

# RUTHRAUFF & RYAN *Inc.* ADVERTISING

## RADIO DIVISION

**CLIENT:**

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

**PROGRAM:**

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

**BROADCAST:**

**DATE:**

97

**NETWORK:**

OCT. 1<sup>st</sup>, 1947  
NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

AS BROADCAST

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SIMS: Right you are!  
(Excl. E)

DELMAR: Yes, sir!

SIMS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DELMAR: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.  
And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so  
firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the  
draw!

ATX01 0236645

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
2ND REV. OPENING #3

RUYSDAEL: That says it! Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!  
Independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers  
and warehousemen - present at the auctions know  
just who buys what tobacco. They can see the  
makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and  
buy the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder  
Lucky Strike tobacco.

SIMS: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment,  
smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike,  
so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and  
easy on the draw.

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)  
(SWITCH OVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: BROADCASTING FOR OUR LIBERATED PRISONERS OF WAR  
STATIONED AT SANTA BARBARA ... THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM  
... STARRING JACK BENNY .. WITH MARY LIVINGSTON, PHIL  
HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY STEVENS, AND "YOURS TRULY"  
DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE - MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN .. TONIGHT SINCE WE ARE  
PLAYING TO THESE DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS OF OUR ARMED  
FORCES .. I HAD PLANNED TO PRESENT TO YOU A COLONEL...

JACK: A Colonel, eh?

DON: BUT I AM GOING TO GO FARTHER THAN THAT...HERE'S THE  
WHOLE COB ... JACK BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you...Hello again, this is Jack Benny  
talking...And...(Humm...what an introduction that was ...  
whole cob.)

DON: (LAUGHING) Well, Jack, I thought it was funny.

JACK: Oh you did, huh? Well let me tell you something,  
brother. One more introduction like that and you'll  
be the first liberated announcer in radio...whole cob.

DON: I'm sorry, Jack, I didn't mean to be a smart aleck...  
it's just that these boys have been away so long they'd  
give anything to hear a good joke...

JACK: You know, Don, now that you mention it, I think you're  
right...Only last night I saw one of the boys here take  
his girl to a lonely spot in the park, sit her down on  
a bench, put his arm around her and just beg her to  
tell him a joke!

(MORE)

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JACK:  
(CONT'D)

So you're absolutely right...anyway, fellows, as I started to say.....it's really nice being up here in Santa Barbara.

DON: It certainly is, Jack...Especially with the ocean being so close.

JACK: If you ask me, Don, the ocean is too close.

DONA: What do you mean?

JACK: SOMEBODY AROUND HERE IS BOTTLING IT AND SELLING IT FOR BEER....just because it has a little foam on it, it isn't fooling anybody...believe me.

DON: Oh for heaven's sake, Jack...bottling the ocean and selling it for beer...you're exaggerating.

JACK: Exaggerating! Don, today is the first time I ever drank a bottle of beer with an under-tow!...It almost pulled my tongue down my throat.

DON: Jack, you must be talking about that beer they have up here...it's only three point two.

JACK: Well, somebody ought to give it seventy-seven more points and get it out of here...Anyway...OH HELLO, MARY.

MARY: HELLO JACK, HI YA FELLOWS.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, Mary, isn't it great to be...(WHISPERS) Say, Mary...Mary, come here!

MARY: What is it, Jack?

JACK: (WHISPERS) Your lipstick is smeared.

MARY: What?

JACK: (WHISPERS) Your lipstick is smeared.

MARY: Well, what are you whispering about?

JACK: (WHISPERS) I didn't want these boys to know it.

MARY: Who do you think did it?

JACK: Oh...Oh...OH!...Mary, wait a minute...you mean you kissed all these fellows here?

MARY: I had to, I ran out of jokes.

JACK: Well, Mary, this is one time I don't blame you...they're a nice bunch of guys.

MARY: I think so...In fact, I'm going out with one of 'em tonight...He's taking me to the Flamingo Room.

JACK: Flamingo Room?

MARY: Yeah, that's basic training set to music.

JACK: Say, that place sounds kind of rough.

