The Jack Benny Show
“Jack Learns Don has Metal Tips”

Originally aired Dec 15, 1946

Transcribed by Ben Dooley for "Those Thrilling Days of Yesteryear" old time radio recreations. www.ttdyradio.com

CAST:
Jack
Rochester
Babe
Dennis Day
NBC Guard (British)
Artie (autograph)
Autograph Girl
Change Man
Phil Harris
Pickpocket
Sara-
Happy Customer
Clerks Wife

SFX:


(MUSIC: UP AND FADES)

DON: And now, ladies and gentlemen, once again we take you to Jack Benny’s home in Beverly Hills, where we find Jack and Rochester in the library.

JACK: (SOFTLY) Rochester… Rochester… do we have to be this quiet?

ROCHESTER: (VERY SOFTLY) Shhhh. Be patient, boss… I’m trying to use psychology.

JACK: Psychology?

ROCHESTER: Yeah. Watch this.

(VERY, VERY SOFTLY) “Twas the night before Christmas,
And all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring,
Not… even… a—

(SOUND: LOUD SNAP)

ROCHESTER: We got him that time, boss.
JACK: Good, good. Now take the mouse out of the trap.

ROCHESTER: Yes, sir.

(SOUND: Four Footsteps)

ROCHESTER: Hey, boss. Great news, great news!

JACK: What is it?

ROCHESTER: We got him before he could eat the cheese.

JACK: Well, it wouldn’t have done him any good anyway, it’s wax. Now, come on, Rochester, let’s finish addressing my Christmas cards.

ROCHESTER: Okay.

JACK: Now, let’s see… we finished the ones to my relatives… Now let’s address the cards to the movie stars I know…

ROCHESTER: Yes, sir.


ROCHESTER: (CLOSLY) Rodney… Dangerfiled.

JACK: Cyril Forsythe, Universal-International Studios.

ROCHESTER: Cyril… Forsythe.

JACK: Marcella Underwood, Warner Brothers Studios.

ROCHESTER: Marcella… Underwood.

JACK: Anthony Fish, Paramount Studios.

ROCHESTER: Anthony… Fisk.

JACK: Yeah.

ROCHESTER: Well, that takes care of the pickets, let’s get to the start.

JACK: These are stars… every one of them. Now, let’s see… Oh, yes. Ilka Thistledown, M.G.M. Studios.

ROCHESTER: Ilka… Thistledown.
JACK: Gee, how she ever missed getting the Academy Award last year I’ll never know. She was wonderful in “Andy Hardy Blows His Nose.”… Bertram Holmquist, Twentieth Century Fox Studio.

ROCHESTER: Bertram… Holmquist.

JACK: Gary Cooper, Paramount Studio..

ROCHESTER: Gary… Cooper…… Who’s he?

JACK: A big tall fellow. He’s a pretty big star. Of course, he’s not a Rodney Dangerfield but he’s coming along. Now let’s see… who else… Oh, yes. Geraldine…

ROCHESTER: (SOFTLY) Shh. Just a minute, boss. I think I hear another mouse.

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: Quiet…. (SOFTLY) “Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring,
Not… even… a –

(SOUND: LOUD SNAP)

ROCHESTER: We got him, too.

JACK: Good, good. Is he a big one?

ROCHESTER: Uh-oh.

JACK: What’s the matter?

ROCHESTER: There’s nothing in the trap but a note.

JACK: A note?

ROCHESTER: Yeah. It says, “you can recite Gunga Din, you ain’t gonna catch me.”

JACK: Oh, stop making things up.

ROCHESTER: Well, all I know is we didn’t catch him.

JACK: Yeah. Set it again, Rochester.
ROCHESTER: Say, boss, with all these mice in the house, why don’t you get a cat?

JACK: Mouse traps don’t drink milk, that’s way. Well, we’re through with the Christmas cards, and I think I’ve got the presents all set. Oh, I meant to do this before. I’ve got to get Don Wilson’s house on the phone.

