

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. #26

DATE: MARCH 25, 1945

PROGRAM: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK: NBC

I. OPENING NEW YORK

AS BROADCAST

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

BOONE: (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: Yes sir!
(Ex. 1)

RUYSDAEL: That says it!

SHARBUTT: And how!

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

(MORE)

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RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DELMAR: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. And
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - Yes, first last and
always Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - the finer,
the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment,
smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SHOW)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: BROADCASTING FOR THE ARMY GROUND AND SERVICE FORCES AT
THE SANTA BARBARA REDISTRIBUTION STATION..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: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..YOU MAY NOT BE IN AN AIRPLANE, ON
A SHIP, OR HAVING TARGET PRACTICE..BUT FASTEN YOUR
SAFETY BELT, BATTEN DOWN YOUR HATCH AND KEEP OUT OF
RANGE..BECAUSE HERE HE COMES..JACK BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Yes sir..Thank you, thank you..Hello again, this is Jack
Benny talking..And Don, that was a very unusual
introduction..but during the last war when I was on a
ship, it wasn't batten down the hatch. It was batten
down the hutch.

DON: Batten down the hutch?

JACK: Yes..things were so quiet our Admiral was raising
rabbits. That's the first egg, you hutch it, Don.
Anyway, Don, it's wonderful being up here at the
Santa Barbara Redistribution station, isn't it?

DON: It certainly is, Jack. You do know what an Army
redistribution station is, don't you?

JACK: Oh of course, Don, of course...That's where they bring the boys to kinda feel 'em out to see if they'd like to be civilians again. You know what I mean, fellas... Don, yesterday one fellow here volunteered to be a civilian..and this morning he begged to be back in uniform. He found out that a blue serge suit picks up everything but girls. Anyway, Don...

DON: Now wait a minute, Jack, you've got the whole thing wrong..A redistribution station is where they send the boys to be re-assigned for further duty.

JACK: Oh oh oh..Gee, how can a big star like me who almost won the Academy Award, be so stupid..Anyway, Don...
(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.
(DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes.

MEL: The boys stationed here at Santa Barbara have asked me to present you with this delayed action bomb.

JACK: Delayed action bomb? Why give it to me?

MEL: We've delayed it long enough...Goodbye.
(DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Hmm..that's a fine way for the army to treat me just because I used to be in the Navy.

DON: Oh, they're only kidding, Jack. In fact, you wouldn't have had that room last night if the Army hadn't control of the Biltmore hotel here..You told me yourself you had a nice room.

JACK: Oh the room was all right, but all night long a sentry with a rifle over his shoulder kept walking up and down outside my door..IF THEY WANTED ME TO PAY IN ADVANCE WHY DIDN'T THEY SAY SO! You know..Anyway...And another thing..I don't like the idea of having those soldiers act as bell-boys..It's the first time I ever walked into a hotel, registered, and was carried up to my room on the end of a bayonet..I felt like a pin-cushion and I ain't got much cushion..Believe me, the next time I --

PHIL: OKAY FELLAS, YOU CAN LAUGH AND RELAX, BECAUSE HARRIS IS HERE WITH THEM DYNAMITE CRACKS.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Oh, fine. Dynamite cracks..Phil, if you're such an ad lib comedian, why didn't you get here at the start of the show?

PHIL: Well, I would have, Jackson, but I was outside talkin' to a soldier about his postwar plans.

JACK: His postwar plans?

PHIL: Yeah, so I asked him if she had a friend for me...
HA HA HA HA..OH HARRIS, YOU NON-COMMISSIONED JOY BOY.

JACK: Dynamite cracks..Phil, those are the kind of jokes that would make Fred Allen go out and borrow some blood
so he can blush...And you know that --

PHIL: What are you talkin' about, Jackson, I got talent. Why, I'm the main attraction at my new night club.

DON: Oh yes, Phil, I meant to ask you..How's that new business venture of yours coming along?

JACK: Yes, Phil, how is that joint?

PHIL: Look Jackson, don't call my night club a joint..I got a pretty classy lay-out there, you know..We got beautiful oil paintings on the walls, drapes on the windows and soft lights on the ceiling.

JACK: What have you got on the floor?

PHIL: Hair, it used to be a barber shop.

JACK: A barber ship!

