the Cucamonga branch..Go ahead, Don..don't keep them waiting.

DON: THIS MAN, WHOSE TALENT IS SUMMED UP IN ONE WORD... GENIUS..HAS THE RARE FACULTY OF KNOWING WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT AND SEEING THAT THEY GET IT.

JACK: Oh Don, please.

DON: SO NOW WE PRESENT THE ONE MAN CHOSEN BY THE SPONSOR FOR THIS ALL-IMPORTANT JOB..AND HERE HE IS..OUR PRODUCER, BOB BALLIN!

JACK: WHAT?

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: (DURING APPLAUSE) BOB BALLIN...NOW WAIT A MINUTE..HEY WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?....WAIT A MINUTE..WAIT A MINUTE! ...(APPLAUSE STOPS)..How do you like that..for twelve years I'm the star of this show and who does he introduce, Bob Ballin.

BALLIN: How do you do, ladies and gentlemen..This is Bob Air-Technical-Command Ballin --

JACK: Now look --

BALLIN: Telling all you boys..IF YOUR GIRL BREAKS A DATE YOU'LL NEVER MISS HER, AS LONG AS YOU 'VE GOT A LUCKY STRIKE IN YOUR KISSER.

JACK: Now look, Mr. Ballin --

BALLIN: OR --

JACK: Mr. Ballin..Stop imitating Bob Hope and get back to your control room.

BALLIN: All right, but before I go..Remember, folks, Ballin spelled backwards is Nillab.

JACK: I don't care what it is..Now get back in that control room..You know better than to leave my writers in there alone. they'll kill each other..Don, let's not waste any more time..Now go ahead and introduce me like you were supposed to.

DON: Okay..LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IN INTRODUCING JACK BENNY --

JACK: The star of our show.

DON: THE STAR OF OUR SHOW --

JACK: I always have to remind him of that..always.

DON: IT IS ONLY FITTING THAT I SAY HE IS ONE OF THE --

MARY: HELLO DON, HELLO JACK, HI YA FELLAHS.
(APPLAUSE)

MARY: SAY JACK, DO YOU THINK THE BOYS WILL LIKE ME IN THIS DRESS?

JACK: Yeah, they'll like ya, they'll like ya.

MARY: Well..what's the matter with you?

JACK: Nothing, except you interrupted Don just as he was introducing me.

MARY: Oh for heaven's sake, Jack, don't be such a big ham.

JACK: I'm not a big ham.

MARY: Then how come when you play a theatre the admission is forty cents and ten red points?

JACK: Mary, don't make a big thing out of it..I only said that you interrupted my introduction.

MARY: So what?...Don never gives me an introduction and I don't care.

JACK: Oh he doesn't, eh?..Don, tell Mary what you said about her before she came in.

DON: Certainly. Mary, I said that you were lovely, beautiful, charming and irresistible.

MARY: (COY) Oh Don, you've been listening to all these pilots here.

JACK: Wait a minute, Mary, we only got here yesterday.

MARY: Well I'm talking about the pilots I met in Hollywood last week..And I wasn't with 'em five minutes before I knew they were stationed out here with the Technical Command.

JACK: You..knew they were stationed with the Technical Command?

MARY: Yes.

JACK: Well I'll hate myself if this doesn't get a laugh, but here goes..You mean the pilots started to get commanding?

MARY: No, they tried to get technical.

JACK: Now we can both hate ourselves.

DON: Say Jack, how about your introduction?..Do you want me to give it to you now?

JACK: Oh yes, yes Don..We must get started with the program.

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..IN INTRODUCING JACK BENNY --

JACK: The star of our show.

DON: THE STAR OF OUR SHOW, IT IS ONLY FITTING THAT I SAY HE'S ONE OF THE --

AA LARRY: HELLO EVERYBODY. Hello, Miss Livingstone.

MARY: OH HELLO, LARRY.
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: (DISGUSTED) Oh for goodness sake.

MARY: Jack!

JACK: Oh all right..Larry, now that you came finally, go ahead and sing, Larry.

LARRY: Yes sir..And Mr. Benny, is it all right with you if I dedicate the song to my girl?

JACK: Why sure, kid, go right ahead..I didn't even know you had a girl.

LARRY: Oh yes, we've been going steady for three years.

JACK: Say..that must be quite a romance..what's your girl's name?

LARRY: Fanny.

JACK: Oh, nice name.

LARRY: And you know, Mr. Benny, every time we go to the movies I want to sit downstairs, but she always takes me by the arm and says, "Come on Larry, let's sit upstairs in the last row of the balcony".

JACK: Ohhh!..Well..she always wants you to sit in the last row of the balcony..huh, kid?

LARRY: She did that three times already and last night I found out why.

JACK: Really?

LARRY: She's far-sighted.

JACK: Oh oh..You had me worried for a minute..Go ahead and sing, kid. . Go ahead.
(APPLAUSE)
(SEGUE INTO LARRY'S NUMBER)
(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "There Goes that Song Again," sung by Larry Stevens...And Larry, that introduction I made Don Wilson give you was very true...You really have a beautiful voice.

LARRY: And I'm sincere and unassuming.

JACK: And ingratiating.

MARY: And underpaid.

JACK: Mary, he's not underpaid...I'm giving him twenty-two fifty a week and that's plenty..After all, what does he do with it?...He goes to the movies and sits in the balcony..If I pay him more, he'll buy his girl glasses and then where'll he be...downstairs again..Now let's get on with the ---

MARY: Jack, talking about glasses..you ought to get regular ones and get rid of those bi-focals you're wearing.

JACK: Listen sister, I wouldn't get rid of these bi-focals for anything...I use the top half for reconnaissance and the bottom half to see what I got after I whistled
...AND NOW, FOLKS --

DON: Say Jack, how about your introduction?...Do you want me to give it to you now?

JACK: I certainly do...After all, we've got to get the program started...Now go ahead, Don.

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..IN INTRODUCING JACK BENNY...I FEEL IT IT ONLY --

JACK: Don!

DON: IN INTRODUCING JACK BENNY...THE STAR OF OUR SHOW...I FEEL IT IS ONLY FITTING TO SAY THAT HE IS ONE OF THE GREATEST --

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PHIL: OKAY KIDS, GET READY TO SCREAM...CAUSE HARRIS IS HERE
AND RIGHT ON THE BEAM WITH A YAHOO! WITH A YA-YAHOO
FOR SAN BERDOO.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Phil, he gets all he can out of it, that he can,
doesn't he, fellas? It's bad enough coming in here
trying to get laughs with a corny entrance, but you
don't have to bring props with you.

PHIL: Props...what are you talkin' about?

JACK: That thing hanging out of your sleeve...What is that?

PHIL: Well, it's an extension..When I pull it out it gives
me an arm twelve feet long.

JACK: An arm twelve feet long?,...What's it for?

PHIL: It's the only way you can get in the bar at the
California Hotel!

JACK: Look Phil, I hate to be bringing this up...But
instead of wasting your time being a play-boy..why don't
you try to improve yourself..do something educational.

PHIL: What are you talkin' about, Jackson..I'm way ahead of
you...I'm studyin' foreign languages.

JACK: Foreign languages!...Are you kidding?

PHIL: No, I'm studyin' Russian...I got the book right here
with me...See?...Russian Book.

JACK: THAT'S RATION BOOK...sure Phil, won't you ever learn
anything?

PHIL: How can I, Alice keeps tearin' the pages out!

JACK: Well now I've heard everything.

MARY: Oh Jack, you don't even know when you're being ribbed..
Phil's been kidding you all the time...he's a whole
lot smarter than you think he is.

JACK: Smarter!...I'll lay eight to five he doesn't even know
the alphabet.

PHIL: Ha ha, that's one on you, Jackson...I know the alphabet
when I was four years old.

JACK: Oh yeah?...Let me hear you say it.

PHIL: All right..."A" stands for antelope..B stands for
bear....C stands for Cantalope...D stands for Dare..E
stands for elephant ---

JACK: Phil, Phil, wait a minute..Lookit...Can't you say it
without the animals?

PHIL: That's the way I learned it, Jackson, and I ain't
gonna let nothin' throw me.

JACK: Oh for goodness sake.

DON: Look Phil, the alphabet is very simple..Now listen..
A B C D E F G H I J K L S M F T.

JACK: LSMFT!

DON: That's the way I learned it, Jackson, and I ain't
gonna let nothin' throw me.

JACK: Throw you...Don, even jet propulsion couldn't get you
off the ground...believe me.

PHIL: Jet propulsion!

JACK: He's the bouncer at the four-sixty-seven club.

PHIL: Oh yeah...I remember Old Jet.

JACK: Hmm, this is the kind of a program that's rushing
television.

MARY: Yeah..Cause if you don't see it you won't believe it.

JACK: You said it..Phil, until television gets here and nips your career in the bud, would you mind playing a ---
(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.
(DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes.

MEL: I'm from Esquire magazine..We printed an article about you and have all the information in our files except one thing.

JACK: What would you like to know?

MEL: Your age, please.

JACK: Well, I'm...ON NO YOU DON'T...YOU'RE THE SAME FELLOW THAT HOUNDED ME ON MY SHOW LAST WEEK...I TOLD YOU THEN I'M THIRTY-SIX!

MEL: I know, Mr. Benny, but when I told my editor you were thirty-six, he just kept staring at a photograph and scratching his head.

JACK: A photograph?

MEL: Yes, a picture of you shaking hands with Pocahontas.

JACK: THAT PICTURE WAS TAKEN AT A MASQUERADE PARTY AT THE PALLADIUM.

MEL: THE PALLADIUM!

JACK: Yes.

MEL: WITH POCAHONTAS?

JACK: I TOLD YOU THAT WASN'T POCAHONTAS.

MEL: THEN WHAT WAS THAT ARROW DOING OVER YOUR HEAD?

JACK: IT WAS POINTING TO THE POWDER ROOM AND GET OUT OF HERE...

JACK: Now go back to your editor and tell him that..I'm
thirty-six.

MEL: (GRADUALLY BECOMING HYSTERICAL) All right, Mr. Benny,
all right..For two weeks now I've been asking you your
age...and you keep saying you're thirty-six, thirty-six
...That number keeps haunting me, I see it in my
dreams.

JACK: What?

MEL: Thirty-six...Those numbers....A three and a six, a
three and a six, a three and a six, a six and a three.

JACK: NO!

MEL: : A three and a six...a three and a six..A THREE AND A
SIX....A THREE AND A SIX....(HYSTERICAL LAUGH)..IT'S
DRIVING ME MAD, MAD, MAD....(TERRIFIC SCREAM)...I KNOW
IT ISN'T THE TRUTH, BUT I'M GOING TO TRY IT, I'M
GOING TO TRY IT...(LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY)...

(DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Hmm...I wonder why he was laughing so much...Maybe
he's wearing G.I. underwear...Oh well...Play, Phil.

(APPLAUSE)

(SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "Hollywood Canteen" played by Phil Harris and his Unrationed Orchestra..Un-rationed meaning there's no demand for 'em..AND NOW FOLKS--

MARY: Say Jack --

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: I can't get over that fellow from Esquire magazine, getting so hysterical when you told him your age.

JACK: Yeah. Gee, how I wish I really was thirty-six..Oh well, I can wait...Say Don --

MARY: Jack --

JACK: What?

MARY: If I were a man, and you weren't the boss, and you took your glasses off, and it wasn't two weeks before Christmas, I'd punch you right in the nose.

JACK: Oh you're just sore because my stockings are Nylons... Oh Don --

DON: Yes Jack?

JACK: You know the program will be over pretty soon, and you still haven't given me my introduction.

DON: Okay..AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE A STAR WHO IS KNOWN AND LOVED BY ALL..A STAR WHO HAS A LONG WAY TO GO BEFORE REACHING THE AGE OF THIRTY-SIX.

JACK: Well!

DON: AND HERE SHE IS..MISS DOROTHY LAMOUR!

JACK: DOROTHY LAMOUR!
(APPLAUSE)

LAMOUR: Thanks, fellows.

JACK: Dorothy, I can't believe you're here..I must be dreaming..I'm going to find out if I'm awake, or asleep.

MARY: ..Jack, you're supposed to pinch yourself, not Dorothy.

JACK: Mary, I know what I'm doing. Dorothy, I really am surprised to see you here..I thought you lived in Hollywood:

LAMOUR: I do.

JACK: Then what are you doing here in San Bernardino?

LAMOUR: Well, this is the closest apartment I could get.

JACK: Oh.

LAMOUR: Anyway I like it here..I enjoy myself when I'm out this way.

