

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION REBROADCAST: 9:30-10:00 PM- PWT
STATIONS - KPD, KDMO, KMJ, KHQ,
KGW, KFSD, KFI.

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

BROADCAST:
DATE: OCT. 29, 1941
NEC

PROGRAM: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK:

I OPENING NEW YORK

AS BROADCAST

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RIGGS: (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: Why, sure!

RUYSDAEL: Yes, sir!

SHARBUTT: You bet!

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

(MORE)

ATX01 0234950

SHARBUTT: 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 and buy the riper, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DEIMAR: Remember sworn records show that among such men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies two to one!
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD, FOR JACK BENNY SHOW)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL: MUSIC UP AND FADES)

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

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..LET'S GO OUT TO JACK
BENNY'S HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS..JACK HAS INVITED THE
GANG OVER FOR A LATE SUNDAY BREAKFAST..AND RIGHT NOW
HE'S IN THE KITCHEN GETTING THINGS STARTED.

JACK: Now let's see...I want the gang to have a nice
breakfast..I think I'll start 'em off with some good
old California orange juice..No..No, I think they'd
like sliced orange better...Yup, that's what I'll do,
I'll slice it.

(CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT,
CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT,..(STOPS)

JACK: Whew!..Oh well, there's no use stopping now, I might
as well slice the other half...Yeah.

~~OFF THE AIR~~

(CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT, CUT)

JACK: Gee, look what time it is, the gang'll be here any
minute..I oughta start mixing the pancake batter.

(DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oops, the door.

(FEW FOOTSTEPS, THEN DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Oh I'm sorry, Miss, I thought this was Mr. Benny's ---

JACK: It is, it is! This is an apron I'm wearing!..Can't you
see?

MARY: Jack, I'm only kidding..

JACK: The gang's coming over for breakfast, and I've been in the kitchen preparing it...That's why I'm wearing this apron.

MARY: Well you don't have to over-do it..ROLL DOWN YOUR PANTS LEGS!

JACK: What?...Oh..Ha ha ha...I rolled 'em up a little while ago, and I forgot to pull 'em back down again.

MARY: Jack, I can understand your wearing an apron..but why did you roll your pants legs up in the first place?

JACK: The milkman was here and I tried to get some butter out of 'im!...That's why.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: Jack, with those legs you couldn't fool anybody.

JACK: Oh no? ^{ON THE AIR} LOOK IN THE ICEBOX, SISTER, LOOK IN THE ICEBOX. I know what I'm doin' every minute.
(DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: That must be the rest of the gang....COME IN.
(DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: HI YA, MARY.

DON: HELLO, MARY.

MARY: HELLO, FELLAS.

PHIL: HEY MARY, WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?....COME HERE, BABE.

JACK: Phil, cut that out, it's me!.....wise guy.

MARY: Jack I told you to roll your pants legs down.

JACK: I'm leaving them up, it's cooler this way...Come on, let's go in the kitchen and gets things -- PHIL, STOP TWISTING MY KNEE.

PHIL: Oh I'm sorry, I though it was the doorknob.

JACK: Well it isn't exactly a hope chest. He won it from an undertaker and had no other use for it. Anyway, he couldn't have gotten married...I didn't give him his availability certificate...Now come on, Mary, help me with the food.

MARY: Look..if you fellahs will get out of my way, I'll have breakfast ready in no time.

JACK: Mary's right, fellahs...Come on, let's go in the other room.

(DOOR OPENS, FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hey, Phil, not so fast...that easy chair is mine.

DON: Say Jack, while we're waiting, do you mind if I turn on the radio?

JACK: No, no, Don, go ahead.

(CLICK OF DIAL..LITTLE STATIC)

KERN: (FILTER)...Never in automobile history have used cars brought such high prices...So..if you have a car in your garage that's not working, sell that car to me... I will pay you eight thousand dollars for it..sight unseen...Providing, after selling the car, you will let me live in the garage! The phone number is Granite 8-6-4 --

JACK: Get something else, Don.

(MORE STATIC SQUEALS)

JACK: Stop moving the dial so much.

DON: Okay...Here.

(RECORD OF SQUIRREL TALK, STOPS ON CUE)

MEL: (FILTER) THE FOREGOING WAS A PAID POLITICAL BROADCAST

JACK: Oh gosh, my set always does that when something interesting comes on...Get something else, Don.

