

# RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

## RADIO DIVISION

REBROADCAST: 9:30-10:00 PM - P.W.T.  
STATIONS: KPD, KOMO, KMN, KHQ,  
KGW, KFSD, KFI.

**CLIENT:** AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

**BROADCAST:** #1

**DATE:** OCT. 22, 1948

**PROGRAM:** THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

**NETWORK:** NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Yes, sir!

SHARBUTT: Right you are!

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

(MORE)

ATX01 0234925

JACK BENNY  
PROGRAM #4  
(REV.)

DELMAR: Remember, in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts...  
the better the tobacco, the better the cigarette. And -  
remember Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- yes, first,  
last and always, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. At  
markets now open in the South, independent tobacco  
experts -- auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen --  
present at the auctions can see the makers of  
Lucky Strike consistently select the riper, the natural;  
milder Lucky Strike tobacco. So - smoke the smoke  
tobacco experts smoke - Lucky Strike!

RIGGS: (CHANT -- SOLD AMERICAN)  
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD, FOR JACK BENNY SHOW)

ATX01 0234926

(AFTER COMMERCIAL: MUSIC UP, AND FADES)

DON: HELLO EVERYBODY, THIS IS DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE - MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN .. LET'S MOVE THE CLOCK BACK TEN MINUTES AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS BEFORE A RADIO PROGRAM GOES ON THE AIR .. SO NOW WE TAKE YOU BACK-STAGE TO JACK BENNY'S DRESSING ROOM, WHERE JACK IS RELAXING.

JACK: (SNORES TWICE)

ROCHESTER: Hmm, I sure hate to wake the boss up .. but the program goes on in ten minutes.

JACK: (SNORES AGAIN)

ROCHESTER: Just look at him lyin' there, sleepin' like a baby.

JACK: (SNORES)

ROCHESTER: Yup, just like a baby..Maybe I oughta take his thumb out of his mouth again.

JACK: (SNORES, THEN MUMBLES..THEN TALKS DREAMILY) Now Hedy, please....Wait a minute, Hedy..Wait a minute, Hedy... (SNORES)...Stop it.... (LAUGHS)....Paulette, Paulette, please, you're tickling my ear....(SNORES)..IANA..IANA, STOP KISSING ME!...You too, Hedy, Hedy, stop.

ROCHESTER: BOBS, BOSS, WAKE UP..YOU WENT TO SLEEP TO RELAX!..

JACK: Huh? What? Oh, it's you, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: Yeah and don't look so disappointed.

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: You were talkin' in your sleep again, boss.

JACK: Oh yes, yes..I..I dreamt that I was making a political speech.

ROCHESTER: That was a political speech?

JACK: Yes.

ROCHESTER: WELL WITH THOSE PEOPLE ON YOUR SIDE, YOU'LL EVEN CARRY  
MAINE AND VERMONT.

JACK: What are you talking about?

ROCHESTER: Oh, nothin', boss..you better hurry, you haven't got to  
much time before the broadcast.

JACK: The broadcast, the broadcast, always the broadcast..It's  
like a ghost that keeps haunting me week after week..  
Monday I think of ideas..Tuesday I meet with my writers  
..Wednesday, Thursday and Friday we write..Saturday I  
rehearse, then on Sunday I do my program and in a half  
hour it's all over..AND FOR WHAT I ASK YOU..FOR WHAT?

ROCHESTER: FOR A LOUSY MILLION DOLLARS!

JACK: No, Rochester, no..You have the wrong slant on life..  
Money isn't everything.

ROCHESTER: BOSS, WAKE UP!

JACK: I am awake..GEE WHIZ, LOOK WHAT TIME IT IS, I BETTER  
HURRY. Oh darn it, now I'm sorry I took that nap..  
Whenever I sleep, I toss and turn and get all ruffled  
up..How does my hair look?

ROCHESTER: Fine, boss, fine..YOU WANNA PUT IT ON NOW?

JACK: Yes..Hold the mirror for me, please..Hmm..Rochester, it  
looks awful, it's sticking up all over..What happened to  
it?

ROCHESTER: Remember yesterday when you asked me to shampoo your  
hair?

JACK: Yes.

