

Ag. Thara
PROGRAM #15
REVISED SCRIPT

As Broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1952 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED DEC. 16, 1952)

(LONG BEACH VETERAN'S HOSPITAL)

RU

ATX01 0183254

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED DECEMBER 16, 1952)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

DON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... TRANSCRIBED AND PRESENTED BY
LUCKY STRIKE! Nothing ... no, nothing beats better taste!
And remember ...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better! .

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike Lucky Strike!

DON: Yes, friends, nothing no, nothing beats better taste
and Luckies taste better - cleaner, fresher, smoother.
Here's why: Luckies' better taste starts with fine, light,
naturally mild tobacco that has a wonderful taste all its
own. Remember, LS/MFT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. In
addition, Luckies are made better to taste better - made
round and firm and fully packed to draw freely and smoke
evenly ... to taste cleaner, fresher, smoother. And say...
Christmas shoppers ... because Luckies are so popular every-
where ... they'll make wonderful gifts for all the smokers
on your list. Your Christmas Luckies come in a really
beautiful gift carton specially created by the world-famous
designer, Raymond Loewy. As there are only a few shopping
days left, get yours now, at your favorite cigarette counter.

(MORE)

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ATK01 0183255

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED DECEMBER 16, 1952)

OPENING COMMERCIAL (Cont'd)

DON: Make this a "Lucky Christmas" ... give your family and
(Cont'd) friends - yes, give everyone a cheery Christmas carton of
 Lucky Strike.

ORCH: SHORT VAMP

Sportsmen

Quartet: Be happy -- go Lucky

For Christmas gifts this year!

EM

ATX01 0183256

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: BROADCASTING FROM THE VETERANS ADMINISTRATION HOSPITAL IN
LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA...THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING
JACK BENNY...WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY,
BOB CROSBY, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SINCE OUR PROGRAM TODAY COMES
TO YOU FROM A HOSPITAL...I TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN BRINGING YOU
A MAN WHO TALKS LIKE A DOCTOR AND WALKS LIKE A NURSE.

JACK: What?

DON: JACK BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *Well, well - that's all I've got to say. well.*
Thank you, thank you, thank you...Hello again...this is Jack
Benny talking...And now, ladies and gentlemen...

DON: (LAUGHS)

JACK: Don -- *Don.*

DON: (LAUGHINGLY) *oh, oh.* I'm sorry to break up like this, Jack, but that
introduction I gave you was so funny, I *just* can't help laughing.

(LAUGHS HARDER)

JACK: *oh, now oh* You thought it was funny, huh, Don?

DON: Yes, you're not angry, are you?

JACK: No...no....

DON: Well, I'm glad you're not...because you know me...anything for
a laugh. (HOWLS) "Talks like a doctor and walks like a
nurse." Jack, *are you* *sure* you're not angry?

AK

ATX01 0183257

JACK: Don, why should I be angry? ^{Don, Don} ^{after you said} When you said I talked like a doctor, I was flattered. After all, if I'm a doctor, I'm an M. D....M. D. means More Deductions, which is exactly what you're gonna find on your pay check this week. ^{Now} Laugh that ^{one} off, brother.

DON: Now, wait a minute, Jack. Every time I say something that strikes me funny, you always threaten to--

JACK: Don..Don. ^{Don} don't get excited. I'm not going to cut your salary..I only said that to stop you from laughing. The way you were shaking, I was afraid Terminal Island would sink another three feet. No kidding, fellows, did you ever see a stomach as big as Don's? If that thing was filled with toys, every kid in America would be loaded...Hey, that was-- ~~wait a minute~~..Don, if you're such a laughing boy..why is it when I say funny things you don't get hysterical? That was a pretty good joke, you know.

DON: Well, frankly, I fail to see the humor in any platitudes concerning my obesity.

JACK: What does that mean?

DON: I don't like to ^{be} ~~be~~ called a big fat slob.

JACK: Oh, oh.

DON: And another thing, Jack..for the past month I've been on a very strict diet.

JACK: Oh, I didn't know that...that's rough, Don...especially now, during the holiday season.

DON: You're not kidding. My wife is even preparing a special Christmas dinner for me.

JACK: Really, Don, what are you going to have?

RU

DON: ~~Three~~ turkeys stuffed with Rye Krisp.

JACK: Oh. Well, in that case, all you'll want for Christmas is an Alka-Seltzer. I'll enclose a pretty card with it, too... something very appropriate for... Oh hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Jack. H'ya, fellows.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, Mary, I'm certainly glad you got here in time for the show. *you know* you had me worried.

MARY: *Will* I'm sorry, Jack, but I overslept... and it took me an hour and twenty minutes to drive down from Beverly Hills.

JACK: Oh, you overslept, huh?

MARY: Yeah... I've been up late every night this week.

JACK: Well, look, Mary, if I told you once, I've told you a thousand times... if you want to remain a big star, you can't stay up all hours of the night having fun.

MARY: Who's having fun!.. I'm wrapping *Christmas* packages at the May Company.

JACK: Oh yes, the Christmas rush. *yes*

MARY: *see* Excuse me a minute, Jack. Oh, Don--

DON: Yes, Mary?

MARY: I've got a big surprise for you. Just as I entered the building I ran into Dr. *Loman* and Dr. *Bore* Jones.

DON: No kidding, Mary.. Dr. *Loman* and Dr. *Bore* Jones, huh?

JACK: Who's Dr. *Loman* *Bore* Larson, who's Dr. Jones?

MARY: They said that since the operation they've received honorary mention from the medical society.

DON: Gee, that's quite an honor for Dr. *Loman* *Bore* Larson and Dr. Jones.

JACK: Who's Dr. *Loman* *Bore* Larson, who's Dr. Jones?

MARY: And *you know Don* they also said that--

RU

JACK: Wait a minute..Who's ^{Roman} Dr. ^{Bone} ~~Larsen~~ and Dr. ~~Jones~~?

MARY: Well Jack, if you must know, they're the doctors who performed a major abdominal operation on Don.

Jack: on Don? - Mary: yes.

JACK: Gee..I didn't know Don had a stomach operation, Mary. What did they take out?

MARY: They didn't take anything out, they put in a deep freeze.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Mary. ^{Mary} Before you came in, Don told me that he doesn't like any platitudes concerning his obesity.

MARY: ^{er} What does that mean?

JACK: I don't know, Mary, ^{really} I'm quoting.

MARY: Oh, Longfellow the Post?

JACK: No, ^{Fates} ~~Fat~~ fellow the Announcer...Now look, Mary, we came down to entertain the boys here at the Veterans Administration Hospital, so let's ~~just~~

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Excuse me, Mary. COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: HERE I AM, BOSS!

JACK: Rochester!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ^{bring it} ~~Will~~ Bring it right in, Rochester, and we'll set it up here in the corner.

MARY: Jack, a Christmas tree!

JACK: That's right, Mary. I bought it for the boys here.