(MORE STATIC)

NELSON: (FILTER) How do you do, ladies and gentlemen...Is your belt buckle tarnished? Do your suspenders give you that over-thirty-five let-down? Is there a deficiency in your diet? If there is..you need bulk in your hulk! ...So remember...to avoid these annoyances...Use SYMMMPATHY SOOTHING SYRUP..Sympathy spelled backwards is...Yitapamiss..Y-H-T-A-P-M-Y-S.

QUARTETTE: (SINGS) YIT YIT YITAPAMISS
YIT YIT YITAPAMISS
YIT YIT YITAPAMISS
DRIVES YOUR BLUES AWAY!

JACK: You know, I gotta try some of that stuff.

NELSON: (FILTER) Remember, folks...Sympathy Soothing Syrup comes in the ten-cent size..the twenty-five-cent family size..the forty-nine-cent economy size..or for a dollar ninety-eight we will pipe it right to your house.

JACK: Say fellows, that must be awfully good stuff.

MARY: OKAY, BOYS, BREAKFAST IS READY..COME AND GET IT.

JACK: Okay..Come on, Don..Phil, shut off the radio.

NELSON: (FILTER) And now for today's guest star, we have that lovely singer of songs...Miss Martha Tilton.
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Hey, wait a minute..don't shut it off, Phil...That's Martha Tilton, she was overseas with me in the South Pacific...Let's listen to her.

NELSON: Martha, before you sing, would you tell us a little something about your overseas trip?

JACK: (What a show we had!)

MARTHA: (FILTER) Well, as you know, I went over with Larry Adler, Carole Landis, June Bruner and Jack Benny.

JACK: (Hmm, she had to put my name last...Oh well--)

NELSON: Is there any particular incident you'd like to tell us about?

MARTHA: Well..Let's see...Oh yes..One night Jack and I and a native guide were making our way through a dark jungle in New Guinea.

NELSON: Uh huh.

JACK: (Oh my goodness..Gosh!)

MARTHA: Jack was carrying the flashlight, and the native guide and I were close behind...Suddenly Jack snapped the light off...(LAUGHS)

NELSON: What are you laughing at, Martha?

MARTHA: Jack still thinks he kissed me!

JACK: Well how you do like that!...She must have ducked.

NELSON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MARTHA TILTON WILL SING "THE TROLLEY SONG".

(INTRODUCTION STARTS SOFT)

JACK: Imagine her telling a thing like that!

MARY: Come on, fellows, sit down and have breakfast.

(MUSIC UP -"THE TROLLEY SONG" - MARTHA TILTON)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Hey! Wasn't that swell!

MARY: Yeah..She can really sing, can't she, Jack?

JACK: You said it..The boys were nuts about her..Hey, that was a wonderful breakfast, Mary..I'll help you with the dishes.

PHIL: Let me help her, Jackson..We don't want you to get dishpan hands.

JACK: If Rochester was here, we wouldn't have to -- DON..DON.

DON: STOP DROPPING YOUR ASHES ON THE RUG.

JACK: BUT JACK, THESE ARE CIGARETTE ASHES.

DON: I KNOW THEY'RE CIGARETTE ASHES, AND I DON'T WANT 'EM ON MY RUG.

JACK: BUT JACK, THESE ARE LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE ASHES.

DON: I DON'T CARE IF THEY'RE...Oh, oh I'm 'sorry, Don..go right ahead..You see, I got a little excited because this is a very unusual rug..it's real angora.

MARY: Why don't you kill it, so you don't have to take it out at night?

JACK: Mary, that isn't funny..Say fellows, I've gotta go over to N.B.C. and set up the sound effects for the broadcast...See you there later.

PHIL: Okay, Jackson.

MARY: So long, Jack.

DON: Do you have to go this early?

JACK: Yes, I just have a few minutes to catch the bus... Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSES)

(TRANSITION MUSIC, WHICH FADES INTO
(BUS MOTOR UP, THEN FADES TO BACKGROUND)

JACK: Clang, clang, clang went the trolley...buzz buzz buzz
went the -- Gee, these busses are always so crowded..
Oh well, I don't mind standing.
(RATTLE OF NEWSPAPER)

JACK: Hmm..things are sure happening fast these days.
(RATTLE OF NEWSPAPER)

JACK: (READING) "Japs Driven Back in Leyte"...(That's swell).
"Both Candidates Winding Up Their Political Campaigns"..
(Gee, I mustn't forget to vote).. "Russians Advancing
in Germany" (Ah, they're doing a great job).
(NEWSPAPER PAGES BEING TURNED)

MEL: Hey buddy, do you mind if I turn my own pages?

