

# **THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM**

*produced for*

**THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.**

*by*

**BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.**

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**PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES**

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**AS BROADCAST**

PROGRAM #12  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1949

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

RG

ATX01 0312892

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
NOVEMBER 27, 1949  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 60 to 62 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: There's never a rough-puff in a Lucky. So light up a  
Lucky and you'll see -- LS - MFT!

HIRSTAND: Yes, LS-MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... ripe  
mild tobacco that smokes smooth ... that brings you  
smoking enjoyment at its finest. And remember, friends,  
fine tobacco costs more and at the tobacco auctions,  
Lucky Strike pays millions of dollars more than official  
parity prices for mellow, light leaf that gives you more  
mildness, more smoothness, more real, deep-down  
smoking enjoyment.

SHARBUTT: Next time you buy cigarettes remember -- there's never a  
rough-puff in a Lucky -- so ask for the cigarette that's  
famous for fine, gentle tobacco -- Lucky Strike ... so  
round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on  
the draw!

DS

ATX01 0312B93

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE TAKE YOU OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS. IT'S EVENING AND JACK HAS JUST FINISHED HIS DINNER..

(SOUND: PATTING OF STOMACH CONTINUING)

JACK: Aaaaaaaah, Rochester, that certainly was a good dinner. I haven't eaten so much since Thanksgiving. *I really stuffed myself.* You sure prepared a wonderful meal.

ROCH: THANKS, BOSS, CAN I STOP PATTING YOUR STOMACH NOW?

JACK: Yes.

(SOUND: PATTING STOPS)

JACK: Anyway, it's your own fault. Next time mash the potatoes first.....Gosh, I'm full...Gee, Thanksgiving is such a nice holiday..and I've got so much to be thankful for...I've got my Health...I've got a nice home...I live in California.... Fred Allen lives in New York...(SINGS) IT'S A GREAT WIDE WONDERFUL WORLD WE LIVE IN --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'LL GET IT, ROCHESTER.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

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JACK: Hmm. it's seven-thirty..who in the world could be calling at this hour of the night?.....Oh well--

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: HI YA, JACKSON.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well, this is a ~~pleasant~~ surprise..what're you fellows doing around here?

PHIL: *well* I was over at the studio making a record and <sup>ran</sup> into Dennis and we thought we'd drop over and see you.

JACK: Oh..what record did you make, Phil?

PHIL: "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes."

JACK: *Phil* Oh..well, from the looks of thine eyes, thou hast been drinking.

PHIL: *True* ~~Correct~~..wouldst thou happen to have an aspirin about thee?

JACK: *Really* Yes, thou canst get one in yon machine.

PHIL: Thanks, and Good Health To Ye All from Rexall.

JACK: I wondered when you'd ~~get~~ *that in* to it...Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: *new* Who can that be?

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS....DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Thou hast forgotten me.

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry, Dennis...come on in..we'll go in the library.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS CONTINUING)

JACK: Gee kids, I'm certainly glad you dropped over.. *you know* I didn't know what I was going to --

MEL: (TWO SQUAWKS AND WHISTLE)

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JACK: Oh, hello, Polly.  
MEL: Hello, hello, (WHISTLE)  
DENNIS: Hello, Polly.  
MEL: Hello, (WHISTLE)  
PHIL: Hello, Polly.  
MEL: Hello, (HICCOUGHS)  
JACK: Phil, don't stand so close...Well, kids, now that you're  
here, what'll we do to kill the evening. <sup>hey</sup> How about a game  
of bridge?  
PHIL: Bridge!  
JACK: Yeah..We'll get out the card table and -- Oh, gee, we can't  
play.  
PHIL: Why not?  
JACK: To play bridge you have to have four people....OH ROCHESTER.  
ROCH: YES, BOSS.  
JACK: How would you like to join the three of us in a friendly  
little game?  
ROCH: OKAY, I'LL MOVE THE COUCH SO WE CAN THROW 'EM AGAINST THE  
WALL AND THEN I'LL---  
JACK: BRIDGE..BRIDGE!  
ROCH: ....NO THANKS, I DON'T GAMBLE.  
JACK: Hmmm....Well fellows, maybe we can play some other --  
(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

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JACK: I'll get it, Rochester..You put the couch where it was and roll the rug back down..(I never saw anybody move furniture so fast.)

