

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:

DATE: #27

PROGRAM:

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK: SUN. 4/1/45
NBC

REBROADCAST

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: You said it!
(Excl. A)

SHARBUTT: Why, sure!

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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BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette,
and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. At tobacco
auctions they attend independent tobacco experts -
auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen - can see
Lucky Strike consistently select and buy the finer,
the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike
tobacco.

DELMAR: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So smoke that
smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(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, SINCE THIS IS EASTER
LET'S GO OUT TO BEVERLY HILLS...TO THE HOME OF THAT
OLD EASTER RABBIT...JACK BENNY!

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS FIRST FOUR STRAINS OF "EASTER PARADE")

(PHONE RINGS...CLICK OF RECEIVER)

ROCHESTER: HELLO...MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE..STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN,
RADIO AND EGGS DYED OR LAID AS THE OCCASION DEMANDS.

MARY: Rochester, this is Miss Livingstone, and I'd like to
speak to Mr. Benny, please.

ROCHESTER: OH, I'M SORRY, MISS LIVINGSTONE, I WOULDN'T WANT TO
DISTURB THE ADMIRAL NOW.

MARY: Rochester, what are you talking about?

ROCHESTER: HAVEN'T YOU HEARD...MR BENNY'S BEEN MADE AN ADMIRAL!

MARY: Jack Benny an Admiral!

ROCHESTER: Are you surprised?

MARY: Surprised! Rochester, I knew we were winning, but this
is ridiculous.

ROCHESTER: I know, Miss Livingstone, but I saw it in the paper...
He got the commission from Governor Griswald of
Nebraska.

MARY: Gee!

ROCHESTER: And Mr. Benny is now a full-fledged admiral in the
Nebraska Navy.

MARY. In the Nebraska...Oh, I get it...He's an imaginary admiral in an imaginary navy.

ROCHESTER: Yeah, but he's takin' it seriously..HE MADE ME SEW GOLD STRIPES ON HIS BLUE SERGE SUIT.

MARY. Oh, for heaven's sake...Rochester, how many stripes did he make you sew on?

ROCHESTER: I DON'T KNOW, BUT YOU COULD CUT THE SLEEVES OFF AT THE ELBOW AND HE'D STILL BE A FULL ADMIRAL!

MARY: (LAUGHS) Well, Rochester, you remind Mr. Benny that he promised to take me to the Easter parade... and tell him not to be late.

ROCHESTER: I'll tell him....Goodbye.

MARY: Goodbye.

(CLICK OF RECEIVER...FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS)

ROCHESTER: Doggone, ever since Nebraska made Mr. Benny an admiral, he's been upstairs workin' out fleet maneuvers...I better get him away from that bathtub before he messes up the whole room.

(FOOTSTEPS STOP...DOOR OPENS)

ROCHESTER: Oh, Mr. Benny...

(RIPPLE OF WATER)

ROCHESTER: Say, boss --

(RIPPLE OF WATER)

ROCHESTER: OH, ADMIRAL!

JACK: What?....Oh...Oh, it's you, Rochester...Glad to have you aboard...Batten down the hatch and sit down..What do you want?

ROCHESTER: YOUR BREAKFAST IS GETTIN' COLD DOWN ON THE LOWER DECK.

JACK: Well, I can't..I can't leave now, I'm about to engage the enemy..Now watch...The enemy fleet is over here....

(RIPPLE OF WATER)

ROCHESTER: Boss, don't splash water on that bath mat.

JACK: Quiet...Now I swing my carriers around like this....

(RIPPLE OF WATER)

JACK: And bring my destroyers over to this side and encircle 'em...There you are..Rochester...Now if you were the enemy and I had you surrounded like that...what would you do?

ROCHESTER: I'D PULL OUT THE PLUG AND GROUND EVERY SHIP YOU'VE GOT!

JACK: Don't be silly...Being an admiral in the Nebraska Navy is serious business.

ROCHESTER: Aye aye sir.

JACK: And anyway, I'm proud of my appointment...in fact, I'm sorry I didn't stay with it when I was in the service twenty-four years ago...Yes sir, military life is the life for me...And those promotions! Look where Patton went in the last twenty-four years.

ROCHESTER: LOOK WHERE HE WENT IN THE LAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

JACK: You said it..Now Rochester, help me take my fleet out of the bathtub and then --

ROCHESTER: Oh say boss, I meant to tell you...Miss Livingstone called and said you promised to take her to the Easter parade.