MARY: Well, Jack, with trees selling for a dollar and a half a foot, you certainly picked out a nice big one.

ROCH: OH, I PICKED THIS ONE OUT, MISS LIVINGSTONE. I RETURNED THE ONE THAT MR. BENNY BOUGHT.

RU

MARY: Why...couldn't you get it through the door?
ROCH: THROUGH THE DOOR!..I COULD'VE GOTTEN THAT ONE THROUGH
THE KEYHOLE.
JACK: Rochester, do me a favor. Just set the tree up and start
trimming it.
ROCH: OKAY. AND BOSS, IF I DO A GOOD JOB, WOULD YOU GIVE ME THE
REST OF THE WEEK OFF? I SORTA MADE ARRANGEMENTS TO PLAY
SANTA THIS YEAR.
JACK: Rochester, you're...you're going to play Santa Claus?
ROCH: NO, SANTA ANITA!
JACK: I should have known. I'm sorry, Rochester, but I'm not
giving you any time off to go to the race track.
ROCH: BUT, BOSS--
JACK: Rochester, don't "but, boss" me. You've been working for me
for twelve years and I've made it a policy never to let you
gamble.
MARY: Mr. Benny is right, Rochester. It would be different if you
were making a decent salary.
JACK *W* Certainly. Now Rochester, set up the Christmas tree and
start trimming it.
ROCH: OKAY..(SINGS)
JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS,
JINGLE ALL THE WAY...
OH, WHAT FUN IT IS TO RIDE
IN A ONE HORSE OPEN SLEIGH--
JACK: Rochester--

RU

ATX01 0183261

ROCH: JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS,
JINGLE ALL THE WAY--
IF MY VOICE WAS HIGHER,
YOU WOULD FIRE DENNIS DAY.

JACK: I would not ^{now} Rochester, ^{just} hang the ornaments on the
tree...and be very careful with them because--

BOB: Hello, Mary. Hello, Jack. *H'ya fellows.*

JACK: Bob Crosby!

(APPLAUSE)

BOB: H'ya, fellows.

JACK: ^{Say} Bob, this is the first time you've been down to the
Veterans Hospital in Long Beach. How do you like it?

BOB: ^{it's} just wonderful, Jack. You know, this whole place is run
just like a great big luxurious hotel.

JACK: ^a Hotel?

BOB: You know, Jack, I ran into a friend of mine who's a patient
here...and you should have heard him rave about the service.

JACK: No kidding!

BOB: Why he said all you have to do is ^{just} ~~well~~ and four beautiful
nurses rush in and wait on you.

JACK: No!

BOB: ^{ye} And he said it doesn't matter when you feel like eating.
All you ^{gotta} ~~have to~~ do is press a little buzzer and the chef
comes out, sits on the edge of your bed, and says, "Which
would you prefer, boys...Filet Mignon or Crepe Suzette?"

JACK: ^{will that} ~~Gas,~~ this is service...I don't blame your friend for raving.

RU

BOB: And that isn't all. If you feel like a little liqueur or champagne after dinner, ^{why} my friend said all you have to do is call the wine steward and ~~order any~~.....

JACK:Bob, why did you stop talking?

BOB *Will* That's where my friend stopped...he came out of the ether.

JACK: *Will - I -* Oh...I thought he was exaggerating a little bit....Now, Bob, even though Dennis is going to sing later, I think the boys here would appreciate it if you did a song ^{too} ~~now~~. How about it? *

BOB: ~~Sure, Jack, sure, I'd love to.~~

(APPLAUSE)

(BOB CROSBY'S SONG -- "DON'T LET THE STARS GET IN YOUR EYES")

(APPLAUSE)

* Bob: *Will I have a song that hasn't anything to do with Christmas - but it's a very big hit right now.*

Jack: *Will. I'm sure they'd like to hear it - Let's have it.*

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was Bob Crosby singing "Don't Let The Stars Get In Your Eyes"...and very good, very good.

BOB: Thanks *you say* Jack. But do you mind if I ask you something?

JACK: Not at all, Bob, what is it?

BOB: Well, what would you do if you found out that someone was stealing your jokes and trying to imitate you?

JACK: *Will* I'd be awfully upset about it, Bob, but why do you ask?

BOB: Well, I'm in the same predicament.

JACK: You are?

BOB: Yeah, there's *another* singer around....makes records and everything..who goes out of his way to sound an awful lot like me.

JACK: Hmmm..I *think* I know who you mean...Bob Hope introduced me to him. But if *while they were making "Road to Rodents"* you're so concerned about this fellow stealing your style, why don't you talk to him?

BOB: *Will* I did, and he hit me over the head with Gary.

JACK: *Will* Good, good.

MARY: *A* Wait a minute, Bob. If you feel that your brother Bing's reputation is hurting you professionally...why don't you change your name?

BOB: Say..that's a good idea..why didn't I think of that before?.. That's what I'll do, I'll change my name.

JACK: What are you going to change it to?

BOB: Sam Crosby.

JACK: Well, that'll fool everybody. Now look, Mary --

TC

ATK01 0183264

ROCH: OH, BOSS --

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCH: I'M ALMOST FINISHED TRIMMING THE TREE. HOW DOES IT LOOK?

JACK: Hmmm..those ornaments I brought down certainly look nice.
But, Rochester, the tree doesn't look colorful with just the
red ornaments. Put some green ones on now.

ROCH: THERE AIN'T ANY GREEN ONES.

JACK: Rochester, I picked out two dozen green ones. How come
they're all red?

ROCH: THEY RIPENED ON THE WAY DOWN, I TOLD YOU NOT TO USE TOMATOES!

JACK: Hm. I can't understand how those tomatoes could ripen so
fast. From Beverly Hills to Long Beach is only forty miles
as the crow flies. What took you so long?

ROCH: THAT'S A 1952 CROW, YOU'VE GOT A 1910 MAXWELL.

JACK: Oh, stop.

MARY: Rochester's right, Jack. Why don't you get rid of that old
car and buy a new one?

JACK: I'll tell you why, Mary..That car has been like an old
friend to me. It's been with me through rain and shine..
through thick and thin..through good times and bad....

MARY: Through McKinley and Coolidge.

Jack: Coolidge - I know.
JACK: Very funny, Mary, very funny. *I think* In fact, I think that was
the funniest the funniest line in the show. Don't you think so, Bob?...
Bob...Sam!

BOB: Yes, sir.

JACK: Hm, everybody has to be a comedian.

TC

ATX01 0183265

BOB: Well, Jack, you've got to admit that Mary got off some beautiful ad libs today.

JACK: I know...she must be trying to impress the girls at the May Company.

BOB: May Company?...What does he mean, Mary?

MARY: Well, Bob, I can't live on what Jack is paying me, so I'm working nights, wrapping Christmas gifts.

BOB: ~~Now~~ Now, wait a minute, I don't believe that Jack could be that cheap.

MARY: Well, brother, you're in for a shock.

BOB: A shock?