(SOUND: PHONE RECIEVER UP AND DIALING)

JACK: (SINGS: “I got the sun in the morning…”) “Da da bum bum, da dee bum bum. Dad um bum bum, bum bum bum bum, I got the sun in the morning and the smog at night… got the sun in the morning and the smog at night… Da da bum bum, da dee do doo. Dee dum bum bum…” Hello? Oh, hello, Mrs. Wilson. This is Jack Benny… (MOCK EMBARRASSMENT) Yes, I was just singing to myself … Yes. I know Don is at the studio, that’s why I picked this time to call… Now, Mrs. Wilson, I’m giving Don a beautiful pair of shoe laces for Christmas… Yes, yes with metal tips… Oh no! Of all the things he should have… Are you sure he already has Metal tips?... Oh gosh… Well, I’ll just have to exchange them again. Well, anyway, Mrs. Wilson, don’t tell don’t what I’m giving him… What?… You wouldn’t dare?… (EMBARRASSED LAUGH)… Thank you, the same to you. Goodbye.

(SOUND: PHONE RECIEVER DOWN)

JACK: Wouldn’t you know it, Rochester. And all the trouble I went through at that department store last week. I could have taken plastic tips. But no, I had to take metal ones.

ROCHESTER: By the way, boss, this is Saturday. You’re not forgetting your rehearsal, are you?

JACK: Oh, no, no. Miss Livingston’s sister, Babe, is going to pick me up and drive me to the studio.

ROCHESTER: Miss Livingston’s sister?

JACK: Yes, Mary has a cold and Babe came out from Plainfield to spend the holidays with her. Now, Rochester, bring me that package with the shoe laces. I’m going to stop by the store and exchange them.

ROCHESTER: Yes, sir. And say, boss.

JACK: Yeah?
ROCHESTER: If you see a mouse trap that recites “The Night Before Christmas,” buy it. I’m getting hoarse.

JACK: I’ll look around.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: MOTOR UP AND DOWN)

JACK: I’m glad Mary’s feeling better today, Babe.

BABE: Yes, she’ll be all right in a couple of days.

JACK: Good. Hm. (COMMENTING ON HER LINE READ) Nice delivery. You know you can talk loud, we’re driving in a car. (SINGING TO COVER THE LAUGH) “Be Bum Bum Bum, Be bum bum.” Gee, I hope Myrt’s listening in. (HUMS) “Got no dum dum, Got no dum, Got no dum bum…” Gee, it’s a nice day for a – Babe! Put on your brakes quick! There’s a car coming right for us!

BABE: That’s going the other way. It’s a new Studebaker.

JACK: Gee, you can’t tell when those Studebakers are coming or going.

BABE: I know. The other day, my boyfriend was hit by one.

JACK: How?

BABE: Well, he was standing on the corner trying to figure out whether it was coming or going and the darn thing went sideways.

JACK: Well, what do you know. Hey, there goes another one. It’s a cure car, isn’t it? And so much glass.

BABE: Yeah, looks like a Silex with wheels.

JACK: Yeah. Well, another star is born. (ASIDE) Don’t be nervous, Babe, don’t be nervous. (BACK TO SCRIPT) That’s a new Studebaker. I wonder what model that one is.

BABE: They have four models—Champion, Commander, Regular, and Drip.

JACK: Oh, yes. You know, Babe, I was just thinking. People who live in Studebakers shouldn’t throw stones. Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha. (LIKE PHIL HARRIS) Oh, Jackson, you keep this up and you’ll have your own show, too. Yes, sir.
BABE: No wonder my mother hates you.

JACK: Well, you should read some of the stuff your mother writes about you. Believe me, you’d… Hey, there’s Dennis standing over there on the corner. Let’s stop and pick him up.

(SOUND: CAR STOPS)

JACK: Oh, Dennis. Dennis.

DENNIS: Oh, hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: What are you doing standing on the corner, kid? You should be at the studio rehearsing.