MARY: Rough! Last night while a couple was jitterbugging I heard the girl say..."Hey Sam, let's make the next dance a waltz, you're kicking the gold outa my teeth."

JACK: Well, Mary, if that's the case, I don't think you ....

PHIL: HI YA FELLOWS...UP TO NOW YOU'VE HAD NOTHING BUT CORN...  
NOW HARRIS IS HERE AND A STAR IS BORN!...  
Yes, lay it right on me! Yeh! Drop that atomic job on me -- that modern stuff!  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: How do you like that...a star is born...If you want to know the truth, fellows, a stork laid an egg with a soft shell and they called it Harris...Phil, what's that hanging off your chin?

PHIL:        Seaweed...I just had a bottle of beer.

JACK :        Oh yes, yes, they get it right from the ocean.

PHIL:        Oh so that's it.

JACK:        What?

PHIL:        I bought a bottle of beer, pulled off the cap and a  
              mermaid popped out and kissed me.

JACK:        Phil, who are you kidding...A mermaid is half girl  
              and half fish.

PHIL:        That's all right, I haven't got a date with her till  
              Friday.

JACK:        Oh...Well ask her if she's got a fish...I mean a  
              friend for me...Now Phil, how about.....

(SECOND ROUTINE)

DON: Say Jack, speaking of fish, how about that fin you owe me?

JACK: What?

DON: You know, the five clams we bet on the sixth game of the World Series.

JACK: Oh yes, yes...Here you are, Don.

DON: Thanks.

JACK: But by all rights Detroit should have won that particular game.

PHIL: What do you mean, Jackson?

JACK: When York hit that single over second base, Greenberg could easily have made it from third to home....Hmm.... a fine time to stop and light a Lucky Strike...My goodness.

DON: But Jack...WITH FORTY THOUSAND PEOPLE STANDING UP AND YELLING "SMET, WHAT ELSE COULD HE DO?

JACK: WELL HE DIDN'T HAVE TO OFFER ONE TO THE UMPIRE.

DON: IT WAS A NATURAL REACTION...THE UMPIRE YELLED "STRIKE" AND GREENBERG THOUGHT HE MEANT LUCKY.

JACK: I DON'T CARE, IF HE WANTED TO SMOKE HE SHOULD HAVE STAYED ON THIRD BASE....Anyway, the next time I --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

GEORGE: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes.

GEORGE: I'm Sergeant Ryan, the editor of our local paper.

JACK: Uh huh.

GEORGE: You know a lot of the boys here saw you overseas, and I'd like to get a story about your last trip.

JACK: You mean the one I made this past summer through Germany?

GEORGE: Yes.

JACK: Well. Well. Sit down, Sergeant.

PHIL: You better lay down, brother, this is gonna be a long one.

JACK: Quiet, Soft Shell...Well, Sergeant Ryan.

MARY: Jack, let me tell him. Well, the night Jack left he picked me up about eight-thirty p.m. at my hotel in New York...(STARTS TO FADE) We were crossing the fifty-ninth street bridge on the way to LaGuardia Field -- (FADES)

(SOUND: AUTO HORN...MOTOR UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Gosh, Mary, just think...here I am in the United States and in a few hours I'll be in Europe...Isn't flying wonderful?

MARY: Yeah..Gee, I wish I was going with you.

JACK: I do too. Rochester, drive a little faster...I don't want to miss the plane.

ROCHESTER: Yes, sir.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: By the way, Rochester...where did you pack my violin?

ROCHESTER: I put it in that suitcase with the tag on it.

JACK: Tag...what tag?

ROCHESTER: The one that says..."IN CASE OF EMERGENCY THROW THIS FIRST."



JACK: Oh. Well look Rochester..while I'm gone I want you to do the washing, polish the furniture, wax the floors, scrub the kitchen, defrost the icebox, water the garden and mow the lawn.

ROCHESTER: Uh huh.

JACK: And I want you to do those things every week....no loafing like when I was away last year...I found out what happened....And oh yes...don't forget to feed the parrot.

ROCHESTER: THAT STOOL PIGEON?

