

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

REBROADCAST: 9:30-10:00 PM, PWT
STA: KPO, KOMO, KMJ, KHQ, KGW,
KFSD, KFI.

CLIENT:

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

BROADCAST:

3RD REV. 125

DATE:

MARCH 13, 1945

PROGRAM:

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK:

NBC

AS BROADCAST

I OPENING NEW YORK

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: 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: Right you are!
(Ex. E)

RUYSDAEL: Yes, sir!

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

(MORE)

ATX01 0236367

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

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

(APPLAUSE - MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..LET'S GO OUT TO JACK
BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS...AT THE MOMENT, ROCHESTER
IS ALONE IN THE KITCHEN PREPARING BREAKFAST.

(TRANSETION MUSIC)

ROCHESTER: Mmm mmm look at that....Mmmmmmmmm that table
sure does look appetizing...A large glass of orange juice
...a bowl of cornflakes and cream...two fried eggs,
sunrside up, a thick slice of ham...a piping hot cup
of coffee and three honey-covered English muffins....

WELL...NOW I BETTER MAKE SOME TEA AND TOAST FOR MR.

BENNY'S BREAKFAST....I think I'll give him a treat today,
I'll scrape the toast...No, he likes to do it himself,
that's the only exercise he gets.

JACK: (OFF MIKE) (HUMS FIRST STRAIN OF LOVE IN BLOOM)

ROCHESTER: Oh oh, here comes the boss now.

JACK: (VERY BREEZY) GOOODDD morning, Rochester. Now let's
see...what have we got for...orange juice, cornflakes,
ham and eggs...Rochester, what did you make such a big
breakfast for, you know I'm on a diet.

ROCHESTER: Doggone, that's right.

JACK: Now we can't let all this food go to waste...You made it
and you'll have to eat it yourself.

ROCHESTER: Oh boss, don't be so mean to me.

JACK: Mean...why I've been on a diet a whole month, and every morning I come down and find the same big breakfast. Now..How can you make such a mistake?

ROCHESTER: Well---

JACK: And what's that strawberry shortcake on top of the oven?

ROCHESTER: THAT'S THE DESSERT FOR THE MISTAKE I'M GONNA MAKE FOR DINNER!

JACK: What...what did you say, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: Disregard it, boss, dis-re-gard it!

JACK: Well just don't let it happen again...I'll have this tea and toast...Humm...look how burnt the toast is.. it's like charcoal...Give me a knife, I'll scrape it.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

JACK: Oooo, the toast is hot...You hold it, Rochester. Here..

ROCHESTER: I got it, scrape away.

(SOUND: SCRAPING OF TOAST...ABOUT TEN SCRAPES)

ROCHESTER: (ON CUE) Take it easy, boss, YOU'RE down TO ME!

JACK: Oh...well never mind, I'll have one of those English muffins....Say, that looks good, it's got honey all over it, look at that raisin on top.

ROCHESTER: That's a bee, he's still workin' on it!

JACK: Oh yes...Go away, bee, go away, go away.

MEL: (BUZZES....BUZZING STOPS AND SOUND OF WINDOW OPENED)

MEL: (BUZZES FADING OUT)

JACK: Well how do you like those California bees...they open the windows themselves....Rochester, I'll have my tea now.

(DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Never mind..You answer the door, I'll get the tea myself.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.
(FEW FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR OPENS)

ROCHESTER: Oh hello, Mr. Harris.

PHIL: Hello Rochester, is Mr. Benny...Oh, oh, I'm sorry, Rochester, I didn't know.

ROCHESTER: Didn't know what?

PHIL: Well, that black band you're wearin' around your sleeve.

ROCHESTER: Oh this..MR. BENNY MAKES ME WEAR IT EVERY TIME HE LOSES THE ACADEMY AWARD.

PHIL: Well why does Mr. Benny take it so hard? A lot of actors lose it.

ROCHESTER: I KNOW, BUT HE'S BEEN LOSIN' IT SINCE NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWO!

JACK: (FADING IN) ROCHESTER, WHAT'S KEEPING...Oh, hello Phil.