MARY: Yeah, last night I wrapped the Christmas gift he's sending you.

BOB: No kidding, Mary, what did he get me?

MARY: Well, I'm not allowed to tell, Bob, but when you unwrap the package, save the paper, it's the most expensive part.

JACK: *you nearly caused that joke up good. **
~~Now you're pressing, Mary. Bob, believe me, I'm sending~~
you a ~~very nice~~ --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Excuse me. Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes.

MEL: Mr. Benny, I represent the patients here at the Long Beach Veterans Hospital.

JACK: I see.

** I thought she'd never get to the end of that one. I don't mind being stung, but get it all.*

TC

MEL: We understand that when you did a show at an air base, the boys gave you a propeller with their names on it.

JACK: Yes, ^{yes} they did.

MEL: And when you did a program at a Naval Base, they gave you a life preserver bearing the signatures of the entire personnel.

JACK: That's right.

MEL: So we, too, would like to present you with a token of our appreciation.

JACK: You would?

MEL: Yes. On behalf of the patients here at the Veterans Hospital in Long Beach, I'd like to present you with this autographed bed sheet.

JACK:Well, isn't that wonderful. Gee, look at these names ^{of the boys here} ~~(Dr. So-and-So)....(Nurse So-and-So)...(And other names that will be given to us at the hospital)~~ Wait a minute..what's ~~this name here?..It looks like Robert Smith..but the Robert is scratched out and it says Louise.~~

MEL: Yeah, the doctors here are as good as the ones in Denmark.

JACK: ^{Louise} Well, what do you know. ^{well}...Thank you very much for the gift.

MEL: You're welcome.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Hmm, what a thing to present me with..a bed sheet.

MARY: Oh, for heavens sakes, if you get something you can't find a use for, you don't want it. The Air Force once presented you with a propeller, and what did you do with it?

DON: What did he do with it, Mary?

TC

MARY: He's got the only diving-board in Beverly Hills with a changeable pitch.

JACK: All right, all right..Now, Mary --

ROCH: OH, BOSS --

JACK: Yes, Rochester?

ROCH: I CAN'T REACH THE TOP OF THE TREE TO PUT THE STAR ON IT.

JACK: *Well* Of course, you can't reach it, use the ladder.

ROCH: BUT, BOSS, THAT LADDER IS AWFUL WOBBLY.

JACK: Oh, stop being a baby, give me that star, I'll climb the ladder and put it up myself.

(SOUND: CLIMBING LADDER)

JACK: (OFF) There we are..now all I have to do is lean over and --

MARY: Jack..Jack, the ladder is starting to shake..Look out!

(SOUND: LADDER FALLS AND BODY THUD)

JACK: Hmm.

ROCH: BOSS, BOSS, THE TREE LOOKS BEAUTIFUL.

JACK: What do you mean the tree looks beautiful, I've still got the star in my hand.

ROCH: I KNOW, BUT YOUR TOUPAY FLEW OFF AND CAUGHT ON THE TOP BRANCH.

JACK: My toupay?

BOB: *yeah* Lots of trees have snow, but this one's got dandruff.

JACK: Hm.

MARY: Jack *jack* when you fell off the ladder, did you hurt yourself?

JACK: No..darn it.

MARY: What do you mean, darn it?

TC

ATX01 0183268

JACK: *Well* The year is almost up and I haven't had a chance to use my Blue Cross Policy yet.

BOB: ~~Jack, would you feel any better if I punched you in the nose?~~

JACK: No, I'm not covered for that. *Now* Rochester, set the ladder up again. I'm going to put that star up on top.

DON: *a* Just a minute *just a minute* Jack.

JACK: What is it, Don?

DON: *Well* The Sportsmen Quartet just came in and they've prepared a commercial that I'm sure the fellows here will like..Can they do it now?

JACK: Well, certainly, Don, tell them to go right ahead.

DON: Okay...all right, fellows, take it.

TC

ATX01 0183269

QUART: LISTEN LISTEN LISTEN LISTEN
BETTER WATCH OUT, YOU BETTER NOT CRY
LISTEN NOW, JACK, WE'RE TELLING YOU WHY
SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN.
HE'S MAKING A LIST AND CHECKING IT TWICE
GONNA FIND OUT WHO'S NAUGHTY OR NICE
SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN.
HE SEES YOU WHEN YOU'RE SLEEPING
HE KNOWS WHEN YOU'RE AWAKE
HE KNOWS IF YOU'VE BEEN BAD OR GOOD
SO BE GOOD FOR GOODNESS SAKE.
OH YOU BETTER WATCH OUT,
YOU BETTER NOT CRY
LISTEN NOW, JACK, WE'RE TELLING YOU WHY
SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN
WITH PLENTY OF LUCKIES RIGHT ON HIS BACK
A CARTON OR TWO FOR MARY AND JACK
SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN
AND YOU CAN BE SURE THAT SANTA IS GLAD
BRINGING THOSE LUCKIES TO MOTHER AND DAD
SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN
NOW SANTA KNOWS THAT LUCKY STRIKES
ARE BETTER TASTING, TOO
THERE'S NOTHING THAT BEATS BETTER TASTE
THERE IS NOTHING NO NOTHING
LIGHT UP A LUCKY
(MORE)

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QUART: BETTER START NOW

(Cont'd)

OPEN A PACK, WE'RE TELLING YOU HOW

SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN ON THURSDAY

LISTEN LISTEN LISTEN LISTEN

SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN.

(APPLAUSE)

RU

ATX01 0183271

(THIRD ROUTINE)

-16-

JACK: *al* That was very *very* nice, Don..Gee, I wish I could use that number on my television show next Sunday.

DON: Oh, that's right, Jack. Your next T.V. show is the twenty-eighth, isn't it?

JACK: That's right--next Sunday.

MARY: Jack, are you having any guest stars?

JACK: Am I having guest stars...Get this, Mary..I'm having Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Stewart.

BOB: *Wow* Jimmy Stewart and his wife? Why Jack, that must cost a fortune.

JACK: No, *no* it doesn't, Bob. *You see* I made a very good deal. You see, I only hired Jimmy Stewart's wife...and Jimmy is coming on for nothing.

BOB: *yeah* Why would he do that?

JACK: He doesn't trust me...Anyway, they're gonna be with me next Sunday on my T.V. show and it's gonna be--well, Dennis... it's about time you got here.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny..hello, everybody.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Dennis, what made you so late?

DENNIS: *al* I wasn't late.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I was here all the time, but my mother told me to hide.

JACK: Why would your mother tell you to do a thing like that?

DENNIS: She said, "I like to see the old man worry."

RU

ATX01 0183272

JACK: Hm. Dennis, what has your mother got against me, anyway?
Look what I did for you ... I made it possible for you to be
on radio .. got you jobs in pictures .. television .. I don't
know why your mother is ^{so} mad .. Why, last summer when I took
you to London, I even bought you ^{you} first class ^{package -} passage.