JACK: Rochester, I didn't buy that parrot to keep an eye on you.

ROCHESTER: THEN WHY WERE YOUR LETTERS ADDRESSED TO HIM?

JACK: That's none of your business.

ROCHESTER: I SHOULD HAVE GOT SUSPICIOUS WHEN HE ANSWERED ONE OF 'EM AND ASKED ME HOW TO SPELL JAZY.

JACK: Well if you thought the parrot was smart enough to write me a letter, why didn't you take the pen away from him?

ROCHESTER: I DID, BUT HE WENT ON THE TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT AND GOT ANOTHER ONE.

JACK: Never mind that, Rochester....and hurry to the airport.

MARY: Say Jack --

JACK: Yes?

MARY: Doesn't it make you nervous thinking about flying all the way across the Atlantic ocean?

JACK: Nah, it's nothing..doesn't bother me at all...move over here closer to me, Mary.

MARY: But gee, it looks like you'd be a little scared...it's such a long flight.

JACK: It's nothing, really....I never even think about it. Come on.....I want to put my arm around you...move over here.

MARY: I can't, your life raft is in the way.

JACK: Oh that...here, I'll move it...there.

MARY: Anyway, how can you put your arm around me while you're wearing that Mae West?

JACK: It's not inflated yet.....Now come here...there, that's better...Are you going to miss me, Mary?

MARY: Uh huh.

JACK: Are you going to write to me?

MARY: Uh huh.

JACK: And you're not going out with any other fellow until I come back.

MARY: No.

JACK: Good.

MARY: Now will you stop pulling my hair?

JACK: Oh oh, I'm sorry.....

MARY: Oh, that's all right, Jack, and when you come back I'll give a big party for you.

JACK: Say...that'll be swell...a party...Just a minute...that reminds me of something...Oh Rochester--

ROCHESTER: Yes, boss.

JACK: While I'm away this time I don't want you throwing any parties in my house.

ROCHESTER: But boss--

JACK: No buts about it..I found out about the party you gave last time I was gone that lasted until eight o'clock in the morning.

ROCHESTER: MmmmmMmmmm! Tell me more, I'd like to live that one over.

JACK: Never mind, it's disgraceful..What in the world could cause a party to last until eight o'clock in the morning?

ROCHESTER: GENIALITY OF COMPANIONSHIP, HARMONY OF THOUGHT, AND PLENTY OF ICE.

JACK: That's what I thought...Rochester, here's the airport.. turn in here and stop.

ROCHESTER: Yes, sir.

(SOUND: CAR TURNS AND STOPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Come on Mary, it's almost plane time...You bring my stuff, Rochester.

MEL: (OVER P.A.) CONSTELLATION LEAVING ON RUNWAY THREE FOR CASABLANCA, TRIPOLI AND CAIRO.

MARY: Gee, look at all the planes.

MEL: SKYMASTER LEAVING ON RUNWAY SIX FOR ROME, NAPLES AND VIENNA.

MARY: Gee! Isn't it exciting?

JACK: Yeah.

MEL: POGO STICK LEAVING ON RUNWAY FIVE FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA,  
AND CUCAMONGA.

JACK: Gosh, I wonder --

PHIL: HEY, JACKSON --

JACK: HELLO, PHIL.

PHIL: I came down to see you off.

JACK: Gee, that's swell.

MEL: FLIGHT SIXTY NOW LOADING AT GATE TWO FOR PARIS, MUNICH  
AND BERLIN...ALL ABOARD, PLEASE.

JACK: (EXCITED) That's me, Mary...that's my plane...Here,  
give me a big kiss.

MARY: All right.

(SOUND: LOUD KISS)

JACK: Now Phil --

PHIL: Let's just shake hands, Jackson.

JACK: I guess so.

MEL: ALL ABOARD!

JACK: Rochester, don't forget all the things I told you...  
Goodbye, everybody.

ROCHESTER: GOODBYE, BOSS.

MARY: GOODBYE JACK, HAPPY LANDINGS.

PHIL: SO LONG, JACKSON.