ROCHESTER: WELL THE SIDEBURNS GOT CAUGHT IN THE WRINGER.

JACK: Wringer!.You washed it in a washing machine?...Rochester that's the worst mistake you could make.

ROCHESTER: A WORSE ONE WAS PUTTING STARCH IN THE WATER.

JACK: Starch!

ROCHESTER: HEE HEE HEE...YOU LOOK SO NELSON EDDYISH WITH THOSE CRISP CURLS.

JACK: Rochester, don't you ever put my hair in the washing machine...I've told you time and again I want you to Lux it along with my undies.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.  
(DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Now where's my --

MARY: JACK, WE'LL BE ON THE AIR IN SIX MINUTES, YOU BETTER HURRY.

JACK: Oh hello, Mary, I'll be right with you..Rochester, help me on with my jacket.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir...There you are, boss.

JACK: Thanks..How does this jacket look on me, Mary?...Does it drape too much around my shoulders?

MARY: I don't know, where are your shoulders?

JACK: Mary, save those till we get on the air..and then save 'em again.,

MARY: Oh Jack, don't be so irritable, I was only kidding.

JACK: I'm sorry, Mary, it's just that I've got a thousand things on my mind..I'm trying to do a program, I haven't got a singer --

MARY: Well what about John Charles Thomas?

JACK: I can't get him, he's on every week for Westinghouse...  
But I still haven't given up hopes of getting Frank Sinatra.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: What a combination...you and Sinatra on the same program... (LAUGHS)

JACK: What's so funny about that?

MARY: (LAUGHS) Old Blood and Guts and No Blood and Bow-Tie.

JACK: Mary, don't pull that on the show or you'll get hit with a bobby sock.

MARY: Okay, okay, let's get going.

JACK: Wait a minute...Here Rochester, I want you to spray a little perfume on me.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir....

SOUND: (FOUR LOUD ATOMIZER SPRAYS)

JACK: A little more....

SOUND: (FOUR MORE SPRAYS)

JACK: Ahh!.....

SOUND: (TWO MORE SPRAYS)

ROCHESTER: Is that enough, Boss?

JACK: Yes.

ROCHESTER: NOW STAND BACK WHILE I SWEEP THE DEAD FLIES OUT.

JACK: Flies.....stop exaggerating.

SOUND: (ONE LOUD SLAP)

MARY: That one put up a struggle.

JACK: All right....Now let's go...Rochester, I'll be back in about thirty-five minutes....While I'm gone, I want you to press the suit I wore down here, and the tie, shine my other shoes, darn my socks and think up a few jokes for next week's program.

ROCHESTER: But Boss, I'm your valet...You got writers to think up jokes.

JACK: Don't be so selfish....they help you mow the lawn.

ROCHESTER: Yeah, that's right...AND SINCE WE LOST OUR LAWNMOWER, THAT WRITER WITH THE BUCK TEETH AND REVOLVING HEAD IS A DEFINITE ASSET.

JACK: Yeah, I wish I had more like him...Come on, Mary.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS, FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Say Mary, what was happening on-stage when you left?

MARY: Oh the usual thing...Don was helping Phil memorize his lines.

JACK: Gosh, isn't it awful the way Phil has to spend all week memorizing his part?....I wish he'd learn to read....he can't even -- He can't even find his dressing room with his name on it.

MARY: Worse than that....I bumped into him twice this morning where he shouldn't have --

JACK: I know, I know, he told me....Come on, let's go into the studio.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

DON: Oh, Hello, Jack.

JACK: Hello Don....are we all ready to start?

DON: Ah, I think so...But Jack, I've been going through the script and there's one line that you have in it that I'd like to change.

JACK: What is it?

DON: It's here on page twelve...Don't you think it would be better to say, "DON WILSON READS COMMERCIAL", instead of "BLUBBER DOES PLUG"?

JACK: Oh Don, it doesn't make any difference, that's just a stage direction..

PHIL: HI YA, JACKSON.

JACK: Hello Phil...how did the orchestra rehearsal go?

PHIL: Oh everything's all right, Jackson. Lawrence just put four strings on his violin.

JACK: Four more strings!

PHIL: That makes eight all told.

