

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION REBROADCAST: 9:30-10:00 PM - R.W.T.
STATIONS: KPD, KOMO, KMJ, KHQ,
KGW, KFSD, KFI.

CLIENT:

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

BROADCAST:

DATE: NOV. 5, 1944

PROGRAM:

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK:

I OPENING NEW YORK

AS BROADCAST

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

SHARBUTT: Why sure!

DELMAR: Of course!

RUYSDAEL: Right you are!

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

(MORE)

ATX01 0234972

JACK BENNY
PROGRAM #6
(FINAL REVISE)

DELMAR:

Folks, you want quality in everything you buy -- and of course in your cigarette. Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- and that's quality where quality counts -- right in the tobacco itself! So, remember the next time you buy cigarettes - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

RIGGS:

(CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD, FOR JACK BENNY SHOW)

ATX01 0234973

(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 AND MUSIC UP, THEN FADES)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..IF YOU HAVE NOTHING
ELSE TO DO, LET'S GO TO JACK BENNY'S HOUSE IN
BEVERLY HILLS.

ROCHESTER: (ON CUE .. SINGS)

MY WORK IS NEVER DONE
I'M KEPT ON THE RUN
SUNDAY, MONDAY AND ALWAYS

JACK: Rochester!

ROCHESTER: I HAVE TO CLEAN THE HOUSE
AM I A MAN OR MOUSE
SUNDAY, MONDAY AND ALWAYS

JACK: Rochester!

ROCHESTER: IF I SHOULD --

JACK: ROCHESTER!...Stop singing and start shaving me, will
you?...Come on now, give me a shave.

ROCHESTER: Okay, Boss.

JACK: Wait a minute..Are you sure you've got everything
ready?

ROCHESTER: Yes sir, it's all here..Hot water, towel, brush,
shaving soap, razor and smelling salts.

JACK: Smelling salts!

ROCHESTER: YEAH....I CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF BLOOD!

JACK: Well shut your eyes and start shaving me..I mean,
hurry up...I've got a date.

ROCHESTER: Okay...Wait'll I get the cap off this new tube of shaving cream.

JACK: New tube!...What happened to the old tube?...There ought to be one more shave in it.

ROCHESTER: But Boss, you've been saying that since last March.

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: NOW, I DIDN'T MIND WHEN YOU MADE ME RUN IT THROUGH THE WRINGER ---

JACK: Now look -- look, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: AND I DIDN'T MIND WHEN YOU ASKED MR. WILSON TO SIT ON IT.

JACK: Look -- Rochester .

ROCHESTER: BUT WHEN YOU MADE ME TAKE THAT TUBE DOWN TO THE UNION STATION AND LAY IT ON THE RAILROAD TRACK, THAT WAS GOIN' TOO FAR!

JACK: Well all right, Rochester..If you say it's empty, I'll take your word for it...Go ahead, you can open up that new tube.

ROCHESTER: Okay...DO YOU WANT ME TO CHRISTEN IT WITH A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE?

JACK: No...Now go ahead and lather my face.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.
(LOUD NOISE OF LATHERING FACE)

ROCHESTER: Mmm mmm, look at that soap foam.
(MORE LATHERING)

ROCHESTER: ...ARE YOU STILL UNDER THERE, BOSS?

JACK: (MUFFLED) Yes...and be careful with that razor.

ROCHESTER: Okay..Now let's see...Two ears...one nose..one chin .

JACK: Two ears, one nose, one chin?...Rochester, what are you writing that down for?

ROCHESTER: AFTER I FINISH SHAVING YOU, I CALL THE ROLL.

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: AND IF THERE'S ANYTHING MISSING, JUST CALL ME SHAKY!

JACK: Rochester, stop being funny...I told you I've got a date...I'm taking Miss Livingstone to see Dunninger at the Shrine Auditorium.

ROCHESTER: Dunninger?

JACK: Yes..You know, the mind reader...So please get started with the shave.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

(DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: There's the door....COME IN.

(DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Remember me?...I'm Herman Peabody, the insurance salesman.

JACK: Oh yes...yes...come on in, Herman.

ROCHESTER: SIT DOWN, MR. PEABODY, YOU'RE NEXT.

JACK: Yes...you'll find some magazines on that couch..Sit down.

MEL: Oh I didn't come for a shave.

JACK: Oh.

MEL: I came over to tell you that while going through our files, we found a policy you took out when you were twenty-two years old.

JACK: Oh yes, yes....what about it?

MEL: Well it's been gathering dividends all these years,
and the money's lousing up our office.

JACK: Oh ... Well I'll come over in the morning and pick
it up.

MEL: Thank you..Well I've gotta go home now, Mr. Benny...
My wife's waiting for me.

JACK: Oh....Well goodbye, Herman.

MEL: We've been married twelve years today, and I'm
celebrating my iron anniversary.

JACK: Your iron anniversary!

MEL: Yes..You gotta be made out of iron to be married to
my wife for twelve years.

JACK: Oh, I see what you mean.

MEL: Yeah..(LAUGHS)..I wish she'd let me rust in peace.

JACK: Say, you little ad libbing fool, that's very good..
So long, Herman.

MEL: Goodbye.
(DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: I'd like to meet his wife sometime....
(LOUD SCRAPING OF RAZOR)

JACK: Rochester be careful with that razor.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir..Now lean way back and lift your chin up....I
want to get your neck nice and smooth.

JACK: Okay.
(ONE SHORT SCRAPE OF RAZOR)

JACK:Rochester, what did you stop for?

ROCHESTER: I was just wondering, boss..DO YOU THINK THIS WOULD
BE A GOOD TIME TO ASK YOU FOR A RAISE?

JACK: No it wouldn't, and wipe the soap off my face.
(PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Answer the phone, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.
(PHONE RINGS AGAIN..THEN RECEIVER CLICK)

ROCHESTER: (IMITATES TOBACCO AUCTIONEER'S CHANT, ENDING WITH..
BENNY'S RESIDENCE.)

JACK: Rochester!

PHIL: HELLO ROCHESTER, LOOK - I WANT TO SPEAK TO MR. BENNY.

ROCHESTER: JUST A MINUTE, MR. HARRIS...It's for you, boss.

JACK: Okay, and while I'm talking on the phone, get my
shirt and things ready...HELLO.

PHIL: HELLO JACKSON, THIS IS PHIL.

JACK: What do you want, Phil?

PHIL: Well, I got a problem..My arranger hired another harp
player for my band...Now I don't mind class, but what
am I gonna do with two harpists?

JACK: Two harpists?...You never had a harpist before.

PHIL: Are you crazy?...Who do you think that guy is that's
there every week running his fingers up and down
them strings?

JACK: THAT'S THE PIANO TUNER, HE WORKS FOR N.B.C.

PHIL: Oh.

JACK: And while you're talking about your orchestra, Phil..
why don't you move your drums back a little?..They're
too loud.

PHIL: Well, don't worry about that, Jackson, I gave my drummer the air....I don't like the way he votes.

JACK: Phil, that's awful..to fire a man because of his political beliefs.

PHIL: Well, I don't think so...Last week Downbeat magazine took a poll, and he voted me the band leader most likely to become a bum.

JACK: Well Phil, you can't blame one guy for a landslide.. Anyway, I gotta hang up now, I have to meet Mary.. I'm taking her to see Dunninger.

PHIL: Dunninger...The F.B.I. shot him long ago.

JACK: That's Dillinger...This is Dunninger, the mind reader.

PHIL: Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh.

JACK: Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh. Anyway, Phil, I'll see you later.

PHIL: Okay....So long, Jackson.
(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

ROCHESTER: Here are your things, boss.

JACK: Thanks.

ROCHESTER: Let me help you with ---

JACK: Rochester, I can dress myself..And while I'm gone, see that..Oh darn it..Look what I did, Rochester, I pulled a button off.