MARY: Well, it won't be long now.

ROCHESTER: Can you see him, Miss Livingston?

MARY: No...he's in that crowd of people right by the door of the plane...There...now I can see him...Gee, he must be a little nervous.

PHIL: Why?

MARY: The hostess is carrying him up the steps...Now he's inside the plane...I can't see him any more.

ROCHESTER: I see him.

MARY: Where?

ROCHESTER: See those two men sitting by that first window?

MARY: Uh huh...Which one is Mr. Benny?

ROCHESTER: THE GREEN ONE!

MARY: Oh yes.

(SOUND: PLANE MOTOR UP LOUD)

MARY: THEY'RE GETTING READY TO TAKE OFF...GOODBYE, JACK...  
GOODBYE.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP VERY LOUD FOR TAKE-OFF)

PHIL: &  
MARY: THERE HE GOES!

(MOTOR FADES OUT)

MARY: And that, Sergeant Ryan, was the last time we saw Jack until he came back.

GEORGE: That's very interesting...Now Mr. Benny, could you tell me a little bit more about the type of shows you did over there in Germany?

JACK: Yes, Sergeant...I had a great gang with me...Ingrid Bergman, Larry Adler, Martha Tilton, and our accompanist, David LeWinter...Now I was the master of ceremonies... so first I walked out on the stage and knocked 'em over with a couple of fast jokes.....HEY, FELLOWS, I BRING YOU THE WORLD'S GREATEST HARMONICA PLAYER, LARRY ADLER.  
(APPLAUSE)  
(LARRY ADLER ... "BEGIN THE BEGUINE")  
(AFTER NUMBER - APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: I tell you, Sergeant Ryan, when he finished that number the applause was deafening.

GEORGE: Yes, for a minute I thought I heard it.

JACK: Well, after that I once again stepped out on the stage, told some more jokes, and again the applause was deafening....Take my word for it...And then, after we had our music, songs and comedy...for a change of pace, Ingrid Bergman and I did a great dramatic scene taken from the M-G-M picture "Gaslight" ... the picture for which Miss Bergman won the Academy Award.

(MUSIC STARTS SOFTLY)

JACK: In this spine-tingling drama, I played the part of Charles Boyer, and Ingrid Bergman was my wife...I was trying to drive her crazy...so one day I sneaked down to the living room and turned a picture around that was hanging on the wall...I'll never forget the confused look on her face when I ... as Charles Boyer...accused her of doing it...It was early evening, just after dinner.

(TRANSITION MUSIC UP AND OUT)

JACK: (AS BOYER) Oh Ingrid...Ingrid, my darling...

INGRID: Yes, Charles?

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Ingrid, now that we have finished supper, let us go for a walk.

INGRID: If you wish, darling...where shall we go?

JACK: Into the living room. Come.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

INGRID: Ah, Charles, I am so fortunate having you as my husband... and we are both so happy...Come Charles, let's sit over here by the...Charles...Charles...what are you staring at?

JACK: That picture...that picture on the wall...Ingrid, why did you turn it around?

INGRID: No, no, Charles, you are mistaken...I did not turn the picture around.

JACK: Then why has Whistler's Mother got the rocking chair on her head?...Why?

INGRID: Perhaps she's rearranging the room.

JACK: Ingrid, I don't know what to do with you...Today you turned the picture, yesterday you lost the brooch...You cannot be trusted with jewelry.

INGRID: But Charles --

JACK: Give me that emerald ring you are wearing...Come, take it off your finger-eh-eh-eh!

INGRID: No, Charles, not the emerald ring...It was the first gift you ever gave me back in those happy, carefree days in Naples.

JACK: Eh-eh!

INGRID: No, no, anything but the emerald ring...It holds so many tender memories for me...memories of days gone by when you loved me as I still love you!

JACK: Ehhh!

INGRID: What did you say, darling?

JACK: Ehhh!

INGRID: Charles, you must stop drinking that three two beer.



JACK: Do not change the subject..Think, Ingrid, think..why did you turn the picture?