JACK: Well, Dorothy, I've seen you in a sarong and I enjoy myself when you're out that way...Say, that's pretty good, huh, Mary?...Why don't you say something?

MARY: I don't want to break up this sparkling dialogue.

JACK: Oh, Mary, you little vixin, you.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, how long are you gonna keep this girl in suspense?

JACK: What do you mean, suspense?

PHIL: Introduce me, introduce me!

JACK: Oh pardon me, Phil...Dorothy, this is Phil Harris.

LAMOUR: Hello Phil.

PHIL: Hi ya, Dottie...What do you hear from the South Seas?

LAMOUR: Phil, I just make pictures about the South Seas. I've never really been there.

PHIL: You haven't?

LAMOUR: No.

PHIL: Well throw a couple of sarongs in a grip and let's take off!

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JACK: Phil!...Say Dorothy, I'd like to make one of those pictures with you sometime..You know, where we were both on one of those islands.

LAMOUR: Well maybe we will, Jack.

JACK: No, you always work with Hope and Crosby.

LAMOUR: I know, Jack, but I'd much rather work with you.

JACK: You'd much rather work with me? Gosh, it doesn't seem believable.

LAMOUR: I know, but here it is on page twelve.

JACK: Oh yeah..But no kiddin', Dorothy..maybe sometime we can all make a picture together. You, Crosby, Hope and me.

MARY: Yes, you can be the girl that Hope gets.

JACK: With his nose I wouldn't have 'im...Anyway, Dorothy, what an attraction that would make...Imagine, all four of us in one picture..Lamour, Crosby, Hope and Benny.. I can just see the billing on the marquee..Jack Benny and friends...What an attraction!

MARY: Say Jack, as long as you and Dorothy are such good friends, I think you ought to know something.

JACK: What's that?

MARY: Today's her birthday.

LAMOUR: (BASHFUL) Oh Mary --

JACK: Dorothy, today's your birthday! Gee..if you'd only told me yesterday, I'd have had a present for you now.

LAMOUR: Oh Jack, what could you knit in one day?

JACK: No Dorothy, I was thinking of buying you a present.. But today is Sunday and all the department stores are closed.

MARY: What did you ever give anybody that you couldn't buy in a drugstore?

JACK: Quiet...Well anyway Dorothy, Happy Birthday..And I know all the fellows here want to whisper you the same..Come on boys, all together.

GANG &
AUDIENCE SING: HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR DOROTHY
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.

(APPLAUSE)

LAMOUR: Thanks, fellows, and thank you, Jack.

JACK: You're welcome, Dorothy..And to show you that I'm not really cheap, come here and I'll give you a kiss...
Come here now --

LAMOUR: But Jack, in front of all these --

JACK: Oh don't be bashful just because I'm a celebrity...
for heavens sake..Come here, kiss me.

(JACK KISSES DOROTHY)

LAMOUR: Did you like it, Jack?

MARY: Jack, Jack, say something.

JACK: Benny to control tower, Benny to control tower, Benny to control tower...Clear the runway, I'm coming in for a landing!...Roger.

LAMOUR: No kidding, Jack, did my kiss really do that to you?

JACK: Yes, Dorothy..Oh those lips..They're so round, so firm, so fully puckered...Come on Dorothy, let's try it again.

(PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh, darn it..excuse me, Dorothy.

LAMOUR: GLADLY.

JACK: Thanks.

(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Hello.

ROCHESTER: HELLO MR. BENNY, THIS IS ROCHESTER.
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, you were supposed to be here this morning..
Why are you so late?

ROCHESTER: Well I had a little accident while driving up here.

JACK: An accident?

ROCHESTER: Yeah..And by the way, boss, do you have that kind of
insurance that covers the other party?

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake..Rochester, the last time you
drove my car I had to fix somebody's fender..The time
before I had to buy a man a new tail-light..What now?

ROCHESTER: THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA WANTS A NEW BRIDGE!

JACK: A bridge..My goodness, what happened?

ROCHESTER: WELL I WAS PASSIN' A TRUCK ON THE BRIDGE..WHEN COMING
RIGHT AT ME FROM THE OTHER DIRECTION WAS A BIG BUS..SO
I MADE A LEFT TURN.

JACK: A left turn on a bridge!..Rochester, that's impossible.

ROCHESTER: NOT IMPOSSIBLE, BOSS, BUT DEFINITELY IMPRACTICAL.

JACK: Well tell me, tell me..was anybody hurt?

ROCHESTER: NO, BUT THE BRIDGE NOW HAS FOUR WHEELS, A CONVERTIBLE TOP
AND A RADIO THAT'S TUNED IN TO "LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL."

JACK: Now Rochester, I want you to cut out this nonsense and
tell me exactly what happened.

ROCHESTER: WELL I HIT THE BRIDGE, THE BRIDGE HIT THE BUS, THE BUS
HIT ME AND THE TRUCK HIT THE BUS..THEN WE ALL GOT OUT
AND HAD AN ARGUMENT WITH THE CAPTAIN OF THE BOAT.

JACK: The captain of the boat!..How did the boat get there?

ROCHESTER: EASY..WHEN THE BUS TURNED IN, I TURNED OUT, THE BRIDGE
WENT DOWN AND THE BOAT CAME UP.

JACK: Rochester, Rochester, sometimes I can't understand you.

ROCHESTER: MAYBE I'M STANDIN' TOO CLOSE TO THE PHONE!

JACK: I don't mean that..if you met the truck and the bus on the bridge, how did the boat get into the accident?

ROCHESTER: THE BRIDGE WASN'T FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW,

JACK: Rochester, if this is as bad as you say it is, you're gonna be in trouble.

ROCHESTER: GONNA BE IN TROUBLE..WHERE DO YOU THINK I'M CALLIN' YOU FROM?

JACK: You mean you're in jail?

ROCHESTER: NOT YET, BUT IT'S JUST ONE FLIGHT UP!

JACK: Well look, Rochester, tell the Chief to let you go now, and I'll come down and talk to him after the broadcast.

ROCHESTER: Okay, goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

ROCHESTER: Oh say boss --

JACK: Now what.

ROCHESTER: BEFORE I LEFT HOME A MAN FROM ESQUIRE MAGAZINE CAME BY AND ASKED ME SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT YOUR AGE,

JACK: Oh he did, eh?..What did you tell him?

ROCHESTER: I TOLD HIM YOU WERE THIRTY-SIX AND HE FAINTED.

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: THEN I TOLD HIM THE TRUTH AND HE FAINTED AGAIN.

JACK: Yes yes, I know, he is very emotional..Goodbye, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: Goodbye.

(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: I can't understand, Rochester..he's such a terrible driver..Maybe if he'd have turned out when the bus turned in, the bridge wouldn't have gone down, then the boat couldn't have come up...Oh well.,He should have had his hand out anyway...Play, Phil.
(PLAYOFF MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

JACK:

Ladies and gentlemen...last Wednesday night there was a big Sixth War Loan program on the air, and I was supposed to talk to you from the Torney General Hospital in Palm Springs...but due to technical difficulties they couldn't tune me in. However, what I had planned to say then, I'd like you to hear now.....At the Torney General Hospital I talked to a lot of our boys...boys I met in the South Pacific this summer. In fact, three of them -- Private Bidwell M. Clayton, Sergeant William R. Parsons, Jr., and Corporal Edward J. Bedwell -- were supposed to be on this particular bond program with me.. I wanted them to tell you what they told me that afternoon. They told me that they and all their buddies bought bonds during every one of the bond drives... whether they were in Guadalcanal, Buna, Tarawa, New Guinea or any other battlefield. So you see, ladies and gentlemen...these soldiers were not only fighting but also backing themselves up. So let us back them up more than ever...buy bonds -- You're not spending, you're saving..not only money, but lives. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON:

Jack will be back in just a minute, but first here is my good friend, Kenneth Delmar.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

DELMAR: Kenneth Delmar speaking. We make the following suggestions to the public at the request of the OPA:

One - The public is requested to buy only those cigarettes that they need for their daily requirements.

Two - The public is urged to pay no more than ceiling prices.

Three - The public is urged to do everything possible to share the available supply of cigarettes.

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN), and Mr. F. E. Boone of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN). And this is Basil Ruysdael speaking.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So, smoke that
(Imp. Tag
#17)

smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN OFF)

JACK: Well folks, this concludes another program, and it was swell being up here in San Bernardino with the Air Technical Service Command...And thank you very much, Dorothy...it was awfully nice having you on our program.

LAMOUR: I enjoyed it too, Jack.

MARY: Say Dorothy, what's the name of the picture you just finished at Paramount?

LAMOUR: Well Mary, it sounds like a gag here, but it really isn't. The name of the picture is "A Medal for Benny."

MARY: "A Medal for Benny"?

LARRY: Well he deserves one, Miss Livingstone.

JACK: No, no, Larry, they don't mean me...but thanks just the same kid...And Dorothy, I'm glad you spent your birthday with me, and I hope you'll be with me on my next birthday when I'm thirty-six.

MEL: A three and a six...a three and a six...a three and a six...A six and a three.

JACK: NO!

MEL: A three and a six...A three and a six...A THREE AND A SIX...A THREE AND A SIX...(HYSTERICAL LAUGH)

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake...Goodnight, folks.

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION REBROADCAST - 9:30-10:00 PM - PWT
 STATIONS - KPD, KOMO, KMJ, KHQ,
 KGW, KFSD, KFI.

CLIENT: AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
 LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

BROADCAST: REV. #12

DATE: SUN. 12/17/44

PROGRAM: THE JACK BENNY P...

NETWORK: TEC

I OPENING NEW YORK

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

AS DIRECTED

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm,
 so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

IS - MFT

LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Sure thing!
 (Ex. M)

RUYSDAEL: You said it!

SHARBUTT: Yes, sir!

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,
 so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

(MORE)

DELMAR: It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette. Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- yes, first, last and always, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. At markets now open in the South, independent tobacco experts present at the auctions can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike.

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SHOW)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL: MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM..STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY STEVENS,
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE -- MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE TAKE YOU TO JACK
BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS..WHERE WE FIND ROCHESTER
VERY BUSY ADDRESSING CHRISTMAS CARDS.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

ROCHESTER: There! Just about ten more and I'll be through
addressing Mr. Benny's Christmas cards....Now let's
see...Mr. and Mrs. Bing Crosby and family..Mr. and
Mrs. Eddie Cantor and family...MAN, HE SURE KILLED A
BUNCH OF BIRDS WITH THOSE TWO STONES.....These are
pretty nice cards the boss is sending out this year..
and he sure knows how to economize on 'em....Just
look at that.."CHRISTMAS GREETINGS 1944 TO 1950
INCLUSIVE....AND TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN".....
Well, at last I got all the cards addressed...Doggone,
I wish the boss would buy stamps.....I feel so
conspicuous puttin' on that gray uniform and goin'
from door to door.

JACK: (OFF) OH ROCHESTER..ARE YOU THROUGH ADDRESSING THOSE
CARDS?

ROCHESTER: YES, MR. BENNY.

JACK: (OFF) GOOD...I'LL BE DOWN IN A MINUTE.

ROCHESTER: OKAY.....Say, I wonder what the boss is gonna get me for a present..I heard him say he was goin' shopping this afternoon, so I better start droppin' a few hintsNo, he's immune to hints, I better lay it right on 'im.

(DOOR OPENS)

JACK: So you're all through with the cards, eh Rochester?

ROCHESTER: Yes sir..(SINGS) JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS,
JINGLE ALL THE WAY -
OH WHAT FUN IT IS TO --

JACK: Say, you sound happy today..what happened?

ROCHESTER: Oh nothing..I've just been thinkin' how lucky I am to be workin' for a man like you.

JACK: Really?

ROCHESTER: Yeah....Now you take my friend, Sam..he works for one of the stingiest men in the world..Why last year for Christmas all he gave Sam was..three little handkerchiefs.

JACK: Well Rochester, I don't think that's such a bad...

ROCHESTER: I'll never forget Christmas day..Down on Central Avenue everyone was showin' off their new wrist watches, and gold cigarette cases, and diamond rings...and there was Sam with those three little handkerchiefs.

JACK: Oh, that's a shame.

ROCHESTER: Yeah....It really embarrassed poor Sam when people asked him what his boss gave him for Chsistmas and he had to pull out those..three..little..handkerchiefs.

JACK: How can a man be that cheap?

ROCHESTER: IT'S POSSIBLE, BOSS, IT'S POSSIBLE.

JACK: Well Rochester, you don't understand the spirit of Christmas..The important thing is the fact that you are remembered..the gift itself is nothing.