JACK: Oh I'm sorry..I just wanted to find out what happend to
Snowflake and Shaky..(Gee, that Shaky is some guy..and
before him there was the Brow, and Pruneface and
Flattop..(SIGHS)..Gosh, I'm tired,..I wish I could
sit down.)

FRED: Well, here, old man, take my seat.

JACK: Thank you very..WHY FRED..FRED ALLEN!
(APPLAUSE)

FRED: Hello Jack..Imagine meeting you on a bus.

JACK: Why yes, it's such an amazing coincidence..Here I was
just thinking about the Brow, Flattop and Pruneface,
and I run into you.

FRED: That's what I like about you, Jack..You'll say anything
for a laugh.....and some day you may get one.

JACK: Thanks..By the way Fred, how are you coming along with your picture?

FRED: Oh, I just finished it, Jack..It's called "It's in the Bag".

JACK: Oh..Well it ought to be a success, you're advertising it under each eye...Anyway, good luck on the picture.

FRED: Well, thanks..You know Jack, people would sure be surprised to hear you wishing me luck..They think our feud is on the level.

JACK: Yeah.

FRED: You know, I wonder how many of my listeners, my ex-listeners thought I was serious last year when I said.."Benny isn't really cheap..It's just that he has short arms and carries his money low in his pockets".

JACK: Yeah..Ha ha ha ha! You know I'll bet a lot of my listeners thought I meant it when I said.."The way Allen talks through his nose, he's the only comedian in radio who tells 'em and smells 'em at the same time".

FRED: Yes, that was a good one..One of the few as I -- ha ha ha ha!...And remember the time on my program when I was kidding about you having no blood.

JACK: Yeah.

FRED: What a laugh I got that time I said.."Every time Benny goes out in a polo shirt, he takes a pencil and makes lines on his arms so people will think he has veins".

JACK: Yes..Ha ha ha ha..When Mary explained that to me I nearly died..And remember the time I said that "Allen had so many wrinkles in his face he looked like a convertible with the top halfway down".

FRED: I was with Muntz the day that they -- Oh yes..When I explained that to my Pontiac, I thought the exhaust pipe on the car had lips.

JACK: Oh gosh, what fun we have on the radio..You know Fred, radio wouldn't be so bad if I could just find a singer.

FRED: You haven't found one yet?

JACK: No..and I'm willing to pay as high as thirty-five dollars a week...(FRED WHISTLES)..if I could just get the kind of singer the public likes.

FRED: Well, that's just it, Jack...You have to find out what the public wants...Why, you should take a poll you know, like Doctor Gallup, ask the man in the street.

JACK: The man in the street?

FRED: Why, certainly..Now Jack, if you'll come with me, I know just the place where we can find a cross section of public opinion.

JACK: All right, let's go.
(MUSIC "WHISPERING")
(WALKING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: But Fred, do you think this is the right type of neighborhood for me to conduct my poll?

FRED: Yes, Jack, here we are down in ALLEN'S ALLEY!
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Allen's Alley..You know, we have something like this around my neighborhood, only we call it the La Brea Tar Pits.

FRED: I know it. I saw it the day I went over to see your uncle. He was playing pitch in -- Well let's not lose any time..Here's the first house..the little vine-covered, termite-gnawed shack of John Doe.
(KNOCKING ON DOOR..DOOR OPENS)

BROWN: Yeah?
(APPLAUSE)

FRED: Mr. Doe, this is Jack Benny, he's trying to find a singer for his radio show.

BROWN: Oh, yeah?..Well Mr. Benny, who's that jelly-head who's been singin' on the show?..He always sings the same song, "That's What I Like About the South":

JACK: Oh, you mean Mr. Fay -- I mean Phil Harris..Do you like Phil's singing?

BROWN: His voice is flatter than a lunchwagon waffle.

FRED: Look, Mr. Doe --

BROWN: If Harris don't quit singin' about the South, he'll start another Civil War.

JACK: Forget Mr. Harris..Just tell me one thing..Do you know where I can get a singer?

BROWN: Oh, why don't you ask the Andrews Sisters? Maybe they got a brother.

JACK: No, I've tried everybody else, though.

BROWN: Hey, why don't you do what Frankenstein done?

