

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

CLIENT:	AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.	BROADCAST:	REV. #9
PROGRAM:	THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM	DATE:	NOV. 25, 1945
		NETWORK:	NEC

I OPENING NEW YORK

AS BROADCAST

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RIGGS: (CHAFT - SOLD AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Quality of Product is essential to continuing success.

DELMAR: And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

SIMS: Right you are!
(Excl. E)

RUYSDAEL: Yes, sir!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT
LS - MFT

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

ATX01 0236788

RUYSDALE: Sure thing! Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!
Independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and
warehousemen - present at the 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 gives you real, deep-down
smoking enjoyment! So 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)
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

FIRST ROUTINE

-1-

179

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: 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: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..ABOUT THREE HOURS AGO JACK BENNY
LEFT HOME FOR THE STUDIO..ROCHESTER WAS DRIVING HIM AND
ON THE WAY THEY HAD A LITTLE TIRE TROUBLE..SO LET'S GO
BACK AND FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

SOUND: (HAMMER POUNDING ON RIM)

JACK: How - How much longer before you'll have the spare on,
Rochester?

ROCHESTER: Just a couple of minutes.

JACK: Couple of minutes...It would have been fixed long ago
if I'd done it myself.

ROCHESTER: Hand me the wrench, will you boss?

JACK: Okay...here.

ROCHESTER: That's the screwdriver.

JACK: Oh, Oh, the wrench...Here.

ROCHESTER: That's the pump.

JACK: Oh, Oh...Here.

ROCHESTER: That's the hub cap!

JACK: Oh, you want the wrench...the wrench.

ROCHESTER: You're back to the screwdriver again!

JACK: Oh.

ROCHESTER: Let's go around again, boss. I need the rest.

JACK: What?

ATX01 0236790

ROCHESTER: You know, boss, you just ain't mechanically minded.

JACK: I am too.

ROCHESTER: THEN WHY DO YOU CALL ME EVERY MORNING TO SCREW THE CAP
BACK ON YOUR TOOTHPASTE?

JACK: Look, just hurry with the tire, will ya?

ROCHESTER: I'm almost finished.

JACK: Good..I just can't understand having a blow-out...It's a
very good tire...it's a General.

ROCHESTER: I KNOW...BUT YOU'VE RUN THIS GENERAL DOWN TO A BUCK
PRIVATE!

JACK: Stop being silly..that tire hasn't got so many holes in
it.

ROCHESTER: IT HASN'T! BOSS, THE INNER TUBE COULD BE ARRESTED FOR
INDECENT EXPOSURE!

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: EVEN THE WHEEL IS ASHAMED TO GO AROUND WITH IT!

JACK: Rochester, that's a terrible joke an awful joke.

ROCHESTER: Hee hee hee.

JACK: What are you laughing at?

ROCHESTER: YOU ALWAYS SAY THAT, AND TWO WEEKS LATER IT SHOWS UP ON
YOUR PROGRAM.

JACK: It does not...Now come on, you're all through, let's get
going.

SOUND: (CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES..MOTOR STARTS UP, FADES DOWN
AND OUT.)

JACK: You know, Rochester, one of the reasons I haven't fixed
this car up is that I've been thinking of getting a new
one.

ROCHESTER: Really, boss?

JACK: Yes...I think I - I think this car has just about seen
it's best days.

ROCHESTER: I TOLD YOU THAT THE DAY YOU BOUGHT IT!

JACK: I know, I know.

ROCHESTER: Do you really think you'll buy a new car, boss?

JACK: Well it all depends on what they allow me for a trade-in
on this car...How much do you think they'll appraise it
for?

ROCHESTER: BOSS, WHEN A CAR GETS THIS OLD THEY DON'T APPRAISE IT,
THEY WEIGH IT!

JACK: Well, they'll have to give me a good price or I won't
trade..We're pretty close to N.B.C. so you'd better
start looking for a parking place.

ROCHESTER: Why don't we go into a parking lot?

JACK: Rochester!

ROCHESTER: Sorry, boss...I'M LETTIN' MY POST-WAR PLANS GET THE BEST
OF ME.

JACK: Hmm...Here's a parking place right in front of the
studio.

ROCHESTER: Okay.

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

JACK: I'm going in, and you stay here and watch the car.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir...Hee hee hee..what an automobile..THIS IS THE
CAR THAT MADE THE IRISHMAN STOP SMILING.