PHIL: Hi ya, Jackson..So you lost the Academy Award again, huh?

JACK: Yeah, Crosby won it..And you know, Phil, it's gonna be hard to hate him, he's such a nice guy. Maybe..maybe I can hate one of his kids...But I'll tell you one thing, Phil, I didn't mind losing the award this year, but I certainly think I should have won it when I made that picture, "George Washington Slept Here."

PHIL: "George Washington Slept Here"..You didn't even come close that year, did you, Jackson?

ROCHESTER: CLOSE..WASHINGTON GOT MORE VOTES THAN HE DID!

JACK: Rochester!

ROCHESTER: THE RED CAME IN SECOND!

JACK: Never mind..and bring Mr. Harris some coffee.

ROCHESTER: Okay.

JACK: Phil, what brings you over here so early?

PHIL: Well Jackson, I got great news for you..You know how you and Mary have always been pickin' on me for runnin' around and wastin' my time?

JACK: Yeah.

PHIL: Well, startin' today I'm gonna settle down and be a dignified business man.

JACK: Well, congratulations, Phil..what did you do?

PHIL: I bought a saloon.

JACK: What?

PHIL: You know, a night club.

JACK: Oh a night club, that's different.

PHIL: Yeah..Me and Frankie, my guitar player, are running it, and things are goin' great, Jackson...Last night our bartender was so busy mixin' them drinks he didn't have time to sit down.

JACK: No kiddin'!

PHIL: Yeah and tonight oughta be even better, we're gonna let the customers in!

JACK: Oh, oh I see...So you and Frankie bought a night club, eh? What are you gonna call the place?

PHIL: Well, I ain't got a name for it yet, but well, I got a slogan.

JACK: A slogan?

PHIL: Yeah, like Duffy's Tavern..their slogan is WHERE THE ELITE COME TO EAT.

JACK: Uh huh.

PHIL: Mine's gonna be WHERE THE SWINE COME TO DINE.

JACK: Phil, are you crazy? Are you going to call your customers swine?

PHIL: WHEN YOU GOTTA CLOSE AT TWELVE, JACKSON, IT DON'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE WHAT YOU CALL 'EM.

JACK: Well take my advice, Phil...You've got a great opportunity to be a business man..and if you want to be successful, run your night club in a real high class way.

PHIL: Don't worry, Jackson, I'll handle the joint right.

ROCHESTER: Here's your coffee, Mr. Harris.

PHIL: Thanks, Roch.
(CHISEL ON ROCK..OFF MIKE)

PHIL: Hey, what's that noise, Jackson?

JACK: Oh that's the sculptor working upstairs..I wish he'd finish that statue of me and go back to Saint Joe.
How's the coffee, Phil?

PHIL: Swell, Jackson. Hey, let's turn on the radio and see what's on.

JACK: Okay.
(CLICK OF DIAL...STATIC)
(MUSICAL RECORD PLAYED AT SQUIRREL TALK SPEED, WITH BELLS AND GUNSHOTS)

MEL: THAT WAS SPIKE JONES PLAYING "LET ME LOVE YOU TONIGHT"...
(SOFTLY) And now, folks, a message on behalf of my
sponsor, "The Bleeding Heart Finance Company"...Friends,
do you need money?...Could you use a little extra cash?
Do you want a loan of ten, fifty or a hundred dollars?
You do?... (LAUGHS SOFTLY, THEN LOUDER, THEN GETS
HILARIOUS)

JACK: Hmm...Get something else, Phil, will you?
(MORE STATIC)

BEA: (VERY DRAMATIC) It seems like ages since I've heard
his voice...I wonder if it will be the same when I hear
it again...I can't stand this waiting, this waiting,
this suspense...I can almost hear him now..Oh I hope
he hasn't changed...I couldn't stand it, I couldn't...
Ten more seconds and I'll know..Five seconds..Two
seconds...There it is, four o'clock.

MEL: (SINGS) GRUEN WATCH TIME.

BEA: Ahhh!

MEL: TICK TOCK!