JACK: Oh yes, yes...I better get ready.

(CLANK, CLANK OF METAL)

ROCHESTER: Boss, if you're goin' out, don't you think you oughta
take off those medals?

JACK: Huh?

ROCHESTER: Or wear half of 'em on your right side, you're listing
to port!

JACK: Oh yes...yes...Say, I just happened to think of
something...I promised to take my girl, Gladys
Zybisco, to the Easter Parade too...I'll pick her up
on the way to Miss Livingstone's...
(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(WALKING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Ahh, what beautiful weather for Easter...I hope Gladys and Mary are ready when I pick 'em up...Gladys Zybisco.. I've been going with her now for nine years....(HMS EASTER PARADE)...Oh hello there, children.

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

GIRL: Hello, mister.

BOY: Hello.

JACK: Well....I see you have your Easter baskets with you..and they're full of eggs.

GIRL: Yes..I've got two green ones, two red ones, and three blue ones!

JACK: Well!

BOY: And I've got three yellow ones, two green ones and one pink one.

JACK: Well now isn't that nice..You know who I am, don't you, children?...I'm Jack Benny.

GIRL: Yes, we know...You tell us every time you see us.

JACK: Oh yes, yes.

BOY: And you want to know something?...Last night our mother and father were talking about you.

JACK: Really?

BOY: Yes, they thought we were asleep.

JACK: Oh...Oh...Well so long, children.

KIDS: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

(LIGHT FOOTSTEPS)

BOY: Hey, sis --

GIRL: What?

BOY: He looks a lot older than thirty-six, doesn't he?

JACK: Did you say something, Sonny?

BOY: No no....Goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

(JACK'S FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE)

JACK: (HUMS EASTER PARADE) Gee...They're cute kids, but that little boy looks a lot older than seven....(HUMS)...Well hello, Don...where are you going?

DON: I'm on my way down to the express office, Jack, to pick up a set of encyclopedias.

JACK: A set of encyclopedias?

DON: Yes, I just got to tell you, Jack...I sent in two questions to a quiz program, and boy, did I stump those experts!

JACK: No kiddin', Don...what were the questions?

DON: Well the first one was..What does ISMFT stand for?...

And Jack, what do you think they answered?

JACK: What?

DON: They said ISMFT stands for Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

JACK: But Don, they answered correctly...How'd you get those encyclopedias?

DON: It was the second question..Why are Lucky Strike cigarettes so popular?

JACK: You mean that stumped 'em?

DON: No...They said Lucky Strikes were so popular because they're made from the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobaccos.

JACK: Well, Don, they answered correctly again.

DON: Sure, everyone knows that Lucky Strike --

JACK: Wait a minute, wait a minute...If those experts answered your questions right, how did you get the set of encyclopedias?

DON: Oh I bought those when we were in Chicago.

JACK: Oh oh, I see...Well so long, Don.

DON: So long, Jack.

(FOOTSTEPS START AGAIN)

JACK: I like Don Wilson and his sly commercials...The way he tricks me into keeping my job.

(FOOTSTEPS KEEP TIME WITH JACK'S SINGING)

JACK: (HUMS, FAST, EASTER PARADE)...Whew...I better sing slower, I can't walk that fast.....(HUMS SLOW)...Oh darn it, I meant to call Larry Stevens before I left the house and find out what he was going to sing on the program this evening...When I talked to Phil he told me about the arrangement...I remember he said they were going to use a harp....

(HARP)

JACK: And four violins...I remember-he said that, too.

(VIOLINS COME IN)

JACK: Say, that's going to be kind of nice...with the harp in the background, and the violins playing the soft melody...Yep...Yup, it ought to be a beautiful number.

(SEGUE INTO LARRY'S NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

(FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Yup, I bet that'll be beautiful..that song..(HUMS EASTER PARADE).....

KEARNS: Oh Mr. Benny --

JACK: Huh?

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Oh...Oh it's you, Mr. Kearns..How's the newspaper business?

KEARNS: Oh fine, fine.

JACK: Funny, I always seem to run into you on the street.

KEARNS: Well I was just going over to your house to thank you for those stories you gave me.

JACK: Oh you mean how I found Mary Livingstone?