INGRID: (EMOTIONALLY) But Charles..Charles, believe me..I did not turn the picture..someone else must have done it.

JACK: Ha ha..so now you are accusing the maid..picking on a poor, defenseless girl who was rejected by the Desert Battalion.....I shall call her in and ask her.

INGRID: No, no, please do not embarrass me in front of the servants..Don't call Marie..she's doing the washing, let her finish it..(CRIES) The neighbors are waiting for it.

JACK: Let them wait..I will ring for her.

SOUND: (TINKLY BELL)

JACK: MARIE, COME IN HERE.

MARY: (COMES IN SINGING RINSO WHITE, RINSO WHITE, HAPPY LITTLE WASHDAY SONG.

JACK: Every week -- she cannot finish that song. Hmm...

MARY: Cheerio..'ere I am, sir.

JACK: Marie, did you touch that picture on the wall?

MARY: H'O no, sir..I never touch anything in 'ere.

JACK: There you are, Ingrid..you have been lying to me.

INGRID: But Charles --

JACK: Enough! You may go, Marie.

MARY: Okay, Chuckie, thanks..I've got a date with 'Airy. .

JACK: You mean Harry.

MARY: No, 'Airy, he has a hole in his head..

JACK: That's 'ole in his 'ead. Well I've gotta...

MARY: That's my line -- Well I've gotta be running along..  
Goodnight, limber lips.

JACK: Goodnight, cutie.

INGRID: Cutie! Cutie! Charles..Charles, how can you talk to her like that?

JACK: I force myself...See?

INGRID: Oh Charles, what has happened to our love? When I married you and you brought me to this house, you promised to put me on a pedestal.

JACK: I did put you on a pedestal.

INGRID: Yes, but when I finished painting the ceiling, you pulled it out from under me.

JACK: Nagging, nagging, always nagging..Ingrid, I do not know what to do with you....I am going now, Goodbye.

INGRID: No! Please don't go -- Don't go!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

INGRID: He's gone..Every night he goes out at the same time.. What are these mysterious trips?..Soon the lights will go low and with it my spirits will sink..Perhaps Charles is right, maybe I am losing my mind..(CRIES) For this they gave me the Academy Award?..OH CHARLES, WHY DO YOU DO THIS TO ME?...I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU.

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

INGRID: He has come back, he loves me too...Oh, he loves me!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

INGRID: Oh Charles --

SOUND: (KISS KISS KISS)

INGRID: Charles, don't ever leave me again.

SOUND: (KISS KISS KISS)

INGRID: Charles, let me hold you close.

SOUND: (KISS KISS KISS)

INGRID: Charles...WAIT A MINUTE..WHO ARE YOU?

PHIL: If I told you I'm anybody else but Charles I'd be nuts!

INGRID: But you're not Charles.

PHIL: No, I'm a detective, I've come to help you.

INGRID: Oh, then you must Joseph Cotten.

PHIL: Cotten?..For you, baby, I'd be Nylon...Now what's your trouble, Inggy?

INGRID: Strange things happen to me..A brooch disappears..the lights look bright, then dim...pictures turn themselves on the wall..I do things without knowing it..I see things that aren't there..What shall I do? What shall I do?

PHIL: Have you tried black coffee and tomato juice?

INGRID: You do not understand..I am in great danger...my husband is acting peculiar...he's always muttering strange things.

PHIL: Strange things, eh? What does he keep saying?

INGRID: Greenberg's on third base.

PHIL: How do you like that.

INGRID: Look, the lights are getting brighter again...that means my husband is coming back...Quick, hide in the closet - hide in the closet.

PHIL: Okay, but hurry -- I'll "hic" in there, but - but let's hurry and get rid of him, huh?

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

PHIL: (OFF) HURRY, INGRID...IT'S STUFFY IN HERE.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, Ingrid, I am back againnn...Any more pictures turned around, keedo?

INGRID: Charles, do not say things like that...you frighten me...Oh! Where are you going?

JACK: I am going to hang my hat in the closet.

INGRID: No, no, Charles..please, not there.

JACK: OUT OF MY WAY...I AM GOING TO HANG MY HAT IN THE CLOSET.