JACK: You mean he's playing a violin with eight strings?

PHIL: Yeah...My other fiddle player was drafted, we gotta make up for it somehow.

JACK: Phil, that's ridiculous...a violin with eight strings... You've seen my violin, it's only got four strings.

PHIL: Well you're cheap with everything.

JACK: Well, I'm sure of one thing, Phil. You'll never be a Stokowski or a Toscanini.

PHIL: Whom?

JACK: Whom! Toscanini and Stokowski...they happen to be the world's most famous orchestra leaders.

PHIL: Oh they are, eh?

JACK: Yes.



PHIL: THEN HOW COME HARRY JAMES HOLDS THE ATTENDANCE RECORD  
AT THE PALLADIUM?

JACK: Well, I ought to have my head examined for even --

DON: WE GO ON THE AIR IN THIRTY SECONDS, EVERYBODY.

JACK: Thank you, Don...Now look, Phil --

PHIL: Just a minute, Jackson, I gotta get my boys ready..ALL  
RIGHT FELLAHS, THIRTY SECONDS TO GO...PUT AWAY THEM  
CARDS, TAKE THE MONEY OFF THE BASS DRUM AND STAND IT  
BACK UP.

JACK: Hmmm.

PHIL: AND FRANKIE...PUT THAT AWAY TOO!

LANG: WHAT?

PHIL: I SAID PUT THAT AWAY TOO.

LANG: I CAN'T FIND THE CORK.

JACK: WELL STICK A MUTE IN IT OR SOMETHING....And hurry,  
because --

MEL: (OFF STAGE) THREE SECONDS..STAND BY....TAKE IT!

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM....STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER AND "YOURS  
TRULY" DON WILSON.  
(APPLAUSE, AND SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

JACK: That was "Is You Is Or Is You Ain't My Baby", played by Phil Harris and his Death-takes-a-Holiday-for-Strings orchestra....AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN OUR NEW RADIO SERIES, WE BRING YOU OUR THRILLING DRAMATIC FEATURE...ANOTHER EPISODE IN THE EXCITING, ADVENTUROUS CAREER OF THAT FAMOUS, CRIME-BUSTING, FEARLESS, MASTER DETECTIVE...CAPTAIN O'BENNY.

SOUND: (FOUR RAPID GUNSHOTS....MINNIE DOES BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM)

MARY: Don, Don, help me pick Jack up.

DON: Okay.

MARY: Are you all right, Jack?

JACK: Yes, thank you...THAT FEARLESS, CRIME-BUSTING, MASTER DETECTIVE...CAPTAIN O'BENNY....Now Mary, you play the part of Mrs. H. Bekin Van Storage...You live in a big mansion, have four mink coats, six yachts and eighty million dollars.

MARY: Gosh, Jack, how did I get so rich?

JACK: You sold your car to Muntz....Now of course I'm going to play the part of that fearless, crime-busting, master detective...Captain O'Benny.

MARY: Oh, Jack, why do you always play those tough parts when you're such a coward?...You're even afraid of the dark.

JACK: I'm not a coward, and I'm not afraid of the dark.

MARY: Go on, you've got a bodyguard with you all night long.

JACK: Mary, lots of people have bodyguards.

MARY: Well, the least you could do is get twin beds.

JACK: Oh, don't be ridiculous.

MARY: You fired your last guy because he had cold feet.

JACK: Mary, save that funny stuff for the sketch...Now let's get on with it, because we haven't got....  
( KNOCK ON DOOR )

JACK: Excuse me....COME IN ..  
( DOOR OPENS )

MEL: Hello ....remember me, I'm Herman Peabody, the insurance salesman.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Oh hello Herman....I'm busy now and --

MEL: I know, Mr. Benny, but I just dropped in to talk to you about that life insurance policy you took out last spring.

JACK: Why....I've been paying the premiums.

MEL: I know, but for an extra fifteen cents a month, you get an added protection now.

JACK: An added protection?

MEL: Yes....We pay you double if the planet Mars crashes into the earth.

JACK: Oh Herman, who thinks up those silly policies? If the planet Mars crashed into the earth, everybody would be killed, the money wouldn't be any good to me.