DENNIS: I’m waiting for the Pico bus.

JACK: But Dennis, how can you get the Pico bus on Sunset Boulevard?

DENNIS: My mother drives it.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: And it doesn’t cost me anything to ride, either.

JACK: It doesn’t?

DENNIS: No. Mother pulls the bus up to the curb and shouts, “No charge for babies in arms!” and then she gets out and carries me in.

JACK: Dennis, stop that nonsense and get in the car.

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Dennis, this is Mary’s sister, Miss Livingston.

DENNIS: Hello, Miss Livingston.

BABE: You can call me “Babe.”

DENNIS: You can call me “Toots.”

JACK: Dennis!

DENNIS: (WOLF WHISTLES)

JACK: Dennis! That’s her name. Babe.
DENNIS: Oh.

JACK: Let’s go, babe. Come on.

(SOUND: CAR STARTS)

JACK: Say, Babe, after we stop at the studio, I want to go down to the department store and exchange the gift I bought for Don Wilson.

BABE: The shoe laces?

JACK: Yeah, how did you know?

BABE: Mary told me all the trouble she went through with you last week.

JACK: Yeah, well I can’t help it. I gotta go back and get the shoe laces with plastic tips. I want Don to be happy.

BABE: Plastic tips, metal tips. With his stomach, he’ll never see them anyway.

JACK: Hey, that’s pretty good! Pretty good. That’s right. Take a bow. I’m alone in the car. Take a bow, anyway. (BACK TO SCRIPT) I guess you’ve never heard of mirrors, eh, Babe?

DENNIS: What did you buy for me for Christmas, Mr. Benny?

JACK: I’m not gonna tell you, Dennis, but it will be under the tree on Christmas morning.

DENNIS: Gee, another pine cone.

JACK: Oh, no, it isn’t. Say, Babe…

DENNIS: Every year I get a pine cone.

JACK: Say, Babe…

DENNIS: The first year, I didn’t know it was a pine cone.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I thought it was an artichoke and I ate it.

JACK: Oh, Dennis, stop. Imagine eating a pine cone. Say, Babe…

DENNIS: The doctor pumped out my stomach and built a fire.
JACK: A fire?

DENNIS: Yeah. I was empty on the inside and burning on the outside.

JACK: Oh quiet! Now, Babe, when we get to the studio, we’ll only stay a little while so I can go to the store. Phil is probably rehearsing Dennis’s number.

DENNIS: Oh, I rehearsed my song all morning. Would you like to hear it?

JACK: Well, if you gotta open your mouth, I’d rather have you sing. Go ahead.

DENNIS: But we’re riding in a car.

JACK: I know. Babe, put the top down. Some people may want to show their appreciation.

(DENNIS’S SONG: “The Old Lamplighter”)
He made the night a little brighter
Wherever he would go
The old lamplighter
Of long, long ago
His snowy hair was so much whiter
Beneath the candle glow
The old lamplighter
Of long, long ago

You'd hear the patter of his feet
As he came toddling down the street
His smile would hide a lonely heart you see
If there were sweethearts in the park
He'd pass a lamp and leave it dark
Remembering the days that used to be
For he recalls when dreams were new
He loved someone who loved him too
Who walks with him alone in memories

He made the night a little brighter
Wherever he would go
The old lamplighter
Of long, long ago
His snowy hair was so much whiter
Beneath the candle glow
The old lamplighter
Of long, long ago

Now if you look up in the sky
You'll understand the reason why
The little stars at night are all aglow
He turns them on when night is here
He turns them off when dawn is near
The little man we love of long ago

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: That’s very good, Dennis. Well, here we are at the studio. Wait in the car for me, Babe. I’ll only be a minute.

(SOUND: CAR STOPS)

MEL: (COCKNEY) Beg your pardon, Guvnor, but you can’t park you car here in front of Buckingham Palace, they’re changing the guard, you know.