ROCHESTER: I know..THAT'S THE KIND OF PROPAGANDA I'M TRYIN' TO OVERCOME.

JACK: Oh oh oOOOoh!...Say, I better hurry up if I want to get my shopping done..and I've gotta pick up Miss Livingstone first..Rochester, while I'm dressing, turn on the radio, will you?

ROCHESTER: Okay, boss.
(CLICK OF DIAL, STATIC)

TEMPY: (FILTER)...and in case you don't like chops or steaks, then simply take a twelve-pound standing rib roast, cover generously with strips from two or three pounds of bacon, and then place in oven...While this is roasting, you can make a tasty frosting for your cake by mixing one quart of sweet whipping cream with a large-sized can of crushed pineapple and a pound of butter..Then call in all your friends and neighbors to help you eat this simple meal.

MEL: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..YOU HAVE JUST LISTENED TO ANOTHER WEEKLY BROADCAST OF "MEMORIES OF YESTERYEAR".

JACK: Rochester, wipe off my chin, and get another station.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.
(MORE STATIC)

NELSON: Ladies and gentlemen..Does your complexion suffer from
 tattle-tale grey?..Do the crows feet around your eyes
 have fallen arches?..Do you have dandruff?..When you
 comb your hair do your shoulders remind you of a
 white Christmas?..They do?..Then why don't you try a
 bottle of Sympathy Soothing Syrup...Remember, folks,
 Sympathy spelled backwards is Yitapamiss..
 Y-H-T-A-P-M-Y-S.

QUARTET: YIT YIT YITAPAMISS
 YIT YIT YITAPAMISS
 YIT YIT YITAPAMISS
 DRIVES YOUR BLUES AAWAAAAAY!

JACK: Say Rochester, that's pretty good stuff..Did you ever
 use any of that Sympathy Soothing Syrup?

ROCHESTER: BOSS, IF IT COMES IN A BOTTLE, I'VE TRIED IT!

JACK: I know, I know.

NELSON: And now, ladies and gentlemen, the Sympathy Soothing
 Syrup Quartet will sing "Dance with the Dolly" ..
 accompanied by Snogie Getts and "The Sweetest Music
 This Side of the La Brea Tar Pits"..orchestra.

JACK: Well..Snodsy Getts..he's got a good band..Rochester.
 I'll just have time to listen to this, and then I'm
 gonna walk over to Mary's house. That's what I'll do.
 (SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER - CHORUS BY QUARTET)
 (APPLAUSE)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(WALKING FOOTSTEPS, WHICH CONTINUE)

JACK:Gee, it's nice out today...I hope Mary will be ready when I get there...(HUMS)

(MEL DOES DOG BARK)

JACK: Hello, Hello, little doggie...(CONTINUES HUMMING)

(MEL BARKS, AND THEN WHINES WITH JACK'S SINGING)

JACK: Go away, go away, doggie...Well, it's my own fault, try to be nice to people...(HUMS AGAIN)...Oh hello Don. (FOOTSTEPS OUT)

DON: Oh, Hello Jack, I was just coming over to your house.

JACK: You were?

DON: Yeah..I got that Christmas present you ordered for your sponsor.

JACK: Oh the ashtray..Good, good..Did you have it engraved like I told you to?

DON: Sure, Jack..Here it is on the side..See?

JACK: Oh yes...TO MY SPONSOR, MR. HILL.

I HOPE THIS ASHTRAY YOU WILL FILL.

AND WHEN YOU DO JUST THINK OF ME

AND GOOD OLD LS - MFT

LS STANDS FOR LUCKY STRIKE

AND MFT MEANS FINE TOBACCO

SO SEASON'S GREETINGS AND THE LIKE

TO YOU AND YOURS FROM LITTLE JACKO.....

JACK: Isn't that cute, Don?

DON: Yes..And by the way, Jack, I hope you don't mind if it cost more than you expected..I had a little music box installed in it.

JACK: A music box?

DON: Yes, our sponsor will love it.

JACK: Gee, an ashtray with a music box, that's a swell idea...
Let me hear it, Don.

DON: Okay. Wait till I wind it.
(WINDING NOISE)
(ORCHESTRA DOES MUSIC BOX EFFECT, INTO AUCTIONEER'S
CHANT ENDING WITH SOLD AMERICAN)

JACK: Well that's perfect...Send it right away, Don.

DON: All right, Jack..see you later.
(FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM).....Hmm, here's a drugstore..I
think I'll go in and try some of that Sympathy Soothing
Syrup..It seems to be good for everything..and that's
just what I've got..Anyway, I've got a few minutes before
I have to call for Mary.
(DOOR OPENS WITH TINKLY BELL, DOOR CLOSES)

BROWN: What can I do for you, sir?

JACK: I'd like to try a bottle of that Sympathy Soothing
Syrup.

BROWN: Sympathy Soothing Syrup?

JACK: Yes.

BROWN: Sympathy spelled backwards is Yitapamiss.

JACK: I know.

BROWN: (SINGS) YIT YIT YITAPAMISS
YIT YIT YITAPAMISS
YIT YIT YITAPAMISS

JACK & BROWN: DRIVES YOUR BLUES AAAAWAAAY!

JACK: Yes, that's what I want.

BROWN: Well you know this is rather an old-fashioned drugstore.

JACK: Old-fashioned?

BROWN: (CONFIDENTIALLY) Yes...I wouldn't want this to get around...but we still have some products in here that are spoiled frontwards.

JACK: Frontwards?

BROWN: Yes...frontwards spelled backwards is sdrawtnorf.

JACK: I don't care about that...I want a small bottle of Sympathy Soothing Syrup.

BROWN: Oh, the ten-cent size..Here you are.

JACK: Thank you...Would you mind giving me a glass?...I'd like to try some of it right now.

BROWN: All right, I'll fix the correct dose for you...I just pour one tablespoon of this Soothing Syrup into this glass of water....There....Now listen to it fizz.

SOUND: (SEVERAL SELTZER BOTTLES BEING SQUIRTED, FAUCETS RUNNING, SHOWERS GOING, ETC!)

JACK: Hmm.

BROWN: WITH THE TWENTY-FIVE CENT SIZE WE GIVE YOU HIP BOOTS.

JACK: Never mind, just get me a towel...Now wrap up my bottle.

BROWN: Okay.

SINATRA: Hello Jack.

JACK: Oh hello Frankie...How are you, how's Mrs. Sinatra?

SINATRA: Fine..Say Jack, don't forget you're going to be on my program tomorrow night.

JACK: Oh sure, I won't forget....See you tomorrow.

SINATRA: Okay, so long...Oh by the way, Jack, do you know what I found out?

JACK: What?

SINATRA: That Sinatra spelled backwards is Artanis.

JACK: Ha ha, that's pretty good...So long, Frankie.

SINATRA: So long, Jack...(ASIDE) Why did I have to ask him to come on my program...his jokes will probably louse up my singing.

JACK: What did you say, Frankie?

SINATRA: Oh nothing, nothing, Jack...Goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Gee, I'm sorry I promised to go on his program...his singing will louse up my jokes...Oh gee, look how late it is, I better go over and pick up Mary.

SOUND: (DOOR WITH TINKLY BELL OPENS AND CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS SWEET GEORGIA BROWN)

TEMPY: Pardon me, Mr. Benny.
(FOOTSTEPS OUT)

JACK: Yes...what is it, honey?

TEMPY: Well all the girls in my class in high school are collecting autographs and....
(TERRIFIC SWOONING SIGH)

TEMPY: OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHH!

SOUND: (BODY THUD)

JACK: Well how do you like that.....I ONLY SPOKE TO FRANKIE AND I GOT SOME OF IT ON ME.....Oh well...she'll come out of it, all right.
(SHORT MUSIC TRANSITION, FADES TO)

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS, DOOR BUZZER...DOOR OPENS)

PAULINE: Yes?

JACK: Miss Livingstone is expecting me, Pauline.

PAULINE: Oh yes...Come right in, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Is Miss Livingstone ready yet?

PAULINE: No, Mr. Benny, I was just helping her squeeze into her
(GIGGLES)

JACK: Into her what?

PAULINE: Well anyway, she'll be putting on her dress next.

JACK: Oh for goodness sake...Why are women always late..

MARY: Hello Jack.

JACK: Oh there you are, Mary....How come you're never on
time when we have an appointment?

MARY: What are you talking about?...It's exactly three
o'clock now...Look.

MEL: (CUCKOO, CUCKOO, CUCKOO...(SINGS) GRUEN WATCH TIME.)

JACK: What?

MEL: COO-COO.

JACK: I'm sorry, Mary, I thought you were cuckoo....I mean
late..

MARY: Anyway, you were supposed to pick me up ten minutes
ago...so you're the one that's late.

JACK: Well I would have been here sooner, but first I gave a girl an autograph..then when I got to the corner here I gave my autograph to a little boy.

MARY: Oh for heaven's sake, Jack, why don't you stop chasing 'em?

JACK: I didn't chase 'em, they asked me..In fact, the little boy said that he'd be very happy if he could have the autograph of an actor as famous as I..Naturally I couldn't refuse such a request.

MARY: Well, natch.

JACK: But Mary, when I signed my name, the boy said, "Oh pardon me, sir..I mistook you for someone else".

MARY: Another actor?

JACK: Yes.....Mary...who is Vitamin Flintheart?

MARY: It's hard to explain, Jack..But Vitamin Flintheart is the same to Snowflake as you are to me.

JACK: Well thank you...I think...Anyway, come on Mary, or we won't get any shopping done.

MARY: All right..I've got my car parked in the driveway.

(DOOR OPENS, FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK)

MARY: Oh say Jack..Larry Stevens was here a few minutes ago looking for you..He wanted you to hear a new song he was going to do on the program.

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, get in the car, Mary. What was the name of Larry's song?

MARY: It's called "A Sleigh Ride in July", and it's from a new picture, "Belle of the Yukon."

JACK: Oh darn it, I wish I'da heard it..Is it a good number for our show.

MARY: Oh it's beautiful..Larry seng it for me..It goes like this --

(SEGUE INTO LARRY'S NUMBER) ("SLEIGH RIDE IN JULY")

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

(MOTOR UP A LITTLE AND AUTO HORN)

JACK: Drive carefully, Mary..not so fast..slow down..watch out, there's a red light..now it's green..now it's red again..Hey wait.,there are three red lights.,no, they're green..No, they're red,,but there are three green lights too..Hey, there's a blue light --

MARY: Jack, put on your glasses.,THAT'S A CHRISTMAS TREE!

JACK: Oh yes..Merry Christmas.,Woll take it easy anyway.,Mary don't drive so fast.,look out..slow down..you're turning this corner too w-i-I-I-I-de!

MARY: Oh Jack, calm down.,don't be so nervous.

JACK: Well I can't help it..I'm always frightened when I'm with a women driver.

MARY: (MIMICS JACK) Woman driver, woman driver..That's all you men always say..Woman driver this and woman driver that.

JACK: Mary --

MARY: And I'm getting sick and tired of it..We women can drive as well as you men any day, and lots of my girl friends are better drivers than their husbands.

JACK: Mary --

MARY: And I read in a mazagine where scientists have proved that women are better drivers than men..

JACK: Mary --

MARY: ...because they're less nervous and they concentrate on the road better, and they have a keener sense of---

SOUND: (TERRIFIC COLLISION WITH SMASHING OF GLASS, CRASHING AND CRUNCHING OF METAL)

JACK: (VERY SWEETLY) Mary----

MARY: IT WAS THE OTHER DRIVER'S FAULT, HE DIDN'T PUT OUT HIS HAND.

JACK: BUT MARY, YOU CRASHED INTO THE SIDE OF A HOUSE.

MARY: WHAT?

JACK: I kept trying to tell you, FOR THE LAST TEN MINUTES YOU'VE BEEN DRIVING ON THE SIDEWALK!...My goodness you've smashed your fenders, broken your grill and busted your headlights.

MARY: So what...Muntz will give me more money for it now.

JACK: Anyway..there's the store across the street...We can leave the car here.

MARY: But Jack, we can't leave the car here, we'll get a ticket.

JACK: A ticket!...Where would he tie it?...Let's go.
(TRANSITION MUSIC)

SOUND: (RECORD OF CROWD NOISES WHICH CONTINUES)
(COUPLE OF CHIMES)

JACK: Take it easy, will ya...Hey, stop pushing..MARY, MARY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT.

MARY: YES, JACK, BUT YOU BETTER LET ME HOLD YOUR HAND.

JACK: I CAN'T, SOMEBODY'S STANDING ON IT!...What a crowd! Say Mary, let's not get separated, you've got my Christmas list...I've gotta buy something for Fred Allen, and the Quiz Kids...you know they lived at my house...Mary, what have I got marked down for Rochester?

