

PROGRAM #9  
REVISED SCRIPT

*As Broadcast*

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE  
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1947      NBC      4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

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JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NOVEMBER 30, 1947

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

LAING: An outstanding example: Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts - and day-in,  
day-out ... Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. Ed  
Isaacs, independent tobacco warehouseman of Lebanon,  
Kentucky, has seen millions of pounds of tobacco sold at  
auction. Recently he said:

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike  
buy fine, ripe tobacco -- the kind of leaf a tobacco man  
really goes for. My own cigarette for more than 15 years  
has been Luckies.

LAING: At auction after auction, independent tobacco experts like  
Mr. Isaacs 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.

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.

(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 GENTLEMAN, AS YOU ALL KNOW, SUNDAY NIGHT IS A GREAT NIGHT FOR COMEDY ON N.B.C.....ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING COMEDIANS IS FRED ALLEN...

JACK: What?

DON: HOWEVER, IT'S TOO EARLY FOR FRED ALLEN...SO I BRING YOU HIS CLOSEST FRIEND...JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you..hello again, this is Jack Benny talking..And Don...Don...Rose Bowl tummy...I'd like to ask you something...After all these years how can you imply that Fred Allen and I are such close friends?

DON: Well Jack, last year when we were in New York, Allen told me personally that of all the friends he has, if he tried to borrow money, you'd be the closest.

JACK: Fred Allen said that?

DON: Yes, Jack, he certainly did.

JACK: Well, Don, I'm the kind of a man who likes to give credit where credit is due..and that joke deserves at least ~~two~~ *five* seconds of silence...Will you people in the audience please bear with us.

(SOUND: ~~BEAUTIFUL~~ BEAUTIFUL SOFT CHIMES ON CLOCK)

DON: And that isn't all Allen said...He told me that --

MARY: Wait a minute, Don...Jack isn't back yet.

DON: Where is he?

MARY: While the bells were ringing, he was out in the audience selling Good Humors.

JACK: I was not..And you're just as bad as Allen...with those stingy jokes *about me*.

MARY: Oh Jack, it isn't only Fred Allen...Everybody is talking about how cheap you are. Even I'm embarrassed.

JACK: What?

MARY: Look what happened last Saturday night at the Brown Derby.

JACK: Mary....

MARY: You ordered a bowl of noodle soup and ate it right down to the last spoonful.

JACK: Well...

MARY: Then you caught a fly, threw it in the soup and refused to pay for it.

JACK: Mary..

MARY: And that was a fine thing you did at that football game last week. *everybody else thought it was a punishment - but not you -*

~~JACK: Mary..~~

~~MARY: And that was a fine thing you did at that football game last week.~~

~~JACK: Mary..~~

DON: What did he do, Mary?

MARY: He painted U.S.C. on his toupay and tied it on a stick.

JACK: Well, I had the winning team, didn't I?

MARY: Yeah, but if you dye it green for Notre Dame, I'll punch you right in the nose.

*If you hadn't hesitated before green you would have had a great joke.*  
JACK: 1 Just keep that up..sister, you're dimming my Christmas spirit..Now let's get on with the --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: (A LITTLE BALMY) Mr. Benny, I'm from Coronet Magazine, and we want to express our appreciation to you for being our quiz editor this month.

JACK: Well, I was glad to do it.

MEL: You were selected because you are a man who always tells the truth.

JACK: Of course.

MEL: Now we'd like some information for our files.

JACK: Anything at all..What is it you want to know?

MEL: How old are you?

JACK: .....Well.....How old would you say I look?

MEL: Ummm...I'd say about..er..thirty-eight.

JACK: Thank you.

MEL: Do you mind if I borrow your handkerchief?

JACK: Why?

MEL: The wind is blowing through this hole in my head.

JACK: What?

MEL: (STRUMS LIPS WITH FINGER)

JACK: GET OUT OF HERE.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: I don't know why it is..on other shows when someone knocks on the door, it's a guest star. On my show it's always an idiot.

PHIL: I'll be right with you, Jackson.

JACK: I wasn't calling you..But as long as you're here, Phil,  
snap into it and give us a band number.

PHIL: Now wait a minute, Jackson, wait a minute...from now on you  
don't just stand there and tell me to play a band number...  
You request a musical selection.

JACK: What?

PHIL: Then if the maestro is in the mood, he will acquiesce.

JACK: Phil..Phil, are you winking at me, or did you lose the  
toothpick that was holding your left eye open?