JACK: Bucking Palace? This is N.B.C. in Hollywood.

MEL: Hollywood? My, my, in this fog I must have strayed a bit off my beat.

JACK: You certainly must have. I’ll see you in a few minutes, Babe.

BABE: O.K. I’m hungry so I’ll go to the drug store and get a chiss sweese sandwich.

JACK: Gee, the whole family likes ‘em. Come on, Dennis, let’s go.

(SECOND ROUTINE)

(SOUND: MOTOR UP AND DOWN. CAR DOOR CLOSE. FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Now Dennis, when you go over your number with Phil, be sure and…

ARTIE: Oh, Mr. Day? Mr. Day.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS APPROACH AND STOP)

ARTIE: May I have your autograph, please?

DENNIS: Why certainly. Have you got a pencil?
ARTIE: Yes, sir.

DENNIS: … There you are.

ARTIE: Thank you.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: … Hm … Now, Dennis, as I was saying… I don’t want to tell you how to do your song even though I am the star of the show. But when you try to…

JEANETTE: Pardon me, Mr. Day, but may I have your autograph?

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

DENNIS: Why, certainly, Miss. Have you got a pencil?

JEANETTE: Yes sir.

DENNIS: … There you are.

JEANETTE: Thank you.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (LONG PAUSE) … Dennis…

DENNIS: Huh?

JACK: I’m afraid you’ll have to give up your own show. Now as I was saying…

DENNIS: But Mr. Benny, people like me. Two of them just asked me for my—

JACK: I know what they did! You’ve only had your show now thirteen weeks and you’re going around signing autographs. You don’t have to be so hammy, you know.

DENNIS: but they asked me.

JACK: You didn’t have to encourage them. You know, kid, when you’ve been in radio as long as I have, you take those things in your stride. You don’t make such a big thing out of it.

MEL: Oh, Mr. Benny…

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)
JACK: (INSTANTLY) Why certainly, have you got a pencil?

MEL: Huh?

JACK: Come one, gimme your pencil. Do you want my autograph? I’m a busy star. Come on.

MEL: I just want two nickels for a dime so I can use the phone.

JACK: Oh. Well, I haven’t got change. Come on, Dennis.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hm.

DENNIS: I’ve got change for a dime.

JACK: All right, all right, you little show off. (MIMICS DENNIS) “I’ve got change for a dime, I’ve got change for a dime.” It’s my own fault. I picked you up when you had absolutely nothing. I put you on my show. I trained you, coached you. And after working for me for seven years, what happens?

DENNIS: I got change for a dime.

JACK: All right, all right. I’m getting in the studio to see how Phil is doing. I’ll see you later, kid.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS... DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: All right. Now, look, fellows. We’ve been rehearsing this for two hours. Now let’s see if we can get it right this time, will ya? Come on… A-one, a-two…

(MUSIC: DARNEDEST LOUDEST NOISE YOU EVER HEARD WITH THE DRUM LOUDER THAN ANYTHING.)

PHIL: Hold it, hold it, hold it!…. Now, hold it.

(MUSIC: Stops)

PHIL: No no no, fellows. That’s not it either. I can’t hear no brass.

JACK: Oh, Phil…
PHIL: Just a minute, Buster. (TO BAND) Now look, we’re gonna try this thing once more, fellows. And I want you to give it to me. Now, take it from me. One, Two…

(MUSIC: LOUDEST NOISE EVER)

PHIL: No no no no! NO!

(MUSIC: STOPS)

PHIL: What’s the matter with you guys anyway? You’re not givin me nuthin.

JACK: Phil, what are you rehearsing?

PHIL: White Christmas.

JACK: Phil… Phil, are you crazy? White Christmas is a beautiful song. It should be played softly, with feeling. Can’t your band play pianissimo?

PHIL: They’re having enough trouble with “White Christmas.”

JACK: Phil, pianissimo is not a song. It’s a musical term meaning “softly.”

PHIL: Look, Jackson, why don’t you just take care of the jokes and leave the music to me?