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: COMING...COMING...(SINGS) IT'S A GREAT WIDE WONDERFUL WORLD WE LIVE IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well,.....Mr. Kitzel!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Say everybody's visiting me tonight.

ARTIE: <sup>No -</sup> This isn't exactly a visit, Mr. Benny. I was on my way to a movie and I thought you might like to join me.

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Kitzel, but I was gonna stay home and play cards.

ARTIE: <sup>Red -</sup> ~~Oh~~ That's a shame...<sup>wonderful</sup> ~~It's~~ such a ~~good~~ picture, too..with Esther Williams and ~~Red~~ Skelton.. "Epstein's Daughter."

JACK: <sup>Neptune's</sup> ~~Oh~~ No no, Mr. Kitzel, that's ~~Neptune's~~ Daughter.

ARTIE: I stand corrected....Well, as long as you can't come to the movies with me, I'll be running along.

JACK: Wait a minute, Mr. Kitzel, we need a fourth for bridge..Do you play bridge?

ARTIE: HOO HOO HOO..... like an expert....When my wife and I play bridge we use the "T" formation system.

JACK: No, no, Mr. Kitzel, <sup>see -</sup> the "T" formation is used in football.

ARTIE: *That's what I mean*  
~~I know~~...under the table, such kicking.

JACK: (LAUGHS) Oh, *ah-ha-ha* Mr. Kitzel, you're joking.

ARTIE: Yes...(LAUGHS).. My.

JACK: Well, as long as you play, *as long as you play*, come on in and join us.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

ARTIE: *All right*  
JACK: ROCHESTER, WILL YOU PLEASE BRING IN *the said* TABLE AND SOME CARDS?

ROCH: (OFF MIKE) YES SIR.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Thanks, Rochester...All right, fellows, let's go.

DENNIS: One No Trump.

JACK: Dennis, we haven't dealt the cards yet.

DENNIS: Oh.

JACK: *yes* Im...and he has to be my partner, Go ahead, Phil, you deal.

PHIL: Okay.

(SOUND: RIFFLE OF CARDS)

JACK: Rochester, it's getting a little warm in here..open the window, will you please?

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS.. WINDOW OPENS)

MEL: MEOW..MEOW..FFFFT FFFT.

JACK: Rochester, did you feed the cat?

ROCH: OH YES, BOSS, SHE JUST FINISHED A PLATE OF TURKEY.

MEL: MEOW...FFFFT FFFT.

JACK: Then what's she mad about?

ROCH: SHE'S NOT MAD, SHE JUST AIN'T GOT A TOOTHPICK.

JACK: Oh....well close the window, she's making me nervous.

(SOUND: WINDOW CLOSSES)

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PHIL: Okay, Jackson, pick up your cards, *look?*  
JACK: All right....lemme see...*let's see*...Hm. ~~Hm~~...I bid two spades.  
ARTIE: I pass.  
JACK: ...Dennis, I bid two spades, what do you do?  
DENNIS: Which ones are spades?  
JACK: The black ones.  
DENNIS: I've got two kinds of black ones.  
JACK: Those are spades and clubs...Now what do you do?  
DENNIS: I pass.  
JACK: ...Dennis, you can't pass...you're my partner.  
DENNIS: Some partner. I'm off the show one week and he gets Larry Stevens.  
JACK: Dennis, *look--* you're my partner in the game. I bid two spades. That's a forcing bid. I'm trying to find out what you've got in your hand.  
DENNIS: *Oh* I got a seven of diamonds, a nine of hearts, a ~~king~~ of ---  
JACK: Not that way! Mr. Kitzel, *Mr. Kitzel* look at his hand and help him.  
ARTIE: Okay....Hoo hoo hoo hoo.  
JACK: What does he do?  
ARTIE: He passes.  
JACK: But he can't pass. He's my partner.  
ARTIE: All right, he bids seven spades.  
JACK: Seven spades!  
DENNIS: I've really got eight but I don't wanta give my hand away.  
JACK: Oh for heaven's sakes... What do you do, Phil?