MARY: Rochester?

JACK: Yes.

MARY: Three little handkerchiefs.

JACK: Oh, yeah..I better make that an even four...I wonder where the perfume counter is...I want to get a present for my sister, Florence.

MARY: Why don't you ask the floorwalker?

JACK: Yeah...I beg your pardon, are you the floorwalker?

NELSON: Yes, and stop breathing on my carnation, it's not as rugged as I am.

JACK: What?

NELSON: They're hard to get, you know...I've kept this one for three years.

JACK: For three years! How come it looks so fresh?

NELSON: Because it's growing out of my chest!....Anything else you want to know, nousey?

JACK: Yes, I'm looking for the perfume counter..Where is it?

NELSON: It's straight down this aisle on the left.

JACK: There it is, Mary, let's go over and --

KERN: I beg your pardon, mister.

JACK: Who, me?

KERN: Yes...What do you think I oughta buy my wife for Christmas?

JACK: Well, uh...I don't know...besides that's a personal thing between you and your wife...You oughta figure that out yourself.

KERN: Figure it out myself he says...I been wrackin' my brains and wrackin' my brains and knockin' my head against the wall..And do I know what to buy my wife?

No.

JACK: Well I'm sorry, Mister, but --

KERN: That's all right, I'll figure it out, I'll figure it out...You ask a guy a simple question and what does he tell ya...(FADING) Figure it out yourself, figure it out yourself...fine Christmas spirit.....

JACK: What a silly guy...(CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN) Come on, come on, here's the perfume counter.

MARY: All right, but you'll never get waited on...The girl is so busy.

JACK: Well, I'll just reach over the counter and see what they have.....(GRUNTS)

NELSON: Oh no you don't?

JACK: What?

NELSON: I saw you...trying to steal some perfume.

JACK: I wasn't stealing it, I just wanted to see if it was alluring.

NELSON: AT YOUR AGE WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE?

JACK: NOW LOOK HERE, I TOLD YOU I'M NOT TRYING TO STEAL THIS PERFUME, I WAS ONLY --

NELSON: STOP BREATHING ON MY CARNATION!

JACK: I'M NOT BREATHING ON YOUR CARNATION AND GET OUT OF HERE.

NELSON: Oh you're just mad because my eyes are bluer than yours.

JACK: They are not, it's just this suit I'm wearing...And furthermore....

BEA: What can I do for you, sir?

JACK: I'd like to get some perfume..What would you recommend?

BEA: Well we have a very popular brand called "Friendship"..
sixty-eight cents a gallon.

JACK: Sixty-eight cents a gallon!..What do you think, Mary?

MARY: The same as you, the price is right.

JACK: I didn't mean that..I was thinking about my sister in
Waukegan..I wonder if she'd like this bottle of perfume.

MARY: Well pull out the cork, she can smell it from here.

JACK: Oh stop..Say Miss, haven't you got something else?..
What's in that bottle over there?

BEA: That's a new French perfume that just came in..It's
called, "La Nuit Tcujours Tres Jolie Ici Maintenant".

JACK: Mmmmm, that sounds nice..What does that mean in English?

BEA: Condensation of steam that's been forced through a
motorman's glove.

JACK: That's ridiculous..Come on, Mary, let's go to another
counter and see if we can't --

KERN: Oh, I beg your pardon, Mister..What do you think I
oughta buy my wife for Christmas?

JACK: Look, I can't tell you what to buy your wife..You'll
have to figure it out yourself.

KERN: Okay, okay, I'll figure it out myself..Nobody wants to
help me..Fine Christmas spirit. You'd think it was my
fault I'm married.

JACK: Thousands of people in this store, and I'm the one he had
to pick on.

(CROWD NOISES FADE IN AND CONTINUE)

MARY: Jack, I want to buy something for my mother..Ask the floorwalker where the ladies department is.

JACK: I'm not gonna ask that guy anything.

MARY: Jack, we'll never find it in this crowd..You better ask him.

JACK: Oh all right..Oh, Mr. Floorwalker --

NELSON: Yes, my little bifocal yokel.

MARY: SAY MISTER FLOORWALKER, WILL YOU TELL ME WHERE THE LADIES DEPARTMENT IS?

NELSON: IT'S RIGHT DOWN AT THE END OF THE...OH THE DEPARTMENT THAT'S RIGHT OVER TO YOUR LEFT.

JACK: Thank you..Come on, Mary, let's get away from this guy.

PHIL: HEY, JACKS ON --

MARY: LOOK JACK, THERE'S PHIL.

JACK: HI YA PHIL..COME HERE.

PHIL: YOU COME OVER HERE.

JACK: I CAN'T, I'M LOOKING FOR THE LADIES DEPARTMENT.

PHIL: YOU'RE WASTIN' YOUR TIME, JACKSON, THEY'RE ALL OUT OF YOUR SIZE..HA-HA..OH PHILSY..LIKE A PAIR OF GLASSES YOU'RE MAKIN' A SPECTACLE OF YOURSELF.

JACK: Mary, come on, let's get away from here, or we'll wind up in a routine.

KERN: I beg your pardon, Mister..but what do you think I oughta buy my wife for Christmas?

JACK: I don't know, and for heaven's sake, stop following me..
I don't care what you buy your wife for Christmas.

KERN: Oh you don't care, huh?..Suppose I buy her something she doesn't like, then she'll get mad at me.

JACK: Then don't buy her anything.

KERN: Don't buy her anything!..We've been married for twelve years..WHAT ARE YOU TRYIN' TO DO, BREAK US UP?

JACK: I'm not trying to do anything..I don't know your wife.
AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE PICKING ON ME FOR, I'VE NEVER SEEN YOUR WIFE.

MEL: WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

VERNA: WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

BEA: THAT MAN HAS BEEN CAUGHT STEALING SOMEBODY'S WIFE.

JACK: WHAT?

VERNA: AT YOUR AGE!...YOU GRAY-HAIRED WOLF!

JACK: NOW WAIT A MINUTE..THIS MAN STARTED THE WHOLE THING OVER HIS WIFE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

BEA: WELL, I DON'T BLAME HIM...YOU HAD NO BUSINESS SENDIN' HER ONE.

JACK: I DIDN'T SEND HER ONE.

VERNA: WELL, I WOULDN'T BRAG ABOUT IT, YOU CHEAPSKATE!
(CROWD NOISES UP)

JACK: CHEAPSKATE!

MARY: JACK, IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT FOR GETTING INTO THIS THING,

JACK: MY FAULT..THESE PEOPLE ACCUSED ME OF --

NELSON: (FADING IN) ONE SIDE, PLEASE..ONE SIDE..LET ME THROUGH.
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE..WHAT'S GOING..OH, IT'S YOU, YOU LITTLE GOOPY WITH THE DROOPY TOOPY.

JACK: NOW CUT THAT OUT...AND DON'T BLAME ME FOR THIS BECAUSE IT ISN' T MY FAULT..THIS MAN CAME OVER TO ME AND --

NELSON: STOP BREATHING ON MY CARNATION!

JACK: I'LL BREATHE ON IT AS MUCH AS I LIKE!...(FOUR PANTING BREATHS)

VERNA: STAND BACK, EVERYBODY, THE MAN IS MAD!

JACK: YOU'RE DARN RIGHT I'M MAD..AND THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT,
MISTER..FOLLOWING ME AROUND THE STORE ASKING ME WHAT
TO BUY YOUR WIFE FOR CHRISTMAS..BUY HER A DOG COLLAR
FOR ALL I CARE!

KERN: WHAT SIZE?

JACK: WHAT SIZE!..

(MUSIC STARTS SOFT)

JACK: THERE YOU ARE, FOLKS..YOU SEE WHAT A CRAZY GUY HE IS..
AND YOU BLAME ME..WHY IT'S NOT MY FAULT, I'M NOT THE
TYPE THAT WOULD START TROUBLE..I'M A PEACEFUL,
HOME-LOVING --

VERNA: EHHH, SHUT UP!

JACK: OH COME ON, MARY, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC UP TO FINISH)

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first here are
my good friends, F.E.Boone and Kenneth Delmar.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BCCNE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DELMAR: If you could be present at the tobacco auctions now open down south, you could see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco!

SHARBUTT: This fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you! So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. F. E. Boone of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN) and Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN). Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT
LS - MFT

DELMAR: Make no mistake, in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. So, smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.
(Imp. tag #14)

JACK:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I'M SURE ALL OF US HAVE RUN ACROSS MEN IN UNIFORM WHO ARE TRYING TO GET HOME FOR CHRISTMAS BUT CAN'T BECAUSE BUSES AND TRAINS ARE SO CROWDED. WE KNOW HOW IMPORTANT IT IS THAT MEN ON FURLOUGH GET TO BE WITH THEIR LOVED ONES AT THIS TIME ESPECIALLY. EVERY TIME A CIVILIAN CROWDS INTO A TRAIN OR BUS FOR A TRIP THAT'S NOT ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY, YOU CAN BET TEN TO ONE HE'S PREVENTING A SERVICE MAN FROM BEING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS. THAT SERVICE MAN MAY HAVE SPENT LONG MONTHS OVERSEAS. .MOTHERS AND WIVES HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO ASK, "WON'T YOU GIVE MY BOY A CHANCE TO GET HOME? WE SHOULD ANSWER, "I CERTAINLY WILL -- I PROMISE YOU I WILL NOT TRAVEL UNLESS MY TRIP HELPS WIN THE WAR." AND ANOTHER IMPORTANT THING, FOLKS, ..DON'T FORGET TO BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS. .THANK YOU.

ATX01 0235128

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

REBROADCAST - 9:30-10:00 PM - PM
STATIONS: KPD, KOMO, KMJ,
KHQ, KGW, KFSD, KFICLIENT: AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

BROADCAST: REV. #13

DATE: DEC. 24, 1944

PROGRAM: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK: NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm,
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFTLS - MFTLS - MFTDELMAR: Yes, sir!
(Ex. F)

RUYSDAEL: Sure thing!

SHARBUTT: That's right!

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm,
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(MORE)

ATX01 0235129

SHARBUTT: In a cigarette -- it's the tobacco that counts and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco. This fine tobacco ... this fine Lucky Strike tobacco ... gives you real, deep-down smoking enjoyment. So, smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL: MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM..STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY STEVENS,
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE)

(MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: 'Tis the night before Christmas
And at Jack Benny's house
There are presents for all,
Even cheese for the mouse.

Jack is up on a chair
Then he's down on his knee,
But you have to do that
When you're trimming a tree.

(TRANSITION MUSIC "JINGLE BELLS")

JACK: Well, we're all through, Mary...Gee, it was nice of you
to come over to help me trim the tree.

MARY: Well, if I didn't you'd never get it done. Say, Jack,
shall I put the snow around the bottom now?

JACK: Not yet..I want to see if the lights are working..I'll
hold up the bulbs, and when I say ready, you plug it in.

MARY: Okay.

(TINKLE OF LIGHT BULBS)

MARY: Ready?

JACK: Ready.

(PLUG PUSHED INTO WALL SOCKET..FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY
BY ELECTRICAL SPARKS AND BUZZING)

JACK: PULL IT OUT..PULL IT OUT....PULL IT COOOUT!

(BUZZING STOPS)

JACK: My goodness.

MARY: Oh Jack, why did you make me shut it off. Those lights were so pretty..especially those two blue ones that kept flashing on and off.

JACK: THOSE WERE MY EYES! I must have been holding on to a bare wire.

MARY: Well, it's your own fault. Every time you fool around with electricity something goes wrong.

JACK: It does not. I know plenty about electricity.

MARY: Oh sure. Remember what happened two years ago when you fixed your doorbell?

JACK: What happened?

MARY: I pushed the button and it burned down Crosby's house.

JACK: Oh, stop exaggerating. Anyway, hand me that roll of tape. Gimme that tape. I'll fix this bare wire right now.

MARY: Here you are.

JACK: Thanks...When it comes to electricity I know what I'm doing. (TO HIMSELF) When you see a bare wire you just tape it up like..umm..like this..and in that way it's insulated against outside elements. There..that oughta be enough tape. All right, Mary, plug it in.

MARY: Okay.

(PLUG PUSHED INTO SOCKET. ELECTRICAL SPARKS AND BUZZING AS BEFORE)

JACK: PULL IT OUT...PULL IT OUT...PULL IT OCOUT!

(BUZZING STOPS)

JACK: For heaven's sake!

MARY: What happened, Jack?

JACK: I taped my finger to the wire..that's what happened.

MARY: Oh gee, and that time it was even prettier than before.