JACK: I won’t leave the music to you. This is my program and I want the music to be good.

PHIL: What are you talking about? I’m rehearsing this for my own show.

JACK: Your own show?

PHIL: Certainly. Why else would Alice be playing the trombone.

JACK: Oh, now cut that out. You’ve got a lot of nerve rehearsing the music for your show on my time. Eighteen men at six dollars a man… that’s a hundred and eight dollars. Do you expect me to pay for that?

PHIL: Why not? You’ve been doing it all season.

JACK: Well, how do you like that? I’ve got a good mind to take those boys and throw them right off the program. In fact, I think I will right after the first of the year.

PHIL: You’re only bluffing.
JACK: I am not.

PHIL: Then why wait till after the first of the year? Why don’t you fire them right now?

JACK: Because their green complexions and their blood-shot eyes make a nice color scheme for Christmas, that’s why. Now, I haven’t got time to argue with you, I gotta go down town to the department store.

DON: Oh, Jack, can you spare a minute for me?

JACK: Oh, hello, Don. I didn’t see you. What do you want?

DON: Well, I’m rehearsing the commercial with the quartette and I want you to hear it.

JACK: I’m glad you brought that up. Last week was the first time that I thought that quartette was really all right. And if they can give me something like that again, it’ll be okay.

DON: Jack, I’m glad to hear you say that because this week we’ve got something even better.

JACK: Good good, Don. Lemmie hear it.

DON: Okay. Ready boys? Let’s go.

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO. YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

(INTRODUCTION TO PIZZICATO)

QUARTETTE: OH LS, SS, SS, LS, M F T.

OH MF, FF, LS, MS, 1 2 3

JACK: Don.

QUARTETTE: SO ROUND, SO FIRM, FO FULLY PACKED

SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DREW

JACK: Drew?

QUARTETTE: OH, LS, MF, LS, MFT, (DING, DING)

OH MF, MF, LS, MFT (DING DING)

**JACK:** Don.

**QUARTETTE:** (CONTINUES WITH BIRD WHISTLE)

**JACK:** Don look... Don, hold it a minute. Look fellows. Wait a minute... Wait a minute. WAIT A MINUTE... WAIT A MINUTE!... Don... Don... Elephant boy. Look, Don... I’m not going to raise my voice. I’m not going to get excited. I’m not going to lose my temper. I just don’t want the quartette any more, that’s all. And now I’m going to the department store and finish my Yuletide shopping. Goodbye, boys.

**QUARTETTE:** (ONE NOTE)

**JACK:** Goodbye, Don.

**DON:** Goodbye.

(SOUND: THREE FOOTSTEPS... BODY THUD)

**JACK:** The tenor tripped me! ... Goodbye!

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM.)

(BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

(SOUND: STORE NOISES UP AND DOWN.)

**JACK:** Gee, Babe, the store is even more crowded than it was last week.

**BABE:** Yeah. Did you have to come back here just to exchange those shoe laces? I think it’s ridiculous.

**JACK:** Babe, I might as well get what I want. After all, I’m...

**BABE:** (WHISPERING) Jack… Jack.

**JACK:** Huh?

**BABE:** (WHISPERING) Watch out for that fellow in back of you.

**JACK:** Why, what?

**BABE:** He looks like a pick-pocket.
JACK: Oh yeah. Don’t worry, Babe, watch this.
‘Twas the night before Christmas,
And all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring
Not even a –

(SOUND: LOUD SNAP)

MEL: OUCH!

JACK: I got him, Babe. I got him. Hey, Buddy, what were you doing with your hand in my pocket?

MEL: I was just returning the junk I stole from you last week.

JACK: Junk?

MEL: When I turned that stuff in, I was almost t’rown out of the Pickpocket’s Guild.

JACK: Well, I oughta have you thrown in jail. Come on, Babe, let’s exchange these shoe laces and get out of here.

BABE: Okay.