PHIL: I didn't lose nothing, Jackson, I'm just classy now...didn't  
you notice what happened at the opening of the show?

JACK: Notice what?

PHIL: I was leading the band without a stick.

JACK: Well, three cheers and a tiger for you!..without a stick, eh?

PHIL: *Certainly* / *Now that I'm like the other great musicians*  
~~Yeah~~, it's much more dignified. Now I'm like Stokowsky..or..  
Toscanini..or Spumoni.

JACK: I knew if he talked long enough, he'd hit the jerk pot...

Phil, Spumoni is an Italian ice cream.

PHIL: Well, thank heaven..I thought I said a naughty word.

JACK: No, you're in the clear..unless...No, ice cream is ice cream  
no matter how you look at it....And Phil, as far as your  
music is concerned --

PHIL: Don't pick on my music, Jackson..I've got enough to do..I gotta come to the studio and rehearse the script..then I gotta rehearse the band and on top of that, I gotta write my own music.

JACK: You mean you make your own arrangements?

PHIL: Yeah, if you paid me enough, I could hire a guy to come in and fix 'em up a little... You know one good note here and there makes a lot of difference.

JACK: Phil, one good note in your arrangement is like throwing a rose into a barrel of Roquefort. ~~And Roquefort by comparison~~  
*And anyway*  
~~name would easily be forgotten~~...Hey, where's Dennis, it's time for his song.

MARY: He hasn't come in yet.

JACK: Well, Don, while we're waiting, let's have the quartet do a commercial.

~~DON: Mary, I thought you said I was to write the commercial.~~

~~JACK: Don, wait a minute. Don't write the commercial. Let the quartet write it. They're the ones who write the commercials.~~

PHIL: Hey Jackson, if you wanta hear something good, me and the quartet have worked up a number that's dynamite.

JACK: You and the Sportsmen prepared a commercial?

PHIL: Sure, didn't we, fellows?.....didn't we fellows?.....

JACK: Did you, fellows?

QUART: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: You see, I'm the boss here, Phil..Well, go ahead, let's hear it.

PHIL: Okay.



PHIL: WON'T YOU COME WITH ME TO ALABAMMY  
LET'S GO SEE MY DEAR OLD MAMMY  
SHE'S SMOKIN' LUCKIES AND BROILING HAMMY,  
AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

QUART: DOWN WHERE THE SWANNEE RIVER FLOWS,  
DOWN WHERE THAT FINE TOBACCO GROWS  
WHERE EVERY MAN IS A MAN WHO KNOWS.  
AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

PHIL: IF YOU LOVE ME LIKE I LOVE YOU  
SEND ME LUCKIES, P.D.Q.  
I'M GLAD I BET ON S.M.U.  
AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

QUART: NOW LET'S GO DOWN TO TENNESSEE  
THAT'S THE PLACE FOR YOU AND ME  
THEY SMOKE L S M F T  
AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

ORCH VAMP

PHIL: (DURING VAMP) TAKE ONE, JACKSON.

JACK: WON'T YOU COME WITH ME TO OLD ST. JOE  
WHERE THEY LOVE ME BUT LUCKIES MO'  
SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRO'  
AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

PHIL: EVEN DOWN ON BASIN STREET  
THEY WOULD RATHER SMOKE THAN EAT  
'CAUSE LUCKY STRIKES ARE HARD TO BEAT  
AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

JACK: TAKE ONE, DON.

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DON: FUNNY THING ABOUT AN ESKIMO  
THEY ONLY SMOKE IN THE EVENING GLOW  
BUT THE NIGHTS ARE SIX MONTHS LONG YOU KNOW  
AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE NORTH.

PHIL: I'D RATHER BE IN DIXIE LAND  
'CAUSE IN THAT FIELD I'LL LOOK SO GRAND  
WITH A BIG TOBACCO LEAF IN MY HAND  
AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

QUART: HERE COMES F. E. BOONE WITH ALL THE NEWS  
SPEEDY RIGGS IN HIS BUTTON SHOES  
AND LUCKY STRIKE'S THE ONE THEY CHOOSE  
AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

(ORCHESTRA FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

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JACK: Say Phil, did you write that number all by yourself?

PHIL: I certainly did Jackson.

JACK: Wrote the music, arranged it and everything...nobody helped you?

PHIL: No, I did it myself.

