

# 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: REV. #33

DATE: SUN. 5/13/45

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.

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

SHARBUTT: You bet!  
(Excl. D)

DELMAR: And now!

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

(MORE)

ATK01 0236532

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: Independent tobacco experts present at the tobacco auctions can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.

DELMAR: 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 PROGRAM)

(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)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN, AS YOU ALL KNOW, LAST  
TUESDAY WAS V-E DAY...BUT AS PRESIDENT TRUMAN SAID...WE  
STILL HAVE A PROBLEM..AND HERE HE IS...JACK BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank,you, thank you, Hello again, this is Jack Benny  
talking...and Don, the president didn't mean me...He  
meant Japan...Japan, that little body of land surrounded  
by Nimitz...But getting back to V-E-Day...this certainly  
has been an historic week, hasn't it, Don?

DON: Ah, it certainly has...And Jack, when you were  
over-seas, I'll bet you had no idea that the Germans  
would surrender when they did.

JACK: Would, would you mind repeating that, Don?

DON: I said...when you were over-seas I'll bet you had no  
idea the Germans would surrender when they did.

JACK: Don...are you kidding?

DON: What?

JACK: Look..now that it can be told...let me tell you  
something.

DON: Now wait a minute, Jack...You're not going to tell me  
that you planned the invasion.

JACK: Oh...you know! ...And we tried to keep it a secret.

DON: Oh, for heaven's sake, Jack...you only went over-seas  
to entertain the boys.

JACK: Ha ha ha...You fell for that too, huh?...Ha ha!

DON: I didn't fall for anything...If you didn't go over-seas to entertain the boys, why did you go?

JACK: DON...WHEN CHURCHILL COMES OVER HERE AND HANDS YOU A NOTE FROM EISENHOWER, YOU CAN'T SAY NO! ... So let's not...Oh hello, Mary...

MARY: Hello, Jack, hello Don, hi ya everybody.

JACK: Say you're pretty happy tonight, you're pretty happy tonight, aren't you, Mary?

MARY: Well, why shouldn't I be... Even though we still have work to do...at least the fighting in Europe is over.

JACK: That's right.

DON: And Mary, you wanna know something? Jack's taking credit for the whole thing.

MARY: Oh, for heaven's sake, Jack, what do YOU know about military affairs?

JACK: Listen, sister, I was in the Navy during the last war... and if I must say so myself, I was a darn good sailor.

MARY: Some sailor...that was twenty-seven years ago and you still haven't got your eighty-five points.

JACK: Mary, don't be funny...I helped make naval history.

MARY: Oh sure, sure.

JACK: Sure.

MARY: The first day you joined, you got on a boat, tried to salute an officer, stuck your thumb in your eye, couldn't see where you were going, stepped off the side of the ship...

JACK: Mary!

MARY: Your suspenders caught on a nail, and if they hadn't stuck a paint brush in your hand you'd have been non-essential!

JACK: All right, all right...Anyway, Don was talking about what I did in this war.

DON: That's right, Mary, and Jack claims he went over-seas because Eisenhower sent for him.

MARY: Eisenhower sent for you?

JACK: Well---

DON: (LAUGHS) Not only that, Mary. Jack said Churchill came over here and handed him the note.

MARY: Churchill handed you a ... Jack Benny, if you weren't wearing glasses I'd punch you right in the nose...  
Oh put 'em back on and stop showing off.

JACK: I'm sorry, Mary, but...but it's little things like that that bring out the Errol Flynn in me...So..so watch it, kid.

MARY: Well, it's your own fault for making up things that aren't true...Churchill handing you a note.

JACK: I DIDN'T SAY HE ACTUALLY HANDED ME THE NOTE...HE CAME OVER TO MY HOUSE, I WASN'T HOME, SO HE WALKED AROUND TO THE BACK PORCH AND STUCK IT IN A MILK BOTTLE... So naturally, I just...  
(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.  
(DOOR OPENS)

BROWN: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes?

BROWN: You may not remember me after all these years, but I was in the Navy the same time you were.

JACK: At Great Lakes?

BROWN: Yes sir! The name is Flanagan.

JACK: Uh...Flanagan?

BROWN: Seaman third class.

JACK: Oh...Well look, Flanagan, why don't you sit down..and after the show we'll have a bite and talk over told times.

BROWN: YES SIR! ...HA HA HA! HEY BENNY, REMEMBER THE FIRST DAY YOU JOINED THE NAVY?...YOU GOT ON A SHIP, SALUTED AN OFFICER, STUCK YOUR THUMB IN YOUR EYE, AND ---

JACK: They know about that, they know about that.