JACK: What!

ROCHESTER: AND DROVE MUNTZ MAD!

JACK: Never mind, just stay here and wait for me.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK)

JACK: (HUMS "LOVE IN BLOOM")

BOY: Oh Mr. Benny --

JACK: Hello little boy.

BOY: Hello..Mr. Benny, may I have your autograph please?

JACK: Why certainly....There you are....Jack Benny.

BOY: Thank you..Say Mr. Benny, are you really thirty-seven years old?

JACK: Welllll...(SILLY LAUGH) I will be in February...How old are you, sonny?

BOY: Five.

JACK: Only five?

BOY: Welllll...(MIMICS JACK'S LAUGH)... I will be in June.

JACK: Oh...Well goodbye, sonny; I have to --

PHIL: (LITTLE OFF) HEY JACKSON, JACKSON --

JACK: Oh hello Phil.

PHIL: Am I late?

JACK: No no, I just got here myself.

BOY: Are you Phil Harris?

PHIL: Yeah, that's me...Do you want my autograph?

BOY: Gee, I'd sure like to have it.

PHIL: Okay, hand me your book...There you are...Phil Harris.

BOY: Thank you..Gee, aren't there supposed to be two R's in Harris?

PHIL: I don't know, kid, I spell it different every time.

JACK: Come on, Phil, let's go.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK)

PHIL: Say Jackson, what's that you got under your arm?

JACK: It's a box of candy I'm giving Mary...It's just a little surprise...you know she was so nice to me when I was in the hospital last week...Come on, let's go in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS DOWN HALL)

JACK: You know, Phil, on the program today, I wish you'd play that --

CASS: HI YA JACK, HELLO PHILLY.

JACK: WELL, CASS DAILEY,

PHIL: HI YA, CASS.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Glad to see you, Cass...You know, you're doing a swell job on the Fitch Bandwagon.

CASS: Thanks, and say Jack I'm glad I ran into you and Phil...I want to invite you to a party I'm giving Saturday night. I've invited everybody in HollywoodClark Gable, Van Johnson, Bing Crosby, Walter Pidgeon, Cary Grant, Ray Milland, Gary Cooper, and Fred MacMurray.

JACK: But Cass, they're all men...Aren't you inviting any girls.

CASS: (LAUGHS)....YOU'RE NEW AROUND HERE, AIN'T YA?

JACK: Oh, I see.

PHIL: (LAUGHINGLY) Hey Cass, you're a regular female wolf, ain't ya?

CASS: Well, you know my sponsor's motto..."If the shoe Fitch, wear it!"...(LAUGHS)...I SAID IT AND I'M GLAD!

JACK:

Why?....Well, so long, Cass, see you later.

PHIL:

So long.

SOUND:

(FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE)

JACK:

You know Phil, it's fun coming down to broadcast every week...You see the old gang...like Cass Dailey and all the others.

PHIL:

Yeah...You know Jackson, Cass lives out in my neighborhood.

JACK:

She does?

PHIL:

Yeah...You only get to see her once a week...but I get to see Cass...DAILEY....HA HA HA...OH HARRIS...YOU SAID IT AND NOBODY'S GLAD!

JACK:

Phil, how can you think of all those corny jokes?

PHIL:

I dunno, they just come to me.

JACK:

Well isn't there some place you can hide?...You know, Phil, those are the kind of jokes that made the Irishman stop smiling and drove Muntz mad...

Ha ha ha...(If Rochester thinks I'm gonna wait two weeks, he's crazy...No sir.)

PHIL:

What did you say, Jackson?

JACK:

Nothing, nothing.

JACK:

(INTRODUCTION TO LARRY'S NUMBER)

Hey, there's Larry rehearsing his song...Come on, Phil, let's go over to my dressing room.

(LARRY'S NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE) -7-

#3

JACK: Sey Phil, the kid's voice is improving all the time, isn't it?

PHIL: Yeah...and how do you like the way my band accompanies him?

JACK: Very good, Phil, very good....But look, isn't that a...isn't that a new guitar player you've got over there?

PHIL: Where?

JACK: Right over there sitting on the stool...isn't he new?

PHIL: No, that's Frankie, we just washed him.

JACK: Oh. Well Phil, why don't you use soap on the rest of 'em...you might find some pretty good musicians under there.

PHIL: Yeah.

