

PROGRAM #8
REVISED SCRIPT

As Broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1947

NBC

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

JACK BENNY
11/23/47

- A -

OPENING COMMERCIAL

LAING: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM - presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

LAING: Exhibit "A" - Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: Fine tobacco is what counts in a cigarette - and
year-in, year-out, always...Lucky Strike means fine
tobacco.

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Colonel
Hart Shewmaker, ace tobacco auctioneer of Lebanon,
Kentucky, has sold over 300 million pounds of tobacco
leaf. Recently he said:

VOICE: I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy real quality
tobacco ... fine, ripe, mild tobacco. Yes, I've seen
'em do it at thousands of auctions. For my own
cigarette, I pick Luckies.

LAING: At market after market, at auction after auction,
independent tobacco experts like Colonel Shewmaker
can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select
and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild
tobacco. Remember ...

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and fine tobacco
means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So
smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike.

ATX01 0310227

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-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

RUYSDAEL: Yes - next time you buy cigarettes ask for Lucky
Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free
and easy on the draw.

ATK01 0310228

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL....MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR MANY YEARS AS AN ANNOUNCER IT HAS BEEN MY PRIVILEGE TO INTRODUCE A NUMBER OF VERY IMPORTANT PEOPLE...BUT NEVER HAVE I FELT THE PRIDE THAT IS GLOWING WITHIN ME TODAY AS I INTRODUCE THE GRACIOUS AND BELOVED STAR OF OUR SHOW.

JACK: Well!

DON: YES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT GIVES ME EXTREME PLEASURE TO PRESENT TO YOU A MAN WHOSE VERY BENEVOLENCE HAS EARNED FOR HIM THE ADMIRATION, RESPECT AND EVERLASTING LOVE OF MILLIONS... AND HERE HE IS, JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking.....and Don that was the most beautiful introduction I've ever received...the most touching....Whatever made you think of it?

DON: There are only twenty-seven more shopping days till Christmas.

JACK: What?

DON: And I don't want any more of those lousy shoe laces

JACK: Oh...Don you didn't like the shoe laces I gave you last Christmas?

DON: No, I didn't

JACK: Well what was the matter with them, *I mean* were they too long...or two short...or what?

DON: Well Jack, I've been with you thirteen years and I didn't think ~~that~~ a pair of shoe laces was an appropriate Christmas gift.

JACK: Oh....Well Don, you silly boy....if you didn't like the shoe laces, you could have exchanged them for a box of Kleenex...or dental floss...or something...Anyway Don, I do appreciate the....

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Telegram for Jack Benny.

JACK: I'll take it, boy...Just a minute...here's a tip for you.

MEL: Yes sir.

JACK: I wonder who this telegram...You can go, boy, I gave you your tip.

MEL: But Mr. Benny, these ration stamps aren't good any more.

JACK: Don't be so sure!

MEL: Hmm....if my bicycle was paid for, I'd punch him right in the nose. (SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Go be nice to people...

DON: Jack, who's the telegram from?

JACK: Wait'll I open it.

(SOUND: TELEGRAM OPENING)

JACK: Well..."Dear Jack, please be at the studio tomorrow morning at nine o'clock for further discussions...Signed Jack Warner."

DON: Discussions? About what?

JACK: Didn't I tell you, Don? The Warner Brothers have finally decided to make that picture...you know...the story of my life...it's gonna be....

MARY: Hello Jack. *uh, Mary*

JACK: Oh, hello Mary. *Sorry I did that I mean we know you for so many years* I've got wonderful news! Warner Brothers is gonna make the story of my life.

MARY: Gee, that's swell..what gave them the idea?

JACK: Well, after I made "The Horn Blows at Midnight", Warner Brothers received thousands of fan letters demanding the life of Jack Benny....*anyway, there's been a lot of work on the story.* Hmm...I wonder how they meant that...

~~.....~~

~~.....~~

MARY: ~~.....~~

JACK: Yes Mary, and it's gonna be great..there's a lot of action in the opening scene...*You mean they've finished the script already?* I've just been born and as the doctor leaves the house, my father shoots him in the back...Really very exciting.