BROWN: I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU HANGIN' THERE BY YOUR SUSPENDERS..  
HA HA! THEY CALLED YOU BENNY THE HUMAN YO-YO.

JACK: Look, Flanagan.

BROWN: REMEMBER THE TIME YOU HAD A WATCH TATTOED ON YOUR WRIST SO YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO BUY ONE?

JACK: Never mind.

BROWN: THEN YOU TRIED TO GET YOUR MONEY BACK CAUSE IT WOULDN'T RUN!

JACK: Flanagan, never mind my tattoo..Now go sit down.

BROWN: Yes sir..those were the days!

JACK: Hmm..Now where was I?

MARY: On the back porch with a milk bottle.

JACK: Oh yes...So I read the note from Eisenhower, packed as fast as I could, grabbed the first plane, and when I arrived over-seas, who do you think I met?

MARY: The milkman, he read the note first.

JACK: (MAD) Well, if you're not going to believe anything I say, there's no use letting you in on ---

LARRY: Hello, Mr. Benny, what are you mad about?

JACK: Oh nothing, Larry...It's just that I've been telling Mary and Don about my military accomplishments, and they don't believe me.

LARRY: Oh...Well, why don't you tell it to me, Mr. Benny...I'll believe you.

JACK: You will, kid?

LARRY: Sure, it's in my contract.

JACK: Oh, oh yes...Well come here, kid..(CLEARS THROAT) You see, Larry, when I was over-seas, I perfected a new system for dive bombing.

LARRY: You did?

JACK: Yes...and to demonstrate my system I took a bomber up five thousand feet, put her into a dive, and...

MARY: YOU flew a dive bomber?

JACK: Certainly.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: You're the only man I know who blacks out on a merry-go-round.

JACK: That only happened once..I was reaching for the brass ring and the buckle broke on my safety belt...Anyway, Larry, I'll tell you more about it later...Let's have your song now.

LARRY: Okay.

BROWN: HEY BENNY...

JACK: Now what...

BROWN: REMEMBER THE TIME YOU STUCK YOUR HEAD OUT OF A PORT-HOLE AND YOU COULDN'T GET IT BACK IN?

JACK: Flanagan!

BROWN: HA HA!...FOR TWO WEEKS WE HAD TO STAND ON THE DOCK AND  
THROW FOOD AT YA!

JACK: Now cut that out...Larry, go ahead and sing..(Hummm,  
throwing food at me...They could have at least opened  
the eggs you know.)  
(APPLAUSE)  
(SEGUE INTO LARRY'S NUMBER)  
(APPLAUSE)  
(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "Just a Prayer Away", "Just a Prayer Away",  
sung by Larry Stevens...very good, Larry, And now,  
kid, as I started to tell you...after I perfected the  
dive bomber, I came back to...

PHIL: Hy ya, Jackson, hello Livy...you clowns gettin' any  
laughs?

JACK: Oh hello Phil...what do you hear from Vermouth, Vermont?  
Huh?

PHIL: All right, all right, Jackson, so I made a mistake last  
week, that can happen to anybody.

JACK: I know, but it was written right in the script..French  
vermouth....and you called it French Vermont.

PHIL: All right, I'm sorry.

JACK: Don't you know the difference between vermouth andVermont?

PHIL: No, I never drank any Vermont.

JACK: Well you must have been drinking something.

PHIL: Now wait a minute, Jackson, you ain't gonna hang that on  
me...I've been on the wagon for three months, and I  
haven't touched a drop.



JACK: Well, congratulations...For three months you haven't had a single...Say, Phil, this is the first time I ever noticed it...You've got blue eyes...Don, Mary, look!

MARY & DON: (SURPRISED) Yeah!

PHIL: Hey Livy, give me a mirror, I wanna see too.

JACK: Phil, you can take our word for it, you're very pretty.

MARY: Say Phil, how's your night club doing, now that the curfew's been lifted?

PHIL: Oh swell, Livy, swell.

JACK: And you know they lifted the ban on racing too.

PHIL: That won't make no difference to me Jackson. We never served many horses anyway.

JACK: Hmmm...Well it may not make any difference to you, but Crosby is very happy about it...He can race his horses again.

MARY: Yeah, and now that the curfew is lifted, they won't have to come in by midnight.

JACK: Yeah...Now kids, I don't want to change the subject...but you know next Sunday we're broadcasting from San Francisco...and we're leaving tonight...so I want you all to....

(PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll take it.

(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Hello....Long distance?....Just a minute...Mary, it's for you...Plainfield, New Jersey.