MEL: Yeah....but at least you wouldn't feel like a sucker.

JACK: All right, Herman, all right...If it'll make you happy, I'll take it....Here's your fifteen cents.

MEL: Thank you....And here, Mr. Benny, this goes with the planet Mars policy.

JACK: What's that?

MEL: A telescope, if you see it coming, get out of the way.

JACK: Well thank you, Herman, thank you....But you better go now, I'm upset enough as it is....I'm trying to do a program, I haven't got a singer, or anything.

MEL: Well gee, Mr. Benny, you don't have to look any further I'm your man.

JACK: But Herman...LOOK...

MEL: (SINGS) ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

JACK: Herman, please...

MEL: WHERE THE FLYING FISHES PLAY

JACK: Herman -- look....

MEL: AND THE DAWN COMES UP LIKE THUNDER....BOOM

JACK: Boom?

MEL: OUT OF CHINA CROSS --

JACK: That's very good, Herman, that's fine...lookit.... Now sit down. Will you?

MEL: Maybe you'd like a novelty.

JACK: No, no, Herman, I don't want a novelty. Sit down.

MEL: I sing a song and imitate an electric organ at the same time.

JACK: Herman, please. Really, I haven't got time.

MEL: (DOES IMITATION)

JACK: HERMAN, HERMAN..STOP..HERMAN!..STOP!..PEOPLE WILL THINK THIS IS THE SPIKE JONES PROGRAM....Now will you please sit down and let me get going with my show?

MEL: Yes sir, and I'll hold your telescope.

JACK: Good, good..Now let's see, where was I...Oh yes..Now Mary, as I said before, you're the rich Mrs. H. Bekin Van Storage...and you murder your husband...Now in the first scene --

DON: Say Jack, am I going to be in your sketch, too?

JACK: Yes, Don...you're going to be the big fat corpse..Now in the first scene...

DON: Aw gee, I never get anything to say...Every time you do a mystery sketch, I'm the corpse.

JACK: Well, it's your own fault, Don...Every time you have a couple of lines to say, you always make a commercial out of it...And I'm not taking any more chances.

DON: But I have a wonderful idea for your..

JACK: Some other time, Don...Now Phil...

PHIL: (DOES WOLF WHISTLE)

JACK: PHIL.....

PHIL: (WHISTLES AGAIN)

JACK: PHIL, GET AWAY FROM THE WINDOW AND GIVE HERMAN BACK THAT TELESCOPE .....What a guy....Now Phil, you're going to play the part of my assistant, Sergeant O'Harris.

PHIL: Okay, Jackson.

JACK: Now in the first scene...

DON: But Jack, I really do have a wonderful idea for your sketch.

JACK: Okay, Don, what is it?

DON: Well I feel that if you have a murder, you must have a motive....And in my idea, the motive is a diamond necklace.

JACK: Say, that is interesting.

DON: You see, you're searching for the necklace, but you can't find it..You're on the right street, but you don't know which apartment house to go to..AND I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS!

JACK: Gosh, what intrigue!..Continue, Don..Gee...

DON: Well..The house you're looking for is on the left hand side of the street, in the middle of the block, the front apartment..on top.

JACK: Left side..middle of block, front, on top. I'll have to remember that..

DON: Just think of..Left side..middle, front, top.

JACK: Left side..middle, front, top.

DON: Yes, L S M F T.

JACK: I KNEW IT, I KNEW IT..HE WAS GOING FOR A COMMERCIAL ALL THE TIME...you didn't fool me for a minute.

DON: But Jack, it's just a coincidence that LSMFT also stands for LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

JACK: Oh sure, sure. Coincidence...

DON: SURE..LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO..SO ROUND, SO FIRM SO FULLY PACKED.

(THREE RAPID GUN SHOTS)

MARY: JACK, JACK, WHY DID YOU SHOOT DON?

JACK: I COULDN'T HELP IT, SISTER, I'M FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW!...And Don, Don, I'm sorry I shot you.

DON: Oh that's all right, Jack..Anything for a commercial.

JACK: Thanks..And just for that, instead of being the corpse in our sketch, you can be one of my assistants..Now Mary when the scene opens, we find you at your --

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Excuse me, Mary..COME IN.  
(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

CLIFF: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes.