ROCHESTER: THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BOSS, YOU CAN WEAR YOUR OTHER SHOES.

JACK: I don't like my other shoes.

ROCHESTER: WELL IF YOU AIN'T GONNA WEAR 'EM, YOU OUGHTA NAIL THE ICE SKATES BACK ON.

JACK: I'll do that when I get to New York..Well so long, Rochester...If Miss Livingstone calls, tell her I'm on my way.
(MUSIC TRANSITION)

(WALKING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, it's nice out...I'm glad I got my boots on. If I didn't walk over to Mary's house now and then, I wouldn't get any exercise at all...

(HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)

LEONE: HELLO, MR. BENNY.

JACK: Hello...(CONTINUES HUMMING)... Gee, she turned around.

Oh well, that's the price of being a celebrity..

(HUMS AGAIN)

TEMPY: How do you do, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello....(HUMS)Well what d'ya know...she turned around too.

TEMPY: I'm sorry, Mr. Benny, I really didn't mean to stare.

JACK: Oh that's all right, quite all right..I'm used to it..

I wonder what it is that makes girls turn around and look at me.

TEMPY: Your garter is dragging!

JACK: Oh oh OH!...Would you mind turning around please?

TEMPY: I'm going anyway....(OFF MIKE) Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh darn it, this garter always ---

MEL: (DOES DOG BARK)

JACK: Hello, little dog...Come here, come here, little doggy

MEL: (BARKS AGAIN)

JACK: Wait a minute...let go of my garter...Come back here

....COME BACK HERE!....COME --

(LOUD SNAP OF GARTER)

JACK: Ouch!...Ooohh, my ankle!...I better fix this garter before something else...WHOOPS!...MADAM, THAT BOY OF YOURS ISN'T FUNNY....For heaven's sake.

EDITH: Junior, put away your boon--bean shooter and come on.

JACK: Boon Shooter! Bean shooter...That's a civilian bazooka!...Oh well --

(FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE THROUGH HUMMING)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM).....Well...Hello, Amos.

AMOS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello, Andy.

ANDY: HI, Mr. Benny.

AMOS: Oh Mr. Benny, I hope you don't forget that you is gonna be on our program next Friday.

ANDY: Yawsuh, we is countin' on you.

JACK: I won't forget...see you Friday night.

(COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

AMOS: Say Andy, he's supposed to be a big comedian..He ain't said nothin' funny.

ANDY: Well, just like I told you, Amos...He ain't nothin' without Rochester.

JACK: Were you boys talking to me?

AMOS &
ANDY: (AD LIB) No no, we didn't say nothin'...Goodbye.

(APPLAUSE)

(FOOTSTEPS, WHICH CONTINUE)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)...Gosh, imagine...Amos and Andy have been on the air for twelve years as comedians... They didn't say anything funny...Oh well -- it'll be fun being on their show Friday. I'm gonna take Rochester with me.

DON: (ON-CUE) Hello, Jack. Is

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Oh hello Don...what are you doing here in front of
the drugstore?

DON: I was just going in for a coke.

JACK: Good, I'll join you.

MEL: (OVER P.A.) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ---

JACK: Hey Don, look at the size of that sound truck.

MEL: (OVER P.A.) TUESDAY IS ELECTION DAY...SO DON'T
FORGET TO GO TO THE POLLS AND VOTE FOR THE MAN OF
YOUR CHOICE...REMEMBER...GO TO THE POLLS AND VOTE!

JACK: Gosh, there's always so much excitement during
election.
(CAR MOTORS FADE IN)

JACK: People are sure steamed up.

DON: Yeah.

JACK: Hey Don, look...here comes a car all covered with
Roosevelt stickers.

DON: Yeah, and here comes another car with Dewey stickers.

JACK: Yeah.
(CAR MOTOR UP FAST...THEN A TERRIFIC CRASH)

JACK: Some people take it too seriously....Come on, Don
let's go in and have that coke.