MARY: Oh it must be Mama...HELLO....HELLO MAMA...I WAS GONNA CALL YOU RIGHT AFTER THE SHOW...HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY...IT'S GOOD TO HEAR YOUR VOICE, TOO. WHERE'S PAPA?.....HE'S IN THE REFRIGERATOR READING A NEWSPAPER!

JACK: What?

MARY: OH, ALL THE OTHER LIGHTS ARE BURNED OUT.

JACK: What a family...how's your sister Babe?

MARY: I'll find out...SAY MAMA, HOW'S BABE?.....OH FOR  
HEAVEN'S SAKE, WHEN?

JACK: What happened, Mary?

MARY: She got her nose caught in the vacuum cleaner.

JACK: I knew she could do it.

MARY: WHAT'S THAT, MAMA?.....YOU COULDN'T REMOVE THE VACUUM  
CLEANER SO YOU SENT FOR THE HEAD OF THE F.B.I.?.....  
BUT MAMA IT'S A DIFFERENT HOOVER THAT MAKES THOSE.

JACK: I wonder how she breathes with that vacuum cleaner on  
her nose.

MARY: MAMA, HOW CAN BABE BREATHE WITH HER NOSE STUCK IN THE  
VACUUM CLEANER?.....OH, YOU KEEP IT RUNNING?

JACK: Look Mary, we're doing a program.

MARY: MAMA, I'VE GOTTA HANG UP NOW, SO I'LL WRITE YOU A LONG...  
.....WHAT'S THAT, MAMA?

JACK: Mary, please.

MARY: COUSIN BOBBY GOT OUT OF THE ARMY UNDER THE NEW SYSTEM?

JACK: Well?

MARY: (LAUGHS) Mema!

JACK: What is it, Mary?

MARY: Mema said Bobby's been overseas so long he was discharged  
and had enough points left over to buy a ham.

JACK: Your mother's a card.

MARY: WELL GOODEBYE, MAMA, AND HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY.  
(RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: You know, Mary, I like your mother...In fact today we should all pay tribute to the one person to whom we owe so much...As for myself...I can say...all that I am today I owe to my mother.

PHIL: Now wait a minute, Jackson...You ain't gonna blame any sweet little old lady on that!

JACK: Phil, just take your vermouth, and go back to Vermont.. Now kids, as I started to say before...

BROWN: HEY BENNY..WHEN ARE YOU GONNA GET TO THAT CLEVER STUFF?

JACK: What?

BROWN: YOU KNOW, THAT PART WHERE YOU GO (DOES CHANT)

JACK: (INTERRUPTS) Wait a minute, wait a minute..I don't do that...You're talking about the commercials.

BROWN: YEAH...THAT'S THE STUFF I LIKE...WHERE THOSE GUYS RUSH OUT AND SAY...WHY SURE, YES SIR, YOU BET! LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO...SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED, SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW.

JACK: WAIT A MINUTE...

BROWN: AND THAT TRAINED CRICKET YOU GOT!

JACK: Cricket?

BROWN: YEAH...THE ONE THAT GOES TICK TICK...TICK TICK TICK... TICK TICK...TICK TICK TICK.

JACK: Gee, I always thought a man did that.

BROWN: WHEN ARE YOU GONNA GET TO THAT?

JACK: That comes later at the end of the show.

BROWN: WELL HURRY UP...GET THROUGH WITH YOUR STUFF, YOU'RE HOLDING THINGS UP.

JACK: ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, FLANAGAN...SIT DOWN!

JACK: Now kids...as I started to tell you, we're all meeting tonight at the station a half hour before our train leaves...I've got to run home now, because I've got some last minute packing to do.

MARY: What time is it now, Jack?

JACK: I don't know, my tattoo isn't running...I mean my watch isn't running...Now Phil, you and the rest of the gang finish the program, and see that nobody misses the train.

PHIL: Okay, Jackson..

JACK: So long, kids...See you later.

(DOOR SLAMS)

(APPLAUSE)

(SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Rochester, I'm late, and I've gotta hurry..Come on,  
help me..will you?

ROCHESTER: I've already started packin' for you, boss.

JACK: Oh swell..how far have you gotten?

ROCHESTER: Well I packed your iron capsules..Scots Emulsion..cod  
liver oil..yeast tablets..aspirin..sleeping pills..  
benzydrene..hair tonic, blood tonic, nerve tonic...

JACK: Now let's -- get these --

ROCHESTER: Eye drops, nose drops, ear drops, cough drops..

JACK: Now let's -- get these things...