PHIL: I open for two dollars.

JACK: *Look Phil.*  
This is bridge.

PHIL: I don't care what it is, I got a full house, a straight and four Aces.

JACK: Phil----

PHIL: And if deuces were wild, I could buy C.B.S. and give you back to NBC.

JACK: Oh stop. *will you?* Now come on, let's-- ~~Dennis, turn your cards around, you're holding them face out.~~

~~DENNIS: You're darned right.~~

~~JACK: What?~~

~~DENNIS: In case they're marked on the back, I don't want anybody to read them.~~

~~JACK: Well, now I've--~~

~~(SOUND: CHAIR MOVED BACK)~~

~~JACK: Phil, where are you going?~~

~~PHIL: I'm gonna phone Alice and thank her for not having any boys.~~

~~JACK: I don't blame you. Look kids, if we're going to--~~

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Rochester, will you answer that?

ROCH: (OFF MIKE) YES SIR.

JACK: *now* Come on, Phil, it's up to you, *what do you do?*

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS....PHONE RINGS....RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: HELLO...THE CHECK IS IN THE MAIL.

MARY: Rochester, how can you answer the phone that way when you don't know who it is?

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ROCH: IT MAY NOT APPLY TO YOU, MISS LIVINGSTONE, BUT IT FITS THE BUTCHER, THE BAKER, AND A HUNDRED OTHER TRUSTING SOULS.

MARY: (LAUGHS) . . .Is Mr. Benny there?

ROCH: YES MA'AM....(CONFIDENTIAL) But before I get him for you, I was ~~wondering~~ <sup>wonder</sup> if you'd do me a favor, Miss Livingstone?

MARY: Certainly, Rochester, what is it?

ROCH: Well....Christmas is coming...and I don't know what to get the boss for a present, so I thought you might help me.

MARY: Well, it always is a problem getting a gift for Mr. Benny... You've got to think of something that he wants very badly and he won't buy for himself.

ROCH: LIKE WHAT?

MARY: Like a pound of coffee.

ROCH: ...OH YES... ~~WELL~~, HOLD THE LINE, I'LL PUT HIM ON. (UP)..... IT'S FOR YOU, BOSS...IT'S MISS LIVINGSTONE.

JACK: (OFF) <sup>ok</sup> Excuse me a minute, fellows.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hello Mary.

MARY: Hello Jack...I hate to bother you, but I have some visitors here from Plainfield, and they'd love to go through a movie studio.

JACK: Uh huh.

MARY: And I thought you might be able to help - help me get me into one.

JACK: Want to get them into one? Why certainly, Mary ... I'll play you this week's record next week ... Now let's see -- maybe I can help you, Mary. Let me see what studio owes me a favor ... let's see (MUMBLES) ... No ... (MUMBLES) Gee, I wonder if ... No ... (MUMBLES AGAIN) Maybe ... No ...

MARY: Keep thinking Jack, there must be one studio you haven't made a picture for.

JACK: Mary....that has nothing to do with it...I can get them into any studio in town whether I made <sup>a</sup>picture~~s~~ for them or not.

MARY: Good...How about Warners?

JACK: ....Well...

MARY: Paramount?

JACK: .....Hummmmm.

MARY: M.G.M.?

JACK: ....~~Hummmmm~~ *well*.

MARY: Twentieth Century Fox?

JACK: .....Hummmmm.

MARY: Universal International?

JACK: Universal? Would they like to go through Universal?

MARY: Yes.

JACK: ....Hummmmm...Now let's---

MARY: How about Columbia Pictures?

JACK: ...Well, during the week it's awfully----

MARY: R.K.O.?

JACK: R...K...O. ....Hummmmm...

MARY: Oh well...I guess I'll have to do it again.

JACK: Do what?

MARY: Take them through the May Company.