JACK: What do you mean?

MARY: Your nose lit up too!

JACK: It did not..and let's get this tree finished before the gang gets here.

MARY: But Jack, what about the lights?

JACK: We'll have to let that go until later. Now hand me one of those --

ROCHESTER: Oh, Mr. Benny --

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: I baked that cake like you told me to.

JACK: Good. Did you have enough whipped cream to spell out "Merry Christmas" on top?

ROCHESTER: Yeah...Say boss, how many R's in Merry?

JACK: Two.

ROCHESTER: Oh.

JACK: So you better add one.

ROCHESTER: ADD ONE, I BETTER CROSS ONE OUT, I GOT THREE!

JACK: Well leave it, it's better than ruining the cake.

ROCHESTER: Okay.

MARY: Oh, Rochester, will you please take these Christmas tree lights and fix 'em?

ROCHESTER: Fix 'em?

JACK: Yes.

ROCHESTER: I AIN'T FOOLIN' AROUND WITH ELECTRICITY.

JACK: What are you afraid of?

ROCHESTER: I ain't gonna get HIT BY NOthin' I CAN'T HIT BACK!

JACK: Oh Rochester, imagine being afraid of electricity. Suppose Robert Fulton was afraid of electricity. He never would have invented the electric light..would he?

MARY: Jack, you're thinking of Thomas Edison.

JACK: Edison? Well then what did Robert Fulton do?

ROCHESTER: HE SAID "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP".

JACK: THAT WAS JOHN PAUL JONES. And let's not start that again. Now, Rochester, please fix these lights.

ROCHESTER: Okay, okay...(TO HIMSELF) Let me see now...In electricity..there's the electrons and the electrodes.. then there's the positive and the negative. But I ain't positive which one's negative.

JACK: Hmm.

ROCHESTER: Then there's the atoms. Now the atoms are supposed to go from the positive to the negative..or..maybe they go from the electrons to the electrodes. Then again, maybe they go from Natchez to Mobile!

JACK: Rochester!

ROCHESTER: Now as long as these atoms keep passin' each other everything is all right,..but when they meet half way and start fightin'..THEY'RE GONNA TURN ON ANYBODY WHO TRIES TO BUTT IN!

JACK: Rochester, I'm not interested in the scientific details, I just want you to fix those lights. And I promise you, while you're holding the wires no one in this room will turn on the switch.

ROCHESTER: I know, boss..while I'm holdin' the wire you ain't gonna turn on the switch..and Miss Livingstone ain't gonna turn on the switch.

JACK: Of course not.

ROCHESTER: BUT WAY UP THERE AT BOULDER DAM, THERE'S A LITTLE MAN SITTING IN A ROOM WITH THOUSANDS OF WIRES ALL AROUND HIM.

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: HOW DO I KNOW HE AIN'T GONNA DO SOMETHIN' JUST TO BREAK THE MONOTONY!

JACK: Oh all right, I'll fix it myself..Go back in the kitchen and --
(DOOR DUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.
(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

MAHER: (IRISH COP) I'm lookin' for Mr. Benny..Mr. Jack Benny.

JACK: Me?

MAHER: Yes.

JACK: But you're a policeman!

MAHER: Well now what d'ya know, this blue uniform has given me away again.

JACK: But..but officer -- Mary, say something.

MARY: But..but officer --

JACK: Is that all you can say?

MARY: That's all you said.

JACK: Now officer --

MAHER: Mr. Benny, I hate to be doin' this to ya on Christmas Eve, but I have a complaint about you disturbin' the peace last week at Moore's Department Store.

JACK: At Moore's Depart -- Oh that..Well officer, that wasn't my fault at all. You see, first I had trouble with some crazy floorwalker, who kept hollering "Stop breathing on my carnation"..and then --

MAHER: A little slower please, I'm writin' it down.

JACK: Yes sir.

MAHER: How many R's in carnation?

JACK: One...And then some silly guy kept following me around asking me what I thought I oughta buy his wife for Christmas...Now I didn't mind it the first time or the second time, but he kept hounding me... just before the real trouble started, I was standing by the perfume counter....

(GANG AD LIBS CROWD NOISES FADING IN AS JACK FADES OUT)

...when all of a sudden...I was trying to buy some perfume for my sister, Florence.

(CROWD NOISE UPCASH REGISTER)

BEA: Here's your change, sir.

JACK: Thank you...Come on Mary, let's go over to the --

KEARNS: I beg your pardon, Mister.

JACK: Oh it's you again.

KEARNS: WHAT DO YOU THINK I OUGHTA BUY MY WIFE FOR CHRISTMAS?

JACK: I TOLD YOU BEFORE I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU SHOULD BUY YOUR WIFE FOR CHRISTMAS...FIGURE IT OUT YOURSELF.

KEARNS: FIGURE IT OUT YOURSELF, HE SAYS, FIGURE IT OUT YOURSELF....FINE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

JACK: LOOK...I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU BUY YOUR WIFE FOR CHRISTMAS...DON'T BUY HER ANYTHING.

KEARNS: DON'T BUY HER ANYTHING! WE'VE BEEN MARRIED FOR TWELVE YEARS, WHAT ARE YOU TRYIN' TO DO, BREAK US UP?

JACK: LOOK..I DON'T KNOW YOUR WIFE, I'VE NEVER SEEN YOUR WIFE.

VERNA: WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

BEA: THAT MAN HAS BEEN CAUGHT STEALING SOMEBODY'S WIFE.

JACK: WHAT?

VERNA: AT YOUR AGE, YOU GRAY-HAIRED WOLF!

JACK: NOW WAIT A MINUTE.

(GANG AD LIBS CROWD NOISES)

NELSON: (FADING IN) ONE SIDE, PLEASE...ONE SIDE...LET ME THROUGH...WHAT'S GOING ON HERE...WHAT'S GOING...OH, IT'S YOU, MY LITTLE KEWPIE WITH THE DROOPY TOOPY.

JACK: NOW CUT THAT OUT...AND DON'T BLAME ME FOR THIS BECAUSE IT WASN'T --

NELSON: STOP BREATHING ON MY CARNATION!

JACK: I'LL BREATHE ON IT AS MUCH AS I LIKE!...
(FOUR PANTING BREATHS)

VERNA: STAND BACK, EVERYBODY, THE MAN IS MAD!

JACK: YOU'RE DARN RIGHT I'M MAD...AND THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT, MISTER...ASKING ME WHAT TO BUY YOUR WIFE FOR CHRISTMAS.. FOR ALL I CARE YOU CAN BUY HER A DOG COLLAR!

KEARNS: WHAT SIZE?

JACK: WHAT SIZE!....THERE YOU ARE, FOLKS...YOU SEE WHAT A CRAZY GUY HE IS..AND YOU BLAME ME...WHY IT'S NOT MY FAULT, I'M NOT THE TYPE THAT WOULD START TROUBLE..I'M A PEACEFUL, HOME-LOVING --

VERNA: EHHH, SHUT UP!

JACK: OH COME ON, MARY, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
(CROWD NOISES UP AND FADE OUT)

JACK: (VERY SOFT)And that's exactly what happened, officer....Believe me.

MAHER: By golly, it's amazing...It sounds like something you'd hear on the radio.

JACK: Yeah.

MAHER: Well I'm convinced it wasn't your fault, and I'm going to forget all about this complaint and be wishin' you folks a Merry Christmas.

JACK: The same to you, officer.

MARY: And a happy New Year.

MAHER: Thank you.

JACK: Goodbye.
(DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Say, he was a nice fellow at that.

MARY: Yes, he was.

JACK: Now come on, Mary, let's put the presents around the tree before the gang gets here.
(APPLAUSE)
(SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)
(APPLAUSE)
(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Well Mary, we got all the packages under the tree...It looks nice, doesn't it?

MARY: It sure does....Jack, if you're not going to use the Christmas tree lights, let's put on the candy canes.

JACK: Okay, here's the box, and you can....Hey, wait a minute....I had twelve candy canes, and now there are only eleven....Where's the other one?

MARY: Don't look at me.

JACK: I'm not looking at you, I'm asking you.

MARY: All right I ate it, here's ten cents.

JACK: Smarty...I'll bet you'd be surprised if I took it.

MARY: I wouldn't be surprised if you sued me!

JACK: Mary, let's get this finished.

MARY: Jack, you better pick up those lights up off the floor before somebody steps on 'em.

JACK: Oh, yes..now where can I put them..I'll put 'em on this chair...this chair right here....

(LITTLE TINKLE OF BULBS)

JACK: And Mary, here's Rochester's present, I forgot that
...Slip it under the tree...Boy, will he be surprised.

MARY: But Jack, how will he be surprised? You've got
"Toilet Water" written all over the package.

JACK: Well, you gotta do that with Rochester....When he
opens a package and finds a bottle, he never stops
to read the label..... Last year I gave him a
miniature ship in a bottle and the mast stuck out of
his mouth for three days.....Every time I asked him
something he had to answer me through the crow's
nest.....Believe me, Mary, I know what I'm doing.

MARY: Well Jack, I guess that does it....the tree is all
finished.

JACK: Yeah....Gee, it looks swell.....I'm kind of tired,
I think I'll sit down for a minute and smoke a
cigarette.

(SCRAPING OF CHAIR)

JACK: Mary, have you got a match?

MARY: No.

JACK: Oh well - -

ROCHESTER: Oh say boss --

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: Are your socks dry yet?

JACK: My sox? I think so.

ROCHESTER: WELL PEOPLE WILL BE HERE SOON, YOU BETTER TAKE 'EM OFF
THE TREE.

JACK: Oh that's right...You take 'em off, will you,
Rochester?....I'm tired, I want to sit here awhile.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir....(TO HIMSELF) Say, this tree looks awful
nice, but it's kind of dark....Oh, no wonder, the
lights aren't plugged in....I'll fix that).
(PLUG PUSHED INTO SOCKET...ELECTRICAL SPARKS AND
BUZZING)

JACK: PULL IT OUT...PULL IT OUT.....PULL IT OOOOUT!
(BUZZING STOPS)

JACK: For heaven's sake.

MARY: What's the matter, Jack?

JACK: I was sittng on the wire...And as long as you're
here, Rochester, give me a match.

MARY: You don't need it now, your cigarette is lit.

JACK: Oh yes.....Thanks Rochester.

ROCHESTER: DON'T THANK ME, THANK THAT LITTLE MAN UP AT BOULDER DAM.

JACK: Rochester!

ROCHESTER: It's the first time I ever saw LSMFT lit up by AC and DC.

JACK: Yeah, that's very funny... (I wonder how that guy at Boulder Dam knew I was... Oh well --
(DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.
(DOOR OPENS)

JACK: HELLO PHIL.

PHIL: HI YA JACKSON, MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYBODY.

MARY: SAME TO YOU, PHIL.

PHIL: HEY JACKSON, THAT CHRISTMAS TREE LOOKS TERRIFIC.

JACK: Yeah, it is a nice tree, isn't it?

PHIL: Not only that, it's grown about two feet since last year!

JACK: Phil, this isn't the same one... You know Phil, I believe in the old-fashioned way of getting a tree..you know... where you get up early in the morning and bundle yourself up warm..and you throw an axe over your shoulder and go out in the woods..you know, way out in the wilderness..and chop down your own Christmas tree.

PHIL: Say, you're right, Jackson..Where'd you find this one?

MARY: In the lobby of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel.

JACK: You said it..TIMBERRRRRRR!.....Yes sir!

PHIL: Say Jackson, you oughta see the tree I got in my house.. I got it all decorated and right on the top I got a big red star.

JACK: A red star..Phil, it's supposed to be a silver star.

PHIL: I KNOW, BUT THIS WAY I GET FIVE RED POINTS...HA HA HA
HA..OH HARRIS, YOU HUMORIST..YOU'RE THE MARK TRAIN OF
YOUR GENERATION.

JACK: Mark Train..Phil, it's Twain..Twain.

PHIL: Weely?

JACK: Phil, after a gag like that, you're lucky Santa doesn't
scratch you with his Claus...Ha ha ha..Say, that was
pretty good too.

MARY: DON'T BOTHER SENDING US CRACKERJACK, MOTHER, WE'RE NOW
GETTING CORN BY THE TON.

JACK: Oh I don't know, Mary, I thought it was pretty cute...
Hey Phil, what have you got in that package there?

PHIL: Oh I forgot, Jackson..It's a Christmas present for you.

JACK: For me?

PHIL: Yeah..Me and the boys in the band all chipped in and got
it for you.

JACK: Well thanks..I'll put it under the tree..

PHIL: Oh, no..no you don't. Open it up.