PHIL: Yeah..As a matter of fact, the barber's lease isn't up yet so we're both operatin' in the same room.

JACK: What?

PHIL: While I'm clippin' 'em on one end, he's clippin' 'em on the other!

JACK: That's..that's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of.

PHIL: You know yesterday a guy came in for a once over lightly and the barber steamed his face with my bar towel.

JACK: With your bar towel!

PHIL: Yeah..It's the first time I ever saw a guy stagger home from a shave.

JACK: Phil, what kind of a --

PHIL: That's our slogan, Jackson..SHAVE AND A HANGOVER, TWO BITS!

JACK: Phil, I don't know how you get mixed up with all these --

MARY: HELLO, JACK, HI YA, FELLAHS.

JACK: HELLO MARY, HELLO.
(APPLAUSE)

MARY: Thanks, boys..

JACK: Mary, just stand there...Gee...you look beautiful...
No wonder the fashion Academy voted you the best-dressed
woman in radio...What a lovely outfit you're wearing...
What material....What lines....What style....And what
are those things hanging around your neck?

MARY: My shoes, my feet hurt.

JACK: Oh, oh...Well, I don't blame you..Sometimes I feel like
doing the same thing, but my shoes never match my suit...
What's new, Mary?

MARY: Not much, Jack...My mother sends you her regards.

JACK: Oh, did you call her?

MARY: No, I just got a letter from her.

JACK: Oh, another letter from your mother?...Well...what does
your father's top sergeant have to say?

MARY: Here it is...(CLEARS THROAT)....MY DARLING DAUGHTER
MARY....I WOULD HAVE ANSWERED YOUR LETTER SOONER, BUT
PAPA AND I HAVE BEEN VERY BUSY ON THE FARM WITH OUR
SPRING PLANTING...WE JUST FINISHED A FEW DAYS AGO AND
ALREADY THE FIELD IS FULL OF CORN AND BY THE WAY HOW IS
JACK?

JACK: I don't get the connection..there...

MARY: ANYWAY, WE ARE ENJOYING THIS BEAUTIFUL SPRING WEATHER,
AND I GUESS IT HAS AFFECTED PAPA, BECAUSE YESTERDAY
HE WHISTLED AT A GIRL.

JACK: Well, good for Papa.

MARY: I THINK HE OVERDID IT BECAUSE WE SPENT THE NEXT THREE
HOURS LOOKING FOR HIS TEETH.

JACK: What enthusiasm.

MARY: THINGS ARE SURE HAPPENING FAST THESE DAYS, AND THE DRAFT BOARD SEEMS TO BE IN AN AWFUL HURRY....LAST WEEK YOUR COUSIN BOBBIE WENT DOWN TO TAKE HIS PHYSICAL, AND TODAY HE JUST RETURNED FROM NEW GUINEA ON A FURLOUGH.

JACK: Boy, that is fast, isn't it?

MARY: AND OH YES, MARY, I HAVE SOME EXCITING NEWS FOR YOU... LAST THURSDAY OUR WHOLE GANG WENT OUT FOR A DRIVE, AND YOUR SISTER BABE AND THE BOY SHE'S ENGAGED TO WERE RIDING IN THE RUMBLE SEAT...WE HIT A BUMP AND THE RUMBLE SEAT SNAPPED SHUT.

JACK: My goodness!

MARY: WE WORKED FOR HOURS AND WE COULDN'T GET IT OPEN...SO WE CALLED THE MINISTER AND HE MARRIED 'EM THROUGH THE KEY HOLE.

JACK: Can you imagine that?

MARY: YOUR COUSIN BOBBIE BLEW RICE AT 'EM THROUGH A STRAW.

JACK: Oh boy, what a family.

MARY: NO OTHER NEWS...ALL MY LOVE, MAMA.

JACK: That's very cute....What's that P.S., Mary?

MARY: Oh, Jack, you wouldn't be interested.

JACK: I would to, let me read it...P.S. I READ IN THE PAPERS, MARY, THAT YOU WON THE TITLE OF THE BEST-DRESSED WOMAN IN RADIO...HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY DO IT ON WHAT JACK PAYS YOU?....Your mother hates me because I own the mortgage on her farm...Now where's Larry, I want him to...

LARRY: Here I am, Mr. Benny.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Oh, oh, hello, hello, kid..it's about time now to do a song.