JACK: Oh that's swell, <sup>may</sup> They'll love those escalators....

MARY: I know .. Well, thanks for helping me.

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JACK: You're welcome, any time at all....Goodbye, Mary.

MARY: Goodbye, Mr. Goldwyn.

~~JACK: What?~~

~~MARY: Oh, stop ad libbing, goodbye.~~

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN.. FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: *Goldwyn - well*  
Here I am, fellows...sorry I took so long.

PHIL: Jackson, we got all balled up so I dealt a new hand.

JACK: Okay...Now, let's see..Hmm..what a hand....I pass.

ARTIE: ~~I pass.~~ *Include me out.*

DENNIS: I pass.

PHIL: I bid twelve hearts.

JACK: TWELVE HEARTS?

PHIL: I'da had the other one, too, if you'da stayed on that phone  
a little longer.

JACK: *Oh*, Gimme those cards. I'll deal 'em myself.

(SOUND: RIFFLE OF CARDS)

DENNIS: (HUMS HIS SONG) *("You're Breaking My Heart")*

JACK: Dennis, stop singing and concentrate on the game.

DENNIS: *Oh*, I was just humming the song I'm gonna do on the program.

JACK: Look, kids, are we gonna play cards or are we gonna *play*.

DENNIS: Well, you always like to hear the song before I do it on  
the show.

JACK: All right, let me hear it now..Sing it while I'm dealing the  
cards.

DENNIS: You better deal them slow, it's a ballad.

JACK: Okay, okay. *Come on*.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: <sup>That's</sup> That'll be very good, Dennis, very good.. Now come on, kids,  
it's getting late, let's finish the game.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Oh Rochester, you can put away the card table now, they've  
all gone home.

ROCH: OKAY.

JACK: I'm going ~~in the library~~ <sup>to</sup> and read awhile.. Meanwhile, you  
go upstairs and make my bed, will you please?

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: And Rochester, the evening's are getting chilly so don't  
forget to plug in my General Electric blanket.

ROCH: <sup>Boss-</sup> BOSS, WE HAVEN'T GOT A GENERAL ELECTRIC BLANKET.

JACK: We've got one now ... ~~I'm going in the library and read~~ <sup>I'm - oh brother with my house be full of</sup>  
~~General Electric blankets. I'm going in the den and read now.~~

ROCH: ARE YOU GONNA WALK OR SHALL I DRIVE YOU IN ~~THE CADILLAC~~ <sup>a cadillac?</sup>

JACK: Let's not over-do it <sup>I'll</sup> .. See you later.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS CONTINUING)

JACK: <sup>Oh</sup> Gee, I'm glad the gang dropped over.. I haven't played bridge  
in a long time .. But why did I have to get stuck with  
Dennis for a partner....

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Of all the dumb stupid kids .. imagine him bidding Seven No  
Trump on that last hand... I'll never understand how he made  
it.. Well, let me see.. there are so many books here I haven't  
read.. Here's one... "Let 'Em Eat Cheesecake" by Earl Wilson...

(CONTINUED)

JACK: "I Married a Communist" by Joe Stalin....~~"The Bohsy Twins At~~  
(CONT'D) ~~Camp".....Hm...they banned that book in Boston.....~~ Oh,

here's another one.. "I've Never Been Home" by Bob Hope....

~~Oh,~~ here's a book by Eugene O'Neill .. "Mourning Becomes  
Electric Blanket" .. I mean Electra ... ~~Oh,~~ here's a book

I haven't read .. "The Farmer's Son" ... Well, that's a  
switch ... I think I'll read it.

(SOUND: BOOK BEING TAKEN DOWN... BOOK OPEN)

JACK: What's this inscription here?.. *well for goodness sake..* "Happy Birthday from Andy

Devine".....Oh yes, Andy gave this book to me last year

for a birthday present.....I'll never forget when he *came over to my house to*

it to me and said:

ANDY: HIYA, BUCK, HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Hello, Andy .. Good to see you.

ANDY: *Oh,* Good to see you too, Buck...and here's a present for you.

JACK: Gee, a book. Thanks very much.