JACK: Say, she was wonderful...What a part for Ingrid...Get
another station, Phil, will you?
(MORE STATIC)

NELSON: Have you been hit by an automobile lately?..Do you feel
run down?..Are you getting fat?..Are you beginning to
launch a paunch?..Are the spaces between your teeth
suffering from middle-age spread?..If you have these,
or any other ailments, why not try Symmmmmmmpathy
Soothing Syrup...Remember, folks, Sympathy spelled
backwards is Yitanamis..Y-H-T-A-P-M-Y-S.

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Soothing Syrup...Remember, folks, Sympathy spelled
backwards is Yitanamis..Y-H-T-A-P-M-Y-S.

SECOND ROUTINE

-8-

25

NELSON: Thank you very much, Larry Stevens..And next week,
ladies and gentlemen, our guest star will be that
eminent songwriter, Maxwell Langley..who will play his
own composition, the current song hit entitled, "RAISE
THE AWNING, MOTHER, DADDY'S LEADING A SHADY LIFE".

JACK: Hey, that's a good song, Phil, I must learn it on the
violin. (SINGS) RAISE THE AWNING, MOTHER, CAUSE DADDY'S
LEADING A SHADY LIFE"...You know it's third on the
Hit Parade.
(DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: There's somebody at the door..Shut off the radio, Phil.
(CLICK OF DIAL)

JACK: COME IN.
(DOOR OPENS)

JACK: WHO IS IT?

DON: (OFF) IT'S ME, JACK.

JACK: OH HELLO DON, COME ON IN.
(FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hi ya, Don.

DON: Hello Jack, hi Phil.

PHIL: Hello, Donzy!

JACK: What are you doing around this way, Don?

DON: Well, you know I'm getting a little heavy, Jack..So
every morning I go for a five-mile horseback ride.

JACK: Oh.

DON: I was out this way, so I thought I'd just drop in.

JACK: Good, good...Where's your horse?

DON: Oh, he's lying down on your front lawn.

JACK: Oh..Well the rest will do him good.

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ROCHESTER: Say, boss --

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: I just got into the sculptor's room, and he's almost through with your statue.

JACK: He is?

ROCHESTER: Yeah, but you ain't gonna like your expression.

JACK: Why..has he got me frowning or smiling?

ROCHESTER: YOU CAN TAKE YOUR CHOICE, HE GAVE YOU TWO HEADS.

JACK: Two heads!

ROCHESTER: YEAH...YOU'RE HOLDIN' ONE OF 'EM IN YOUR LAP.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake.

ROCHESTER: YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE GOIN' BOWLING!

JACK: Well I'm going right up there and tell that guy to --

DON: WAIT A MINUTE, JACK, I THINK THAT'S WONDERFUL.

JACK: What's so wonderful about two heads?

DON: YOU CAN SMOKE TWO LUCKY STRIKES AT THE SAME TIME.

JACK: Well, I'll be --

DON: AND BETWEEN THOSE DELIGHTFUL PUFFS ONE MOUTH CAN SAY "LSMFT", AND THE OTHER ONE CAN ANSWER "WHY SURE, YOU BET, THAT'S RIGHT, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO".

JACK: All right, all right..But when that sculptor is finished with my statue, it better be the way I want it.

PHIL: Hey, Jackson, I gotta run along now, see you later.

DON: I'm going too, Jack.

JACK: Wait a minute, fellows, I'll go out with you.

(FEW FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: So long, Jackson.

DON: Goodbye, Jack.

JACK: So long, fellows...Gee, it's so nice out I think
I'll take a little walk...OH ROCHESTER, I'LL BE BACK
IN A LITTLE WHILE.

ROCHESTER: (OFF) OKAY, BOSS.
(DOOR SLAMS, FOOTSTEPS ON WALK)

JACK: This is really a nice day...(HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)....

MEL: (FADES IN, BARKING)

JACK: Well, well, look who's here.

MEL: (BARKS)

JACK: I haven't seen you in quite a while. Come here,
come here.

MEL: (BARKS...THEN CRIES)

JACK: What's the matter?.....Why are you crying?