LARRY: Okay...But before I do, Mr. Benny, I want to give you a little tip.

JACK: Tip?....What is it?

LARRY: You oughta go to Mr. Harris's night club...Wow, what fun!

JACK: Larry, you went to Phil Harris's night club?

LARRY: Sure..and boy, was I dizzy when I left?

JACK: Dizzy!...PHIL, YOU DIDN'T GIVE THIS KID ANYTHING TO --

PHIL: Don't get excited, Jackson...We just spun him around in the barber chair and sent him home.

JACK: Oh...Go ahead and sing, Kid.

(INTRO TO SONG)

JACK: I'll have to visit that night club the next time I need a shave.

(SEGUE INTO LARRY'S NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "With A Song In My Heart", sung by Larry Stevens....and now fellas...

PHIL: Hey, Jackson, I've been meanin' to ask you..What's that thing you've been holdin' in your hand all the time?

JACK: This?

PHIL: Yeah.

JACK: Oh, nothing...It's just a delayed action bomb...The boys here presented me with it.

PHIL: The boys here gave you a bomb?

MARY: Yes, they voted Jack the comedian most likely to go places.

JACK: Ha ha ha...very funny.
(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

MEL: There's a man out in the hall, and he wants to see ya...His name is Allan.

JACK: Alan?

MARY: Jack, I didn't know Fred Allen was in town.

JACK: Neither did I, he just wants to get in here so he can louse up my program.

PHIL: Look, Jackson, if Fred Allen is outside, why don't you let him in?...The boys here would like to see him.

JACK: Well I don't blame 'em...With those bags under his eyes he looks like he's wearing a fatigue skin...
Look, Bud, go tell that guy out in the hall to get goin' or I'll punch him in the nose.

MEL: Oh I wouldn't want to do that.

JACK: Well send him in, I'll punch him in the nose myself.
Send him in, will you?

MEL: Okay...(YELLS) YOU CAN COME IN MISTER.
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Okay, Allen, you asked for it, so..Hey, wait a minute...
you're not Fred Allen.

LADD: No, I'm Alan Ladd.

JACK: Alan Ladd!
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, well, well...Alan Ladd..the guy in pictures that's supposed to be so tough.

LADD: What do you mean supposed to be?

PHIL: Go ahead, Jackson, punch him in the nose, like you said you would.

JACK: No, no.....He's shorter than I am.

LADD: Don't let that stop you...I'll hit you so hard you'd be foolish to bounce back!

JACK: (TOUGH) Oh yeah?....Now wait a minute, tough guy.....
Who do you think you're talkin' to?....Huh?...Who do you think you're talkin' to?

LADD: JACK BENNY.

JACK: (COY) Gee, everybody knows me....Gee, I'm so popular.

LADD: Just as I thought, Benny....You're a coward.

JACK: Oh yeah?

LADD: Yeah.

JACK: Oh yeah?

LADD: Yeah.

JACK:Oh yeah?

LADD: Yeah.

MARY: Ladies and gentlemen, you have just been listening to ten thousand dollars worth of talent.

JACK: Never mind, Mary, I'll handle him...You know, Alan, you think you're pretty quick on the trigger, don't you?

LADD: Yeah.

JACK: Oh yeah?

LADD: Yeah.

PHIL: Hold onto your hats, kids, here we go again.

JACK: Wait a minute, Phil, I want to settle this thing right now...Look here, Alan, nobody sent for you...You butted in here and started this whole thing...What's the idea of calling me a coward?

LADD: BECAUSE YOU'RE YELLOW!

JACK: THAT'S A LIVER CONDITION.....Anyway, what did you come in here for?....You play tough guys in the movies, and this is a comedy program.

LADD: Oh yeah?

JACK: Now cut that out.

LADD: Oh Jack, I'm only kidding...I happened to be in town, so I thought I'd just drop over and say hello.

JACK: Oh, Oh, you were kidding, eh?....well that's different... I'm glad now I didn't hit you. And it's nice you dropped in, Alan, because tonight, as our feature attraction, you know we're going to do a murder mystery.

LADD: Swell...Do you mind if I sit down and listen to it?

JACK: No, not at all...Now, ladies and gentlemen, in our sketch tonight, I will once again play the part of that famous, fearless, crime-busting master detective, Captain O'Benny...Phil, you'll be my assistant, Officer O'Harris...and Mary --

MARY: Yes, Jack?