DON: Say Jack, when they made "The Jolson Story," they had Larry Parks play the part of Al Jolson. In your picture, who's gonna play you?

JACK: Well, we don't know yet..but to portray the real me, they're
I guess it is the way I've lived - you know what I mean
considering Errol Flynn...Then there's also the possibility
that they might use Clark Gable.

MARY: Well Jack, as long as it's the story of your life, why don't
you play it yourself?

JACK: We thought of that, Mary, but we felt we needed someone who
was attractive to women, *you see*

MARY: (SWEETLY) Oh Jack, you're just as attractive to women as
Clark Gable, any day.

JACK: Well, I wouldn't say that, Mary...That's sweet of you...but
Clark is a pretty handsome guy.

MARY: Oh, you're just being modest. You don't hear women talk
about you like I do.

JACK: (CUTE) Now Mary, stop, will you?...I'll admit I'm not
homely..but...but.....What do the women say about me?

MARY: You asked for it, brother!

JACK: Never mind....If you want to know something, Smarty, ~~just~~ *it*
wasn't so long
~~ago~~ ago I had dozens of girls all around me.

MARY: That's when you were playing with Phil Spatalny.

JACK: (MOCKING) Phil Spatalny, Phil Spatalny... He still owes
me two weeks salary. Any way --

DENNIS: Say Mr. Benny, when I sing my song, do you mind if I --

JACK: Oh..Oh, hello Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello..Mr. Benny, when I sing my song, do you mind if I --

JACK: Did..did you just get in?

DENNIS: Yeah..Mr. Benny, when I sing my song, do you mind if I---

JACK: How..how do you fell, kid?

DENNIS: Fine.

JACK: Good.

DENNIS: I broke my leg this morning but I'm all right now.

JACK: Dennis..just go ahead ^{with} ~~your~~ your song.

DENNIS: Well, aren't you gonna ask me how I broke my leg?

JACK: No, I'm not..Now go ahead and sing your song.

DENNIS: My mother was right, you don't want me to get laughs.

JACK: Not on silly things like that...Now go ahead and sing.

DENNIS: Okay, but do you mind if I dedicate the song to my new girl?

JACK: Oh, you have a new girl?....What's her name?

DENNIS: Thelma Gray, Hollywood 6265.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Dennis, you didn't have to give Mr. Benny her phone number.

DENNIS: I might as well, he'll force it out of me later.

JACK: Now wait a minute, kid...when did I ever threaten you to get a girl's telephone number?

DENNIS: Remember in New York when you took me to the top of the Empire State building?

MARY: Jack, you didn't?

DENNIS: He held me over the edge by my suspenders.

JACK: Well, you're lucky you didn't go out with that girl..You've still got your watch...The girls he picks up.

DENNIS: But this girl's different, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh, you really like her, eh?

DENNIS: Yeah..Last week was her birthday so I took her around to
all the clubs. We went to Ciro's..The Mocombo..Slapsie Maxies.

JACK: Really?

DENNIS: How those places stay in business, I'll never know..We were
the only ones there.

JACK: Dennis..what night did you go?

DENNIS: OHHHH.....NIGHT!

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake, go ahead and sing, kid.

DENNIS: Okay.

(INTRODUCTION TO NUMBER STARTS)

JACK: (OVER INTRODUCTION) Hollywood 6265..I must remember that..
this time I'll leave my watch home.

(DENNIS'S NUMBER - "HOW LUCKY YOU ARE")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "How Lucky You Are"..sung by Dennis Day..Very good;
Dennis....Say Mary--

DENNIS: Aren't you gonna ask me how I broke my leg?

JACK: No I'm not, and stop being silly....Now what did I start to
say?...Oh yeah..You know Mary, I've been giving it a lot of
thought and I don't know just who would be the right one to
play me in The Life Of Jack Benny.

MARY: How about Van Johnson?