MEL: (GOES ON CRYING)

JACK: Oh that....Don't take it so hard, lassie...I didn't
win either. Better luck next year.
(SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

THIRD ROUTINE

-11-

#25

(WALKING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (STILL HUMMING)

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: That's a terrific song...Well I've walked far enough,
I guess I'll turn around and go back...

(FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE)

JACK: Well...here comes that little girl that's on the
Fibber McGee program.

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Hello, little girl.

EDITH: (HUSKY VOICE) Hello...I betcha I know who you are, I
betcha, I betcha. I betcha.

JACK: Hmm.

(FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE)

JACK: Poor little thing has a cold....(HUMS)

KEARNS: Oh Mr. Benny ---

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Huh?...Oh, it's you, Mr. Kearns.

KEARNS: Yeah, I was just on my way over to your house.

JACK: You were?

KEARNS: Yes....You know that interview you gave me last week
about how you found Rochester was very interesting...
My editor liked it a lot.

JACK: Well I'm glad.

KEARNS: In fact he liked it so much he sent me back to get a
another story.

JACK: Really?

KEARNS: He wants to know how you found Mary Livingstone.

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JACK: Oh, Mary...Well Mr. Kearns, this is a rather unusual story...Walk back with me and I'll tell you all about it.

KEARNS: Okay.

(FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Now Mary, as I mentioned last week, joined me on the radio about three months after I got started..I happened to be in Los Angeles at the time...almost fourteen years ago...Yes, I remember that was the day I bought this shirt I'm wearing...they give guarantees you know...Anyway, it was the latter part of 1932.. That's right, 1932....I was downtown, and as I was passing the May Company...(STARTS TO FADE) I noticed they were running a sale, so I stopped to look in the window.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) JUST A GIGOLO...EVERYWHERE I GO...PEOPLE KNOW THE PART I'M PLAYING...Gee, that's a catchy new tune... (HUMS GIGOLO)Fall is such a nice time of year... the leaves are turning brown..and the air is..Mmm... I wonder if Hoover'll be re-elected...I think I'll get me one of those high collars...Nah, my neck's too short ... (SINGS) WHEN THE BLUE OF THE NIGHT....Bububu boo... Boo boo boco..bubu boo, bubu boo....That new singer has a nice style, but he can't last...Hey, look at those shirts in the window...

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Silk ones with stripes...Four ninety-eight marked down to a dollar ninety-nine...I think I'll go in and let 'em try to sell me one.

(FEW FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS, CROWD NOISES)

JACK: Let's see...I wonder where the -- Oh pardon me, sir... can you tell me where the shirt counter is?

RUBIN: Shirt counter...What are you asking me, I look maybe like a floorwalking?

JACK: Floorwalker? Well, I thought you were...you're not wearing a hat.

RUBIN: In this depression who can afford a hat.

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry...Well maybe I can help you get a job... What do you do?

RUBIN: Well I do difference things...I can be a carpennrnter.

JACK: Huh?

RUBIN: I am also a plummmmer.

JACK: Plumber?

RUBIN: Uh huh: I am also a very good painnnnter.

JACK: Oh, you can do a lot of things.

RUBIN: Yes, but in this depression there is nothing to painnt, or to plummb, or to carpennt.

JACK: Oh that's too bad...Well thanks just the same, but I've gotta find the shirt counter.

RUBIN: Oh, well say maybe I can enlighteninginging you.

JACK: Never mind, I'll finnnnnnnnd -- I'll find it myself.

(FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Oh there it is, over there...Boy, look at those sporty shirts...

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: I love those new long pointed collars.

MEL: What can I do for you, young man?

JACK: I want to buy a shirt...I like this silk one with the stripes.

MEL: Yes sir, shall I wear it for a few days or do you want to break it in yourself?

JACK: I'll take it now. How much is it?

MEL: Yes sir, I'll wrap it up for you...That'll be one dollar ninety-nine.

JACK: A dollar ninety-nine? Okay, here's two dollars.

MEL: Well I'll have to go upstairs for the change.