DENNIS: That's why she's mad at you. *In more than many here. I'm going to take that line over again **

JACK: Why? Because your ticket was first class?

DENNIS: No, because it was round trip.

JACK: Oh. Well, Dennis, I don't care if your mother likes me or
not. And, kid, if she was listening to the program, I hope
she squirmed a little because I had Bob Crosby sing a song.

DENNIS: Who?

JACK: Bob Crosby.

DENNIS: Who?

BOB: Dennis, don't you remember me?

DENNIS: Oh, Sam!

JACK: Yes, Sam. Now look here, Dennis --

MARY: Jack!

JACK: Huh?

MARY: No wonder Dennis says silly things .. you get him excited.
You don't know how to handle him.

JACK: I guess you're right, Mary.

MARY: Of course I'm right. *Now - now -* Look, Dennis, this is the first time
you've been here at the Veterans Hospital, so why don't you--

DENNIS: Oh, I was here before.

MARY: You were?

** Why last summer when I took you to London,
I then bought you first class passage.*

RU

DENNIS: Uh huh .. during the war when I was entering the service ..
I had to fill out a questionnaire .. and after I got through
answering all the questions, they sent me down here for an
examination ... and three doctors examined me to see if I
was fit for the service.

JACK: Three doctors! *huh* That must have been quite an examination.
Did you have to remove all your clothes?

DENNIS: No, they just told me to take off my hat.

JACK: Well, that I can believe.

DENNIS: *oh yes know -* Mr. Benny, I rode down here with Don Wilson and he told me a
very funny joke. Would you like to hear it?

JACK: Yes, Dennis, go ahead.

DENNIS: Well *-- Don said that*

JACK: Just a second, Dennis, are you sure you can tell this joke
before this mixed audience? You know Louise is here... Is
the joke all right?

DENNIS: *oh* Sure, it's a wonderful joke.

JACK: *Well* What is it?

DENNIS: Well, Don told me that you oughta be a big success at this
hospital because you talk like a doctor and walk like a
nurse...(LAUGHS)

JACK: Dennis..Dennis..I'm glad you repeated that joke because if
I'm a doctor, that makes me on M. D...M. D. stands for

Dennis: *by - may* Morton Downey who may be singing on the program next week..
So watch it, *kid*.

ROCH: OH, BOSS.

JACK: *uh-oh - is that you - oh - may*
Yes, Rochester.

Rochester: *No - I said oh boss*

Jack: *yes, yes Rochester.*

ROCH: I GOT THE LIGHTS ON THE TREE, SHOULD I TURN 'EM ON?

JACK: Not yet. Hey, kids, Rochester is ready to light up the tree
.. let's all gather around it.

GANG: (AD LIB) Okay .. yeah .. etc.

JACK: Okay, Rochester, plug in the lights.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: PLUG IN .. ELECTRICAL SPARKS AND BUZZING.)

JACK: Hm. The wires must be crossed.

MARY: Something must be crossed, the tomatoes lit up.

JACK: Rochester, try it again.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: PLUG IN .. ELECTRICAL SPARKS AND BUZZING)

ROCH: OH, HERE'S THE TROUBLE, BOSS, THERE'S A BARE WIRE RIGHT BY
THE SOCKET.

JACK: Well, don't stand there, fix it.

ROCH: WHO, ME?

JACK: Yes, you.

ROCH: BOSS, I AIN'T FOOLIN' AROUND WITH ELECTRICITY.

JACK: Oh, Rochester, imagine being afraid of electricity. Suppose
Robert Fulton was afraid .. 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?

MARY: (SARCASTIC) He wrote "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus."

JACK: Oh yes ... Now, Rochester, please fix these lights.

ROCH: OKAY, OKAY... (TO HIMSELF) *How* 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 IS NEGATIVE.

JACK: Hm.

ROCH: 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 LONG BEACH TO WILMINGTON.

JACK: Rochester ...

ROCH: NOW AS LONG AS THESE ATOMS KEEP PASSING 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 you've got nothing to be afraid of because while you're fixing it, no one is going to plug it in, and no one is going to turn on the switch.

ROCH: I KNOW, BOSS .. WHILE I'M ^{*white line*} HOLDING THE BARE WIRE, YOU AIN'T GONNA TURN ON THE SWITCH .. AND MISS LIVINGSTONE AIN'T GONNA TURN ON THE SWITCH.

JACK: Of course not.

ROCH: BUT WAY UP THERE AT BOULDER DAM, THERE'S A LITTLE MAN SITTING ^{*all alone*} IN A ROOM WITH THOUSANDS OF WIRES ALL AROUND HIM.

JACK: So what?

ROCH: HOW DO I KNOW HE AIN'T GONNA DO SOMETHIN' JUST TO BREAK THE MONOTONY!

JACK: Rochester, you can stop with the jokes and---

MARY: Jack .. Jack ..

JACK: What?

MARY: Look the lights went on.

RU

RTX01 0183276

JACK: Oh yes .. Who fixed the wire?

DON: I did, Jack.

JACK: Well, isn't that beautiful...and look how pretty the lights
are ^{at} Dennis ...

DENNIS: Yes, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Now that the tree is lit up and the boys here in the
hospital are waiting to hear you sing, would you like to do
some Christmas Carols?

DENNIS: I sure would, Mr. Benny.

JACK: All right, go ahead.

(CHRISTMAS CAROLS BY DENNIS --)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, on behalf of my sponsor and my entire
staff, I want to wish you all a very Merry Christmas.

RU

ATX01 0183277

As Broadcast
PROGRAM #16
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1952 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST
(TRANSCRIBED DEC. 18, 1952)

BB

RTX01 0183278

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED DECEMBER 18, 1952)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

DON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... TRANSCRIBED AND PRESENTED BY
LUCKY STRIKE!

Nothing - no, nothing - beats better taste!

And remember

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike .. Lucky Strike!

DON: Friends, your enjoyment of a cigarette depends on its taste
because nothing - no, nothing beats better taste. And Luckies
taste better - cleaner, fresher, smoother. You see, Luckies'
better taste starts with the fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco
that goes into every Lucky. And Luckies are made better, to
give you a cleaner, fresher, smoother-tasting smoke. Yes sir,
only fine tobacco in a better made cigarette can give you all
the deep-down smoking enjoyment you want in your cigarette. So
be happy -- go Lucky! Make Lucky Strike your regular smoke ...
you'll find ...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike ... Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (PROGRAM THEME UP AND DOWN)

DON: The Lucky Strike program starring

ES

ATX01 0183279

(FIRST ROUTINE)

-1-

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LET'S GO BACK ABOUT AN HOUR TO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS WHERE JACK HAS JUST FINISHED HAVING HIS LUNCH.

JACK: *oh* That was a very good lunch, Rochester..the best hash I ever tasted.

ROCH: I MADE IT FROM LAST NIGHT'S LEFT-OVERS.

JACK: *oh* What did we have last night?

ROCH: HASH.