JACK: Okay..(RUSTLE OF PACKAGE BEING OPENED) ..It was
certainly nice of you and the boys to think of me...I
really didn't..(RUSTLE STOPS).....Oh Phil, thanks..Gee,
a beautiful turtle-neck sweater..Gee!

PHIL: Look inside of it, Jackson.

JACK: Inside?...Oh..Ohhh Phil!

MARY: What is it, Jack?

JACK: A turtle.....(Hmm, a fine present) (I'll fix him.
Imagine bringing me a turtle) Come here, Phil, sit
down on my chair.

PHIL: Thanks, Jackson.

JACK: Are you comfortable, Phil?

PHIL: Sure, Jackson.

JACK: Good, good...(Mary, push in the plug).

MARY: (Oh Jack you wouldn't dare.)

JACK: (hand me the plug, I'll give it to 'im myself.)

PHIL: Hey Jackson, what about my present?

JACK: Just sit where you are..you'll get it, you'll get it.
It's a surprise...(Mary, watch him jump...One, two,
three..There.)
(PLUG PUSHED INTO SOCKET)

JACK:Hmm....Phil.....Phil..don't you feel anything?

PHIL: No, why?

JACK: Hmmm.

PHIL: What about the surprise, what's the matter?

MARY: We're having a little trouble at Boulder Dam.

JACK: Mary...I can't understand what went wrong...Phil, stand
up a minute.

PHIL: Okay.

JACK: Now let's see...(TINKLE OF BULBS)..There must be
something wrong with this --
(ELECTRICAL SPARKS AND BUZZING)

JACK: PULL IT OUT...PULL IT OUT...PULL IT OOOOUT!
(BUZZING STOPS)

JACK: Hmm, a fine thing to do to a guy on Christmas Eve.

MARY: Well it's your own fault for trying to play a trick on
Phil.

PHIL: Oh so that's it, eh Jackson?..trying to give me a hot seat.

JACK: Oh it was nothing, Phil, I was just trying to have a little --
(LOUD LONG DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: FULL IT OUT..PULL IT OUT --

MARY: Jack, that's the doorbell.

JACK: Oh oh...COME IN.
(DOOR OPENS)

JACK: HI YA DON, HELLO LARRY.

GANG: (AD LIBS GREETINGS...MERRY CHRISTMAS, ETC.)

JACK: Gee, I'm glad you fellows were able to come over.

LARRY: Oh say Mr. Benny --

JACK: Yes, Larry?

LARRY: Last night I went to the movies and saw a picture called "Hollywood Canteen".

JACK: You did?

LARRY: Yes, and you want to know something?

JACK: What?

LARRY: You were in it!

JACK: Yes, I know, kid, I happened to see the picture.

MARY: EIGHT TIMES!

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: ON THE DAYS HE CAN'T GO, HE SENDS ME.

JACK: Rochester!

ROCHESTER: BETWEEN YOU AND ME THAT SEAT NEVER GETS A CHANCE TO COOL OFF!

JACK: Never mind...

DON: Say Jack, I saw the picture too.

JACK: You did?

DON: Yeah,.I was sitting up in the balcony smoking a Lucky Strike cigarette and enjoying the show.

JACK: Well, Don, tell me,.how did my violin solo go over?

DON: Well Jack,.this will amaze you..When you started to play, the man next to me got all excited and enthused.

JACK: Really?

DON: Yes,.he leaned over to me and said,.

KEARNS: Say, isn't that a Lucky Strike you're smoking?

JACK: Hmmm.

DON: So I turned to him and said.."Yes, Mister, and do you know that Lucky Strike buys the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobaccos?"

JACK: Well that was all right, Don, but did you have to talk while I was playing my violin?

DON: Well we only talked a little while, because the usher came down and tapped us on the shoulder.

JACK: Well it was about time.

DON: Yes..The usher shock his finger at us and said..

MAHER: Gentlemen, please! Don't you guys realize that with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies two to one!

JACK: I get it. I get it.

ROCHESTER: OKAY, MR. BENNY, I GOT THE CAKE AND COFFEE ON THE TABLE.

JACK: Good,.COME ON FELLOWS, LET'S HAVE A LITTLE BITE.

MARY:)
DON)
PHIL)
LARRY) (AD LIB OH BOY, I'M HUNGRY. SAY, THAT SOUNDS GOOD ETC.)

JACK: TAKE IT EASY, FELLOWS, TAKE IT EASY..THERE'S ENOUGH FOR ALL.

ROCHESTER: YES FOLKS, YOU DON'T HAVE TO CROWD...JUST LINE UP ON THE RIGHT AND HAVE YOUR TICKET STUBS HANDY.

JACK: Rochester, this is Christmas.

ROCHESTER: Oh yes, excuse me.

JACK: Now fellows..
(DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Hey, who can that be...COME IN.
(DOOR OPENS)

JACK: WELL I'LL BE DARNED!

ANDY: HI YA BUCK, HELLO EVERYBODY.
(APPLAUSE .. DURING APPLAUSE ANDY AND THE GANG AD LIB CHRISTMAS GREETINGS)

JACK: Well what a surprise...Andy Devine!

ANDY: WHO'D YOU THINK I WAS..FRANK SINATRA! (LAUGHS)

JACK: No, no, Andy, your voice and figure are both a little huskier..I think...Hey, Andy, there's Don Wilson.

ANDY: OH YEAH...HELLO SKINNY.

DON: HELLO FATSO.

JACK: Well, that's the first time I ever heard a pot call a pot a pot...Say, Andy, how's your mother?

ANDY: OH SHE'S SWELL...BUCK, HEY YOU KNOW, IT'S NICE THE WAY YOU THINK OF HER EVERY YEAR.

JACK: Oh, I always call my friends around the holidays.

ANDY: WELL YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MAW, BUCK...SHE WOULDN'T THINK OF BUYIN' HER CHRISTMAS CARDS FROM ANYONE ELSE BUT YOU!

JACK: I know, that's why I always throw in a couple of extra ones.

ROCHESTER: Here you are, folks...here's the ... OH HELLO MR. DEVINE.

ANDY: HELLO ROCHESTER:

ROCHESTER: I'M GLAD YOU DROPPED IN ON THE BOSS...CHRISTMAS WOULDN'T BE CHRISTMAS WITHOUT YOU.

ANDY: WELL, THANKS, ROCH...YOU KNOW THE HOLIDAYS WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF I DIDN'T SEE ALL YOU FOLKS...

JACK: THOSE ARE THE TWO VOICES THAT DROVE GRAVEL GERTIE INTO HIDING....Come on, Andy, you're just in time to have a bite to eat and, listen I've been saving a bottle of champagne just for this occasion..Let's drink a toast.

GANG: OKAY, OKAY. YEAH, LET'S DRINK A TOAST.

JACK: Oh Rochester, give me that bottle of champagne.

ROCHESTER: Here you are boss...shall I open it?

JACK: No, I'll open it myself...Thank kyew! Now let's see... (GRUNTS) These champagne corks are so tight...(GRUNTS) ...Gee, they're hard to get loose...Ahhh...(GRUNTS) (LOUD POPPING OF CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE...POP GUN EFFECT)

JACK: (GRUNTING LOUDLY) HAKE MMFF FOUF OOOFFF GLUMPH, MERPHK MUNCKKK.

MARY: FOR GOODNESS SAKE, FELLAHS, DON'T JUST STAND THERE, PULL THE CORK OUT OF HIS MOUTH.

JACK: (LOUD AND ANGRY) HMPH GRRRUNG, ONE GRUMBLE PHMMPHFF.

PHIL: OKAY, HOLD YOUR HEAD STILL, JACKSON, I'LL PULL THE CORK OUT.

JACK: (MAD) HMPH GRRRRUNG, PHMMPHFF. (LOUD POP GUN EFFECT)

MARY: ...Jack, say something.

JACK: Shshshshshshshshshshshs., Boy!.,.Here Rochester, fill the glasses.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

(CLINKING OF GLASSES)

PHIL: HEY FELLOWS, HOW ABOUT A TOAST.

ANDY: I GOT ONE.

JACK: Go ahead, Andy. A toast? Go ahead.

ANDY: HERE'S TO YOU, BUCK...MARY, PHIL AND THE WHOLE GANG..
WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS FOR A LONG TIME AND I HOPE IT
ALWAYS STAYS THAT WAY...MERRY CHRISTMAS..

GANG: MERRY CHRISTMAS ANDY, MERRY CHRISTMAS!

MARY: Jack, can I give a toast too?

JACK: Sure, go right ahead, Mary.

MARY: FROM OUR WHOLE GANG AND LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES, A
MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EVERYONE...EVERYWHERE.

GANG: YEAH...MERRY CHRISTMAS...EVERYBODY, MERRY CHRISTMAS.
(APPLAUSE)

DON: Say, Jack, how about a toast from you?

JACK: Me? Yeah. Yes, I want to give a toast too Don. This
is a toast to a lot of fellows I met in Africa, Europe,
and the South Pacific...And to all you other boys out
there I wasn't lucky enough to meet....Fellows, this is
Christmas Eve.. a time for heppiness and good
fellowship...a time when our hearts should be humble
and forgiving. But this is war and I've seen what you
boys are up against on both sides of the world. I
know the Christmas spirit must seem a very distant
thing when you're crouched in a muddy foxhole on Leyte
..or wading through the half-frozen slush of Western
Europe...I know too that there's very little to remind
you of Christmas inside a stifling tank...or the
icy cockpit of a B-29 six miles above Tokyo. (MORE)

ATX01 0235148

(MUSIC IN)

JACK:
(CONTD)

Maybe you feel it is something you lost long, long ago because the only Christmas lights you see are the bursts of shells or the flashing path cut by tracer bullets. But Christmas is a spirit...a spirit that springs from within and is so strong it transcends even the ugly scenes of a battlefield and fills the soul with a passion to defend the things that are right and just. You are the ones who have gone to the ends of the Earth to preserve the freedom you know belongs to every man...to hasten the day when all mankind can once again live in dignity and in peace (MUSIC OUT)....So here's to you, fellows...Merry Christmas...and God bless you all.

(SEGUE TO LARRY'S CHRISTMAS MEDLEY)

(AFTER CHRISTMAS MEDLEY)

JACK:

Ladies and gentlemen...I have the honor tonight of delivering a message on behalf of all American prisoners-of-war in Germany. It came to the American Red Cross via the International Red Cross Committee of Geneva, Switzerland, with the request that it reach its destination tonight on Christmas Eve. It's a personal message from more than six thousand American air-men held prisoners at Stalag Luft Three in Germany, and it is addressed to their friends and next of kin here at home. It is signed for them by General Arthur W. Vanaman of 329 Franklin Street, Butler, Pennsylvania, senior American officer at the camp.

(MORE)

RIX01 0235149

JACK:
(CONT'D)

Here is their message...Please pass on our Yuletide
greetings and say to our families and loved ones that
our faith in them...and prayers...and the ultimate
peace...is unshakable!".....Goodnight folks.
(CHRISTMAS MUSIC)

V. CLOSING COMMERCIAL

There will be no closing commercial on the program this week due to a special Christmas Eve program which Jack has prepared.

No mention is to be made that Lucky Strike is relinquishing commercial time for this program.

Christmas greetings will be extended to our fighting men and women overseas and in this country on behalf of Jack Benny and Lucky Strike.

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

REBROADCAST - 9:30-10:00 PM - PWT
 STATIONS - KPO, KOMO, KMJ,
 KHQ, KGW, KFSD, KFI

CLIENT: AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
 LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

BROADCAST: 3RD REV. #14

DATE: DEC. 31, 1944

PROGRAM: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK: NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,
 so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT
LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Today!
 (Ex. K)

DELMAR: Tomorrow!

RUYSDAEL: And always!

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,
 so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

(MORE)

DELMAR: Quality distinguishes a man - and quality distinguishes
a product. Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - yes,
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - the finer, the
lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.
So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!

RIGGS:

(CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM..STARRING JACK BENNY, WITH
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY
STEVENS, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS IS NEW YEAR'S EVE..
YES, NEW YEAR'S EVE! THE ONE TIME IN THE YEAR WHEN
EVERYBODY SHOULD LET THEIR HAIR DOWN.

JACK: Yes sir!

MARY: Jack, he said let it down, not take it off!

JACK: Oh..oh..pardon me...Continue, Don.

DON: SO IN KEEPING WITH THE SPIRIT OF THE NEW YEAR, I BRING
YOU A MAN WHO WILL GET UP AT MIDNIGHT..HANG UP HIS
CALENDAR..RE-FILL HIS HOT WATER BOTTLE, GET BACK IN
BED AGAIN.