ANDY: Tell me, Buck..how old are you today?

JACK: Thirty-nine.

ANDY: HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE

JACK: What're you laughing at, Andy?

ANDY: *well,* I'm forty-three, and you used to be my baby sitter..HEE HEE

JACK: *now wait a minute* Oh come now ... Well, Andy, I appreciate the book very much.

Won't you stay awhile?

ANDY: *Oh,* Thanks, Buck, but I have to hurry home and fix the roof on

my house....I think it leaks.

JACK: *Oh, oh does the* ~~Yonkers~~ roof leak?

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ANDY: *I think so*  
Yeah, last night while I was having dinner, it started to rain....

~~JACK: I like it.~~

ANDY: And I finished the same bowl of soup seven times.

JACK: Oh, well then I won't keep you...Thanks again for the book, *Andy*.

ANDY: You're welcome, Buck...So long.

JACK: So long, Andy.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Gee, Andy gave me this book for my birthday and I haven't read it yet...Well, I might as well read it now...I'll move this chair a little closer to the light.

(SOUND: CHAIR MOVES)

JACK: There...(READING) "The Farmer's Son" by Bertram Scott... Chapter One.."

("RUBIN RUBIN" MUSIC)

JACK: (FILTER) Mah name is Lemuel Jones...Ah live on a farm with mah wife Emma, and mah son, Clem ... It's just an ordinary farm...We have a few chickens--

MEL: (DOES CHICKENS)

JACK: Pigs --

MEL: (DOES PIGS)

~~JACK: Ducks~~

~~MEL: (DOES DUCKS)~~

JACK: Cows ---

MEL: (MOOOOS)

DJ



JACK: Turkeys.

MEL: GOBBLE, GOBBLE, GOBBLE.

JACK: A horse.

MEL: (NEIGHS LIKE A HORSE)

JACK: And a Jack Ass.

MEL: (STRAIGHT) How do you do.

JACK: <sup>his wife - mah wife -</sup> Mah wife Emma and Ah were awfully worried about our

wayward son Clem... Ah remember one evening when we were

waiting for our boy to come home, *Emma came up to me and said -*

~~(HAND BEATS HOME - SWEEP HOME - SNAIDZY AND SAD)~~

MARY: (RUBE) Oh, Lem, Lem,

JACK: What is it, Em?

MARY: Tell me, Lem, have you seen Clem?

JACK: ~~Now I~~ ain't seen Clem since three PM.

(DRUM BREAK)

~~JACK: (FILDER) (STRAIGHT) I tried to put the book down, but it was too interesting.~~

JACK: (PEG MIKE) Em, Ah'm gettin' worried about our boy.

MARY: Me too .. you oughta talk to Clem about the facts of life.  
He's goin' on twenty-eight.

~~JACK: OH MAM, he's got plenty time to learn that when he starts school.~~

~~MARY: Well, when's he gonna start?~~

~~JACK: When Ah get through. One of us has to run the farm. But~~

~~Ah guess you're right. Clem needs a talking to. I~~

~~wonder where Clem's at.~~

DJ

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JACK: Ah guess you're right, Maw. One night I took him to a burlesque show and he just sat there eatin' crackerjack.. I sat so close to the runway I got my nose stepped on twice. Look what time it is ~~and~~ Clem ain't home yet.

MEL: MEOW....FFFT....FFFT.

JACK: Throw her a toothpick, Maw.

MEL: MEOW.

JACK: Darn that cat.

MARY: That ain't a cat, that's the dog, he does imitations.

JACK: He does? I wonder if he can imitate that comedian feller, Eddie Cantor.

MEL: NNNNNNNYYYYYYHHHHHHH.

JACK: That's Al Jolson....Stupid dog?...get away from here, *looks like that fella's that was here a while ago.*  
Fido.

(SOUND: LOUD KNOCK ON DOOR)

ANDY: (OFF) OH, LEM, LEM.

MARY: That's Uncle Shem.

JACK: COME ON IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ANDY: (RHYTHM) Oh, Lem, Lem.

JACK: What is it, Shem?