JACK: Oh that's all right...I'll wait. (SINGS)....JUST A GIGOLO
..EVERYWHERE I GO..PEOPLE KNOW THE...Hey, look at that beautiful dame behind the hosiery counter..What a chicken! I think she's looking at me too...(STARTS TO FADE) I'm going over and try to date her up. (FADES)

SARA: Say Mary, Mary --

MARY: What is it, Mabel?

SARA: Look at that guy over there, he's starin at you.

MARY: Where?

SARA: Right over there at the shirt counter....Say, he looks kinda prosperous, don't he?

MARY: How can you tell...With those bell bottom pants, he might be barefoot...Look at him winking at us...with both eyes.

SARA: And get a load of that straw hat he's wearin', with the bright red ribbon around it.

MARY: Yeah and look what it says on it..."Oh you kid"...Hey Mabel, he's tipping his hat at us.

SARA: Yeah, he's got the string in his pocket.

MARY: Wait a minute, he's coming over here.

SARA: Do you want me to take him, Mary?

MARY: No no, I can handle him.

JACK: (FADING IN, SINGING) JUST A GIGOLO..EVERYWHERE I GO..
PEOPLE KNOW THE PART I'M PLAYING.

MARY: Look at him, he's walking like Theda Bara.

JACK: (HUMS..Just a gigolo, everywhere I go)..Hello kiddo,
where've you been all my life?

MARY: (SARCASTIC) Avoiding it.

JACK: Hey, hey, you're good..just my type..I like my tomatoes
with a little spice..Ha ha ha! Say, say baby, what's your
your name?

MARY: Mary.

JACK: Mary what?...Quite contrary?

MARY: (Oh brother, is this guy corny!)

JACK: What was that?

MARY: Look, my name is Mary Livingstone, I was born in
Plainfield, New Jersey..I know I should be in pictures
but I'm happy here at the May Company, and they think
I'm a very good salesgirl, now what do you want
Jellybean?

JACK: Wait a minute, wait a minute, take it easy..You got me
wrong, baby.

MARY: Oh stop tipping your hat.

JACK: What?

MARY: And take your bag of peanuts off the counter.

JACK: No no, baby, I put those up there on purpose..Help
yourself, go ahead, baby, help yourself!

MARY: Say, you're a pretty sporty guy.

JACK: Do you think so?

MARY: Yeah..Do you always carry that ukelolo?

JACK: Oh this.
(FOUR NOTES ON UKE.. "MY DOG HAS FLEAS".. THEN CHORD)

JACK: You oughta hear me out in a canoe.

MARY: Say, I'll bet that ukelele set you back plenty.

JACK: No no, they gave it to me when I bought this suit.. Say
Mary, you don't mind me calling you Mary, do you, baby?
..if I wait around till you get through, can I take
you home?

MARY: No, I don't think so.

JACK: Oh why not, I've got a taxi outside.

MARY: Look, I went out with a taxi driver once and the way
he --

JACK: I'm not a taxi driver.... Look baby, don't you know
who I am?

MARY: No, thrill me.

JACK: Well hang onto the counter, baby, and brace yourself.
I'm Jack Benny!

MARY:Can I let go of the counter now?

JACK: Aw, you're kiddin' baby, you know who I am... I'm a
big shot... I've been on the radio three months.

MARY: So what... my alarm clock's been on the radio three
years, and I got that at Woolworth's.

JACK: Your alarm... say, you're plenty fast on the trigger....
What are you doin' working here in a department store?
You should be on the radio.

MARY: WHAT DID I TELL YOU, MABEL.. I KNEW IT WAS COMING.

JACK: What?

MARY: My mother told me there'd be men like you, but I
thought they'd be much younger.

JACK: Much young...Say, you're terrific...Listen, baby..
you've got everything it takes..good looks, a nice
speaking voice, and what a personality!

MARY: (GIGGLES, THEN QUIVERING) I'll bet you tell that to all
the girls.

JACK: No, I don't.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: The way you're leaning against the counter.

JACK: Why?

MARY: It's pressing the bulb in your pocket and the water's
squirting out of that flower in your lapel.