JACK: Well, he's good, but *he isn't quite old enough.*
~~he isn't quite old enough.~~

MARY: How about Cornel Wilde?

JACK: No, he isn't ~~quite~~ old enough.

MARY: Well, how about John Wilkes Booth?

JACK: Oh stop...John Wilkes Booth.

DENNIS: He broke his leg, too.

JACK: Dennis..

DENNIS: Aren't you gonna ask me how?

JACK: No, I'm not...But Mary, I think...Gee, I don't know.

PHIL: Hi ya, Jackson, what's that dreamy look on your face?

JACK: Oh, hello Phil. I'm thinking..you know Warners is gonna make
a picture...the story of my life and we're trying to figure
out who would be the right personality to play me.

PHIL: Why don't you play it yourself, Jackson?..You're one of the
greatest actors in show business.

JACK: Huh?

PHIL: And coming from me, you know what that means.

JACK: Yes, there are only twenty-seven ^{more} shopping days till Christmas
...But getting the right guy is really a problem.

PHIL: Say Jackson, I've got an idea. Why don't you let me play the
part? I'd be terrific. I'm handsome, I've got personality,
sex appeal, what more do you want?

JACK: Phil.....

PHIL: Think it over, dad. I'm alive...I'm sharp..I'm a sort of a
Mickey Rooney with just enough Roddy MacDowell to hold me down.

JACK: Phil, ^{Phil, boy -} do you think for one moment that I'd let you play the
lead in a picture as important as this one? You'd be drinking
all the time.

PHIL: Well, what's wrong with that?

JACK: What?

PHIL: You made the Horn Blows at Midnight and you were sober.

JACK: Not after the preview!.....Anyway Phil--

PHIL: Hello Livy..H'ya, Don.

DON: Hello, Phil.

PHIL: Hello Dennis, how do you feel, kid?

DENNIS: I broke my leg this morning but I'm all right now.

JACK: Dennis...

DENNIS: Just call me John Wilkes Booth.

JACK: Dennis, keep quiet... Now Phil, I hate to be the one to suggest
it, but it's time for a number from your corny band.

PHIL: Corny band? Apparently you haven't heard.

JACK: Heard what?

PHIL: ~~He~~ ^{He were} invited to go to England and play for the Royal wedding.

JACK: The Royal wedding?

PHIL: Yes sir, right in Birmingham Palace.

JACK: That's Buckingham.. ~~He~~

PHIL: ~~He~~, if there's a buck in it, you'd know *it*.

JACK: You're darned right..Now come on, Phil, let's have a band number.

DON: Wait a minute Jack, don't you think it's about time we do a commercial?

JACK: Don, we're not going to do a commercial this week.. Go ahead, Phil.

DON: But Jack--

JACK: Don, I'm running this show! Go ahead, Phil.

DON: But Jack, the quartet worked on it all week.

JACK: I don't care if they did...Go ahead, Phil.

DON: And there's a part in it where you play the violin.

JACK: Hold it, Phil!..What were you saying, Don?

DON: The Sportsmen are going to do the Poet and Peasant Overture and there's a place in it where you do a violin solo.

JACK: Well, that sounds pretty good..I had no idea this was gonna happen. Gosh, this is really a surprise.

MARY: Some surprise. Unbutton your shirt and take out your violin.

it really was -
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JACK: Don, that commercial was really wonderful...and thanks for putting a part in it for me. The boys were just great and the violin solo was out of this shirt--I mean, out of this world....And by the way, kids, before I forget it, next Thursday on Thanksgiving I want you all to come over to my house for a turkey dinner.

DENNIS: Turkey?...Gee...I wonder if I could have one of the legs.

JACK: Sure kid, why?

DENNIS: I broke mine this morning.

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sake...

~~DON: That's a real turkey, that's a real turkey.~~

PHIL: Hey Jackson, are you sure it's gonna be a turkey?

JACK: Of course I'm sure, why?

PHIL: Well, last year you said you ran over a turkey, you invited us over to dinner, and it turned out to be a buzzard.