CLIFF: I understand that you're in the market for a singer.

JACK: Well..yes, yes I am..but right now we're preparing a dramatic--

CLIFF: My name is Nazarro, Cliff Nazarro.

JACK: Well look as long as you're here, I might as well talk to you..You're a singer?

CLIFF: Yes sir.

JACK: You've sung professionally?

CLIFF: Yes sir.

JACK: How long?

CLIFF: Four years.

JACK: Where?

CLIFF: Western Union.

JACK: Western Union!

CLIFF: (SINGS) HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU, HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU,

JACK: Wait a minute..WAIT A MINUTE!

CLIFF: Don't you like it?

JACK: That's awful.

CLIFF: I sing much better on a bicycle.

JACK: Look, Mr. Nazarro, I hate to turn you down..but I'm afraid you're not the type.

MARY: Anyway Jack, why don't you talk to him later?..We've got a sketch to do.

PHIL: Wait a minute, Jackson..Why don't you give the kid a chance..let him show you what he can do?

CLIFF: Thanks, Uncle Phil.

JACK: Uncle Phil?

PHIL: All right, so he's my nephew..what's the difference, as long as he can sing.

JACK: All right, kid, go ahead, What are you going to sing?

CLIFF: I'll sing a chorus of "I'll Remember", and in the second chorus I do a recitation.

JACK: Well that's swell, go right ahead.  
(SEGUE INTO NAZARRO SONG "I'LL REMEMBER")

CLIFF: I'LL REMEMBER  
HOW I THRILLED AT THE SIGHT OF YOU  
I'LL REMEMBER  
HOW THE DREAM OF MY HEART CAME TRUE  
I'LL REMEMBER  
HOW WE STOOD IN THE MOONGLOW  
SO YOUNG AND FREE  
SO GLAD TO BE ALONE  
  
I'LL REMEMBER  
CIGARETTES WE FORGOT TO LIGHT  
AND THE SUNRISE  
THAT WE MISSED WHEN WE KISSED GOODNIGHT  
ALL THOSE MOMENTS SPENT  
IN PARADISE FOR TWO  
I'LL REMEMBER  
WILL YOU?

(SECOND CHORUS - RECITATION)

CLIFF: I'll remember the look in your eyes at that first  
fraternity dance. And that crazy indescribable feeling  
I had when we first spoke of \_\_\_\_\_. It wasn't  
\_\_\_\_\_. It was the way you looked at my \_\_\_\_\_  
that day I \_\_\_\_\_. We found out the little \_\_\_\_\_  
Going together the way we did \_\_\_\_\_ It was that  
night \_\_\_\_\_.

(MORE)



CLIFF:  
(CONTD)

The \_\_\_\_\_ The \_\_\_\_\_ And that little \_\_\_\_\_  
at that \_\_\_\_\_. That was a \_\_\_\_\_. It was a  
feeling of \_\_\_\_\_ and I'll remember the times  
when \_\_\_\_\_ And I was \_\_\_\_\_ You said  
\_\_\_\_\_ to give me that little \_\_\_\_\_  
that I had to go on \_\_\_\_\_ That look in your e,  
that \_\_\_\_\_ that smile of \_\_\_\_\_ And all  
the years when you \_\_\_\_\_ forced me to meet it  
\_\_\_\_\_. We didn't \_\_\_\_\_ and the  
\_\_\_\_\_ that I could \_\_\_\_\_  
I'LL REMEMBER. WILL YOU?

(DURING FIRST CHORUS OF SONG:)

JACK:

Not bad, not bad.....

Say, the kid has possibilities.....you know that, Mary?  
The kid's all right. Cigarettes? Why that's a plug for  
the sponsor. Cigarettes -- that's good. He'll love  
that -- George Washington Hill, he'll love that.  
Think so, fellas....Does Myrt like it...Beautiful...

(DURING DOUBLE TALK:

JACK:

Huh?.....What's that?.....

Hey, wait a minute, fellah.....Wait a minute...

Look, what is this anyway?.....

What do you want to be, a singer or a tobacco  
auctioneer?.....