SARA: (NASAL) Well, Babe Livingston, of all people!

BABE: Well, Sara Sauerbroten.

JACK: Sara Sauerbroten?

SARA: What are you doing in town, Babe?

BABE: Oh, I just came out here to get a little California sunshine.

SARA: Oh. You’ll be out here a long time. You know, Babe, I always thought you’d marry Steve Ferguson, the fellow who worked at the gas station.

BABE: Oh, we broke up, Sara. I haven’t seen Steve in years.

SARA: Well, you shoulda hung onto him. He’s got his own gas station now, with three grease pits.

BABE: He has those grease pits when I went with him. That’s why we broke up.

SARA: Really?
BABE: (LAUGHINGLY) Yeah. Every time I sat on his lap, I slipped through.

JACK: Come on, Babe, let’s go.

SARA: Say, who’s this gentleman with the mousetrap? Anything serious?

JACK: Babe, come on, will ya? I’ve got a lot of shopping to do.

SARA: Well, so long, Babe. I’ve got to get back to the music counter. I demonstrate songs here.

BABE: Okay. Goodbye, Sara.

SARA: Goodbye. I’ll tell Steve I seen you.

JACK: Let’s go, Babe. I wanta change these shoe laces.

PETE: Well, well. If it isn’t Jack Benny. (SING-SONG) Oh, Mr. Benny. Helloooooo!

BABE: Who’s that, Lily Pons?

JACK: I don’t know.

PETE: Mr. Benny, may I have your autograph please?

JACK: I gave you my autograph last week.

PETE: Yes, I know. But on my way home I lost it. I’m so careless. (SING-SONG) Yes indeed, so very careless.

JACK: There you are.

PETE: Thank you, Mr. Benny, thank you very much.

JACK: You’re welcome. Goodbye.

PETE: (SING-SONG) Goodbye.

JACK: What a character. Oh, Babe, there’s the notions department right beside the music counter there. Come on.

(MUSIC: Piano introduction to “Five Minutes More”)

JACK: Oh look, Babe, your girl friend is gonna sing.

SARA: (SINGS) GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES MORE
ONLY FIVE MINUTES MORE
LET ME STAY, LET ME STAY
IN YOUR ARM
(IT’S SO THRILLING AND I’M SO WEAK AND WILLING)
HERE I AM BEGGING FOR
ONLY FIVE MINUTES MORE
ONLY FIVE MINUTES MORE
OF YOUR CHARMS.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN.)

JACK: Her we are, Babe. Here’s the notions counter. Now I can exchange the shoe laces. Hm. I don’t see the man that waited on you last week. Well, I’ll find out where he is. Oh madam…

WOMAN: Yes.

JACK: Where’s the gentleman who was at this counter last week?

WOMAN: Oh, you mean my husband. He’s in a sanitarium.

JACK: Oh, that’s too bad. What happened?

WOMAN: Well… (CRYING SOFTLY) Some jerk came in here to buy some shoe laces and he couldn’t make up his mind whether he wanted plastic tips or metal tips and he drove my husband crazy.

JACK: Really?

WOMAN: (CRYING LOUDER) All week he’s been lying in bed staring into space and screaming, “Plastic tips, metal tips, plastic tips, metal tips.”

JACK: Really? I…

WOMAN: (GETTING QUICKLY HYSTERICAL) And once he said, “I’ve got rubber tips, too, but I don’t tell him, I won’t tell him, I won’t tell him.” (CRIES A LONG TIME AND THEN CONTROLS HERSELF. ABOUT 15 SECONDS TOTAL) I’m sorry. I do hope you’ll forgive me.

JACK: That’s all right.

WOMAN: Now… now, what can I do for you?

JACK: (HOLD FOR LAUGH) Well… er… well…

BABE: Tell her, you coward.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

BABE:  Aren’t you gonna exchange the laces?

JACK:  No, Don will have to take the metal tips and like it. He’s not gonna drive people crazy with those lousy shoe laces. Come on, let’s go home.