JACK: Well, it's a real turkey this time, isn't it Mary?

MARY: Yeah, I was with Jack when he bought it.

JACK: That's right.

MARY: In fact, yesterday, I called him and suggested that he throw a Thanksgiving Party for the whole gang. *He must have been in a good mood, maybe he went for the idea right away.*

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Well Mary, I'm glad you called and it's a good suggestion--

~~Just gathering gang, that's why, because for Thanksgiving dinner, in~~
hurry over to
~~hurry over to~~ we'll go shopping. Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

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JACK: OH ROCHESTER... ROCHESTER...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: Where have you been?

ROCH: OUT IN THE GARAGE TRYING TO FIX UP THE CAR. WHEN YOU HIT THAT TRUCK LAST WEEK, YOU BENT THE AXLE..

JACK: Did you fix it?

ROCH: UH HUH, BUT I HAD A LOT OF TROUBLE.

JACK: Trouble?

ROCH: YEAH..WHEN I LOOSENEED THE NUT THAT HOLDS THE AXLE, THE LIGHTS FELL OFF.

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: SO I TOOK A NUT OFF THE REAR DOOR TO FIX THE LIGHTS AND THE STEERING WHEEL FELL OFF.

JACK: Gee.

ROCH: THEN I TOOK OFF THE WIRE THAT HOLDS THE RADIATOR AND USED IT TO TIGHTEN THE STEERING WHEEL.

JACK: And the radiator fell off?

ROCH: NO, THE FENDERS.

JACK: All four of them?

ROCH: ALL FIVE OF 'EM.

JACK: Five? We only have four fenders.

ROCH: HOW ABOUT THE ONE WE HOLD OVER OUR HEAD WHEN IT RAINS?

JACK: I thought we used the side door for that.

ROCH: NO, WE USE THE SIDE DOOR TO CLOSE THE TRUNK IN THE BACK.

JACK: Oh yes..Gee, I must have hit that truck harder than I thought.

ROCH: SAY BOSS....WHEN ARE THEY GOING TO ~~GO~~^{come with} OUT THOSE NEW CARS
WITH THE MOTOR IN THE REAR?

JACK: In nineteen forty-eight.

ROCH: WELL CONGRATULATIONS, YOU'RE A YEAR AHEAD OF 'EM.

JACK: What? You mean the motor's in the back of my car?

ROCH: ABOUT TEN FEET.

JACK: Oh stop making things up...Now Rochester, I'm going to have
the gang over Thursday for Thanksgiving dinner...What's in
the refrigerator?

ROCH: THE MORNING PAPER, A MAGAZINE, AND YOUR GLASSES.

JACK: What?

ROCH: WHEN THAT LITTLE LIGHT GOES ON, YOU AIN'T WASTIN' IT.

JACK: I'm not talking about that..I mean food for Thanksgiving.

ROCH: WELL, WE'VE GOT EVERYTHING EXCEPT A TURKEY...DO YOU WANT
ME TO GO OUT AND BUY ONE?

JACK: No, Miss Livingstone is come over and -- we're going to

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: That must be her now..So long, Rochester, we'll be back in
about an hour.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CONCRETE)

JACK: Gee Mary, it's such a nice day, I'm glad we decided to
walk to the market.

MARY: Yeah..I'm glad Thanksgiving will be here soon..it's one of
our nicest holidays.

JACK: Yes..and this year we should all be so thankful..I know I am..When I wake up in the morning, I hear the birds singing.. I've got the beautiful moonlight at night...I get all the fresh air I need..all the sunshine I want.

MARY: So far it hasn't cost you a dime.

JACK: Yeah...Oh Mary..look over there..those boys playing football.

STEVIE: (OFF) HEY JOEY, KICK IT TO ME NOW.

JACK: They're nice kids, Mary..The bigger one is Stevie Kent.. his folks live on the corner...Every time I go for a walk I stop and talk with him....HEY STEVE...THROW THE BALL OVER HERE.