DON: Okay.
(DOOR OPENS)

DON: Come on, Jack, we'll sit at the counter.

JACK: Oh wait a minute, I want to get this month's American
magazine...There's a story in it about me..Here's
one.

DON: A story about you, eh, Jack?

JACK: Yeah...I wonder where it is.

(MAGAZINE PAGES BEING FLIPPED)

JACK: It ought to be near the front here someplace.

(MORE PAGES FLIPPED)

DON: Oh look, Jack, look.

JACK: My story?

DON: No, a full page Lucky Strike ad.

JACK: But Don, I want to find my --

DON: Just look at that ad, Jack...look at the golden color of that tobacco.

JACK: I see, I see, but I want to find my --

DON: Look at that tobacco...No wonder with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies two to one.

JACK: Don, stop quoting me odds and let me find my story... Here it is...Here's the story...say, I gotta take this over and show it to Mary.

GEORGE: That'll be twenty-five cents for the magazine.

JACK: Oh..Well I'll bring Mary over here...Mary got a new maid yesterday..I hope she'll be ready when I call.

Come on, Don, let's have our cokes.

(SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE) -11-

#6

PAULINE: Oh, Miss Livingstone --

MARY: Yes, Pauline?

PAULINE: There's a gentleman here to see you.

MARY: Oh, wouldn't you know it, just when I have a date..
What's his name?

PAULINE: It's..uh...oh gee, I forgot.

MARY: What does he look like?

PAULINE: Well...he's tall and handsome.

MARY: (I wonder who that can be.)

PAULINE: He's got broad shoulders.

MARY: Well!

PAULINE: And his garter is dragging.

MARY: Oh for heaven's sake, I wonder what Jack's doing here
so early?...Tall, broad shoulders, handsome..where did
that come from?

PAULINE: Oh I'm sorry, Miss Livingstone..I went to the movies
last night, and I was still thinking about my favorite
movie actor.

MARY: Who's that?

PAULINE: Peter Lorre.

MARY: Oh..well I guess it's all in the way you look at it..
now Pauline I wish you'd help me with my hair, please.

PAULINE: Yes ma'am...Gee, Miss Livingstone, you have such pretty
curls.

MARY: Well, thank you.

PAULINE: Gee, I wish I had curls like that, but every time I make
curls, something happens to them especially when I have
a date, like last week I had a date and my curls came
out, but the week before I didn't have a date and the
curls came out anyway, so it really doesn't make any
difference, does it.

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MARY: No I guess not.

JACK: (OFF MIKE) HEY MARY, HOW ABOUT IT..AREN'T YOU READY YET?

MARY: (OFF MIKE) I'LL BE OUT IN A MINUTE, JACK.

JACK: (OFF MIKE) A minute, a minute..WHAT AM I SPOSED TO DO WHILE I'M WAITING?

MARY: (OFF MIKE) WELL FOR ONE THING, YOU CAN FIX YOUR GARTER.

JACK: Huh?...Oh darn it, it's dragging again..It must have happened when I skipped across the street.

(MUSIC TRANSITION)

(CAR MOTOR UP AND FADES)

JACK: Mary, you turned that corner too sharp --

MARY: Jack, this is my car, and I know how to drive it.

JACK: Well take it easy..watch out for that man..put your foot on the brake..slow down..you're getting too CLOHHHse to that bus ...watch out..

MARY: Oh for heaven's sake, Jack...stop being so nervous.

JACK: I'm not nervous.

MARY: Then get back inside the car!

JACK: All right...but take it easy, I don't want to miss Dunninger.

MARY: Neither do I...I always listen to him on his Kem-Tone program.

JACK: Hey Mary, here we are at the Shrine Auditorium.

(MUSIC TRANSITION)

DUNNINGER: THE PHONE NUMBER THAT YOU ARE THINKING ABOUT IS BEACHVIEW 2-1749...IS THAT CORRECT, SIR?