JACK: You'll be the wife of the murdered man.

MARY: Is he dead yet?

JACK: Not yet, but he's at the Seven Seas getting a little stiff...Now let's see...who can be the murderer...Hey, I got an idea...Alan Ladd!..Say Alan, the murderer.... I've got a great part for you...How about it?

LADD: Nothing doing, Jack, I'm kind of tired...I just finished making a picture at Paramount called "Salty O'Rourke", soon to be released at all the neighborhood theatres, men in uniform half price.

JACK: Oh.

DON: And you can best enjoy this picture by sitting in the balcony smoking a Lucky Strike cigarette.

JACK: Don!

LADD: Let him alone, he's talking about my picture.

JACK: Oh.

DON: And you will rave about this picture while smoking a Lucky Strike because Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

JACK: Don!

DON: SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED.

JACK: Don!

LADD: LET HIM ALONE, HE'S TALKING ABOUT MY PICTURE.

JACK: Oh.

DON: SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW!

LADD: Thank you, Don.

DON: You're welcome, Alan.

JACK: Imagine, coming here just to plug his picture...Now let's get back to our sketch...And look, Alan, I'm still willing to give you the part of the murderer...if you can handle it.

LADD: What do you mean if?

JACK: Well the murderer in this sketch has got to be pretty tough guy, I don't know whether you're the right guy for it.

LADD: Are you kiddin'?...Let me tell you how tough I am...A couple of days ago I walked up to Humphrey Bogart, grabbed him by the collar and said, "LISTEN BOGIE, HOLLYWOOD AIN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US, SEE?"

JACK: And what happened?

LADD: Well....here I am in Santa Barbara.

JACK: Hmm...Well what's...Well, what's...that you've got in your hand?

LADD: Bogart's necktie, he hit me so fast I didn't have time to let go.

JACK: Well don't worry about it, he must have other ties..
Anyway, Alan, I'm sure you'll be all right for the
part...and we'll do this sketch right after Phil
Harris plays --
(PHONE RINGS)

JACK: There's the phone...I'll take it.
(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Hello.

ROCHESTER: HELLO MR. BENNY, THIS IS ROCHESTER.
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, I thought you were going to be here at noon.

ROCHESTER: I would have, boss, but I had trouble with the car.

JACK: What was the matter, couldn't you start it?

ROCHESTER: NO, I COULDN'T STOP IT!

JACK: Rochester, don't tell me you had another accident.

ROCHESTER: Uh huh.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake...Is my car damaged much?

ROCHESTER: I DON'T KNOW..BUT IF THE POSTWAR CAR HAS THE ENGINE IN
THE REAR, YOU'RE ALL SET!

JACK: Oh Rochester, this is terrible...What did you hit?

ROCHESTER: The First National Bank at the corner of Fourth and
Main.

JACK: Rochester, the First National Bank is on Third and
Main.

ROCHESTER: NOT ANY MORE!

JACK: You mean you ran into a building?...How in the world
could you do that?

ROCHESTER: Well...I was drivin' down Main Street and I stepped
on the gas to make a light.

JACK: Did you have a green light?

ROCHESTER: No.

JACK: Don't tell me the light was red!

ROCHESTER: No, but I found out one thing.

JACK: What.

ROCHESTER: THAT MIDDLE LIGHT AIN'T FOREVER AMBER!

JACK: You mean as you went across the light changed?

ROCHESTER: Uh huh..and coming from the north was a Greyhound bus
and coming from the south was a big truck.

JACK: Oh my goodness....Where's my car now?

ROCHESTER: ANY PARTICULAR PART YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW ABOUT?

JACK: Oh that's awful...My car must be smashed to pieces..and
after what I paid for it.

ROCHESTER: But boss, aren't you even gonna ask me how I am?

JACK: (APOLOGETIC) Oh yes, yes, I'm sorry I was so
thoughtless...How are you, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: I'M FINE, HOW ARE YOU?

JACK: That's what I thought..Now where are you calling from?

ROCHESTER: WELL THIS MAY SURPRISE YOU, BOSS, BUT I'M IN A PHONE
BOOTH.

JACK: In a phone booth!..What's so surprising about that?