JACK: Well...Now you know what I mean by roquefort...I can't understand why Dennis isn't here yet... .

DON: I haven't seen him since we had Thanksgiving dinner at your house.

JACK: That's funny.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, maybe the kid ate too much turkey and got sick.

JACK: No, he couldn't have. There were sixteen of us at the table and I still have half the turkey left.

MARY: There were twenty-eight of us and you still have three-quarters of the turkey left.

JACK: What?

MARY: Nobody but you would think of putting sleeping pills in the stuffing.

JACK: ~~Well, I only~~ *Oh, stop, will you -*

PHIL: ~~What did you say, Mary? Jackson put sleeping pills in the stuffing?~~

MARY: ~~What did you say, Phil?~~

PHIL: ~~What did you say, Mary? Jackson put sleeping pills in the stuffing?~~

JACK: ~~What did you say, Mary?~~

PHIL: ~~What did you say, Mary? Jackson put sleeping pills in the stuffing?~~



1-9-7-5  
MARY: I'll remember that.

DENNIS: If a man answers, it's my mother.

JACK: Dennis, if Mary was thinking of getting married, it wouldn't be to you, you're just a kid.

DENNIS: I'm not a kid any more. My father told me all about the birds and the bees.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: The birds are the ones with the wings.

JACK: Dennis..the bees have wings too.

DENNIS: Don't get vulgar.

JACK: Dennis, I've got to have a son who can talk like a grown-up.

~~unintelligible~~

~~DENNIS: Huh?~~

~~JACK: I want a son who can talk like a grown-up.~~

~~DENNIS: Okay.~~

~~JACK: I want a son who can talk like a grown-up.~~

~~DENNIS: Okay.~~

~~JACK: I want a son who can talk like a grown-up.~~

DENNIS: ~~Okay.~~ Okay.

(MUSIC STARTS)

JACK: (OVER INTRODUCTION) I can understand how he got two shows, but how he ever got a father and mother, ~~unintelligible~~.

(DENNIS'S SONG - "DON'T YOU LOVE ME ANYMORE?")

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

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JACK: That was "Don't You Love Me Anymore" sung by Dennis Day  
and very good, Dennis.

DENNIS: Thanks, Mr. Benny, and before I forget it, my mother told me  
to thank you for inviting me to your ~~Thanksgiving~~ dinner  
*last* Thursday.

JACK: Well, you were very welcome...and by the way kids, I meant  
to tell you..you know you almost didn't have that turkey  
for dinner.

DON: What do you mean, Jack?

JACK: Well, somehow I didn't have the heart to kill it...As a  
matter of fact, it was the day before Thanksgiving, the  
turkey was out in the yard, and it was getting late.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Look at her, Rochester..she's certainly a fine looking  
turkey.

MEL: (GOBBLES)

JACK: We've had her almost a week now...she seems to know us.

MEL: (FRIENDLY GOBBLE)

JACK: (SIGHS) Well, it's got to be killed...Here Rochester,  
here's the hatchet.

ROCH: YEP, WE GOTTA DO IT.....HERE'S THE HATCHET, BOSS.

JACK: Yes sir, if it's gotta be done it's gotta be done....Here's  
the hatchet, Rochester.

ROCH: NO USE WASTING TIME. THAT'S WHAT WE'RE OUT HERE FOR.....  
...HERE'S THE HATCHET, BOSS.

JACK: I'll tell you what, Rochester..I'll toss a coin to see  
*heads-it's you*  
who does it. Here I'll toss this quarter...Here goes...

MEL: (GOBBLE)  
JACK: Where did it go...where's the quarter?  
ROCH: THE TURKEY SWALLOWED IT.  
JACK: ~~THE~~ *What?*  
MEL: (LOUD VERY TERRIFIED GOBBLES)  
ROCH: BOSS! BOSS! WITH THE HATCHET, NOT WITH YOUR BARE HANDS!  
JACK: I was just trying to stop her from swallowing it...Now Rochester, let's not fool around any more...Take the hatchet and chop the turkey's head off.  
ROCH: BUT BOSS..ISN'T THERE AN EASIER WAY TO DO IT?...WHY DON'T WE KILL IT LIKE MR. HARRIS KILLS HIS TURKEYS?  
JACK: Oh...does Mr. Harris kill turkeys a special way?  
ROCH: YEAH...HE FEEDS THEM A QUART OF BOURBON AND LETS THEM HICCUP THEMSELVES TO DEATH.  
JACK: He gives the turkey a quart of bourbon?  
ROCH: ON THANKSGIVING MR. HARRIS WANTS EVERYBODY TO BE HAPPY.  
JACK: Well that's silly...how can the turkey be happy...its body will soon be in the oven roasting.  
ROCH: ~~Yeah~~ *Yeah*, BUT ITS HEAD WILL BE OUT IN THE YARD SMILING.  
JACK: Oh fine...Well, we're not going to waste any bourbon on this turkey.  
MEL: (GOBBLES AND CRIES).  
JACK: Look Rochester..we've stalled long enough...Now I'm going in the house...so you kill it.  
ROCH: BUT BOSS...I HATE TO.