MEL: YES, MR. DUNNINGER.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: Gosh Jack, he's wonderful...He's read everybody's mind correctly so far.

JACK: Yeah, but it must be some sort of a trick..I remember when I was in vaudeville, I once went out with a lady mind reader, and it was all a phoney.

MARY: You mean she didn't read your mind?

JACK: Of course not..Twice she slapped my face for the wrong reason..And then once --

MARY: Shhhh....Quiet, Jack, quiet.

DUNNINGER: I GET A THOUGHT FROM A LADY IN THE THIRD ROW...LEFT AISLE SEAT...HER NAME IS MRS...MRS. NUSSBAUM.

MINNIE: Nu?
(APPLAUSE)

DUNNINGER: MADAM, YOUR FULL NAME IS MRS. BEVERLY W. NUSSBAUM.

MINNIE: Dot's right...Mrs. Beverly Wilshire Nussbaum.

DUNNINGER: BEVERLY WILSHIRE NUSSBAUM?

MINNIE: Junior..Dot's my full name.

DUNNINGER: MRS. NUSSBAUM..THE PROBLEM ON YOUR MIND IS A SERIOUS ONE..YOU'RE MARRIED, AND YET YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH ANOTHER MAN..AM I CORRECT SO FAR?

MINNIE: You are intriguing me..Continue please.

DUNNINGER: WELL I MUST ADVISE YOU THAT THE MAN YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH IS NOT FOR YOU..YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE.

MINNIE: I haven't?

DUNNINGER: NO..CHARLES BOYER IS ALREADY MARRIED.

MINNIE: Now he tells me..So what are you advising I should do, Mr. Dunninger?

DUNNINGER: WELL GO BACK TO YOUR HUSBAND AND FORGET CHARLES BOYER.

MINNIE: Forgetting him I can't. When Charles Boyer is saying,
"Come wizz me, come wizz me, come wizz me to the
Casssssbahhh,"...I am arriving there ten minutes ahead
of him...And when I saw him making love to Ingrid
Bergman, I said to mine self. If Boyer can be so
wonderful with gaslight, imagine when he starts cooking
with electricity...What a man!

DUNNINGER: WE'LL MRS. NUSSBAUM, I ADVISE YOU TO FORGET ABOUT BOYER.

MINNIE: Uh, uh maybe you could arrange for me Van Johnson?...

For him I could going.

DUNNINGER: NO MADAM..MY ADVICE IS FOR YOU TO GO HOME TO YOUR
HUSBAND.

MINNIE: For this kind of advice I am paying money?

JACK: (Boyer, Van Johnson...You see, Mary, he didn't help
her.)

DUNNINGER: AND NOW, I HAVE THOUGHT WAVES COMING TO ME FROM A MAN
IN THE FOURTH ROW...I GET THE NAME OF BENNETT..OR
BENNY..JACK BENNY.

MARY: (Jack, that's you..stand up.)

JACK: (EMBARRASSED) Oh I don't wanna, everybody'll look at
me.

DUNNINGER: MR. BENNY, PLEASE STAND UP.

JACK: YES, MR. DILLINGER..OR DUNNINGER...Darn that Phil
Harris.

DUNNINGER: MR. BENNY, A THOUGHT COMES TO ME THAT TWO WEEKS AGO YOU
LOST A DOLLAR BILL.

JACK: A dollar bill? Yes, yes sir, I did.

DUNNINGER: THE SERIAL NUMBER ON THAT DOLLAR WAS k 155134...WAIT
A MINUTE, I DON'T SEEM TO GET THE LAST THREE NUMBERS.

JACK: Five one eight...That's what it was.

DUNNINGER: HOW DID YOU KNOW?

MARY: WHAT DO YOU THINK HE READS AT NIGHT?

JACK: (Mary, quiet.)

DUNNINGER: NOW MR. BENNY, YOU HAVE ANOTHER PROBLEM. YOU HAVE A
RADIO PROGRAM, AND YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A SINGER...IS
THAT CORRECT?