ROCHESTER: I DIDN'T GET OUT OF THE CAR YET!

JACK: Rochester, I'll talk to you when I get home...
Goodbye.

ROCHESTER: Goodbye.
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Every time he takes the car out alone something happens
...Play, Phil.
(SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)
(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "I'm Beginning To See The Light", played by Phil Harris, just opened his eyes...And now, ladies and gentlemen, for the first time on the air, we will present our blood-curdling drama..filled with mystery, murder and suspense...entitled, "THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW...OR..OR..IT'S A GOOD THING THE VENETIAN WAS BLIND"...Don't hutch that one, brother. As our scene opens, I, Captain O'Behny, and my assistant, Officer O'Harris, are prowling around Santa Barbara in a police car.

(MYSTERY MUSIC, FADES TO:)

(AUTO MOTOR, FADES)

JACK: It's a quiet night, isn't it, O'Harris?

PHIL: It sure is, Captain...There's not a soul on the street.

JACK: Yes, but there've been complaints that the people of this town aren't obeying the new midnight curfew.

PHIL: They're not?

JACK: No, they're acting just the same as they always did.. still going to bed at nine o'clock...Say, you know we oughta start --

DON: (FILTER) CALLING ALL CARS...CALLING ALL CARS...THERE'S BEEN A MURDER...THERE'S BEEN A MURDER..AND HERE IS THE ADDRESS WHERE THE MURDER WAS COMMITTED.

MEL: (FILTER) But before we give you the address, here is a message from our sponsor, The Bent Bean Blackjack Company....Policemen, are your blackjacks getting sluggish?...Do they sound dull when they land on a skull?...They do...Then why not try our product? If you use a Bent Bean Blackjack, you're Sure To Get Ahead! And now for the address.

ATX01 0236404

DON: THE MURDER TOOK PLACE AT ONE-SIXTEEN SERRANO AVENUE,
WHICH IS RIGHT NEXT TO THE HACIENDA DE LA CABALLERO
DON JUAN RANCHERO AMIGO CAFE.

PHIL: I know that place, Captain, let's get goin'.

JACK: Okay..Hacienda De La Caballero Don Juan Ranchero
Amigo Cafe..What does that mean?

PHIL: That's Spanish for "Get the rum out of your Coca Cola,
fellahs, here comes the M.P."

JACK: Oh oh....Well, come on, let's go.

PHIL: Okay, Mon Capitaine.
(MUSIC TRANSITION)

PHIL: This is the place, Captain.

JACK: All right...You stand guard here...I'll go inside.
(LOUD KNOCKING ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: How do you do, I'm Captain O'Benny, and I'm here to
investigate a murder.

MARY: (OOMPHY) Well, come on in, Big Boy..what took you so
long?

JACK: Huh?

MARY: Come on in, Baby...I'll shut the door and we'll be cozy.

JACK: Okay.

PHIL: (LITTLE OFF) BE CAREFUL, CAPTAIN, IT MAY BE A TRAP.

JACK: IF THIS IS..IF THIS IS A TRAP, JUST CALL BE BOOBY..
Remley nearly killed that for me...Now keep your eyes
open for clues.
(DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: And now, young lady, I've got some questions for you.

MARY: Good, Chiefie, I've got some answers for you.

JACK: Oh you have, eh?...What's your name?

MARY: Just call me Cookie.

JACK: Hmm..I never found anything like this in Grandma's Cookie Jar..Now tell me what happened.

MARY: My husband was murdered..Some low-down dirty sneak climbed in the window and shot him in the back.

JACK: Now wait a minute..How could a man reach such a high window?

MARY: I gave him a boost.

JACK: Oh...I knew he couldn't do it by himself...Now I could solve the case if I could only find the man who came through the window.

LADD: (MENACING) You don't have to look any further, copper.. Up with your hands!

JACK: What?

LADD: You heard me..STICK YOUR HANDS UP!

JACK: (SURPRISED) Is this a robbery?

LADD: (SWEST) No, I just wanna see if you use Jergens Lotion.

JACK: Oh you do, eh?...Well put away that gun.

(MARY WALKS TO LADD'S MIKE)

LADD: No no, I have a lot of fun with this gun..Look, I'll show you..Now you, Cookie, come over here and give me a kiss.

MARY: Me?