(SOUND: TWO FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: (QUIETLY) Hi ya, Jackson.

JACK: Hello, Phil.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Ingrid, perhaps you are not to blame for the things you do....you do not know what you are doing...you are losing your mind...You need a rest...I must send you away.

PHIL: ALL RIGHT, CHARLIE...UP WITH YOUR HANDS.

JACK: Wait a minute...Who are you?

PHIL: I'm Cotten.

JACK: Cotten!

INGRID: And that's what I like about the South.

JACK: Well tote that bale out of here.

PHIL: No you don't...You've been trying to make your wife believe she was insane, so you could get her out of the house and look for those hidden jewels.

INGRID: Oh, so that was it.

PHIL: Yeah, he was tryin' to drive you crazy...I'm going to tie him to this chair and go for the police.

JACK: Let me alone..let me alone.

SOUND: (SCUFFLING)

PHIL: Hold still..hold still....There...He can't bother you now, Ingrid, he's tied to the chair..You guard him till I get back.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Hmm.

INGRID: (EMOTIONALLY)..There you are, Charles, tied to a chair like the criminal that you are..For years you have tormented me, embarrassed me, degraded my life, ruined my health, tried to drive me mad..DIDN'T YOU, CHARLES?  
.....DIDN'T YOU?.....WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER ME?

JACK: BECAUSE I'M TIED UP AND CAN'T TURN THE PAGE!.....  
(AS BOYER) Ingrid - Ingrid, please you can free me..you can cut these cords...Pick up that knife...

INGRID: There is no knife here, Charles.

JACK: Certainly there's a knife there...See..you've got it in your hand....

INGRID: (VERY DRAMATIC) Charles, are you suggesting that this is a knife that I hold in my hand? Have you gone mad, my husband? Or is it I who am mad? Oh yes, of course, this is a knife!

JACK: Ingrid!

INGRID: No, I will not hurt you..(HYSTERICAL LAUGH)..I will just torment you..(LAUGH)..Torment you like you tormented me. (LAUGH) ..YOU'RE SO HEARTLESS, SO CRUEL..SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED -

JACK: WHEAT?

INGRID: I DO NOT KNOW WHAT I AM SAYING..YOU ARE RIGHT, CHARLES, I AM MAD, MAD, MAD.

JACK: But Ingrid, my darling, we can forget the past, we can be happy if you will only remember one thing.

INGRID: What is that, Charles?

ROCHESTER: (SINGS) YOU MUST REMEMBER THIS..A KISS IS STILL A KISS. A SIGH IS STILL A SIGH-----

JACK: Ingrid, what is that?

INGRID: Oh, just a little something left over from Casablanca..

JACK: Oh.

JACK: )  
INGRID } (ALL SING) THE FUNDAMENTAL THINGS APPLY,  
ROCHESTER } AS TIME GOES BY.

(ORCHESTRA PLAYOFF AND APPLAUSE)

DON: Ingrid Bergman appeared through the courtesy of David O. Selznick and will soon be seen co-starring with Gregory Peck in Alfred Hitchcock's "Spellbound".... Jack will be back in a minute, but first, here is my good friend, F. E. Boone.

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
REV. CLOSING #3

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SIMS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Listen to what  
Mr. Charles Jackson Gunter, independent tobacco buyer  
of Madison, North Carolina, said:

GUNTER: The reason I smoke Luckies is because of that good,  
sweet tobacco I've seen them buy at the auctions...good,  
sweet, ripe tobacco, such as Lucky Strike buys, tastes  
better and smokes milder. I've been smoking Luckies  
for twenty-five years.

DELMAR: Quote: "good, sweet, ripe tobacco such as Lucky Strike  
buys tastes better and smokes milder." Unquote. Yes,  
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - 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 for Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Make no mistake, in a cigarette it's the tobacco that  
(Imp. Tag  
#14) counts and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So smoke  
that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

ATX01 0236667

JACK:

Thanks very, very much, fellows. And I also want to thank Larry and Ingrid for being with us. You were a grand audience. Thanks very, very much.