JACK: Yes sir..and I've looked everywhere.

DUNNINGER: WELL MR. BENNY, I DON'T PREDICT, I THINK I CAN HELP YOU

JACK: Really?

DUNNINGER: WELL LET ME CONCENTRATE....I SEE...I SEE A GAS STATION.
IT'S ON THE CORNER OF THIRD AND LA C-I-E-N-E-G-A.

JACK: Third and La Cienega.

DUNNINGER: IF YOU'LL GO TO THAT GAS STATION..YOU WILL FIND THERE
IS A YOUNG MAN WAITING TO FILL YOUR TANK IT'S A YOUNG
MAN WITH RED HAIR...I GET THE NAME OF STEVENS....
LARRY STEVENS.

JACK: Larry Stevens?

DUNNINGER: YES..THE BOY NEVER HAS SUNG PROFESSIONALLY..HE HAS BEEN
WORKING IN THIS GAS STATION FOR SEVERAL MONTHS, SINCE
HE WAS HONORABLY DISCHARGED FROM THE ARMY AIR FORCE.

JACK: Gee!

DUNNINGER: HE IS TWENTY-ONE YEARS OLD...WEIGHS A HUNDRED AND
SIXTY-FIVE POUNDS...AND IS A GRADUATE OF FAIRFAX HIGH
SCHOOL IN HOLLYWOOD.

JACK: Larry Stevens, eh?

DUNNINGER: HE HAS A VERY NICE VOICE AND SINGS ALL THE TIME..EVEN
WHEN HE'S WORKING.

JACK: He does?

DUNNINGER: YES..NOW MR. BENNY, THE THOUGHT IS FADING AWAY, AND
THAT'S ABOUT ALL I CAN TELL YOU.

JACK: Well thank you very much, Mr. Dunninger.

DUNNINGER: OH MR. BENNY, ONE THING MORE.

JACK: Yes sir?

DUNNINGER: YOUR GARTER IS DRAGGING!

JACK: Thank you..Mary, please, I'll fix it myself.

(MUSIC TRANSITION)

(CAR MOTOR UP, AND FADES)

JACK: Mary, why are you turning here?..This isn't the way home

MARY: I'm going to Third and La Cienega, to that gas station.

JACK: Oh Mary, are you falling for that stuff?..How does
Dunninger know?

MARY: Well what have we got to lose?..Anyway, there's the gas station he was talking about. And I'm driving in.

JACK: Oh all right.
(MOTOR SLOWS DOWN AND STOPS)

JACK: This is so silly.

MARY: Jack, look...Here comes the attendant, and just like Dunninger said, he's got red hair.

JACK: (SURPRISED) Yeah..Oh it's just a coincidence..that's all.

LARRY: Yes mam?

MARY: Four gallons of gas please.

LARRY: Yes mam.

JACK: He's got red hair..so what?...Dunninger.
(CLICK OF METAL CAP ON GAS TANK)

JACK: Sings while he works.
(ELECTRIC GASOLINE PUMP)

JACK: Listen to that..some voice.

MARY: That's the gasoline pump.

JACK: Oh..Anyway, you fall for anything.
(ORCHESTRA STARTS "I'LL BE SEEING YOU")

LARRY: (SINGS INTRODUCTION)
I'LL FIND YOU IN THE MORNING SUN
AND WHEN THE NIGHT IS NEW,
I'LL BE LOOKING AT THE MOON,
BUT I'LL BE SEEING YOU.

MARY: Jack, Jack..did you hear that?

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: Well I guess that'll show you whether --

JACK: Mary, quiet.

LARRY: (SINGS VERSE)

CATHEDRAL BELLS WERE TOLLING

AND OUR HEARTS SANG ON.

WAS IT THE SPELL OF PARIS

OR AN APRIL DAWN?

WHO KNOWS IF WE SHALL MEET AGAIN

OR WHEN THE MORNING CHIMES

RING SWEET AGAIN.