(

JACK: All this fuss over killing a turkey....But then..you do get kind of attached to them.....I remember, I brought her home Saturday..and every morning she laid an egg.....If she could give milk too, I'da let her live....But then what have I got to lose. At least this way I get food and a duster....But I'm sure gonna miss her..She was kind of cute.

JACK: She would--

ROCH: WELL BOSS.,IT'S ALL OVER.

JACK: You mean --?

ROCH: YEAH...SAY BOSS, I WONDER WHAT "GOBBLE GOBBLE GOBBLE  
GOBBLE EGH" MEANS.

JACK: Why?

ROCH: THOSE WERE HER LAST WORDS.

JACK: Well, don't worry about it, Rochester, it had to be done...  
I'm going into the den and lie down a little...I'm  
kind of tired.

JACK: Ahhh, it will be good to lie down awhile...  
~~I'm going to sleep now.~~  
~~I'm going to sleep now.~~  
~~I'm going to sleep now.~~  
~~I'm going to sleep now.~~  
~~I'm going to sleep now.~~



*after all the work I've done* 15-

JACK: (YAWNS) Gee, I'm tired. (YAWNS).....I hope the gang enjoys the Thanksgiving dinner tomorrow...(YAWNS)... Thanksgiving is one of my favorite holidays...But it's not like it used to be...I remember when I was a kid back in Waukegan...my father and I used to go out in that big forest and shoot a turkey...Just think, that's where Chicago is now...(YAWNS AND MUMBLES) Gosh, I hated to make Rochester kill that turkey...It was my fault..I didn't want to do it... ..Gee, I feel like I'm falling asleep...Maybe I better take my hat off...(VERY YAWNY) I didn't want to kill that turkey...I didn't want to kill that turkey..I didn't want to kill that turkey..(FOUR SNORES..INTO)

(MUSIC WITH VIBRAHARPS, ETC, ENDING WITH CYMBAL CRASH)

(SOUND: RECORD OF TURKEYS GOBBLING..

LOUD RAPPING OF GAVEL)

MEL: ~~(SCENE CHANGE)~~ Order in the court, order in the court.

JACK: Court? Where am I?...Where am I?

MEL: ~~(SCENE CHANGE)~~ ORDER IN THE COURT..~~(SCENE CHANGE)~~..

(SOUND: RAPPING OF GAVEL)

MEL: ~~(SCENE CHANGE)~~ Now the case of the Gobblers of Los Angeles County versus Jack Benny.

JACK: Wait a minute, what am I being tried for?

MEL: ~~(SCENE CHANGE)~~ You are charged with murder.

JACK: Murder!

MEL: ~~(SCENE CHANGE)~~ (MANIACAL LAUGH)

JACK: Wait a minute, this is a mistake - I didn't murder anybody... Who did I murder?

BEA: You murdered my daughter. (GOBBLES)

JACK: But you're a turkey..and look..the jury...they're all turkeys too.

(SOUND: RECORD OF TURKEYS GOBBLING...GAVEL RAPPING)

MEL: (~~BEA~~) EVERYBODY RISE, PLEASE..HIS HONOR THE JUDGE!

(SOUND: SCUFFLING AND SITTING DOWN NOISES)

JACK: Judge? How can you be the judge..you're a turkey, aren't you?

NELSON: Well, what do you think I am with this worm in my mouth, an apple?

JACK: What?

NELSON: (GOBBLES)

JACK: But your honor..if you're the judge..why aren't you on the bench...why are you sitting over there?

NELSON: My wife went ~~shopping~~ shopping, and it's my turn to sit on the nest.

JACK: Oh.

(SOUND: TEMPLE BLOCK)

NELSON: Whoops! Congratulate me, I'm a father....Now let's get on with the trial..(GOBBLES) The prosecution will present its first witness.