JACK: Hum.

DON: HERE HE IS..JACK BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you..thank you,.Hello again, this is
"Playboy" Benny, wishing you all a happy New Year..Don,
that was a funny introduction, and this being New
Year's Eve, I'm not going to be mad at you...Of course
I'll hate myself in the morning...Yes Don, here it is
New Year's Eve, and in just a few hours it'll be 1945..
1945...Gosh, what I wouldn't give to be nineteen again.

MARY: What you wouldn't give to be forty-five again.

JACK: Mary, that's an easy joke if I ever heard one..But..
this is New Year's Eve, But! And I'm not going to be
mad at you.

MARY: Thanks, Cookie.

JACK: You're welcome, Pooopsie.. Oh hello Phil, I didn't see you come in.

PHIL: Hya, Jackson! I wanted to surprise you.,do you notice anything different about me?

JACK: Let's see...A new tie?

PHIL: No.

JACK: New shirt?

PHIL: No.

JACK: Oh, a new suit.

PHIL: No.

JACK: Well what is it?

PHIL: I'm wearin' those lousy shoe laces you gave me for Christmas.

JACK: Phil, that's not the proper spirit..

DON: Well Jack, I hate to bring this up, but you didn't think of me..You didn't give me anything for Christmas.

JACK: Oh yes, Don, I ordered a nice gift for you, but it didn't get here yet..You see they're having a little trouble at Montgomery Ward....And listen, kids, now that you brought it up, that was a fine present you all chipped in and gave me...Hmm..a gift certificate for a dinner at the Thrifty Drug Store...The meal was good but I kept slipping off the stool all the time.. Anyway, kids, Christmas is over, and after our program I want you all to come over to my house and see the new year in..Boy, am I gonna have fun!

MARY: Oh sure sure.

JACK: What do you mean, oh sure sure?

MARY: You'll have fun all right..You'll drink three bottles of coca-cola, two seven-ups, and one Doctor Pepper..Then ten minutes later you'll put on a lady's hat and holler YIPPEE!

JACK: What?

PHIL: Then you'll have two fingers of Dad's Old-Fashioned Root Beer, and Rochester'll have to carry you up to bed.

JACK: What are you kids talking about?

MARY: You're the only one I ever saw that drinks champagne out of a spoon.

JACK: Now listen kids, I may be that way all year, but when it comes to New ... Oh hello Larry.

LARRY: Hello Mr. Benny, Happy New Year.

JACK: Same to you..I'm glad you got here, kid, it's time for your song.

LARRY: Okay, but can I tell you about my New Year's resolution first?

JACK: Sure, kid, what is it?

LARRY: Well, I made a resolution never to ask you for a raise unless you gave it to me voluntarily.

JACK: Well! Well, what ever made you think of that?

MARY: It's on page eighty-four of his contract.

JACK: It is not..Anybody that works for me can ask for a raise anytime they want to...I can't help it if the government froze salaries.

PHIL: You know you're not a bad little refrigerator yourself, Bub.

JACK: All right, Phil, all right...but the next time you want a raise, ask for it yourself, don't send Alice and the kids around...And where do they get those ragged old clothes?...What a corny act they put on.

MARY: Say Jack, getting back to resolutions, it wouldn't hurt if you made a few yourself.

JACK: Mary, I've already made a resolution, and you'd be surprised if I told you what it is.

PHIL: No kiddin', Jackson, what is it?

JACK: Well I made a resolution, that from now on I'm going to be friends with Fred Allen and never say anything against him.

DON: Jack, that's really swell...You're really being magnanimous after all the things Allen has said about you.

JACK: Oh Don, it was all in the spirit of fun...Allen is a nice guy, he never meant those things...It was just for laughs.

PHIL: Yeah, you're right, Jackson..But I'll never forget the laugh Allen got when he said you squeeze a nickel so hard you get milk out of the buffalo. Ha ha ha.

JACK: Did Allen say that?..Ha ha ha ha..What a sense of humor!

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) And I'll never forget the time Allen said that you're so bow-legged and your girl is so knock-kneed, when you dance together you look like a Mix-Master.

JACK: Ha ha ha ha...What a sense of humor he used to have!

PHIL: What do you mean, used to have....

JACK: WHY THAT GUY'S MENTALITY IS SO LOW HE HAS TO LIE
DOWN TO THINK!

MARY: JACK, YOUR RESOLUTION!

JACK: AND WITH THOSE BAGS UNDER HIS EYES, HIS FACE LOOKS
LIKE AN OLD PAIR OF PANTS WITH THE POCKETS INSIDE
OUT.

MARY: JACK, YOUR RESOLUTION!

JACK: I'VE STILL GOT TILL TWELVE O'CLOCK...Sing, kid, while
I think up some more...I hope I get some beauties
before midnight, believe me.
(APPLAUSE)
(SEGUE INTO LARRY'S NUMBER - THE TROLLEY SONG)
(APPLAUSE)
(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was, say, that's a live number there, Larry -
That was "The Trolley Song" sung by Larry Stevens...
And now, ladies and gentlemen, as is our custom every
year at this time, we will present our annual New
Year's play, entitled...."The New Tenant.... Or,
Goodbye Forty-Four, Hello Forty-Five"....As most of
you will remember, this is an allegorical fantasy
that takes place in --

PHIL: Hey, Jackson -- Just a minute but what do you mean
by allegorical fantasy?

JACK: Well...Now for instance, Phil, did you see Dumbo, the
little elephant with the big ears?

PHIL: No.

JACK: Did you see Ferdinand the Bull?

PHIL: No.

JACK: Well...did you see the Reluctant Dragen?

PHIL: No, I haven't had a drink in three months, Jackson. I'm trying to get away from that stuff.

JACK: Well, I'm not going to explain it to you, Phil...you'll understand it as we go along and that last thing you said is a lie anyway -- isn't even in the script. Now in our fantasy I will again play the part of the old year 1944, who has been living in a big boarding house called the United States...which is run by Uncle Sam and his wife Columbia.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, am I gonna play the part of Uncle Sam?

JACK: Yes, Phil...You'll wear a bright blue jacket with white stars on it, and red and white striped pants.

PHIL: I'll lay eight to five people'll think I'm Bing Crosby.

JACK: Never mind...Now Mary, you play the part of Columbia.. You'll be Phil's wife, and you and Phil have forty-eight children.

MARY: Holy smoke! Now they'll really think he's Crosby.

JACK: Let me explain it to you, Mary...Your children are the forty-eight states..you see..each state is a child.

MARY: Oh Jack, how could I possibly have forty-eight children?

JACK: Mary, you were born in 1776.

MARY: Oh ... (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) I look pretty good for an old babe, don't I?

JACK: Not bad, not bad...Now Don --

DON: Yes, Jack?

JACK: You play a very important part in tonight's fantasy.. You're going to be the world.

DON: The world, eh?

JACK: Yes...And loosen your belt, Don, your equator is strangling South America...AND NOW FOLKS, THIS PLAY WILL GO ON IMMEDIATELY --

DON: Say, Jack --

JACK: Yes, Don.

DON: Come here a minute, I want to show you something.

JACK: What is it?

DON: Well now, if I'm the world, then my chest must be the United States.

JACK: Uh huh.

DON: And right over here, a little to the Southeast, is Goldsboro, North Carolina.

JACK: Right here?

DON: (TICKLISH GIGGLE) Yeesss.

JACK: Oh pardon me, Don, I didn't know my finger was cold.

DON: Anyway Jack, this little town of Goldsboro is right in the heart of the tobacco country.

JACK: I know, Don, but we've got a play to do and --

DON: And it's here that they get those finer, lighter, golden leaves of tobacco and make them into Lucky Strike cigarettes.

JACK: Well that's fine, Don, but --

DON: And that's why that slogan, LSMFT, is so true.

JACK: But Don, I can't see where that has anything to do with our New Year's play..You see, LSMFT stands for LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

DON: YES, JACK, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

JACK: Don, that happens to be a statement of fact, while our play is an allegorical fantasy..There's no connection!

DON: Oh, I'm sorry, Jack.

JACK: That's all right, Don, but don't bring it up again....
until next Sunday..Now button up your shirt, Goldsboro
is getting goosepimples..AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
OUR ANNUAL NEW YEAR'S PLAY WILL GO ON IMMEDIATELY AFTER
-- A MUSICA --

(PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh darn it...I'll get it.

(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Hello.

ROCHESTER: HELLO, MR. BENNY, THIS IS ROCHESTER.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Oh hello, Rochester, what is it?

ROCHESTER: You can bring your guests over any time you want, I just
finished makin' the punch.

JACK: The punch? That's good.

ROCHESTER: But boss, I lost your recipe, so I used mine.

JACK: What's your recipe?

ROCHESTER: Simple and direct..First you put in a gallon of grape
juice, then you start pouring in the gin.

JACK: How much gin?

ROCHESTER: TILL YOU CAN'T TASTE THE GRAPE JUICE!

JACK: Oh my goodness.

ROCHESTER: THAT AIN'T ALL!..THEN YOU START POURING IN THE BOURBON.

JACK: Bourbon with gin?..How much bourbon do you put in?

ROCHESTER: TILL YOU CAN'T TASTE THE SCOTCH!

JACK: Scotch! What kind of a silly drink is that..Scotch,
bourbon, gin and grape juice..Get rid of it immediately.

ROCHESTER: OKAY, I'LL SEE IF I CAN DRAIN IT OUT OF THE WASHING
MACHINE.

JACK: The washing machine!..Rochester, I left my new shirt
in there this morning.

ROCHESTER: I KNOW, BOSS..I NOTICED IT AFTER I POURED IN THE STUFF.

JACK: Well for heaven's sake, take my shirt out.

ROCHESTER: IT'S TOO LATE NOW, THERE'S NOTHIN' LEFT BUT THE BUTTONS.

JACK: Oh Rochester, this is the worst yet..At least you can
take out the buttons.

ROCHESTER: OH BOSS, THEY'RE SO HAPPY I HATE TO DISTURB 'EM.

JACK: Well I don't know what to say now..Rochester, don't monkey with it any more, and I'll be home right after the broadcast.

ROCHESTER: Okay, goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

ROCHESTER: Oh say, boss --

JACK: Now what.

ROCHESTER: Can I leave about ten o'clock tonight...I'm goin' to a New Year's party too.

JACK: No, Rochester..Every time you go to a New Year's party you always stay out so late.

ROCHESTER: Oh, I'm gonna be back early this year.

JACK: What time?

ROCHESTER: ABOUT THURSDAY!

JACK: Well..All right, Rochester, it's New Year's Eve, enjoy yourself..but before you go..in fact, before I get home.. I want you to empty that punch out of the washing machine..It's too dangerous to have in the house.

ROCHESTER: DON'T WORRY, BOSS, AS SOON AS I HANG UP, I'LL --
(TERRIFIC LOUD EXPLOSION, THEN WIND WHISTLE)

JACK: I KNEW IT, I KNEW IT, THE PUNCH EXPLODED!..ROCHESTER..
ROCHESTER, WHAT HAPPENED?..ROCHESTER, ARE YOU HURT?

ROCHESTER: NOT UNLESS I MAKE A BAD LANDING! (OFF MIKE)

JACK: A BAD LANDING! ROCHESTER..ROCHESTER..WHERE'S THE PUNCH BOWL?

ROCHESTER: I DUNNO BUT I'M OVER THE ROSE BOWL!

JACK: Oh well..Play, Phil. He'll be back after the game.
(APPLAUSE)
(SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)
(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "Hollywood Canteen" played by Phil Harris and his orchestra..AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR OUR ANNUAL NEW YEAR'S PLAY ENTITLED, "THE NEW TENANT", OR "GOODBYE FORTY-FOUR, HELLO FORTY-FIVE"..AS THE CURTAIN RISES IT IS ALMOST MIDNIGHT OF DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST, AND OLD MAN 1944 IS PACKING HIS BAGS AND READY TO MAKE HIS EXIT..CURTAIN, MUSIC.

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS "AULD LANG SYNE")

JACK: (AS RUBE) Oh Columbia, Columbia...Will you come here a minute, please?

MARY: (RUBE) What do you want, forty-four?

JACK: I gotta gather up my things before little forty-five gets here. Hand me those, will ya?

MARY: Are these yours?

JACK: Yup.

MARY: WHY OLD TIMER, BOBBY SOCKS!

JACK: Well I've had my moments, you know...Hee hee hee... Now let's see..Might as well pack those race tracks, they ain't gonna be used for a while..There's Bay Meadows.

MARY: Here's Haleah.