(THIRD ROUTINE)

CLIFF: (ON CUE) Well Mr. Benny, how did you like it?

JACK: I don't know..I'll tell you what..keep in touch with me and in the meantime I'll think about you and your Uncle Phil's option..Now you might as well sit down and hear the rest of the program.

JACK: AND NOW FOLKS, FOR THE THRILLING, BLOOD-CURDLING ADVENTURE IN THE LIFE OF THAT MASTER DETECTIVE...CAPTAIN O'BENNY.

(WEIRD CHORD)

DON: THE SCENE OPENS BEHIND CLOSED DOORS AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

(WEIRD CHORD, INTO MUSIC AND FADE)

(PHONE RINGS, CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Police headquarters, Captain O'Benny talking....What?... What was that, Madam?...323 Beverly Drive?...Well what about it?...You returned home suddenly and found your husband dead?...Oh..Well you want the flower shop, it's Hillside 7593....You're welcome.

(RECEIVER CLICK)

DON: Say Captain, let's finish this checker game.

JACK: Okay..It's your move, Wilson.

(PHONE RINGS)

PHIL: Hey Captain your other phone is ringing..Shall I get it?

JACK: No no, O'Harris, I'm expecting that call..I'll take it.

(RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Hello...What?...Four dozen white carnations?... Yes, Madam, I'll send them...I KNOW THE ADDRESS, 323 Beverly Drive..Goodbye.

(RECEIVER CLICK)

PHIL: You oughta be ashamed of yourself, Captain...running a police station with a flower shop on the side.

JACK: What's wrong with it?

PHIL: What's wrong with it! How can I be a tough lookin' cop with a petunia in my lapel?...YOU AND YOUR ADVERTISING.

JACK: Never mind that..Now let's get back to the checker game..  
It's your move, Wilson.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

MARY: (A LA MAE WEST) Hello, Boys..I happened to be strollin' down this way, so I thought I'd drop in and see the Captain.

JACK: Well..I'm the Captain.

MARY: So you're the Captain, eh?

JACK: Yes.

MARY: Oh...What about you, curley?

PHIL: I'm the Sergeant.

MARY: What's holdin' ya back, Good-lookin'?

JACK: Look Miss, what is it you want?

MARY: Well don't let it frighten you, but my husband was shot, and the murderer is still in the house.

JACK: Leave it to me..O'HARRIS --

PHIL: Yes, chief.

JACK: Get the shotguns, the handcuffs, the tear gas, the fingerprint equipment, the fingerprint equipment, the squad car and an A coupon...Hurry.

DON: Oh say Chief, aren't you going to finish this checker game?

JACK: Checker game..at a time like this?..We gotta hurry and catch that...Madam, did you say the murderer was still in the house?

MARY: Yes.

JACK: It's your move, Wilson...Go ahead.

MARY: Aw Chiefie, come on, let's go solve that nasty old murder.

JACK: Well --

MARY: Will you go if I give you a kiss?

JACK: Well I don't want the boys to think I'm takin' a bribe... So I'll kiss you.

MARY: Okay.  
(LONG MOIST KISS)

JACK: Wait a minute, wait a minute..what are you feeling around my throat for?

MARY: Anything that kisses like that must have a keg of brandy around its neck.

JACK: Thank you..ALL RIGHT MEN, LET'S GO..AND WE'll SOLVE THIS MURDER MYSTERY, OR MY NAME AIN'T --  
(LOUD KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Oh, now what..COME IN.  
(DOOR OPENS)

MINNIE: (Come on, son)...Mr. Benny?

JACK: Huh?

MINNIE: I heard you're lookin' for a singer for your program.

JACK: Oh no no, not now, I'm broadcasting..I'm right in the middle of a sketch..Come back some other time.

MINNIE: Now wait a minute, Mister..I dragged my kid all the way up here from downtown to see you and I ain't takin' no brushoff.

JACK: Look Madam, I'll listen to your boy..I'll listen to anybody..But first I want to finish the program.

MINNIE: I can't hang around that long..The Wilshire bus is out in the parking lot waiting for me.

JACK: The Wilshire bus up here on Vine Street in a parking lot! That's impossible.

MINNIE: No it ain't, I'm the driver!