STEVE: (OFF) HUH?...OH, HELLO MR. BENNY...HERE IT COMES..... LOOK OUT, I THINK IT'S TOO HIGH....YOU HAVE TO RUN FOR IT.... ..FASTER....YOU BETTER JUMP FOR IT....WOW! WHAT A CATCH!

JACK: Say, that was a good catch..I gotta hand it to you, Mary.... How did you do it?

MARY: (PUFFING A LITTLE) I don't know, but you can buy me a new girdle for Christmas.

JACK: Okay. *You know, Mary, ALLA could have used you yesterday.* *Yes, sir!*

STEVE: Hey Mr. Benny..this is my friend, Joey.

JACK: Hello, Joey.

JOEY: Hello, Mr. Benny.

STEVE: You know, Joey, Mr. Benny was All American fullback when he played football for Yale.

MARY: Yale?

STEVE: And he broke the hundred yard dash record when he was in the Olympic games.

JOEY: Gee whizz.

MARY: Jack, did you tell these - -

STEVE: And Mr. Benny pitched two no hit games in the World Series when he was with the New York Yankees.

MARY: The Yankees?

JACK: (MODESTLY) Oh, I was just lucky, *that's all.*

STEVE: Say Mr. Benny....tell Joey about the time you knocked out Jack Dempsey.

JACK: Oh, it was nothing! It happened in the first round...We were mixing it in the center of the ring when, suddenly Dempsey caught me with a powerful right ^{*hook to*} ~~slammed~~ my chin.. it shook me a little..I realized he was dangerous, so I decided to end it quickly....I shot two lefts under to his midsection..crossed a right to the jaw and down he went...I didn't mean to hit him so hard...He was out for over an hour.

STEVE
& JOEY: GOSH!

JACK: Well, so long kids...We've got to get going.

(SOUND: MAN AND WOMAN'S FOOTSTEPS ON CONCRETE...

THEY GO ON AND ON AND ON)

JACK: (AFTER LONG SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS)....You know, Mary, I --

MARY: Oh, shut up!

JACK: Look, Mary..I only tell the kids stories like that because it helps them if they have a hero to look up to..

MARY: Some hero. ~~that's not a hero~~.

JACK: Anyway, I just tell the kids harmless little stories..I don't exaggerate too much...Oh look, there's ^{little} ~~look at him~~ Georgie Foster...isn't he cute...He's only four. Hello, Georgie.

LITTLE KID: Hello, Mr. President.

MARY: Oh brother.

JACK: Mary...I never told him that...he's just ad libbing...Come on, here's the market.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...MARKET NOISES)

JACK: Let's see...Oh, there's the poultry department over there... Come on Mary.

MARY: Okay...and Jack, remember what you promised...this time you're going to get a nice big turkey...not like the last one you got.

JACK: There was nothing small about that turkey.

MARY: Go on...you didn't have the heart to chop its head off.. you beat it to death in a badminton game.

JACK: Mary--

MARY: And I got stuck with the part that went over the net last.

JACK: Mary, stop trying to switch old jokes...Now let's walk over to the counter and --

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh hello, Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, what are you doing behind the ^{meat} counter?

ARTIE: I am helping out here for the holidays.

JACK: Oh, you're just working here temporarily?

ARTIE: Yes, until my boss gets back from the wedding.

JACK: The wedding...in London?

ARTIE: They had one there, too?

JACK: Yes yes, last Thursday...Well look, Mr. Kitzel, I wanta

buy a turkey...are they very expensive?

ARTIE: ^{Expensive}
HOO HOO HOO HOO.

JACK: You mean they're that high?

ARTIE: (CONFIDENTIALLY) Come here a minute.

JACK: Huh?

ARTIE: Step closer. (WHISPERS) Do you know what ^{Turkeys are} ~~expensive~~ ^{selling for today?}

JACK: No. (STUTTERING)
^{It's - it's - you'd be surprised, too.}

ARTIE: Come a little closer.

JACK: Huh?

ARTIE: Lean over..

JACK: What?

ARTIE: Eighty cents a pound.