JACK: Yeah. Phil, you better rehearse your number now. I'm going over to Mary's dressing room and give her this box of candy.

PHIL: Okay.

SOUND: (FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS "LOVE IN ELCOM") Gee, Mary will be surprised to get this box of candy...(FOOTSTEPS STOP...) I'll disguise my voice.

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

MARY: (LITTLE OFF) WHO IS IT?

JACK: (DISGUISED) It's the man you're deliriously and madly in love with.

MARY: (OFF) OH YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, COME ON IN, CHARLIE.

JACK: Charlie....hmmmm.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Mary, I demand an explanation.

ATX01 0236796

MARY: Jack, I knew it was you all the time.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: And stop pouting.

JACK: Pouting? Listen, sister, I never let any girl upset me.

MARY: Oh no? What about the time your girl friend, Gladys Zybisco, returned those socks you knitted for her?

JACK: Mary, you know I don't knit socks for girls...I knitted those for myself.....Well - I did!

MARY: Then why did you give them to Gladys?

JACK: Because they were too big for me...that's why...
Anyway, Mary, I stopped off on the way to the studio and bought you this box of candy....here.

MARY: Candy? Gee, thanks...why did you do that?

JACK: Because you were so nice to me when I was in the hospital last week.

MARY: Oh, it was nothing.

JACK: It was too....you came to see me every day, and that's a sign you love me.

MARY: (COY) Oh it is not.

JACK: It is too. I know you...you try to act like you don't but deep down inside you think I'm peachy.

MARY: (CUTE) Oh sure, I think you're double ginger peachy with whipped cream and a cherry on top.....A root toot toot and a tutti fruit.

JACK: You've been around Harris too long. Listen, Mary, you can joke all you want to, but it's the little things you do that show me how you really feel...like last night when I took you for a drive..that was a nice thing you did.

MARY: Well we ran out of gas, somebody had to get out and push.

JACK: Well you didn't have to push so fast, I got a ticket...
Anyway, Mary, now that I brought you a box of candy,
are you gonna give me a little kiss?

MARY: Oh for heaven's sake...everytime a man brings a girl
a box of candy he wants a kiss. It's the same thing
with my sister Babe.

JACK: It isn't the same, she brings the candy. Anyway,
what are you stalling about? Gimme a little kiss.

MARY: Jack, I'm not stalling, but take a look at yourself
in the mirror....why didn't you shave?

JACK: Oh I don't think I need a shave.

MARY: You do too.

JACK: Well, maybe a little...but I can wait till tomorrow...

MARY: Jack, I never saw anyone like you...if it's hair, you
hate to get rid of it.

JACK: I'll get cleaned up later...I've gotta run back to my
dressing room now and get ready for the show..So long.

MARY: So long...Oh Jack, I meant to tell you...some time when
you're thinking of using a guest star, why not get
Boris Karloff?

JACK: Boris Karloff?

MARY: Yeah, I heard him on Fred Allen's program last week,
and he was wonderful.

JACK: Well what do you know...Boris Karloff and Fred Allen
on the same program....that's like two totem poles
broadcasting from the La Brea Tarpits...I'll see you
later, Mary.

MARY: Okay.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hmmm....I can't get over it, Karloff and Allen on the same program...that's like two totem poles....Oh I said that...I must stop parking my gum on my glasses...As gruesome as he is, I can't understand how Karloff would stoop to....

DON: Hello Jack, what are you mumbling about?

JACK: Oh hello, Don....say, did you hear Fred Allen's program last week?

DON: Yes...(LAUGHS)...You know he had the most terrific joke about you.

JACK: What was it?

DON: He said that THE LONE RANGER WANTED TO FOLLOW YOUR PROGRAM BECAUSE THERE WAS ENOUGH CORN ON IT TO FEED HIS HORSE.... (LAUGHS)

JACK: That's the first time I ever saw a man laugh himself out of a job...what a joke! Anyway, Allen's certainly the right comedian to be on a tea program...Tenderleaf presents Tenderhead..

DON: Jack, I can't understand why you always pick on Allen.. I think he's a nice guy.

JACK: Don, you've been with me fifteen years, what do you know about a nice guy? I mean...what makes you think Allen's so nice...Do you like his jokes?

DON: No, but I like his smokes...

JACK: What?

DON: He's a Lucky Strike fan.

JACK: But --

DON: He smokes Lucky Strikes because he knows they're made out of the lighter, the finer, the naturally milder tobacco.