ROCHESTER: Corn pads, bunion pads, heating pads, shoulder pads...

JACK: Now let's --

ROCHESTER: Vitamins A B C D and L S M F T!

JACK: Good.

ROCHESTER: BOSS, IF YOU REALLY NEED ALL THIS STUFF, YOU BETTER NOT  
GO!

JACK: I'm going anyway...Now pack my shirts while I go in  
the bathroom and get the rest of my toilet articles.  
Let's see..tooth paste..tooth brush..shaving cream..  
razor..razor..hmm, let me see...OH ROCHESTER..WHEN DID  
I PUT A NEW BLADE IN MY RAZOR?

ROCHESTER: A new blade?..let me think, boss..let me think...OH  
YEAH, I REMEMBER..IT WAS D-DAY PLUS SIX!

JACK: Oh, then this blade is still good..BUT, I'll take along a new one, sometimes they break...Now let's see..shaving brush, face lotion, powder, gargle, throat spray, Sympathy Soothing Syrup...Hmmm..(SINGS LOW) Yit Yit Yitapamiss..Yit yit Yitapamiss..Yit Yit Yitapa..no getting away from it, that Cole Porter writes beautiful lyrics...Well, I guess I've got everything.. How are you doing, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: I'm about half done.

JACK: Good, and say, Rochester, I've been meaning to tell you..  
..I might be entertaining some important delegates from the conference, like well, like Anthony Eden..and I want you to be very dignified.

ROCHESTER: Dignified?

JACK: Yes, I want you to speak with a broad "A"..You know..  
cahn't..dahnce..commahnd..and so on. Now repeat this sentence after me.."I cahn't dahnce this ahfternoon as I have paint on my pahnts!"

ROCHESTER: Oh boss, this is so SILLY!

JACK: There's nothing silly about it..now repeat it.

ROCHESTER: Okay..(VERY ENGLISH) "I cahn't dahnce this ahfternoon as I have paint on my pahnts!"

JACK: That's very good, Rochester, and remember it when I'm entertaining in San Francisco...Now let's get on with the packing..I'll take my socks and put them in the small bag, and put my handkerchiefs...(PHONE RINGS)..  
Answer the phone, Rochester.  
(PHONE RINGS AGAIN..RECEIVER CLICK)

ROCHESTER: (VERY ENGLISH) ARE YOU THERE?....THIS IS THE RESIDENCE  
OF JACK BENNY...STAR OF THE CINEMA, LEGITIMATE DRAMA  
AND WIRELESS...AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPHS, TWO FOR A  
SHILLING...MEN IN THE ARMY, MARINES, OR HIS MAJESTY'S  
NAVY, HALF PRICE...EH, COME AGAIN? ....OH, THIS IS MOST  
DISTRESSING, MOST DISTRESSING...RIGHT HO, I'LL TELL HIM...  
CHERRIO, PIP PIP,  
(RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Who was that, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: (VERY ENGLISH) YOUR TAILOR, SIR..HE SAID YOU CAHN'T  
DAHNCE THIS AHFTERNOON UNLESS YOU PAY IN ADVANHNCE FOR  
YOUR PAHNIS!

JACK: Now cut that out...You don't have to begin till we get  
to San Francisco..Now you finish packing, while I go into  
my vault and get some money.

(EIGHT FOOTSTEPS: HEAVY IRON HANDLE TURNS WITH CREAKING  
OF CHAINS. ON CUE: SIX MORE FOOTSTEPS. HEAVIER IRON  
HANDLE TURNS WITH CREAKING OF CHAINS. THEN SOUND OF  
EXTRA HEAVY CHAINS BEING LET DOWN. FOLLOWED BY A VERY  
HEAVY THUMP...THEN SEVERAL LIGHTER THUMPS AND QUIVERING  
SOUND)

JACK: Hmm, I think I need a new drawbridge...Well, I better  
cross over the moat to the safe.

(ON CUE. FOOTSTEPS)

KEARNS: Halt! Who goes there?

JACK: It's only me, Ed..I want to get into my safe.

KEARNS: Oh it's you, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Yes...well, we're having very lovely weather now, Ed...  
It's spring again.

KEARNS: Spring?...That must be nice.

JACK: By the way, Ed, I've got some good news for you...the war in Europe is over...Germany surrendered on Tuesday.

KEARNS: Oh that's wonderful...Did they catch the Kaiser?

JACK: No, no, Ed, that was oh, I'll explain it to you some other time...Right now I'd like to open my safe.

KEARNS: Very good, sir..Shall I put on my blindfold?