JACK: Say, that sounds good.

LARRY: Should I check the oil and water?

MARY: Yes, please.

JACK: Yes yes yes, yes. Check them.

(SNAP OF HOOD BEING RAISED)

LARRY: (CHORUS)

I'LL BE SEEING YOU

IN ALL THE OLD FAMILIAR PLACES

THAT THIS HEART OF MINE EMBRACES

ALL DAY THROUGH.

IN THAT SMALL CAFE

THE PARK ACROSS THE WAY,

THE CHILDREN'S CAROUSSEL, THE CHESTNUT TREE,

A WISHING WELL

I'LL BE SEEING YOU

IN EVERY LOVELY SUMMER'S DAY

IN EVERYTHING THAT'S LIGHT AND GAY

I'LL ALWAYS THINK OF YOU THAT WAY

I'LL FIND YOU IN THE MORNING SUN.

AND WHEN THE NIGHT IS NEW,

I'LL BE LOOKING AT THE MOON

BUT I'LL BE SEEING APRIL IN PARIS,

WHO CAN I RUN TO

BUT YOU.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well what do you know about that?..Say Mary, he's pretty good.

MARY: Of course he's good.

JACK: I'm going to tell him..HEY LARRY --

LARRY: Huh?

JACK: COME HERE A MINUTE, LARRY.

LARRY: Well, how did you know my name?

JACK: Oh I know everything..your full name is Larry Stevens.
LARRY: Gee!
JACK: And not only that --
MARY: Oh brother!
JACK: (Quiet, Mary)...You're twenty-one years old and you graduated from Fairfax High School.
LARRY: Gosh!
JACK: You were in the Army Air Force and you weigh a hundred and sixty five pounds.
LARRY: A hundred and sixty six.
JACK: You had lunch...You see, kid, I know everything.
LARRY: Gee!..What's my mother's name?
JACK: Your mother?...Uh..Uh..I'm sorry, the thought seems to be fading away.
MARY: What's my name?
JACK: Mary..Living..Now cut that out...Larry, I'd like to talk to you for a minute..My name is Jack Benny.
LARRY: (EXCITED) Jack Benny! You mean Jack Benny, the radio comedian?
JACK: Yes sir!...Now look Larry, I'm trying to find a singer for my program, and from hearing you sing just now, I think you might fit in.
LARRY: Gee! Do you, Mr. Benny?
JACK: Yes, and I'd like to talk to you about it..I'll tell you what, Larry..come over to my broadcast next Sunday and we'll get together on a deal..How about it?
LARRY: Oh boy, I'll sure be there, Mr. Benny.
JACK: All right, kid..we'll be looking for you..Goodbye.
LARRY: Goodbye.

MARY: Goodbye, Larry.

LARRY: Goodbye.

(CAR MOTOR STARTS AND CAR DRIVES AWAY)

LARRY: (ON CUE) Gee whiz....me on the radio.....oh boy..

Wait'll I tell my folks.

(SINGS LAST HALF OF CHORUS)

I'LL FIND YOU IN THE MORNING SUN

AND WHEN THE NIGHT IS NEW

I'LL BE LOOKING AT THE MOON

BUT I'LL BE SEEING YOU.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: (ON CUE) Jack will be back in a minute, but first
here is my good friend, F. E. Boone.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: An obvious fact: - It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette! So 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 present at the auctions can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.

DELMAR: And sworn records show that among such independent tobacco experts -- auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen -- with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies two to one!

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). Basil Ruysdael speaking!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN OFF)

JACK BENNY
PROGRAM #7
3RD REV.

RUYSDAEL: Always those words will mean much to you ... for
quality is always your first concern and Lucky
Strike quality remains steadfast! Today, as always,
Lucky Strike selects and buys the finer, the lighter,
the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco! That's
why Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

DOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DELMAR: Yes - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD, FOR JACK BENNY SHOW)

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