JACK: Well look, I'll have to talk to you later, right now I'm doing a --

MARY: Jack, the sketch is spoiled anyway..you might as well talk to her.

JACK: Oh all right.

MINNIE: Thanks, Mr. Benny..My boy's really a nice kid..His name is Wilbur.

JACK: Well that's a very nice name..Hello Wilbur --

WALLY: Hello..(SNIFF)

JACK: Wilbur, your mother tells me you'd like to be on my program.

WALLY: Uh huh.

JACK: Hmm..Look Madam, how old is your boy?

MINNIE: He's fifteen.

JACK: Fifteen!

MINNIE: Yeah, you wanna make something out of it?

JACK: Oh no no no, Wilbur's a nice-looking boy.

WALLY: (LAUGHS) I like you, you're silly.

JACK: Look Wilbur --

MINNIE: Now Wilbur, you mind your mother and talk nice to the man.

WALLY: Aw gee, Ma, you said you wouldn't yell at me no more since I had to go to the doctor.

JACK: You..you had to go to the doctor, Wilbur?

WALLY: Uh huh..For three whole weeks I couldn't see, I couldn't see nothin' at all..So they took me to the doctor, and now I can see fine.

JACK: Well I'm glad to hear that, Wilbur..What did the doctor do?

WALLY: He gave me a haircut!

JACK: Oh my goodness..Look Wilbur it's no use..I haven't heard you sing, but I know there's something wrong with your voice. I know it.

MINNIE: I told ya, I ain't takin' no brushoff..Come on, Wilbur..sing.

WALLY: Oh no.

MINNIE: Wilbur..sing.

WALLY: Uh huh.

MINNIE: Wilbur, if you don't sing..when we get back to the bus I won't let you smell the exhaust pipe.

WALLY: You won't?

MINNIE: No.

WALLY: (CRIES)

MINNIE: Wilbur, stop cryin'.

WALLY: (CRIES)

JACK: This is all my fault..Wilbur, stop crying.

WALLY: (STOPS SUDDENLY)...Okay.

MINNIE: Now Wilbur, go ahead and sing.

WALLY: Okay Mom, wait till I get warmed up..MI MI MI MI --

JACK: Wait a minute, wait Wilbur, if you're going to sing,  
take your hat off.

WALLY: What, and let my bees get away?

JACK: BEES?..YOU KEEP BEES IN YOUR HAT?

WALLY: OH SURE..WHEN I PUT 'EM IN MY SHIRT THEY KEEP STINGING  
MY RABBIT.

JACK: THAT'S ALL, BROTHER, THAT'S ALL..(MUSIC STARTS SOFT)..  
OUT..OUT..YOU TOO, MADAM..OUT.

MINNIE: I AIN'T TAKIN' NO BRUSHOFF.

JACK: THERE'S THE DOOR...OUT...OUT...OUT.

WALLY: HIT 'IM, MOM.

JACK: HEY, SHE WOULDN'T DARE, I GOT A BODYGUARD...OUT...OUT...  
THERE'S THE EXIT...OUT.

MINNIE: YOU AIN'T GIVIN' ME NO BRUSH --  
(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: OUT OUT!...what I have to go through to get a singer.  
(MUSIC UP AND APPLAUSE)

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

## (O.W.I. PLUG...WAR FUND DRIVE)

JACK:

And now ladies and gentlemen, this is Jack Benny again. I have an important message for all our listeners..Again this fall, the people of the United States are asked to support the National War Fund with their dollars -- to meet the daily-increasing needs of twenty-two major war relief and service organizations. The campaign has been on since September twenty fifth and the goal of two hundred fifty million dollars must be reached by November first. Every dollar given to the National War Fund does a three-way job. It aids our own fighting forces, helps the suffering people of our allies, and fills vital needs here at home. So give freely to your local National War Fund NOW...Thank you and goodnight everybody.

ANNR:

This is the National Broadcasting System.



(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: Many things change with the years, but here's one thing you can depend on always - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Yes, first, last and always, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. F. E. Boone of Lexington, Kentucky, (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN), and Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN). And this is Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and fine tobacco means real deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.  
(imp. Tag #15)  
So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke - Lucky Strike  
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN OFF)