KEARNS: Um hum, and how you found Rochester.

JACK: Well I'm glad you liked them.

KEARNS: You know those first two articles were very successful.. and now my editor is interested in knowing how you found Phil Harris.

JACK: Phil Harris?

KEARNS: That's right.

JACK: Well, okay,.walk along with me, Mr. Kearns and I'll give you the whole story.

KEARNS: All right...

(FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: You see, it was ten years ago that I first met Phil Harris...I remember the day well, because it was Mary's birthday, and I wanted to show her a nice time....so I got all dressed up and went over to her house and let her make dinner for me....

(MORE)

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JACK:
(CONTD)

The meal was delicious...I remember we had thick sirloin steaks smothered in onions and stripped with bacon...

Yes sir, that was ten years ago!

(TRANSITION MUSIC - "WISHING")

(LITTLE RATTLE OF DISHES)

JACK: Gosh, Mary, this is a terrific meal.

MARY: Thank you, Jack.

JACK: Gee...The steak is so tender and so easy to cut..It just melts in your mouth.

MARY: Jack, put on your glasses, you're eating the butter.

JACK: Oh...Well anyway, Mary, it was sweet of you to invite me over to your apartment for dinner...And wait till you see the bottle of champagne I brought you for a birthday present..you know...You've heard of those famous imported champagnes, like Vintage Premier and Chateau Calais.

MARY: Yes.

JACK: Well this is a new brand..Savan-00p....You know Mary, I was just thinking...Here it is 1935, and it's been three years since I put you on my radio program.

MARY: It's been over three years.

JACK: Yup..Say Mary, what would you do if I gave you a little raise?

MARY: I'd quit my job at the May Company!

JACK: Don't worry, Mary...you just stick with me, and in another two or three years, you won't have to work at the May Company..except maybe Saturdays...the day'll come.

MARY: Let's not talk about that, Jack...The evening's young, and it's my birthday, so let's do something.

JACK: Well...uh...I was going to suggest something.

MARY: What?

JACK: Well..uh...first let's go over and sit on the sofa.

MARY: Uh-huh.

JACK: Then we'll snuggle up close to each other.

MARY: Uh-huh.

JACK: Then we'll turn the lights down low.

MARY: Uh-huh.

JACK: Then we'll tell ghost stories...How about it?

MARY: Well....Mama warned me about everything but this.

JACK: What?

MARY: Jack, why don't we go out somewhere? Let's go to the Coccanut Grove.

JACK: Well maybe..Hey, wait a minute, Mary, I've got an idea. There's a night club way downtown on North Figueroa Street, and there's a new band playing there..Let's see.. what's the name of that band again? Oh yes..PHIL HARRIS AND HIS SYNCOPATED SERENADERS FROM THE SOLID SOUTH..

MARY: Phil Harris...I never heard of him.

JACK: Well he's just coming up, and I'd like to go hear him, Mary, because you know I need a new orchestra for my program.

MARY: All right, let's go.

JACK: Okay..Now let's see, where's that night club now? Oh yes..on Figueron about six miles east of the La Brea Tar Pits. Come on Mary.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Here it is, Mary..this is the place.

MARY: Holy smoke, what a night club..this is an awful joint.

JACK: Mary, you can't tell anything about it from the outside.

MARY: Yes, but look at the name of it. The Rewes Club.

JACK: So what?

MARY: Rewes spelled backwards is sewer.

JACK: All right, what's the difference.

MARY: And look Jack, you have to go down these stairs.

JACK: Yeah...Okay, let's go down. Watch your step, Mary.
(HOLLOW FOOTSTEPS WALKING DOWN STAIRS...ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON...STOP ON CUE)

JACK: (PANTING) Let's rest..If I go down any farther I'll get the bends.

MARY: I think we hit bottom, Jack...here's the door.

JACK: Oh yes.
(DOOR OPENS)
(LOUSY BAND PLAYING LAST BIT OF CHORUS OF "MUSIC GOES ROUND"...CORNY END)
(MEN APPLAUD SLOWLY...THEN SOUND: LIGHT CROWD NOISES AND TINKLE OF GLASSES)

JACK: Well...that guy Harris knows all the new tunes, doesn't he?

MARY: Yeah, but how can people dance on that bare ground?

JACK: They probably sprinkle water on it to make it slippery. and it helps keep the dust down too you know...let's find a table..