JACK: Say, I can't fool you at all, can I?...Listen Mary,
Mary, listen, you oughta be on the radio with me..
I'll get you places....You'll be a big star!

MARY: Say...you're not kidding, are you?

JACK: Of course not..Why don't you meet me tonight for dinner,
and we'll talk things over?

MARY: Okay..You know there's a nice cafeteria across the
street, and we can --

JACK: Cafeteria!...Not when you go out with Benny, baby....
I'll take you to the Brown Derby, and afterwards we'll
go dancing at the Coconut Grove..When you're out
with me, baby, money means nothing..Why, I'll take you
to --

MEL: Pardon me, Mister, here's your penny change.

JACK: Thank you...Why baby, I'll take you any place you want to go!

MARY: All right...I'll meet you in front of the store at six o'clock.

(MUSIC STARTS SOFT)

JACK: I'll be there!....So long.

MARY: So long.

JACK: Oh boy, she's going to be great on my radio program.. Of course I don't want to spoil her...I wonder how much they pay her at the May Company.....Oh I'll ask her tonight when we're having dinner at the Cafeteria.

(MUSIC LOUD, THEN FADES OUT)

(WALKING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: And that, Mr. Kearns, is how I found Miss Livingstone.

KEARNS: Well that's a very interesting story.

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Well here's my house, Mr. Kearns...Would you like to come in for a cup of coffee?

KEARNS: No thanks, I've gotta run along...now...Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye.

(FOOTSTEPS UP WALK)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)

(PLAYOFF MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

JACK:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. THE RECENT MEETING OF THE BIG THREE AT YALTA PROVED THAT, EVEN THOUGH THE WAR IS FAR FROM OVER, THE ALLIED NATIONS ARE PREPARING FOR PEACE IN TIME OF WAR...PLANNING THE NUCLEUS -- PERHAPS THE FUNDAMENTAL FRAMEWORK -- OF A POSTWAR ORGANIZATION TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT WAR DOES NOT COME AGAIN. NATIONS ARE MADE UP OF INDIVIDUALS...PEOPLE LIKE YOU AND ME...AND WE, AS INDIVIDUALS, MUST CO-ORDINATE OUR EFFORTS FOR THAT POSTWAR PEACE BY SUPPORTING ALL WAR ACTIVITIES. NOW IS THE TIME TO PROTECT AND STRENGTHEN OUR KNOCK-OUT BLOW BY GIVING FREELY TO THE RED CROSS, BUYING AND KEEPING WAR BONDS, GIVING MORE BLOOD FOR PLASMA...BY SUPPORTING RATIONING, WRITING CHEERFUL V-MAIL LETTERS TO HIM OVER THERE, AND STICKING TO OUR WARTIME JOBS. THERE'S NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN INDIVIDUALS AND NATIONS.

THANK YOU.

(APPLAUSE)

DON:

And now Jack will be back in just a minute, but first here are my good friends, L. A. "Speed" Riggs and Kenneth Delmar.

JACK BENNY
PROGRAM #25
4TH REV.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DELMAR: Smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!

SHARBUTT: It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette.
And independent tobacco experts present at the
auctions can see Lucky Strike buy the finer, the
lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.
This fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down
smoking enjoyment for you. So, smoke that smoke of
fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

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).
Basil Ruysdael speaking.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Yes, fine tobacco means a fine cigarette. So, smoke
(Imp. Tag #4) 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)

ATX01 0236386

TAG

#25

JACK: Well folks, this ends another program, and we'll be with you next Sunday night broadcasting from the Redistribution Station at Santa Barbara.....

(DOOR OPENS FAST)

MARY: Oh Jack, Jack, I'm so sorry I'm late...this is the first time I've ever missed a program.

JACK: Yeah, what happened to you?

MARY: Well, I took a nap before the broadcast, and my alarm didn't go off.

JACK: Well it's all right, Mary, don't worry about it.

MARY: Well what did you do, Jack?...What was the show about?

JACK: Oh nothing, nothing.

MARY: Oh, come on, tell me.

JACK: No no, you wouldn't be interested..Goodnight, folks.

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