JACK: Why do you have to whisper it?

ARTIE: I don't want the turkeys should get ^{harmy} ~~harmy~~.

JACK: Gee...eighty cents a pound...that's a lot of money for turkeys.

ARTIE: *Say, they've got to live, too.*
~~That's all right, but I don't want to live with them.~~

JACK: Well -- *I suppose so.*

MARY: Say Jack., while you're getting the turkey, I better shop around and get some things for the stuffing.

JACK: I think I have everything at home.

MARY: What about cracker crumbs?

JACK: Plenty.

MARY: Stale bread?

JACK: Two loaves.

MARY: Oysters?

JACK: One can.

MARY: Sage?

JACK: Thirty-eight.

MARY: What?

JACK: Oh, I thought you said something else...Yes, we have everything.

ARTIE: Well, Mr. Benny, what is your pleasure, if I can be so accommodating.

JACK: Well, I'd like to get a live turkey...about twenty-five pounds.

ARTIE: The live turkeys are over there...down at the end of the counter.

JACK: Oh yes, yes...Look...I think I'll take that one on the right..

it looks nice and plump
Take on your glasses -
ARTIE: That's my wife.

JACK: Oh yes. ~~It's a nice turkey. I like it.~~

~~ARTIE: I wish I could get eighty cents a pound for her.~~

~~ARTIE: I wish I could get eighty cents a pound for her.~~

ARTIE: (TO SELF) I wish I could get eighty cents a pound for her.

JACK: What?

ARTIE: Nothing..I'm daydreaming. ~~It's a nice turkey. I like it.~~

JACK: Now Mr. Kitzel, what would you suggest?

NELSON: Well, if you want a nice live turkey..what about this one over here?

TURKEY: (GOBBLES)

MARY: Say Jack, this one's nice and plump.

JACK: I've seen turkeys look plump and they were all ^{full of} feathers...
I'm going to feel this one myself...Hold still turkey.

TURKEY: (GOBBLES AND GIGGLES)

MARY: You and your cold hands.

JACK: Well Mary...what do you think about it?

MARY: It looks all right.

TURKEY: (GOBBLES)

JACK: Yeah, but I wouldn't have the heart to kill it..Just look at it's eyes...the same color as mine..sultry summer blue.

MARY: Oh Jack...stop being so sentimental...You've already given up eating strawberries because they remind you of Phil Harris's eyes.

JACK: ~~It's a nice turkey. I like it.~~ ^{Mr. Kitzel -} how much does this turkey weigh?

ARTIE: About thirty-six pounds, my scale is broken.

JACK: Oh, well I'll weigh it over there...come here turkey...

TURKEY: (GOBBLES...ETC...CONTINUES GOBBLING LIGHTLY THROUGH FOLLOWING)

JACK: That's a good girl...Come on, Mary. *She'll go over to the scales.*
(SOUND...FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Now hold still turkey....Mary, put in a penny.

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: PENNY IN SLOT OF SCALE..STAMPING OF MACHINE..
DROPPING OF CARD)

MARY: Oh look Jack, a card came out.

JACK: What does it say?

MARY: YOU WEIGH THIRTY-SIX POUNDS AND YOU AIN'T LONG FOR THIS

WORLD.
There's a picture of Fred Astaire on the other side.
JACK: Well, that's much too big...Oh Mr. Kitzel..

ARTIE: Your pleasure?

JACK: This turkey's too big. How much does this one weigh? This one right here.

ARTIE: I think, twenty-nine pounds.

JACK: Aren't you sure?

NELSON: Wait a minute, I'll check...Oh Eddie, how much does this turkey weigh?

ONE: Twenty-nine pounds, but I'll check...Hey Joe, how much does this turkey weigh?

TWO: TWENTY-NINE POUNDS, BUT I'LL CHECK...HEY HERMAN, HOW MUCH DOES THIS TURKEY WEIGH?

THREE: TWENTY-NINE POUNDS, BUT I'LL CHECK...HEY SAM...

JACK: ALL RIGHT, I BELIEVE YOU.