ANDY: Got some news 'bout your son Clem.

JACK: Did you hear that, Em?

MARY: I sure did, Lem.

(DRUM BREAK)

JG.

JACK: FIDO, GET AWAY FROM THEM DRUMS.... Shem, what's this news you've got about Clem?

ANDY: Well, you know that Thompson gal who wears high heeled wedgies and puts ketchup on her fingernails?

JACK: You mean Lulubelle Thompson?

ANDY: That's the filly.

JACK: Well, what about her?

ANDY: Lem, that son of yours has been writin' her letters!

JACK: Be careful what you say, Shem!

ANDY: I found one of them letters and here it is.

JACK: You did, eh? Well, read it... READ IT!

ANDY: It says: "DEAR LULUBELLE -

YOUR HAIR IS GOLD

YOUR EYES ARE BLUE

TOMATOS ARE SOFT

AND SO ARE YOU...

JACK: No...No..Shem...~~tell me that ain't true!~~

~~ANDY: But it is, Lem...Here it is in his own handwriting.~~

JACK: ~~He!~~ Ah wouldn't be minded ~~it~~ <sup>don't mind that little</sup> so much, except for those last four words.. and so are you!...THAT'S A-GOIN' TOO FAR!

MARY: ~~How~~ Don't be too hasty, Lem, maybe he warn't himself when he wrote it.

JACK: I don't know what to think.. Look what time it is

~~MEAL: COO COO, COO COO~~

JACK: ~~You see, Em, it's almost~~

MEL: ~~COO COO, COO~~

~~(SOUND: GUN SHOT)~~

MEL: ~~COOOOOO~~

~~(SOUND: BODY THUD)~~

JACK: ~~We'll have him for dinner.....you know, Em~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS)

MARY: Lem, Lem, here comes our boy now.

(SOUND: SCREEN DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

DENNIS: Hello, Dad.

JACK: You're late, my lad.

DENNIS: Well tell me, Dad, did I make you mad?

MARY: You made Dad mad and you made me sad.

(DRUM BREAK)

JACK: NOW CUT THAT OUT....Now listen, Clem, I know your little secret. Shem here found a love letter you wrote to Lulubelle Thompson.

DENNIS: Oh darn it!

JACK: *There's a father in this house.*  
~~WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE, SON..REMEMBER THERE ARE FIES IN THIS~~

*How do you do.*  
JACK: ~~ROOM!~~ Now Son, there are certain things I --- Wait a minute -- did you have a drink before you came home?

DENNIS: Yes father, a malted milk.

JACK: A malted milk, eh. Was there an egg in it?

DENNIS: Well I er..I er --

JACK: Answer me, son, WAS THERE AN EGG IN IT?

DENNIS: Yes, Dad, There were two of 'em..

JACK: WHAT!

DENNIS: Look Maw, he's adlibbing again.

JACK: Son, Ah'm ashamed of you. Ah can't understand your goin' out ~~and~~ --

(SOUND: LOUD KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: (HAPPY) I'm from the General Electric Company, where do I plug it in?

JACK: Upstairs ~~and~~ what took you so long?

NELSON: I got lost in the fog.

JACK: Oh, <sup>well -</sup> take it upstairs.

NELSON: Thank you. *We're delivering your Cadillac in the morning.*

JACK: *Thank you -*  
Now ~~as~~ Ah was sayin', son, Ah'm ashamed of you carryin' on with Lulubelle Thompson.

DENNIS: I can't help it, Paw, I'm in love with Lou.

JACK: Lou!

DENNIS: I call her that for short.

JACK: That's the beginning of the end, Son...You start callin' her pet names...then you'll wanta buy her an engagement ring, you ~~haven't~~ <sup>ain't</sup> got the money, you go out and steal it, and the first thing you know, you wind up in Folsom.

MEL: NNNNNYYYYHHH.

IV

JACK: I SAID FOLSOM....And ~~got that~~ stupid dog ~~eat or here~~.....  
Now listen to me, Son, Ah knew many gals when Ah was a young  
man, and Ah know how you feel..In fact, when Ah first  
proposed to your Maw, she turned me down and Ah felt so bad  
Ah drank a glass of iodine.