MEL: (~~BEA~~) WILL THE FIRST WITNESS PLEASE TAKE THE STAND .....YOUR NAME?

BEA: Talullah Turkey.

MEL: Do you promise to tell the truth, the whole truth, and : .. nothing but the truth?

BEA: (GOBBLES) I do.

JACK: (YELLS) Tell her to uncross her legs, she's influencing the jury..... (Imagine her coming into court wearing those short feathers.)

MEL: Now, Mrs. Turkey, when was the last time you saw your daughter?

BEA: When she went out with that man over there...and she lost her head completely.

JACK: That's a corny gag.

BEA: It ain't bad for a turkey..(GOBBLES)

NELSON: ORDER IN THE COURT...(GOBBLES)..ORDER IN THE ---

(SOUND: TEMPLE BLOCK)

NELSON: WHOOPS, THAT'S TWINS....Won't mama be surprised when she comes home.

MEL: Will the next witness please take the nest..I mean the stand...(GOBBLES) You are here as a character witness, sir.  
...What is your name?

OLLIE: My name is Fred Allen.

MEL: Your occupation?

OLLIE: I'm a comedian.

JACK: That's a lie...~~asker~~! *Subject*

(SOUND: RECORD OF TURKEYS GOBBLING..)

NELSON: ORDER IN THE COURT..(GOBBLES) ORDER IN THE COURT.

~~MEL: Now Mr. Allen..(GOBBLES) How long have you known the defendant?~~

~~OLLIE: Seventy-four years.~~

~~oldest friends.~~

~~(SOUND: RECORD OF TURKEYS GOBBLING..)~~

~~(SOUND: RECORD OF TURKEYS GOBBLING..)~~

~~JACK: Now Mr. Allen..(GOBBLES) How long have you known the~~

MEL: Now Mr. Allen..(GOBBLES) How long have you known the defendant?

OLLIE: Seventy-four years.

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MEL: Just a minute, Mr. Allen..you're not that old.

OLLIE: When you know a man like Benny, you try to hurry up and die.

JACK: Now wait a minute!

NELSON: That will be all, Mr. Allen.....Your testimony has---

(SOUND: TEMPLE BLOCK)

NELSON: Whoops, that's three down and one to go...Now will the  
defendant please take the stand. (GOBBLE)

JACK: Yes, and I'll say plenty.

MEL: Your name?

JACK: Jack Benny.

MEL: Your occupation?

JACK: Radio comedian.

MEL: Your wage?

JACK: Thirty-eight.

MEL: WHAT?

JACK: Oh, oh..my wage..Well, that's a personal matter.

MEL: Now, isn't it true that on the afternoon of November  
twenty-sixth you did murder, with drumstick aforethought  
Miss Tilly Turkey?

JACK: Yes yes, but since when is it a crime to kill a turkey?

(SOUND: TURKEY RECORD)

CAST: (GOBBLE ANGRILY)

~~JACK: Now, isn't it true that on the afternoon of November~~

~~twenty-sixth you did murder, with drumstick aforethought~~

~~Miss Tilly Turkey?~~

~~JACK: Yes yes, but since when is it a crime to kill a turkey?~~

~~MEL: Now, isn't it true that on the afternoon of November~~

~~twenty-sixth you did murder, with drumstick aforethought~~

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~~NELSON: ...~~

~~(SOUND: ...)~~

~~JACK: ...~~

NELSON: The prosecution will present its next witness.

MEL: Yes sir...(GOBBLES)...Your name, please?

ARTIE: Mister Kitzel.

MEL: Now Mister Kitzel, in the course of your employment in a poultry market, isn't it true that you sold the defendant a turkey?

ARTIE: Look, Mr. Benny's a very good friend of mine, I don't like to say anything <sup>that is going to</sup> ~~that is going to~~ hurt him.

MEL: How long have you been friends?

ARTIE: Since before he murdered the turkey.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel!

MEL: Quiet...Now about this turkey you sold the defendant...Was she nice and plump?

ARTIE: She was beautiful.

MEL: Oh, then she was very well rounded.

ARTIE: HOO HOO HOO HOOO! Her pictures were banned in Boston.

MEL: Now Mr. Kitzel...we want an identification of the deceased turkey. How much did she weigh?

ARTIE: I think twenty-nine pounds.