JACK: Yep..and here's Santa Anita..Say, I never knew they had a ten-dollar window..Now what else..Oh yes, hand me that bundle of swing music.

MARY: Here you are.

JACK: Thanks..(SINGS) I'M GONNA DANCE WITH THE DOLLY WITH THE HOLE IN HER STOCKING, WITH THE HOLE IN HER STOCKING, WITH THE HOLE IN HER STOCKING..Hee hee hee.. Sloppy little dame, ain't she?..(SINGS) OH CIANG, CIANG, CIANG WENT THE TROLLEY. DING, DING, DING, WENT THE BELL.

(BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ IN SAME RHYTHM)

JACK: COME IN.

(DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: (RUBE) HELLO, OLD TIMER!

JACK: Oh hello, Uncle Sam..where have you been the last few weeks?

PHIL: I been all over. All over. I've been deliverin' Christmas presents to all my nieces and nephews.

MARY: Well Sam, you got here just in time to say goodbye to 1944.

JACK: Yup. In a few minutes I'll be leavin' ya, and I'll never be back on earth again.

PHIL: Gosh, kinda feel sorry for you.

JACK: Why?

PHIL: Now you'll never know what happened to Snowflake and Shakey!

JACK: That's right.

MARY: Say Sam, I was lookin' for you yesterday, where were ya?

PHIL: I ran up the west coast..I wanted to ask Henry Kaiser what's cookin'.

MARY: Uh huh.

PHIL: And between what's and cookin', he launched three ships!

JACK: Well you're gettin' the ship, Sam..just get the men to sail 'em and you're all set. Well I better finish my packin'. Let's see, maybe I oughta take along some of these movin' pictures.

MARY: Do you want to take "Going My Way?" Everybody's seen it.

JACK: No, I better leave that, I want little 1945 to see it. With all the problems he's gonna have, that picture'll do him a lot of good.

MARY: Well, how about takin' Jack Benny's new picture?

JACK: No, that's gonna be one of his problems. Well.. maybe I better --

(HEAVY KNOCKING ON DOOR)

MARY: COME IN.

(DOOR OPENS)

DON: WELL, HOWDY, EVERYONE...HI, OLD TIMER.

JACK: Well what do you know..it's the World come to say goodbye to me.

DON: Yup..I'll miss you, Old Timer..lots of things happened to me while you were here.

JACK: That's right, World. We had three hundred and sixty-five exciting days together.

DON: Yeah..(LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at, world?

DON: REMEMBER LAST MONTH WHEN I BURPED AND TOKYO HAD AN EARTHQUAKE?

JACK: Yup.

PHIL: Say World, your earthquake shook 'em up almost as bad as my B-29's.

JACK: You're right, Sam.

MARY: Say World, why don't you hang around till the new tenant arrives?

JACK: Sure, stay awhile, World.. .sit down on the refrigerator and cool off your Arctic Circle...and say Columbia...

MARY: Yes.

JACK: Tune in the radio...this'll be my last chance to get a little entertainment.

MARY: Okay.

(CLICK OF DIAL AND LITTLE STATIC)

NELSON: (ON FILTER)...YOU ARE LISTENING TO ANOTHER BROADCAST OF "MR. KEENE, TRACER OF LOST PERSONS."...THE NEXT CASE IS THAT OF A MAN NAMED BENITO MUSSOLINI, ALIAS IL DUCE. A SURE WAY TO IDENTIFY THIS FUGITIVE IS TO GET HIM UP ON A HIGH BUILDING AND SHOW HIM A BALCONY. IF HE STEPS OUT ON THE BALCONY AND MAKES A SPEECH, HE'S MUSSOLINI! IF HE STEPS OUT AND THERE IS NO BALCONY, LET'S HOPE SO.

JACK: (RUBE) I wonder where he's hidin?

DON: Oh, I wouldn't worry too much about him...his trouble-making days are over.

MARY: Yeah...I'll get another station.
(MORE STATIC)

KEARNS: And now that you have answered the first one correctly, would you like to try the two-dollar question?

MEL: (AS HITLER) Yah!

KEARNS: The two-dollar question is a simple one. Oh, by the way what is your name?

MEL: My name is Adolf Hitler...but for two dollars you can call me Shicklegruber!

KEARNS: All right, Adolf...Would you like to try the four-dollar question?

MEL: Yah.

RUBIN: (OFF) YOU'LL BE SORRRRR-RRY, ADOLF!

MEL: (SAME RHYTHM) NOBODY ASKED YOU, GOERRRING!

KEARNS: Please..please..no coaching from the audience..Now for the next question...Tell me, Adolf...who won the battle of Stalingrad?

MEL: Chermany!

KEARNS: I'm sorry, that's the wrong answer.

MEL: Wrong!...Schweinhundt, you call me wrong?...ADOLF HITLER CAN'T BE WRONG, I'M ALWAYS RIGHT..HEIL HITLER ...HEIL MYSELF...VERBLUTEN DROOTEN DUMKOPH VERSHTUTEN.

KEARNS: ADOLF, ADOLF, STOP CHEWING UP THE RUG!

MEL: I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE THINKING...YOU ARE THINKING THAT BECAUSE I CHEW UP RUGS I AM CRAZY..I AM NOT CRAZY.. I AM ADOLF HITLER...I AM ONE OF THE GREATEST (BARKS LIKE DOG)...IN THE WORLD...EVERYBODY ELSE IS CRAZY.. BUT I AM ALL RIGHT! (CALMLY) I just like to eat rugs.

ATX01 0235167

JACK: (RUBE) Get another station, Columbia, Schicklegreuber seems to have lost control of himself.

MARY: Okay, old Timer.
(MORE STATIC)

NELSON: And now, Mr. Anthony, we have the case of Mr. "H"...

CHRISTIE: All right....Well, Mr. "H" step up to the microphone ...Your name, please?

RUBIN: My name isss Hirohito...I live in Imperial Palace which is located in what is left of Tokyo...

CHRISTIE: And you have a problem?

RUBIN: Yes, Mr. Anthony...I went into partnership with a German in a War...First we was winning, but now we are losing...Almost every day the big B-29's fly over Tokyo....and now I wish I had never listened to that German...THAT NO GOOD SON ---

CHRISTIE: NO NAMES, PLEASE....NOW GET ON WITH YOUR PROBLEM.

RUBIN: Well, my problem is this....IF I HAVE THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARMY, AND THE WORLD'S GREATEST AIR FORCE, AND THE WORLD'S GREATEST NAVY...THEN PREASE TELL ME, MR. ANTHONY...

CHRISTIE: Yes.

RUBIN: WHY IN THE NAME OF NAGASAKI AM I GETTING THE SUKIYAKI KNOCKED OUT OF ME????

CHRISTIE: I'LL TELL YOU WHY, HIROHITO. BECAUSE YOU AND YOUR WHOLE GANG ARE A BUNCH OF DIRTY NO GOOD....

RUBIN: NO NAMES, PLEASE, NO NAMES!

CHRISTIE: Yes, Hirohito, you have a problem..But it's of your own making...and I cannot...nor would I..give you any advice...any consolation, or any hope for the future.. and if you'll excuse the expression, SCRAM, BUM.

MARY: (RUBE) THAT'S TELLIN' HIM.

JACK: (RUBE) Turn it off, Columbia....Shut it off.
(CLICK OF RADIO DIAL)

JACK: Doggone it, look at that clock...just got my duds
together in time.
(FIRST GONG)

JACK: Hmm, that's the first stroke of twelve...wonder
what's keepin' the new tenant.

MARY: Don't worry, he'll show up, he always does.

JACK: Say, here's a tip for ya, Sam. You worked hard during
the time I was here, and you did a good job...but
I want you to work even harder for the little fellah
that's comin' in.

PHIL: Well, don't you worry, Old Timer. I'm really rollin'
now.
(GONG)

JACK: Hmm, times a-fleetin' but I can't leave till that
little shaver gets here.
(LIGHT KNOCK ON DOOR)

MARY: That must be him now.

JACK: Yeah...COME IN.
(DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well...It's the little New Year...Hello, Sonny.

BOY: Hello, Old Timer.

MARY: Isn't he cute?...Just look at the size of 'im.

JACK: Yeah...I bet he doesn't weigh much more than Sinatra
...What's that you got under your arm, Sonny?

BOY: Some forms I'm going to try awfully hard to get signed
this year.
(GONG)

JACK: Yeah? What are they?

BOY: Well here's the most important one...It says un...un
...How do you pronounce these big words?

JACK: Let's see it...Oh that says Unconditional Surrender...
Well I hope you get 'em signed darned soon...Hey kid,
I want you to meet Uncle Sam and his wife Columbia.

BOY: Glad to know you, folks.

MARY: Hello, Sonny.

PHIL: Hi ya, Bub...You oughta have a coat on with them
diapers it's pretty chilly tonight.
(GONG)

JACK: Yeah, I sure was cold the first night I got here..Hee
hee hee.....Say bub, I almost forgot...This is the
world, I want you to meet him too.

DON: Hello, Son.

BOY: Hello...So you're the world, eh?

JACK: Yes sir!

BOY: Gosh, there's enough room on him for everybody.

JACK: Well there should be, but there are a couple of fellahs
that are tryin' to hog it all. They ain't never
satisfied....
(GONG)

JACK: Now sit down, Sonny, I want to show you my album...
A few pictures I took while I was here...Now here's
a family picture of a bunch of Uncle Sam's nephews.

BOY: Say, they all look alike, don't they?

JACK: Well, they do in those uniforms, but let me tell you
something Sonny...They're doin' a great job, and you
can be proud of each and every one of 'em.

BOY: What are their names?

(GONG)

JACK: Well I don't know 'em all, but there's a fellah named Jones....Here's another one here, O'Reilly...and there's a kid called Spinelli...And right next to him, see that colored boy there?

BOY: Uh huh.

JACK: His name's Johnson...And right in back of him, that's Lopez...and right alongside of him is a fellah named Ginsberg...and the fellah way over on this end here is Peterson....All good Americans.

(GONG)

JACK: Now, Sonny, here's a picture of another group of Uncle Sam's nephews.

(TRUMPET PLAYS "TAPS")

JACK: Now these boys felt just like you did...You know, about the world being big enough for everybody...These boys, just like the others, went out to do something about it.

BOY: Gee, they look like the kind of fellahs that would do a good job.

(GONG)

JACK: They did more than a good job...it's too bad they can't come back and tell you about it...And listen, Sonny, one of your jobs is not to forget what they did.

(TAPS STOP)

JACK: And here's something else you don't want to forget.

BOY: What's that, sir?

JACK: Well, you gotta see that Sam's nephews and nieces here at home stay on their jobs...and keep giving blood to the Red Cross...and never stop buying bonds...until you get that paper signed...

(GONG)

JACK: You know, the one you brought with you.

BOY: Yes sir.

JACK: And another thing --

MARY: Say, Old Timer, you better get movin'!

JACK: Wait a minute, wait a minute, don't rush me.

(ORCHESTRA STARTS "AMERICA" SOFTLY)

JACK: Oh by the way, Son, Uncle Sam's got a nephew called Franklin that's been takin' mighty good care of him, ain't he, Sam?

PHIL: You're darned tootin'!

(GONG)

JACK: So keep an eye on him, Son, and give him all the help you can.

BOY: Franklin, eh?...I'll write that down.

JACK: Well, my time's almost up, I gotta be leavin' now..

(GONG)

JACK: Goodbye, Junior.

BOY: So long, Pop.

JACK: Goodbye, Sam.

PHIL: So long, Old Timer.

JACK: WELL, HERE I GO!

MARY: GOODBYE, "FORTY-FOUR!"

JACK: SO LONG, COLUMBIA, KEEP 'EM FLYIN'!

(DOOR SLAMS GONG)

("AMERICA" UP FULL AND APPLAUSE)

BOY:

(ON CUE) Well hello, everybody, this is 1945, I'm taking over, and I hope you're all glad to see me.

(APPLAUSE)

DON:

Jack will be back in just a minute, but first here is my good friend...L. A. (.Speed) Riggs.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette and the tobacco used in Lucky Strike Cigarettes is fine tobacco. Witness: - independent tobacco experts - men like Mr. Charles W. Jenkins of Bowling Green, Kentucky - who said . . .

JENKINS: As a warehouseman, I have seen Lucky Strike buy the lighter, naturally milder tobacco - and so I've been smoking Luckies for twenty-four years.

DELMAR: The next time you buy cigarettes, remember Mr. Jenkins' statement. Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky, (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN), and Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN). Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSBAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Yes sir!
(Imp. Tag.
#21)

RUYSDAEL: Right you are!

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN OFF)