MARY: Maybe that man will get us one.

JACK: Oh yes..Pardon me, are you a waiter?

NELSON: Well what do you think I am with this napkin over my arm...a clothes line?

JACK: Oh I'm sorry, but you're dressed too nice to be working in a joint like this.

NELSON: Oh you mean these striped pants and this Prince Albert coat...Well you see, I wear these clothes on my other job.

JACK: Other job?

NELSON: Yes, I'm an undertaker's assistant.

JACK: Oh.

NELSON: It was my idea to put the candles on the tables.

JACK: Hmm.

NELSON: And now would you like me to find you a table and lay you out -- I mean seat you.

JACK: Yes. Yes, please. Come on, Mary.

NELSON: Ah...Here you are.
(SCRAPING OF CHAIRS)

NELSON: What would you like to eat?

JACK: Nothing thanks, we just came in to hear the band.

NELSON: Well you might as well order something, there's a minimum charge of thirty-five cents.

JACK: Thirty-five cents? Well, I'll have a chicken sandwich and a combination salad.

MARY: I'll have a steak sandwich and French fried potatoes.

NELSON: Anything to drink?

JACK: No.

NELSON: You might as well, you got fifteen cents to go.

JACK: Oh...Well, bring us coffee...(IMAGINE, THAT WAITER AN UNDERTAKER'S ASSISTANT)

MARY: Jack, look....the show is about to start.

JACK: Good, I'm anxious to hear this guy Phil Harris.
(LOUD DRUM ROLL AND CYMBAL CRASH)

PHIL: (CORNY) HI YA FOLKS, AND A GOOD GOOD EVENING TO EACH AND EVERYONE OF YOUSE. WELCOME TO OUR LITTLE CLUB..THIS IS YOUR ORCHESTRA LEADER AND MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES... THE ONE AND ONLY PHIL HARRIS...ARE YA GLAD TO SEE ME?

(MEN APPLAUD SLOWLY)

PHIL: YES SIR...THANKS...THANK YOU...AND WELL...WE GOT A
NICE CROWD HERE TONIGHT.

JACK: (Mary, he's got a nice personality)

MARY: (We'll see)

PHIL: AND SPEAKIN' OF CROWDS, FOLKS...A FUNNY THING HAPPENED
TO ME ON THE WAY TO THE CLUB TONIGHT...A PANHANDLER
STOPPED ME AND SAID, "PARDON ME, MISTER...CAN YOU LET
ME HAVE A THOUSAND DOLLARS AND FIVE CENTS FOR A CUP OF
COFFEE?....SO I SAYS TO HIM, I SAID, "LOOK, COFFEE ONLY
COSTS A ...WHAT DO YA WANT THE THOUSAND BUCKS FOR?"
...SO HE SAYS TO ME...this is gonna kill ya, folks..HE
SAYS TO ME..."WELL I GOTTA PAY MY INCOME TAX DON'T I?"
HA HA HA HA.....NO LADY, DON'T EXPLAIN IT TO HIM...IF
HE DON'T GET IT, LET HIM SUFFER, LET HIM LAY THERE.
DON'T WAKE HIM UP.

JACK: Ha ha ha ha...Hey Mary...Mary, do you get it?

MARY: I got it all over me.

JACK: Quiet...This guy's good...he's good.

PHIL: HERE'S ANOTHER ONE, FOLKS...THIS 'LL EMBALM YA!

JACK: Ha ha ha...embalm ya.

NELSON: Did somebody call for me?

JACK: Quiet, quiet.

PHIL: GET THIS, FOLKS..A GUY WALKED UP TO ME TODAY AND SAID,
"HEY HARRIS, WHERE'D YOU GET THE BLACK EYE?"..SO I TOLD
HIM IT WAS A BIRTHMARK..AND HE SAID, "A BIRTHMARK, EH?"
AND I SAID, "YEAH, I GOT IN THE WRONG BERTH!"..HA HA HA
HA...YES FOLKS IT'S ALL NATURAL WITH ME..JUST NATURAL.
YES SIR. JUST COMES NATURAL...NOW WE'RE ROLLING..ALL
NEW STUFF..ALL NEW STUFF..

JACK: Ha ha ha ha..Say Mary, this guy is terrific. No kidding
...He'd be great on the radio..He's got something new,
something different.