JACK: Oh..Well, I gotta leave for CBS. You see, Rochester, today I not only do my radio broadcast but immediately following it, I do my television show.

ROCH: BOSS, YOU CAN'T GO IN THOSE OLD CLOTHES...AND YOU NEED A SHAVE, TOO.

JACK: I haven't got time now. I'll clean up at the studio. Now go out in the garage *please* and get the car *will you*.

ROCH: THE CAR AIN'T RUNNING.

JACK: Rochester, did you wreck *my* the car?

ROCH: IT WASN'T MY FAULT *Lord*.

JACK *why* What happened?

ROCH: WELL, I TOOK THE CAR OUT FOR AWHILE LAST NIGHT AND ON MY WAY HOME, I MADE A SHARP TURN AND CAME FACE TO FACE WITH A STEAMROLLER.

BB

ATX01 0183280

JACK: Steam roller? Oh, so that's why you were so quiet when you got home last night. I didn't even hear you open the garage.

ROCH: I DIDN'T HAVE TO, I SLID THE CAR UNDER THE DOOR.

JACK: Rochester, you mean my car was flattened that thin?

ROCH: IF I'D HAD A STAMP I COULDA MAILED IT TO YOU.

JACK: Well, this is a fine thing to happen on the day I have to do two programs.. Now I'll have to take the bus to the studio.

ROCH: SAY, BOSS, I MEANT TO ASK YOU. YOU'VE ONLY GOT THIRTY SECONDS BETWEEN YOUR RADIO PROGRAM AND YOUR TELEVISION SHOW. HOW DO YOU GET FROM ONE PLACE TO THE OTHER SO FAST?

JACK *why* Didn't I ever tell you about that, Rochester?

ROCH: NO, HOW DO YOU DO IT?

JACK: They shoot me out of a cannon.

ROCH: SHOOT YOU OUT OF A CANNON?

JACK: Yeah.. once they put in too much powder and I did my show from NBC....~~They shot me back....That day it was so foggy I had to make a forced landing at Mutual.~~

~~ROCH: HEE HEE HEE HEE.~~

~~JACK: What are you laughing at?~~

~~ROCH: FOR A COMEDIAN THAT NOBODY WANTS, YOU'RE DOING PRETTY WELL.~~

JACK: Yes, I ~~guess so~~ *well*. So long, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODBYE, BOSS.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK *well* There should be a bus coming along here any -- Oh my goodness, I left my money in my other clothes... Well, maybe I can hitch a ride down to the *studio - ok* -- Here comes a car now...
GOING DOWN TOWN, BUD?

GEORGE: (SOUND OF CAR GOING BY FAST)

BB

JACK: ~~Hum...Oh-oh, here comes another.... GOING DOWN TOWN?~~

GEORGE: ~~(CAR GOING BY FAST)~~

JACK: Hum...Here comes a---GOING DOWNTOWN, BUD?

GEORGE: (CAR GOING BY FAST..CAR GOING BY FAST)

JACK: Gee, that one had a trailer on it...Well, maybe I better start walking.

(SOUND: CAR DRIVES UP)

JACK: Gee, if I don't get a hitch soon, I'll be late for--
GOING DOWN TOWN, MISTER?

(SOUND: CAR STOPS)

MEL: Hop in, Bud. Move over, Sophie.

BEA: Let him sit in the back.

JACK: Yes yes, the back's all right.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES...CAR STARTS)

JACK: *Gee* I hope I'm not putting you folks to too much trouble.

MEL: That's all right, Bud.

JACK: (ASHAMED) You see, I *wouldn't* -- *l-l-l* but I didn't have any money.

MEL: You don't have to explain, Bud...Hey, Sophie, slip the poor guy a buck.

JACK: But I don't - -

MEL: Give him an extra two bits, he needs a shave, too.

JACK: *Look* Mister, I don't need a - -

MEL: Where are you going, Bud?

JACK: To C.B.S.

MEL: How do you like that, Sophie. Instead of looking for a job he goes to see radio programs.

EB

BEA: He's probably too old to work, anyway.

MEL: Yeah...By the way, Bud, how old are you?

JACK: Thirty-nine.

BEA: (SARCASTICALLY) Hey Max, did you hear what this character said.

MEL: Sophie, when you can't hold a job, your family throws you out, and you tramp around the country all your life, when you get to be thirty-nine, you look like that.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Mister - -

MEL: *oh* Nothing personal, Bud...By the way, where do you live?

JACK: Beverly Hills.

MEL: *oh* Get him, Sophie...Beverly Hills. (SARCASTIC) I...er *oh* suppose you have a big house and butler and a swimming pool?

BEA: Max, stop teasing him.

MEL: Okay, okay.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP)

JACK: Gee, this is a nice car you have here...Really a beauty.

MEL: Thank you.

JACK: What kind is it?

MEL: An Essex.

JACK: Gosh...~~I wish I had one like it.~~

MEL: *Hey* Turn on the radio, Sophie.

(SOUND: RADIO ON..STATIC)

BB

ATX01 0183283

DENNIS: (FILTER) NOW CLANCY WAS A PEACEFUL MAN

IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN,

THE COPS PICKED UP THE PIECES

AFTER CLANCY LEFT THE SCENE

HE NEVER ASKED FOR TROUBLE

THAT'S A FACT YOU CAN ASSUME,

BUT NEVER THE LESS,

~~WHEN TROUBLE WOULD PRESS,~~

~~CLANCY LOWERED THE BOOM.~~

JACK: (MAD) Hmm..How do you

like that...they started

the program without me..

It's my own fault for--

MEL: ~~Hey~~ Sophie turn off the
radio.

(SOUND: CLICK OF RADIO OFF)

MEL: What's griping you, Bud?

JACK: Plenty.... they started the program without me.

MEL: How do you like that, Sophie? This bum's got a ticket to
the program and he wants them to wait till he gets there.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Mister, you can't talk to me like that.

~~MEL: All right, all right, calm down.~~

JACK: ~~I won't calm down.~~ Do you know who I am?

MEL: (SARCASTIC) Sure sure...you're Bing Crosby...or...Eddie
Cantor...or..Bob Hope..

JACK: Look, for your information I happen to be--

BEA: Max, for heaven's sakes, stop teasing him!

MEL: Okay, turn on the radio again.

(SOUND: CLICK...STATIC)

~~MARY: (FILTER) Say Don, are you going to the Rose Bowl Game?~~

~~DON: (FILTER) No, I couldn't get tickets.~~

~~BOB: (FILTER) Neither could I.~~

~~DENNIS: (FILTER) I bought a pair this morning on the fifty-yard line
for two dollars.~~

BB

RTX01 0183284

BOB: (FILTER) Dennis, you got tickets to the Rose Bowl for two dollars...let me see them.

DENNIS: (FILTER) Here they are.

BOB: (FILTER).....Dennis...these are tickets for last year's game.

DENNIS: (FILTER) I know. Boy, am I lucky.

MARY: (FILTER) What do you mean, lucky?