JACK: Of course not, of course not...Ed, I trust you...Now let's see..The combination is right to forty-five...

(LIGHT TURNING SOUND) Left to one sixty (LIGHT SOUND)

Back to fifteen (LIGHT SOUND) Then left to one ten

(LIGHT SOUND) There!

(HANDLE TURNS..STEAM WHISTLES, GONGS, ETC....ENDING WITH B.O. WHISTLE)

JACK: Hmm...the battery is weak...Now let's see...how much money will I need...I'll be in San Francisco for ten days ...There'll be hotel bills...meals...entertainment... tips...Fifteen dollars ought to be enough...maybe I should take twenty...Nah, if I take a lot, I'll just spend it...I'll take fifteen...but then again, maybe I'll need twenty...Oh well, I'll play safe and take seventeen fifty...There.

(SAFE DOOR CLOSES..TWO FOOTSTEPS)

KEARNS: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye, Ed...I'll see you in the fall.

KEARNS: I'll be here.

(FEW FOOTSTEPS AND HEAVY DOOR CLOSES..!..THEN FEW MORE FOOTSTEPS.)

JACK: Well come on, Rochester, we better hurry to the station.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(STATION NOISES...TRAIN BELLS...ETC.)

JACK: I hope my gang is here.



MEL: (OVER P.A.) TRAIN LEAVING ON TRACK FIVE...FOR ANAHEIM,  
AZUSA, AND CUCAMONGA...TRAIN LEAVING ON TRACK FIVE...  
FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA, AND CUCAMONGA.

JACK: Rochester, check my bags...I'm going over to the  
information booth and make sure about the time our train  
leaves.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.  
(COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Pardon me, are you the information clerk?

NELSON: WELL WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM IN THIS CAGE, A BIRD OF  
PARADISE?

JACK: (hmm...I always have to run into him)...Look, I'm going  
to San Francisco.

NELSON: Well, well..Don't tell me the La Brea Tar Pits is sending  
a delegate to the Conference.

JACK: Don't be funny...All I want to know is when my train  
leaves for San Francisco...and if you won't tell me --

NELSON: Get your hands off my desk!

JACK: I just want to look it up in this --

NELSON: STOP CRUMPLING MY TIME TABLE!

JACK: Then will you please tell me what time my train leaves  
for San Francisco?

NELSON: WELL, WHICH TRAIN DO YOU WANT TO GO ON, THE LARK OR THE  
OWL?

JACK: What's the difference?

NELSON: THE LARK CAN SING, SILLY.

JACK: Look, I want to go on the --

MEL: (P.A.) TRAIN LEAVING ON TRACK FIVE...FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA,  
AND CUCAMONGA.

JACK: Oh, there's Mary and Phil...HERE I AM, KIDS.

MARY: (OFF) HURRY UP, JACK, OUR TRAIN'S ABOUT TO LEAVE.

PHIL: (OFF) COME ON, JACKSON.

JACK: OKAY, I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU.

MEL: (IN RHYTHM) TRAIN LEAVING ON TRACK FIVE..

FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA

TRAIN LEAVING ON TRACK FIVE..

FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA.

(SINGS) RUM AND CUCA-MONGA

RUM AND CUCA-MONGA

BOTH ANAHEIM AND AZUSA

LOVE RUM AND CUCA-MONGA.

JACK: MARY, PHIL, STOP DANCING...OUR TRAIN'S LEAVING!

(PLAYOFF MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

IRON: Jack will be back in just a minute with a very important message, but first here is my good friend, L. A. Speed Riggs.

JACK:

Ladies and gentlemen...it seems like more than a coincidence that Mother's Day should fall on the first Sunday after V-E Day...And today, glowing tributes have been paid to mothers everywhere...At this moment I wish it were possible to tune in on the hearts and thoughts of the mothers whose fighting sons are far away from home... From them we would learn the true meaning of V-E Day and Mother's Day. They probably wouldn't express their feelings in a lot of fancy words...perhaps they couldn't but then they don't have to..because we can see in their faces not only sorrow and anxiety but courage and faith. Mothers who have given the most and asked the least are doing the hardest job to be done in war...Staying at home...waiting. So today our thoughts and prayers are with all mothers as well as the hope that by next Mother's Day their Johnnies will have come marching home.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco and that's quality  
where fine quality counts, right in the tobacco itself.  
Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- the finer, the  
lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.

SHARBUTT: 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).  
And this is Basil Ruyssdael speaking.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Fine tobacco makes a fine cigarette. So smoke that  
(Imp. Tag  
#18) 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)