JACK: You mean make myself a singing monster?

BROWN: Yeah..You could take Singin' Sam's mouth, Rudy Vallee's nose, Morton Downey's chest, Nelson Eddy's body --

JACK: Say, that sounds good.

BROWN: You'd have ten percent Vallee, fifteen percent Singin' Sam, twenty percent Downey and forty-nine percent Eddy.

JACK: Why not fifty percent Eddy?

BROWN: You don't want no half-nelson, do you, Bud?..So long.
(DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: This is a waste of time, Fred..He didn't help me any.

FRED: Now, keep your beret on, Jack..Let's try this next house.
(KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS)

MINNIE: Nu?
(APPLAUSE)

FRED: Ah, Mrs. Nussbaum.

MINNIE: You are expecting maybe Mr. Skeffington?

FRED: No..No..Mrs. Nussbaum, this is Jack Benny, the radio comedian.

JACK: Yes..Have'n't you ever heard my program on Sunday night?

MINNIE: No..On Sunday nights I am listening to the other droop.

JACK: The other droop?

MINNIE: Droop Pearson.

FRED: Mrs. Nussbaum, Mr. Benny is looking for a singer for his radio program.

JACK: Who is your favorite singer, Mrs. Nussbaum?

MINNIE: Only one singer I am enjoining..John Charles Shapiro.

JACK: John Charles Shapiro!

MINNIE: Yes, he is singing at Goldberg's Delicatessen by Appointment only.

JACK: And he's good, you say?

MINNIE: Good? When John Charles Shapiro is singing "Was You Is Or Couldn't You Possibly Be Mine Baby". I tell you when he is singing the aforementioned selection, I am going crazy.

FRED: No kidding.

MINNIE: Why, Shapiro is positively the world's greatest singer.

FRED: The world's greatest singer? Wait a minute, Mrs. Nussbaum, don't forget Sinatra..What about Frankie?

MINNIE: Frankie, Schmankie, Shapiro is romantic.

JACK: Have you ever heard Sinatra?

MINNIE: Incessantly I am hearing Sinatra. When he is singing I am swoonink.

JACK: If Shapiro is more romantic, how can you swoon at Sinatra?

MINNIE: When I am swoonink at Sinatra, I am thinkink of Shapiro..Dark You!

(DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: That's all I need on my program..John Charles Shapiro by appointment only.

FRED: Now don't be impatient, Jack..We'll find somebody... Let's see who is in here.

(KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS)

CANTOR: Duh -- Yeah?

(APPLAUSE)

FRED: Mr. Benny, this is Socrates Mulligan.

JACK: Pleased to meet you.

CANTOR: Pleased to meet you, Mr. Mulligan.

FRED: No, no, he's Jack Benny, the radio comedian..You're Socrates Mulligan

CANTOR: I am?

FRED: Certainly you are..What does it say on your birth certificate?

CANTOR: Mollie Mulligan..My mother wanted a girl.

FRED: Look Socrates, Mr. Benny is trying to find a singer for his radio program.

CANTOR: Oh, a singer..(SINGS)..WHEN THE BLUE OF THE NIGHT, MEETS THE GOLD OF THE DAY..SUNDAY MONDAY OR ALWAYS.. OR WOULD YOU RATHER BE A TUESDAY?

JACK: Wait a minute, Mr. Mulligan..Something tells me you're a great admirer of Bing Crosby.

CANTOR: Duh..yeah..I always eat his cheese.

FRED: Well, look..while you're talking to us, would you mind taking it out of your mouth?

JACK: Yes, Socrates, what about the singer?

CANTOR: I'm nuts about Bing..I eat his cheese for breakfast, cheese for lunch and cheese for dinner.

FRED: That's a lot of cheese, but Mr. Benny's looking for a singer.

CANTOR: Well there's only one singer, Bing Crosby..I got two hundred of Bing's records inside.

JACK: Two hundred of Crosby's records?

CANTOR: Yeah, and they're all the same song..(SINGS) MAMMY'S LITTLE BABY LOVES SHORTNIN, SHORTNIN..MAMMY'S LITTLE BABY LOVES SHORTNIN BREAD..MAMMY'S LITTLE BABY LOVES SHORTNIN, SHORTNIN --

JACK: Wait a minute..What do you do with all that shortnin bread?

CANTOR: Duh -- With cheese it's delicious..So long!
(DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Allen's Alley..This whole thing is hopeless.