DENNIS: (FILTER) The weather for last year's game was great, this year it may rain.

JACK: Hmmm, if that silly kid thinks that's funny, he's got another--

MEL: Sophie, turn off the radio.

(SOUND: CLICK)

MEL: What's griping you now, Bud?

JACK: Nothing, I just didn't think that joke was funny.

MEL: Oh, I suppose you can tell 'em better.

JACK: You're darned right I can tell 'em better...Did you hear the one about the --

BEA: FFFFFFFF, SHUT UP!

JACK: Hmmm.

JACK & MEL: Sophie, turn on the radio.

BEA: Okay.

(SOUND: CLICK...STATIC)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...AS LONG AS JACK ISN'T HERE YET, WE'LL KEEP THINGS ROLLING WITH ANOTHER SONG FROM OUR SINGING STAR, DENNIS DAY...GO AHEAD, DENNIS....

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG - "KEEP IT A SECRET")

(APPLAUSE)

BB

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-7-

DON: That was "Keep It A Secret" sung by Dennis Day... and
Dennis, that was---

JACK: OKAY, DON, OKAY..I'M HERE...^{Here}I'm sorry I'm late, fellows,
but I rode down with June Allyson and Dick Powell and they
just wouldn't let me go.....~~Say Dennis, you sang beautifully.~~

~~DENNIS: How do you know?~~

JACK: I ~~heard the~~ program on the way down, and I'm sorry I was late
because ^{well} when we do our next program ^{kids} it will be 1953... And ^{you know}
kids, right now I feel that our thoughts should be filled with
friendship, good will, and happiness for the New Year.

DENNIS: You're just trying to make us forget the lousy Christmas
presents you gave us.

JACK: Well, that's fine, Dennis....you of all people in the cast...
you've got no right to complain.

DON: Why, what did you give Dennis for Christmas?

JACK: Nothing, so what's he got to complain about?.....But the
rest of you got very nice presents.

MARY: Oh, sure, sure.

BOB: What did Jack give you for Christmas, Mary?

MARY: Well - -

JACK: I gave her a fur muff...There it is over there on the piano..
It's sable.

MARY: It's rabbit.

JACK: It is not...it's sable.

MARY: Rabbit .. I wore it at the Farmer's Market and it snapped at
a head of lettuce.

BB

ATX01 0183286

JACK: Believe me, Bob, the muff I gave Mary is sable.

MARY: Rabbit.

JACK: It's sable...would I pay nineteen dollars for rabbit?....
Would I?

MARY: ~~You wouldn't pay nineteen dollars for twenty dollars.~~

JACK: ~~I would, to....~~ Now let's drop the subject because I want
to---

DENNIS: Say, Mr. Benny?

JACK: What?

DENNIS: See this tie I'm wearing...My girl knitted it for me for
Christmas.

JACK: *Your* Tie? What are those things hanging on the sides?

DENNIS: Sleeves, she started to make a sweater and changed her mind.

JACK: Oh. Well, on you it looks nice, Dennis.

MARY: *Dennis: Thank you.*
is By the way, Bob, I meant to ask you...what did you give
your musicians for Christmas?

BOB: Well Mary...I've only ~~been on the show~~ *known these guys* *well* four months, and I
don't know their likes and dislikes too much...so I gave
them something they can really use...I gave them each a
hundred dollar bond.

JACK: Gosh, that's a wonderful gift...a government bond?

BOB: No a bail bond.

JACK: Oh....But Bob, as long *as long* as we're on the subject of your
band..I'd like to talk to you about something.

BOB: *is that*
What, Jack?

JACK: Well...I know that when you came on the show, I said you'd have complete control over the orchestra and musicians, and I'd never interfere...but last week, why did you fire Ollie Goodson, the trombone player?

BOB: Well, Jack --

JACK: I mean with all the other guys, why fire him?..He was the only one in the band who behaved with dignity.

BOB: But Jack --

JACK: When all the other boys would be gathered around the piano drinking beer, Ollie sat quietly with his trombone in his lap...And when the guys played cards, he kept out of it... just sitting by himself...Why did you let him go?

BOB: *Well* I hadda get rid of him, he'd been dead for two years.

JACK: -- No.

BOB: ~~With that trombone we had to get him a sliding casket.~~

JACK: Well, what do you know.

MARY: ~~By the way,~~ Bob...what did the boys in the band give you for Christmas?

BOB: Something I've always wanted.

JACK: What?

BOB: A bottle of Manna-sheva-va-va-vitz.

JACK: There he goes again...he just ^{he just} can't say Mannashevitz.... he ~~just~~ ^{one} can't say that word...But then I have trouble saying Gleeke-morra.... Oh well.

BOB: Say Don, we know what Jack gave everybody for Christmas except you. What did he give you?

JO

DON: Well, Bob, Jack didn't give me anything for Christmas because he gave me a birthday present and he thought my birthday was too close to Christmas.

MARY: *cc* When is your birthday, Don?

DON: The twenty-third of August.

MARY: Oh...well, what did Jack give you for your birthday?

DON: A rabbit's foot.

MARY: No wonder my muff limps.

JACK: Mary, please. ~~Now, Don..how can you say that I didn't give you a Christmas present? Didn't you get the package I sent you?~~

DON: You sent me a package for Christmas, what was in it?

JACK: A gopher trap!

DON: You call a gopher trap a Christmas present?

JACK: Certainly.

DON: Well, if that's a Christmas present, I'm a monkey's uncle.

JACK: Well, there's a tree outside, start climbing, Bonzo....
And Mary, I don't want any more talk about your gift,
~~either.~~

DON: You know, Jack, I hate to say this, but it seems to me you gave worse presents than usual this Christmas.

JACK: Look, Three Dimensional, I gave better than I received...

Now What did my writers give me?...They've been working for me ten years now and they gave me nothing..absolutely nothing!

MARY: That's your own fault, Jack...don't you think your writers would be nicer to you if you were nicer to them?

JO

JACK: No, I don't, and I'll tell you why...Years ago I had a writer...one day he came to me *Bill Marquet* *one day he came to me -* tearfully...He said he *one day he came to me -* couldn't do his work because his eyesight was so bad...So I gave him money to go to an optometrist..He got his eyes examined, bought glasses, read his contract, and quit...So go be nice to people...Now I don't want to hear any more about Christmas presents because tonight we have a very important sketch to do. So let's get on with the--

DON: But Jack --

JACK: No buts, Don..anything else can wait...our sketch is the most important thing right now.

DON: What about the commercial?

JACK: As I was saying...our sketch is the second most important thing...What kind of commercial have you prepared? *Don.*

DON: Well, the Sportsmen Quartet thought that this being the end of 1952, they would do their version of one of the most popular songs of the year.