(SHORT PIANO INTRO TO SONG)

IN BARNYARDS SHE'S MADE ALL THE ROUNDS

NOW THERE ARE 29 CHICKENS

AS CRAZY AS THE DICKENS

ABOUT THE TURKEY OF 29 POUNDS

SHE LEFT 29 BROKEN EGGS

SHE'S GOT FEATHERS ALL OVER HER LEGS

AND BROTHER I AM NOT BLUFFIN'

YOU OUGHTA SEE THE STUFFIN'

IN THE TURKEY OF 29 POUNDS

SHE'S A GOB GOB GOBBLING BIRD

A NEW KIND OF BIRD FROM THE WEST.

SHE'LL MAKE WONDERFUL GRAVY.

IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL IT'S ON YOUR VEST

SHE ATE 29 BUSHELS OF CORN

SINCE THE 29 MONTHS SHE WAS BORN

SHE'LL LOOK SO LOVELY ON YOUR TABLE

WITH HER LEGS LIKE BETTY GRABLE

SHE'S THE TURKEY OF 29 POUNDS

GOBBLE GOBBLE

THE TURKEY OF 29 POUNDS.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: I know, fellow..

I'll buy it.

JACK: Fellows, I said

I'll take it.

JACK: Look fellows
you sold me.

JACK: Fellow, I'm sure
it's a good
turkey. Fellows

I'll take it. I'll take it

~~JACK: I'll take it. I'll take it~~

~~(APPLAUSE AND CHATTER)~~

~~Each teacher and gentleman. I think you are right. We~~
have problems, but when our children are the victims of
circumstances we are responsible for... that's unforgivable.
I'm referring to what is happening in our schools today.
Thousands of underpaid teachers are being forced to leave
their profession to enter better paying fields. We can
correct this situation by being active in the Parent-Teachers
Association, local school boards, and getting to know the
individual teachers better....So let's support our teachers
~~and let's give them the respect and support they deserve.~~

(APRIL 1968)

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first....

JACK BENNY PROGRAM
11/23/47

- C -

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

LAING: And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LAING: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and fine tobacco is what counts in a cigarette. Remember what happens at the tobacco auctions?

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - FAST SALES - FADING QUICKLY TO
BACKGROUND NOISE)

LAING: Year-in, year-out, at market after market, independent tobacco experts can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco. (CHANT UP 59 - AMERICAN AND OUT FAST)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. Carl Hartfield of Greensburg, Kentucky, has been working as an independent tobacco buyer for the last 29 years. Recently he had this to say:

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco -- ripe, prime leaf that's got real smoking quality. I've smoked Luckies for over 28 years.

(MORE)

ATX01 0310250

JACK BENNY PROGRAM
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- D -

CLOSING COMMERCIAL -- (CONT'D)

LAING: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment,
remember...

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so smoke that smoke of
fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike.

RUYSDAEL: Yes, next time you buy cigarettes ask for Lucky Strike --
so round, so firm, so fully pecked, so free and easy on the
draw.

Jack: Straight, fast.

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(PAG)

~~JACK: Alice and gentleman, my name is Jack.~~

Harris-Alice Faye show on Sundays and A Day in the Life of
Dennis Day on Wednesday...Well, kids, I bought the turkey
and I want you all over to my house for dinner on
Thanksgiving...Oh darn it, there's someone I forgot to
invite...Excuse me a minute....

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP. FIVE DIALS..RECEIVER UP)

MEL: (STRAIGHT) Norman Krasna's residence.

JACK: I'd like to speak to Mr. Krasna, please...This is Jack
Benny.

MEL: I'm sorry but Mr. Krasna, is busy at the moment...Could
I give him a message?

JACK: Yes...I'd like you to find out if he can come over to
my house for Thanksgiving dinner Thursday.

MEL: Just a moment, I'll ask him.Hello..

JACK: Hello...what did Mr. Krasna say?

MEL: (WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH)

~~JACK: Goodbye.~~

~~(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)~~