FRED: Don't give up now, Jack..let's see what happens here.
(KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS)

REED: Heigh-ho, All! I'll start my chore. Falstaff's here with poems galore.
(APPLAUSE)

FRED: Falstaff, this is Jack Benny.

REED: Well, you're just in time, Mr. Benny, I've just written some new odes..Have you heard..The Rose Has Gone From Your Cheeks, Darling, But Your Neck Still Looks Like A Stem.

JACK: No.

REED: Or perhaps My Mother's A Bird in a Gilded Cage Since They Painted the Bars of Her Cell.

JACK: No.

REED: Or The Siamese Twins are Going Screwed..One's Voting for Roosevelt, the Other's for Dewey.

FRED: That's done it, Falstaff..Mr. Benny isn't interested in your poetry..he's just trying to find a singer for his program.

REED: Precisely why I am here....I have written a poem.
JACK: You have written a poem about my problem, Falstaff?
REED: Yes...It's called....The Reason.
JACK: How does it go?

REED: Mr. Benny you're haggard and worried
As you start your radio season,
You wonder why you can't get a singer
I think I can tell you the reason.

Other programs have no singer problems
So you know something's radically wrong,
When all radio rings with fine voices,
And your show boasts nary a song.

The reason you can't get a singer
I'll be frank, Mr. B. - here is why
A singer won't work for just L S -- M F T
You've got to pay M O -- N E Y.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well its no use, Fred...these people didn't help me at
all.

FRED: I'm sorry, Falstaff...thanks just the same.

REED: Well you gentlemen must have had a long journey.
Wouldst join me in a cup of tea?

JACK: Wouldst.

FRED: Wouldst.

REED: Goodst! This way gentlemen....

(FEW FOOTSTEPS)

REED: Oh Jeeves...Jeeves,
Please serve some tea.
Two for these gentlemen
And one for me.

ROCHESTER: YOUR ORDER, SIR, WILL BE UP IN A MINUTE..
DO YOU WANT IT STRAIGHT
OR DO YOU WANT SOMETHING IN IT?

JACK: ROCHESTER!...ROCHESTER VAN JONES...WHAT ARE YOU DOING
HERE?

ROCHESTER: MR. FALSTAFF GAVE ME A JOB WRITING POEMS.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Remember that, ladies
and gentlemen! Lucky Strike means fine tobacco --
the riper, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.
Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! So smoke the
smoke tobacco experts smoke -- Lucky Strike - 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. L. A. (Speed) Riggs of Goldsboro,
North Carolina, (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN), and Mr. F. E.
Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN).
And this is Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: A friendly suggestion: For your own real deep-down
smoking enjoyment, smoke the smoke tobacco experts
smoke - Lucky Strike!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN OFF)

JACK: WHAT?

ROCHESTER: HAVE YOU HEARD...TAKE THAT HANDKERCHIEF OUT OF MY
BROTHER'S MOUTH, OFFICER, HE CAN'T GO ALONG WITH A
GAG?

JACK: NO I HAVEN'T...AND BESIDES, I'M LOOKING -- I'M NOT
LOOKING FOR A POET, I'M LOOKING FOR A SINGER.

ROCHESTER: A SINGER!...WELL WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? (SINGS)

I'LL BE SEEING YOU
IN ALL THE OLD FAMILIAR PLACES
WHEN YOU PAY ME HIGHER WAGES
ALL YEAR THROUGH!

JACK: ROCHESTER!

ROCHESTER: I'LL FIND YOU IN THE MORNING SUN.

JACK: ROCHESTER!

ROCHESTER: AND WHEN THE NIGHT IS NEW....

JACK: ROCHESTER!...NOW CUT THAT OUT AND COME ON HOME RIGHT
NOW...Come on, Fred. Let's go
(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC UP...AND FADE)

JACK:

Ladies and gentlemen, this is Jack Benny again. Last Friday, October 27th, was Navy Day and I had planned sort of a little speech about it...But after reading the headlines in the newspapers about the job our Navy is doing in the South Pacific, I decided to throw my speech away because anything I might say would be insignificant. There's just one thing, however..our men are out there fighting while I'm talking to you now. Navy Day means that we here at home must continue to back those men up by sticking to our wartime jobs and giving through the many channels at our disposal. Thank you very much.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC UP)

DON:

Jack'll be back in just a minute, but first -- my good friends 'L. A. Speed Riggs and Kenneth Delmar.

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