

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
NBC

PROGRAM: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK:

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

JACK BENNY
PROGRAM #9
2ND REV.

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)

ATX01 0235040

(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.

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 MTH.

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")

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)
LARRY)
DON) HI YA, JACKSON.
HELLO, MR. BENNY.
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...EVERYBODY 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 BCYS!

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 FULLY PACKED..HA HA HA..
OH HARRIS, YOU'RE SO SPONTANEOUS, 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 TOBACCO 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 our 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

RIGGS: (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. P. 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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