DENNIS: Was there an egg in it?

JACK: Huh?

DENNIS: ANSWER ME, WAS THERE AN EGG IN IT?

JACK: Three of 'em, Ah used to carry a chicken in my shirt. ~~In~~  
~~those days they called me Gregory Peck.~~

~~MARY: That's pretty corny, Paw.~~

~~JACK: With chickens you gotta be.~~

DENNIS: Tell me, Paw, what makes a chicken lay an egg?

JACK: Ah've been waitin' for that...Leave the room, Emma! Ah'm  
gonna have a talk with Clem about the facts of life!

MARY: I hope you learn somethin'.

(SOUND: SCREEN DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: *Glad you didn't blow that line.*  
Now listen, Son, writing a love letter is a very serious  
thing. How would you feel if you got a letter like that  
from ~~me~~ *your gal, Lou?*

DENNIS: I don't know, Dad, but I can find out.

JACK: HOW?

(PIANO HITS CHORD)

DENNIS: I'M GONNA SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE MYSELF A LETTER --

JACK: Write yourself a letter, Son?

DENNIS: AND MAKE BELIEVE IT CAME FROM LOU.

JACK: Hitchy koo, Hitchy koo, Hitchy koo.

DENNIS: I'M GONNA WRITE WORDS OH SO SWEET --

JACK: Yeah, Man!

DENNIS: THEY'RE GONNA KNOCK ME OFF MY FEET --

JACK: Razz-ma-tazz.

DENNIS: A LOT OF KISSES ON THE BOTTOM

I'LL BE GLAD I GOT 'EM.

I'M GONNA SMILE AND SAY I HOPE YOU'RE FEELIN' BETTER.

JACK: ~~Can't you hear me calling?~~  
*Skid a me rich a duck*  
*Skid a me rich a doo.*  
~~When the rain it come a-fallin'.~~

DENNIS: AND CLOSE WITH WORDS LIKE "I LOVE YOU."

(RETARD) I'M GONNA SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE MYSELF A LETTER--

ANDY: LET-TER!

~~JACK: He's got a better voice than Sugar Throat Burns.~~

DENNIS: AND MAKE BELIEVE IT CAME FROM LOU.

QUART: WE'RE GONNA SIT RIGHT DOWN AND SMOKE A LOT OF LETTERS.

JACK: Smoke a lot of letters, ~~boys.~~

QUART: YES, L S L S M F T.

JACK: *Oh* ~~Now~~ I see, Yes siree, that's for me.

QUART: WE'RE GONNA LIGHT A LUCKY STRIKE

JACK: Oh boy.

DJ

ATX01 0312913

QUART: THE CIGARETTE THAT WE ALL LIKE.

JACK: What joy.

QUART: WE'RE ~~ALL~~ SO ~~VERY~~ GLAD WE GOT TOM  
WOULDN'T BE WITH OTTOM

JACK: Ottom?

QUART: WE'RE GONNA SMILE AND SAY THAT LUCKY STRIKES ARE BETTER.

JACK: They're the best you ever saw  
Free and easy on the draw.

QUART: THEY'RE THE ONLY SMOKE FOR YOU.

DENNIS: (RETARD) I'M GONNA SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE MYSELF A LETTER.

QUART: LET-TER

JACK: PRETTY BABY...

MEL: NNNNYYYHHH.

QUART: &

DENNIS: AND MAKE BELIEVE IT CAME FROM--

JACK: YOU DON'T MEAN THAT DAME FROM--

QUART: YES, ~~THE~~ <sup>that</sup> DAME WHOSE NAME IS LOU.

(ORCHESTRA FINISH)

QUART, JACK, & DENNIS: CHA!

(APPLAUSE)

DJ



(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: *Oh got a better voice than Sugar Shes & Lem*  
Now sit down son, while I tell you the facts of life.

ANDY: Well, I gotta run along, Lem.

JACK: Okay, Shem.