JACK: *oh yes* *wonderful* That's a good idea. Go ahead, DON. *you mean one of the year's most popular song?*
(SOUND: PHONE RINGS) *That's a wonderful idea!*

JACK: Excuse me a minute, Don.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP) *Don: Right Jack & this is a very beautiful number & the*
JACK: Hello. *hope sing it to a Lucky*
ROCH: HELLO, BOSS, THIS IS ROCHESTER. *Strike cigarette **
JACK: Yes, Rochester, what is it?
ROCH: I WANT TO TELL YOU I DID THE SHOPPING FOR THE NEW YEAR'S PARTY SO YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

** Jack: Well, that's novel, singing to a Lucky Strike. Let's hear it fellows!*

QUART: BECAUSE OF YOU
THERE'S A SMILE ON MY FACE
BECAUSE OF YOU
I ENJOY BETTER TASTE
BECAUSE OF YOU MY MANY FRIENDS
CAN HAVE A SMOKE WITH NO LOOSE ENDS
OH, LUCKY WE LOVE YOU, WE DO
SO ROUND AND FIRM, FULLY PACKED
WE AGREE
OH, LSM, LSM, MFT, FT
BECAUSE OF YOU
I NOW ENJOY EACH PUFF
NO ONE IS ROUGH
BECAUSE OF YOU
YOU KNOW THERE'S NOTHING
THAT BEATS BETTER TASTE
THAT'S WHY WE LIKE LUCKY STRIKE.

*(Jack: It's beautiful
visit it Mary.)*

(Jack: I could cry.)

(Jack: Aw - w)

(APPLAUSE)

JC

ATX01 0183291

(THIRD ROUTINE)

-13-

JACK: ~~Don, that commercial was swell. I'm sure the sponsor will like it so much he'll pick up everybody's option for another week.~~ And now, ladies and gentlemen...as is our custom almost every year at this time..we will present a New Year's Play entitled, "The New Tenant, or Goodbye Fifty-Two, Hello Fifty Three."As most of you who have heard us do this type of play before will realize...this is an allegorical fantasy which takes place in--

BOB: Hold it, Jack, hold it.

JACK: ~~Huh? What is it, Bob?~~

BOB: Well, I'm kinda new on the show...and...well..what does allegorical fantasy mean?

JACK: Well..let me see...an allegorical fantasy ^{is} something that could happen, although it never has.

MARY: Like a rabbit being sable.

JACK: You know, Mary, there is a Chinese proverb taken from a popular song.. ^{It says} "Girl who make fun of boss soon find it not such a long long time from December to May Company!".....So watch it, Ming Toy.....Now in our fantasy, I will play the part of the old year, 1952 who has been living in a big boarding house called The United States which is run by Uncle Sam and his wife Columbia.....And Bob, you're going to play the part of Uncle Sam.

BOB: Well, thanks, Jack..

JACK: You're welcome...Now, ~~as Uncle Sam, you'll wear a bright blue jacket with white stars on it and red and white striped pants.~~

BB

RTX01 0183292

BOB: ~~I'll lay eight to five people will think I'm Bing.~~

JACK: ~~That won't hurt you.~~ Now Mary, you play the part of
Columbia....You're Bob's wife and you have forty-eight
children...

BOB: ...MARY, COME BACK HERE, IT'S ONLY A PLAY.

MARY: ~~Oh, yes.~~

JACK: ~~And you soon may have two other children Hawaii and Alaska.~~

MARY: ~~Okay, we can call the new kids Hi and Al.~~

JACK: ~~Good...~~ Now Don --

DON: ~~Yes, Jack.~~

JACK: You play a very important part in tonight's fantasy....
You're going to be the world.

DON: The world?

JACK: Yes, ~~and~~ ^{loosen your} belt, you're strangling South America.
....AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN FOR OUR PLAY...THE NEW
TENANT....AS THE CURTAIN RISES, THE TIME IS ALMOST MIDNIGHT,
DECEMBER 31ST. AND OLD MAN 1952 IS PACKING HIS BAGS READY TO
MAKE HIS EXIT...CURTAIN...MUSIC...

(PAND PLAYS AULD LANG SYNE)

JACK: (AS RUBE) Oh Columbia, Columbia...will you come here a
minute, please?

MARY: (RUBE) What do you want, Fifty-two?

JACK: ~~Will~~ I'll have to be moseying along, soon..better start packing
my things before little Fifty-three gets here..~~Hand me that~~
~~calendar, will ya?~~

MARY: ~~What do you want this calendar for...it's an old one.~~

BB

ATX01 0183293

JACK: ~~Who cares? Marilyn Monroe, WOW! ...Now let's see, what else?~~

MARY: Gosh, old timer, I hate to see you go.

JACK: I kinda hate to go myself...but I had a pretty good time while I was here...travelled a lot, too.

MARY: Travelled?

JACK: Yep, I've been out West where Men are Men....I've been to Paris, where Women are Women...and I've been to Denmark where you ~~can't be sure~~ ^{well, well}....But I'll kinda miss the old world... with its radio and television....autos, airplanes --

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Well, Hello, Uncle Sam.

BOB: Hello, Columbia, just dropped by to say goodbye to Fifty-TwoWhere is he?

JACK: Here I am...I'm Fifty-two.

BOB: What did you say?

JACK: I said I'm Fifty-two.

BOB: Never thought you'd admit it.

JACK: This is an Allegorical Fantasy....~~Well, I'm packing to leave,~~ Sam, and you know, there's one of the fellers here I'm gonna miss... He sure became a big hit while I was here.

BOB: Who's that?

JACK: Johnny Ray...(IMITATES HIM, SINGS) "When your sweetheart, writes a letter of goodbye".....I guess I'll take that song with me.

MARY: Here, Old Timer, you can take this song, too... I'm sick of it.

BB

JACK: Which one is that?

MARY: "When You Say I Beg Your Pardon, Then I'll Come Back To You."

JACK: Oh yeah...Can't understand why that didn't become a hit...
Oh well, hand it to me.

MARY: Grab it yourself, I wouldn't touch it.

JACK: Okay, okay.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BOB: Hey look, it's my neighbor, Mexico.

JACK: Mexico?

DENNIS: (MEXICAN) Excuse me, Senor, but I have come to say goodbye...
I theenk.

JACK: Well, thank you.

MARY: Say Mexico, it was awfully nice of you to come up here and
say goodbye to Old Timer.

DENNIS: It was nothing, Senorita.

JACK: Say, Mexico, didn't you just elect a new president by the
name of ^{Adolfo} Alenzo-Ruiz Cortinas?

DENNIS: Si.

JACK: That was quite an exciting election.

DENNIS: Si...I am still wearing the button.

JACK: Oh yes ^{yes}...my eyes ain't so good...What does it say?

DENNIS: Me gusta mi candidato.

JACK: What does that mean?

DENNIS: I like ^{Adolfo} Alenzo.

JACK: Oh...What about that small print on the bottom. What does
that say?

BB

DENNIS: Drink Manashevavitz.

JACK: Doggone...a fellow by the name of Bob Crosby made that famous.

DENNIS: Well...I have to go now...Adios.