MEL: You think she weighed twenty-nine pounds? Don't you know?

ARTIE: Wait, I'll ask my assistants...SAY BOYS--

QUART: (CNE NOTE)

JACK: They're not his assistants...that's my quartet...What's the  
matter with everybody...are they crazy?

ARTIE: BOYS..HOW MUCH DID MR. BENNY'S TURKEY WEIGH?

(ORCHESTRA INTRO)

JACK: (OVER INTRODUCTION) What kind of a trial is this...What's  
going on?

(SHORT INTRODUCTION)

QUART: SHE WAS THE TURKEY OF 29 POUNDS.  
IN THE BARNYARDS SHE MADE ALL THE ROUNDS.  
NOW THERE WERE 29 CHICKENS  
AS CRAZY AS THE DICKENS  
ABOUT THE TURKEY OF 29 POUNDS.  
SHE LEFT 29 BROKEN EGGS.  
SHE HAD FEATHERS ALL OVER HER LEGS  
AND BROTHER I'M NOT BLUFFIN'  
YOU OUGHTA SEE THE STUFFIN'  
IN THE TURKEY OF 29 POUNDS.  
SHE WAS A GOBE GOBB GOBBLING BABY  
A NEW KIND OF BIRD FROM THE WEST.  
AND SHE'LL MAKE WONDERFUL GRAVY.  
IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL IT'S ON YOUR VEST.  
SHE ATE 29 BUSHELS OF CORN  
SINCE THE 29 WEEKS SHE WAS BORN.  
SHE'LL LOOK SO LOVELY ON YOUR TABLE  
WITH HER LEGS LIKE BETTY GRABLE  
SHE'S THE TURKEY OF 29 POUNDS.  
OH, GOBBLE GOBBLE  
THE TURKEY OF 29 POUNDS.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: RECORD OF GOBBLING....THEN ON CUE,  
RAPPING OF GAVEL)

NEILSON: Turkeys of the jury, you've heard the evidence..what is your verdict?

DON: WE FIND THE DEFENDANT, JACK BENNY, GUILTY OF MURDER..

JACK: Don Wilson!

DON: (GOBBLE) LET'S GET HIM, KIDS..(GOBBLES)

(SOUND: TURKEY GOBBLING RECORD)

CAST: (GOBBLES ANGRILY)

JACK: WAIT A MINUTE..YOU TURKEYS GET AWAY FROM ME...GET AWAY FROM ME.

(MUSIC STARTS)

JACK: GET AWAY FROM ME...GET AWAY FROM ME!

(MUSIC TO CRESCENDO..THEN EVERYTHING OUT)

JACK: (HORRIBLE SCREAM)

ROCH: BOSS! BOSS!

JACK: LEAVE ME ALONE, TAKE YOUR CLAWS OUT OF MY RIBS..

ROCH: BOSS, WAKE UP, WAKE UP, IT'S MEEEE.

JACK: Huh? Oh, it's you, Rochester..Gee, what a dream I just had...I dreamed a bunch of turkeys were eating me..I could feel them..One of them kept biting me..and biting me..

ROCH: WELL BOSS, YOU SHOULD NEVER GO TO SLEEP WITH YOUR TEETH IN YOUR POCKET.

JACK: Yeah, I guess you're right.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)



JACK: Ladies and gentlemen. It's tough enough when we grown-ups 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 take an active interest in their welfare...Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

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?  
RIGGS: (CHANT 57 to 59 - FAST SALES - FADING QUICKLY TO BACKGROUND BACKGROUND NOISE)  
LAING: Season after season, at auction after auction, 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. James Ball, ace tobacco auctioneer of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, sold 7½ million pounds of tobacco in just 24 days - a world's record. Not long ago he said:  
VOICE: Season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine, ripe, mellow leaf ... tobacco that makes a swell smoke. I've smoked Luckies myself for 29 years.  
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 packed, so free and easy on the draw.

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(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, be sure to listen to the Phil Harris-Alice Faye show on Sundays and A Day in the Life of Dennis Day on Wednesday.....Well, kids, I'm glad you all enjoyed the Thanksgiving dinner and----Oh, darn it..I just remembered something...I forgot to invite Norman Krasna ~~to~~ ~~the dinner~~...I better call him up and apologize and ask him out to dinner tonight....

(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 go out to dinner with me tonight.

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

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

MEL: (WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH)

JACK: Good good...Tell him eight o'clock ...Goodbye...

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

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