LADD: You heard me, Cookie..Come over here and kiss me or I'll shoot!

MARY: Okay.

(MARY AND ALAN KISS..BUT GOOD)

MARY: Say..what do you need a gun for, handsome?

JACK: Hmm.

LADD: Not bad, huh?

MARY: Bad..Why your kisses are like champagne..like caviar..
like filet mignon!
(MARY WALKS BACK TO OWN MIKE)

JACK: Champagne, caviar, filet mignon..If you think that's
something, baby, I'll show you a real kiss..Here!
(JACK GIVES MARY A QUICK KISS)

JACK: How was that?

MARY: One meatball!

JACK: Is that so..Well listen, sister, I used to be the best..
Hey..I get it now..You two are partners in this crime..
You wanted your husband murdered to get the famous Van
Dusen pearls..What's that you're wearing around your
neck?

MARY: My shoes, my feet hurt.

JACK: Oh yes, I forgot..Anyway, sister, I'm gonna run you in.

LADD: Wait a minute, Blue Eyes..You talk to her like that and
I'll punch you right in the nose.

JACK: Oh yeah?

LADD: Yeah.

JACK: Oh yeah?

LADD: Yeah.

JACK:Oh yeah?

LADD: Yeah.

MARY: (STRAIGHT) Ladies and gentlemen, you are listening to a
transcription of an earlier broadcast.

JACK: What?

MARY: And it wasn't good the first time.

JACK: Cut that out..NOW COME ON, YOU TWO..I'M TAKING BOTH OF
YOU TO JAIL.

LADD: OH NO YOU'RE NOT!

(FIVE GUN SHOTS)

JACK: HA HA HA..YOU MISSED ME TWICE!...NOW COME ON, LET'S GO.

(DOOR OPENS RAPIDLY)

PHIL: (BREATHLESS) HEY CAPTAIN, I HEARD GUN SHOTS, I HEARD GUN SHOTS.

JACK: Yes and here's the guy with the gun.

PHIL: (Hmm..how do you like that...I ran in the wrong direction)

JACK: COME ON, O'HARRIS, WE'RE GONNA DRAG THIS GUY IN.

LADD: (VERY DRAMATIC, WITH BIG BUILD-UP) Wait a minute..Wait a minute, Captain..Don't lock me up..Don't lock me up, please..Give me another chance..I'll never do it again, I swear I won't..I'll go straight from now on, I tell ya..I'm not really bad.

JACK: Oh you're not, eh?

LADD: (STILL DRAMATIC) Don't hit me, don't hit me..Put down that Bent Bear Blackjack.

JACK: What?

LADD: Give me a break..Give me a break, Captain..I'll do anything you say..Anything..ANYTHING.....BOY, IF THIS PERFORMANCE DOESN'T WIN NEXT YEAR'S ACADEMY AWARD I'M QUITTING!

JACK: AW FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, YOU SPOILED OUR WHOLE SKETCH..COME ON, MARY, PUT ON YOUR SHOES AND LET'S GO!

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF MUSIC)

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

JACK BENNY
PROGRAM #26
7TH REV.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: Make no mistake, in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. John Lawrence Cummins, independent tobacco auctioneer of Cynthiana, Kentucky, said:

CUMMINS: In twenty-one years of auctioneering, I have seen Lucky Strike buy ripe, sweet tobacco. It's only a matter of common sense for any man to act on what he knows. That's why I've been smoking Luckies for eighteen years.

SHARBUTT: Make no mistake, in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike.

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 for the makers of Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

IS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Certain facts are plain: it takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette. And, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - yes, first, last and always, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

ATX01 0236409

TAG

#26

JACK: Well folks, this winds up another broadcast, and we want to thank all you officers and men at Santa Barbara for inviting us up here...I also want to thank Paramount and the Acme Machine Gun Company for allowing Alan Ladd to appear on this program..Now come on Mary, let's go.

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack..you're not going to take that bomb home with you, are you?

JACK: Sure, Mary, it's a souvenir from the boys..Ha ha ha... I'll bet all you listeners thought this bomb was gonna go off. Well that just shows how --

(TERRIFIC EXPLOSION AND GLASS CRASH)

JACK: Hmm.

ROCHESTER: HELLO BOSS, YOU GOT HOME SOONER THAN I THOUGHT!

JACK: Good night, folks.

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