MARY: Oh you say that every time you see a man with hair,

JACK: Oh you just don't know class.

PHIL: AND NOW, FOLKS, FOR THE HIGH SPOT OF THE SHOW, I'M GONNA
SING A SONG I WROTE MYSELF..ENTITLED "THAT'S WHAT I LIKE
ABOUT THE SOUTH"

JACK: I'll bet this'll be good, Mary.
(PHIL SINGS ABOUT THIRTY SECONDS OF "SOUTH" WITH LOUSY
BAND)

JACK: I gotta hire this man..Look how he snaps his fingers.
(MEN APPLAUD SLOWLY)

PHIL: THANK YOU..NEVER A DULL..WELL FOLKS, THAT CONCLUDES OUR
FIRST FLOOR SHOW, BUT DON'T GO 'WAY..THERE'LL BE ANOTHER
SENSATIONAL SHOW IN FIVE MINUTES.

JACK: Mary..Mary, I don't care what you say, that guy Harris
would be great on my program..I'm going to get him over
here..Hey waiter..waiter --

NELSON: Yes?

JACK: Will you please bring the..Will you please bring the
orchestra leader over to my table?

NELSON: I'm sorry, he doesn't come with the thirty-five cent dinner.

JACK: Never mind the wisecracks, bring him over here.

NELSON: All right, all right.

JACK: I don't know, Mary, this guy Harris has a great personality --

CIG. GIRL: (NASAL) CIGARETTES..CIGARETTES..ALSO KEWPIE DOLLS, GARDENIAS AND RAZOR BLADES.

JACK: Hmm..imagine, razor blades...Oh Miss, give me a package of cigarettes, please.

GIRL: Yes sir..what kind?

JACK: Gillette..I mean Lucky Strikes.

MARY: Jack, do you smoke Lucky Strikes?

JACK: Certainly, Mary, they're wonderful..And who can tell.. I may be working for them some day...Oh by the way, Miss, what's that you've got on your tray there, tied up in pink ribbon?

GIRL: That's a lock of Mr. Harris's hair, twenty cents.

JACK: Oh..Well I don't want it.

GIRL: You better take it. This is the last one left, and we don't shear him again till the first of the month.

JACK: No..No, thanks just the same.

GIRL: Here are your Luckies.

JACK: Thank you...Say Mary, she's kind of cute.

MARY: Oh you fall for --

JACK: Wait a minute, wait a minute, here comes Phil Harris... Now Mary, I want to make an impression on him, and I want you to help me sign him for my show..Tell him what a good boss I am..and how swell it is to work on the radio. And above all, what a wonderful guy I am personally.

MARY: Aw, but Jack, I --

JACK: Shh..here he comes.

PHIL: Hey, I understand one of you characters wants to see me.

JACK: Why yes, yes, sit down..This is Miss Livingstone.

PHIL: Hiya, sweets.

JACK: Hmm..And my name is Jack Benny.

PHIL: Look, Bud, I ain't got much time..What did you want to see me about?

JACK: Well, I wanted to talk to you about a job.

PHIL: A job?

JACK: Yes.

PHIL: Well, look, fellah, I know things are tough, but I can't use ya. I don't want any new help, kid.

JACK: No, I don't mean that..You see I have a radio program, and I'd like you and your band to be on my show.

PHIL: Well..I don't know..You see I been here --

MARY: (FAST AND SING SONG) Oh but he's a wonderful man to work for, he's the nicest boss I ever had, he's just a ginger peachy boss, so pleasant, so generous, so kind, so --

JACK: Mary, you're overdoing it, AND STOP LICKING MY HAND... Now Mr. Harris --

PHIL: Just call me Curly.

JACK: Oh.

PHIL: Till the first of the month.

JACK: Oh, oh yes, the cigarette girl told me...Now Mr. Harris radio is a different type of work..You read music, of course.

PHIL: Huh?

JACK: Music, notes, arrangements..What's that on your music racks?

PHIL: TERMITES, THE JOINT'S LOUSY WITH 'EM...HA HA HA HA..OH HARRIS, HOW CAN YOU BE SO YOUNG AND BRIGHT WHEN IT'S SO DARK DOWN HERE.

JACK: You see, Mary..this guy is terrific.

PHIL: Oh look..I'm only kiddin' ..I been studyin' music since I was a baby..Why when I was six years old my parents used to take me to the concerts at Carnegie Hall.