(MUSIC: AND APPLAUSE.)

DON:  Jack will be back in just a minute, but first here is my good friend, Mr. F. E. Boone.

BOONE:  (CHANT – 57 to 59 – AMERICAN)

SIMS:  Remember this all-important fact. Fine tobacco is what counts in a cigarette—and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL:  Mr. Garland Fletcher Tilley, independent tobacco buyer or Durham, North Carolina, has bought millions of pounds of tobacco during the last 25 years. He said:

VOICE:  “Season after season, at auction after auction, I’ve seen tobacco bought by the makes of Lucky Strike—and believe you me, that tobacco is really good—ripe smooth and mild. Tobacco you just can’t beat for real smokin’ quality. I’ve smoked Luckies myself for 17 years.

BARUCH:  Yes, at auction after auction, independent tobacco experts like Mr. Tilley—men who spend their lived buying, selling and handling tobacco—can see the makers of Lucky Strikes consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.


RUYSDAEL:  LS-MFT

BARUCH:  Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

SIMS:  And fine tobacco makes a fine Christmas present. So here’s a gift suggestion that will say, “Merry Christmas,” for you two hundred times. Five that ever-welcome gift of fine tobacco—a carton of Lucky Strike.
RUYSDAEL: And remember, Christmastime and all the time—for your own real deep-down smoking enjoyment, smoke that smoke of fine tobacco. Lucky Strike. So round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

JACK: You know, Babe, it was nice of you to come in and pinch hit for Mary. You were good, too.

(SOUND: Footsteps)

JACK: Hey, Babe, we left the car right around the corner.

BABE: Yes, I know.

JACK: Say Mary, did I tell you next Sunday we’re going to broadcast for the boys at Birmingham General Hospital?

BABE: Gee, that’ll be swell.

JACK: Yeah, I’m looking forward to it. And you know who’s gonna be with me?

BABE: Who?

JACK: Well, a lot of people who used to be on my show—Kenny Baker, Andy Devine, Slepperman, Larry Stevens, and of course, my own gang.

BABE: That oughta be a lot of fun.

JACK: Yeah, it’ll be good to see ‘em again.

BABE: Just a minute, Jack. Just a minute.

JACK: What’s the matter?

BABE: I’ve got a cinder in my eye.

JACK: Where?

BABE: Right here in the corner.

JACK: Wait’ll I get out my handkerchief.

(SOUND: LOUD SNAP)

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Ladies and gentlemen, next Sunday we’re going to do our Christmas broadcast from the Birmingham General Hospital, and a lot of our old gang will be on the show—Kenny Baker, Andy Devine, Shleperman, and Larry Stevens. Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Meantime, here’s a Christmas suggestion. Say, Merry Christmas,” to your friends two hundred times. How?

ANNOUNCER: This is N.B.C. The National Broadcasting Company.

86321. The Lucky Strike Program Starring Jack Benny. December 15, 1946. NBC net. Sponsored by: Lucky Strike. Babe Marks (Mary's sister in real life) appears on the show, announced as being for the first time (she was actually on the show October 18, 1936). Mary does not appear, she was "sick" at the last minute. Babe does O. K., but she's no radio actress. She does manage to pull off another "Chiss Sweeze" gag. Don't miss the second "mousetrap" line. Pure Benny! The Sportsmen sing the commercial to the music of, "The Dance Of The Hours." Jack returns to the department store to exchange the metal-tipped shoe laces that he previously bought. Sara Berner sings a not-to-be missed chorus of, "Five Minutes More." Andy Devine is billboarded twice for next week's show (he did not appear). Rodney Dangerfield is mentioned twice. The program runs late and is cut off the air by NBC. Jack Benny, Don Wilson, Eddie Anderson, L. A. Speed Riggs (tobacco auctioneer), F. E. Boone (tobacco auctioneer), Babe Marks, Phil Harris, The Sportsmen, Mel Blanc