JACK: So long, Mexico.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Well, Columbia...I better get on with my -- Say, isn't it too early for the New Year to be getting here?

MARY: What do you mean, Old Timer?

JACK: Look out the window...here he comes now without any clothes on...Just a cloth wrapped around him... HEY, ARE YOU THE NEW YEAR?

MEL: (MOOLEY) No, I'm on my way home from Santa Anita.

JACK: Doggone, I run into him every year.

JACK: Well...I better finish my packing...Where's my Elevator shoes?

MARY: Say, Fifty-two...why did you wear elevator shoes?

JACK: I was a leap year, I hadda be a little taller than the rest.
Hee hee hee.

MARY: *That* That was corny but it was cute.

JACK: Yep...I guess so...now hand me my--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Always interruptions...*Yes* COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: It's me, Old Timer.

JACK: Well, if it ain't the World.....Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

BB

JACK: Say, World....What took you so long getting here?

DON: I been to the doctor about this boil on my shoulder.

JACK: *Boil?* Where is it?

DON: Right here....Korea.

JACK: Gosh, you've sure had trouble with boils this year, haven't you.

DON: Sure have...Korea...Indo China...Indonesia....And a new one just broke out in Morocco.

JACK: Well, let's hope Fifty-three can get rid of 'em.

DON: *sure* I hope so... Well, I better be spinning along....So long, Old Timer.

JACK: Goodbye, ~~World~~.....

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Doggone....I'm all alone and it's almost midnight....Gosh, I'm tired...I sure had three hundred and sixty six tough days.....I did the best I could *though* and I hope the new fellow will do a lot better.

(SOUND: FIRST GONG)

JACK: Oh - Oh...there's the first stroke of midnight. The new tenant oughta be here any second now....Well...I better get my bags and --

(SOUND: LIGHT KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: *hey* That must be him now.....COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, it's the little new year, all right...(GONG) Hello, Sonny.

BOY: Hello, Old Timer.

JACK: Say...you're a cute little rascal.

BOY: Thank you.

JACK: Gosh, just look at you...so young...so eager...so hopeful...
looking at the world through rose colored glasses.

BOY: Well, didn't you see the world through rose colored glasses?

(GONG)

JACK: No, mine were ^{not} green....during my stay here they put
Chlorophyll in everything *See, see, see*...What a fad.

BOY: You sound like you didn't enjoy your stay, Old Timer.

JACK: Oh ^{sure} ~~chucks~~, Sonny...I saw plenty of changes....I saw the
ladies all goin for poodle haircuts..(GONG)...I saw a new
heavyweight champion crowned....and I saw Brooklyn almost
win the World Series.

BOY: Gee, I never heard of that.

JACK: World Series?

BOY: No, Brooklyn.

JACK: You will, you will...they may even apply for Statehood....
Yep, sonny, (GONG) there've been some good moments and some
sad ones during my stay....One of our oldest countries,
England, lost her King while I was here...and just recently
our youngest country, Israel, lost their president.... I'm
sorry you couldn't meet them....they were loved by
everybody. (GONG)

BOY: Is Israel the only country that has presidents?

BB

JACK: Oh no, Sonny ^{no} Right here in America we've had them since the country started. And during my stay here they had a presidential election...It started out in July....the Republicans and Democrats had conventions...there were lots of speeches....and after ^{a everything} all the excitement was over, (GONG) they had nominated Adlai Stevenson and Dwight Eisenhower... and then about a month and a half ago, sixty-one million people went to the polls and voted...and Dwight Eisenhower won.

BOY: Will I get to meet him?

JACK: Meet him! In no time he'll have you callin' him Ike..(GONG)
Now take good care of him, Sonny, he's got a big job on his hands.

BOY: You can count on me, Old Timer.

JACK: ^{you know} Sonny, I might as well tell you something...the world was just in to see me a while ago and he ain't in such good shape.....as a matter of fact, he's kinda sick. (GONG)

BOY: What's the matter with him?

JACK: Well, he's got some spots that are kinda troubling him.... It's a blood condition...too many red cells or something.... I hope his health improves during your stay here.

BOY: I hope so ^{too}.

JACK: Well, let's see...Have I got everything?..(GONG)...Yep... I'm just about ready to go...Yessiree....well, good luck, Fifty-three.

BB

ATX01 0183299

-21-

BOY: Thanks, Old Timer.

JACK: Now be sure and take good care of everybody.

BOY: I will... GOODBYE, FIFTY-TWO.

JACK: SO LONG, SONNY.....KEEP SMILING.

(SOUND: LAST GONG)

(AULD LANG SYNE UP)

(APPLAUSE)

BB

ATX01 0183300

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I'll be back in a minute to tell you about my television program which goes on immediately after this show...but first here's something I'd like to say.. and it's really appropriate at this time...

Ladies and gentlemen, the chief hope of our enemies is to divide the United States along racial and religious lines, and thereby conquer us. Let's not spread prejudice. A divided America is a weak America. Through our behavior we encourage the respect of our children and make them better neighbors to all races and religions. Remind them that being good neighbors has helped make our country great and kept her free. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

BB

ATX01 0183301

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED DECEMBER 18, 1952)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-B-

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first ...
Nothing - no, nothing - beats better taste -- and
remember ...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike ... Lucky Strike!

DON: Friends ... in a cigarette, nothing - no, nothing - beats
better taste. And Luckies taste better ... cleaner, fresher,
smoother. No wonder you find faithful Lucky smokers
everywhere ... among college students, for instance. A
nation-wide survey, based on actual student interviews in 80
leading colleges, reveals that more smokers in these
colleges prefer Luckies than any other cigarette. And by
a wide margin! What's more, Lucky Strike gained far more
smokers than the nation's two other principal brands
combined. And why? The number one reason the students gave
for smoking Luckies was better taste! Yes, like so many of
us, these college students prefer Luckies - the cigarette
that tastes better ... cleaner, fresher, smoother! So for
the better taste that means more smoking enjoyment - Be
happy - go Lucky! Next time, ask for Lucky Strike!

ORCH: (SHORT VAMP)

ATX01 0183302

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED DECEMBER 18, 1952)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

-B- (Cont'd)

SPORTSMEN Be happy -- go Lucky
QUARTET: Get better taste today!

ES

ATX01 0183303

(TAG)

-23-

JACK: Well, folks, in just thirty seconds I'll be doing my television show and my guest stars will be Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Stewart, *so we see you in a few minutes.*

DON: ~~Ready to leave now, Jack?~~

JACK: ~~Yes, Don.~~

(SOUND: ~~CANNON GOES OFF, WIND WHISTLE~~)

MARY: ~~Don, pick up his shoes and take them to him. Goodnight, folks.~~

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny program *this week* ~~tonight~~ was written by Milt Josefsberg, John Tackaberry, Al Gordon, Hal Goldman and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

The Jack Benny Program is brought to you by Lucky Strike -- product of the American Tobacco Company -- America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

LW

RTX01 0183304