JACK: A six-year-old kid interested in Carnegie Hall?

PHIL: Well, they told me it was a burlesque show.

JACK: A burlesque show?

PHIL: Yeah..how I used to whistle when they took the cover off the bass fiddle!

JACK: Ha ha ha!...(WHISPERS) Say, Mary, this guy's got a terrific sense of humor..he'll probably be able to write my gags for me.

MARY: (WHISPERS) I'll settle if he can just write.

JACK: Now look Harris, I want you on my program..so if you'll meet me Sunday morning at N.B.C., we'll --

PHIL: Wait..Excuse me a minute..the second floor show's about to start, and I gotta introduce the singer.

JACK: Oh..I'll wait till you're through...You know Mary, I think this fellow's gonna be --

MARY: Hey, Jack, look who's gonna sing..the cigarette girl!

JACK: Ohh, yes ..say she's cute.

(DRUM ROLL AND CYMBAL CRASH)

PHIL: AND NOW FOLKS, I WANT TO INTRODUCE TO YOU, OUR SINGER..
THE SWEETEST LITTLE LADY THIS SIDE OF PISMO BEACH..MISS
TRIXIE LA VERNE..WHO WILL SING "MELANCHOLY BABY".

JACK: Well!

(ORCHESTRA INTRODUCTION - "MELANCHOLY BABY")

GIRL: (SINGS FIRST HALF OF CHORUS BALLAD STYLE)

COME TO ME, MY MELANCHOLY BABY,

CUDDLE UP AND DON'T BE BLUE.

ALL YOUR FEARS ARE FOOLISH FANCIES MAYBE

DON'T YOU KNOW THAT I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU

(ORCHESTRA GETS HOT)

GIRL: (HOT) EVERY CLOUD MUST HAVE A SILVER --

PHIL: CAN'T YOU HEAR ME CALLIN'

WHEN THE RAIN IT AM A-FALLIN'.

GIRL: WAIT UNTIL THE SUN SHINES --

PHIL: EVERY DAY THE SUN IS SHININ'

WHY SHOULD I BE HOME A-PININ'.

GIRL: SO SMILE MY HONEY DEAR

WHILE I DRIVE AWAY EACH TEAR

GIRL & PHIL: OR ELSE I WILL BE MELANCHOLY --

YES, I WILL BE MELANCHOLY --

OR ELSE I WILL BE MELANCHOLY TOO!

JACK: ENCORE..ENCORE..ENCORE! Gosh, Mary, I'm a sucker for
sentimental songs...HEY HARRIS, HARRIS, COME HERE A
MINUTE.

PHIL: (OFF) YEAH?

JACK: Say, that girl singer you've got isn't bad..That Trixie
La Verne.

PHIL: Well look..that's just her stage name..Her real name is Gladys Zybisco.

JACK: Gladys Zybisco, eh?..Say, that's a pretty name too..you know..I kind of like that babe.

MARY: Oh come on, Jack, let's get out of here.

JACK: (COY) Why Mary, you're jealous.

MARY: Oh fine.

JACK: HEY HARRIS, DON'T FORGET..SUNDAY AT N.B.C.

PHIL: I'LL BE THERE..SO LONG, JACKSON.

JACK: Did you hear that, Mary. He called me Jackson.
No one ever called me that before. Come on, let's go.

PHIL: (OFF) ALL RIGHT, FOLKS..HERE'S A BRAND NEW NUMBER I WROTE MYSELF.."THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH".
(PHIL STARTS TO SING..AND FADES INTO APPLAUSE ON CUE)

JACK: And that, and that..Mr. Kearns, is how I met Phil Harris.

KEARNS: Well that really is a story.

JACK: And I must say, Mr. Kearns, that Phil has been very fortunate in being associated with a great star like myself..a man who has been on the radio for so many years, and who every year almost wins the Academy --

KEARNS: OH PARDON ME, MR. BENNY, HERE COMES MY BUS...

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL.)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success!

SHARBUTT: And in a cigarette - it's the tobacco that counts!
Remember Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco. This fine Lucky Strike tobacco gives you real, deep-down smoking enjoyment.

DELMAR: So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - 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). Basil Ruysdael speaking for the makers of Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Of course!
(Imp. Tag
#23)

SHARBUTT: That's right!

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! And this fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN OFF)