

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

REBROADCAST - 9:30-10:00 PM - PM
STATIONS: KPD, KOMO, KMD, KMQ,
KHQ, KGW, KFSD, KFI

CLIENT: 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 - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: 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 OOOOUT!

(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 OOOOUT!
(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 BULES)

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 OUT!
(BUZZING STOPS)

JACK: For heaven's sake.

MARY: What's the matter, Jack?

JACK: I was sitting 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: Hmmmm.

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: PULL 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) HMMPH GRRRRUNNG, ONE GRUMBLE PHIMMPHFF.

PHIL: OKAY, HOLD YOUR HEAD STILL, JACKSON, I'LL PULL THE CORK OUT.

JACK: (MAD) HMMPH GRRRRUNNG, PHIMMPHFF.
(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 happiness 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)

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)

JACK BENNY
PROGRAM #13
REV.

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.

ATX01 0235151