ANDY: Now, you listen to your pappy, Clem, and stay away from  
gals like Lulubelle Thompson. She ain't fit for a nice boy  
like you...Goodbye!

(SOUND: SCREEN DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Shem is right, Clem...Lulubelle ain't your type.

DENNIS: But Paw, I gotta marry her because if I don't ~~she said~~ she's  
gonna commit suicide.

JACK: Suicide!

DENNIS: Yep, she said she's gonna throw herself in front of a  
mule train and clippity clop herself to death.

JACK: Well, Ah ain't gonna be responsible for anything like that..  
Ah'm gonna call her and tell her she can marry you.

DENNIS: I'm glad, Paw, because she's such a nice sweet girl.

JACK: Gimme that phone.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..DIALING SIX DIALS)

JACK: (OVER DIALING) Don't worry, son, Ah'll arrange everything.  
Ah ain't gonna stand in the way of your happiness or  
Lulubelle's either. ....HELLO?....HELLO, IS THIS LULUBELLE  
THOMPSON'S HOUSE?

ANDY: SURE IS, HI YAH, LEM.

JACK: WHY, SHEM, WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' AT LULUBELLE'S HOUSE? SHE  
AIN'T YOUR GAL.

RG

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ANDY: SHE AIN'T CIEM'S GAL EITHER.

JACK: WELL, WHOSE GAL IS SHE?

ARTIE: HOO HOO HOO, *Hoo*.

JACK: MR. KITZEL.....WHAT'RE YOU DOING THERE?

ARTIE: ~~DOING WHERE?~~ *Playing bridge - what else?*

*Jack: Oh for heaven's sake!*  
~~JACK: AT THE HOUSE OF THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN HAIR?~~

~~QUART: GOLDEN HAIR? WELL, HE DECLARE.~~

~~ANDY: HE RODE OVER HERE ON HIS OLD GRAY MARE.~~

~~(FROM BREAK)~~

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS "TURKEY IN STRAW" PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

RG

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JACK: Ladies and Gentlemen, our Nation was founded by men of faith in God. America's religious institutions have strengthened the American life and helped to keep it free. Attendance at churches and synagogues builds the moral and spiritual character of the individual and the community. "FIND YOURSELF THROUGH FAITH ... COME TO CHURCH THIS WEEK." Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

RG

ATK01 0312917

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
NOVEMBER 27, 1949  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 60 to 62 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: Friends, it's clear from the first puff -- there's never a rough puff in a Lucky!

HIESTAND: Yes, you'll find every single Lucky you light is smoother, milder, more enjoyable. The reason is this - in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts and ...  
LS - MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Now, fine tobacco costs more and the makers of Lucky Strike pay more -- actually millions of dollars more than official parity prices to get truly fine, light leaf for your cigarette. So you see ... LS - MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- today, tomorrow - always.

SHARBUTT: Listen for a moment to the words of a tobacco expert, a man who's seen Lucky Strike buy many a basket of tobacco. He's Mr. Wayne Adams -- an independent warehouseman - from South Boston, Virginia. Recently he said -

EXPERT: Times without number I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco -- quality tobacco that makes a real smoke. For 15 years Luckies have been my regular smoke.

HIESTAND: There's a first-hand tip from a tobacco expert. So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment, light up a Lucky. Yes, make your next carton the cigarette that brings you smoking enjoyment at its finest - with never a rough-puff - 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, I want to thank Andy Devine, who was with us tonight through the courtesy of Lum and Abner.... and Next week, through the courtesy of Twentieth Century Fox, we're gonna have Tyrone Power.

MARY: Jack, are we really gonna have Tyrone Power on the show <sup>n</sup> next week?

JACK: Yes, Mary.

MARY: Good, now I'll be able to get my friends into a studio.

JACK: Yeah, yeah, ..goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: BE SURE TO HEAR DENNIS DAY IN "A DAY IN THE LIFE OF DENNIS DAY".....STAY TUNED FOR THE AMOS 'N' ANDY SHOW WHICH FOLLOWS IMMEDIATELY.....  
THIS IS C.B.S. ..THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

RG

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