JACK: But...

DON: He knows that LSMFT stands for Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco.

JACK: But...

DON: Yes, Jack, even the butts are so round, so firm, so fully packed...so free and easy on the draw.

JACK: I know, Don...I know...I'll see you later, I've gotta go to my dressing room.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, that was a pretty good gag I thought of.. Tenderleaf presents Tenderhead...Ha ha ha I'm solid tonight.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

JACK: Well, I guess I better put my tie on and...Say, Mary's right, I do need a shave...I wonder if I've got time to...Yeah, I'll call the studio barber and have him come up.

SOUND: (SEVERAL CLICKS OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Operator...operator...

SOUND: (CLICK...THEN SWITCHBOARD BUZZER)

BEA: Oh Mabel.

SARA: What is it, Gertrude?

BEA: Look at your switchboard, Mr. Benny's dressing room is flashing.

SARA: Oh yeah...I wonder what Sweet Leilani wants now? I'll find out.

SOUND: (BUZZER...THEN CLICK)

SARA: Yes, Mr. Benny...the studio barber? One moment, I'll connect you.

SOUND: (PLUG IN)

SARA: Say, Gertrude, did you see that box of candy Mr. Benny had when he came in the studio?

BEA: Yeah.

SARA: I wonder who he bought it for?

BEA: I don't know, but the piece he gave me was lousy.

SARA: You know, Gertrude, I'll never forget when Mr. Benny first went on the air.

BEA: Oh, were you the operator then?

SARA: No, my mother was.

BEA: Gee...did your mother tell you all about him?

SARA: Yeah but not till I was fourteen.

BEA: You know, Mabel, I heard that on his first program, Mr. Benny came to the studio wearing spats, top hat, white tie, cutaway coat and a cane.

SARA: Did he get any laughs?

BEA: Yeah, he forgot his pants....Gee, in those days he was even cornier than Phil Harris.

SARA: Yeah...and that ain't easy.

BEA: You said it.

SOUND: (BUZZER)

BEA: Mabel, Mr. Benny is flashing you again.

SOUND: (CLICK)

SARA: Yes, Mr. Benny?

JACK: (FILTER) I'm through with my call.

SARA: Yes sir.

JACK: Oh Mabel, may I talk to Gertrude for a minute?

SARA: It won't do you any good, she thought the candy was lousy.

JACK: Oh. Well, never mind, goodbye.

SOUND: (CLICK)

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) Hmm...that Mabel is cute...I wonder if her mother ever told her about me...Gee, those nights out on Sunset Boulevard where the Trocadero is now...Gosh, how time flies.

(APPLAUSE - SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD ROUTINE

-14-

#9

JACK: Gee, I wish that barber would get here, I called him ten minutes ago.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Say Jack...

JACK: What is it, Mary?

MARY: I just want over the script, and do I have to do this awful joke in here?

JACK: What awful joke?

MARY: This one here where you say to me...MARY, WHY IS A CAT THAT WALKS ON THE BEACH LIKE ST. NICHOLAS?

JACK: Well...

MARY: And then I have to say...BECAUSE IT HAS SANDY..CLAWS...

JACK: Well, Mary, you just don't get it, it's too subtle..You see...sandy claws..beach...cat.

MARY: I wouldn't do that joke if I had nine lives.

JACK: Well then I'll give it to Phil Harris, he'll think I'm doing him a favor.

MARY: Yeah...Do that.

JACK: See you later.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: I can't understand why she doesn't like that cat joke... it got screams when I was headlined in the Palace in Cucamonga.

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: I'm here to shave you, sir.

ATK01 0236803

JACK: Oh, are you the barber?

NELSON: Well what do you think I am with this razor in my hand,
the star of Spellbound?

JACK: Hmm, I always run into him.

NELSON: Now let's see if I have everything...soap, brush, razor,
and plasma.

JACK: Plasma!

NELSON: I may cut you.

JACK: Oh. Well be careful, will you?

NELSON: Don't worry..Now first I'll sharpen my razor.

SOUND: (STROPPING OF RAZOR)

NELSON: My, this razor strop seems to be full of wrinkles.

JACK: THAT'S MY ARM!

NELSON: Oh yes, so it is..Leathery old limb, isn't it?

JACK: Look, why don't you just...

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Just a second, barber...Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

MEL: It's me, Mr. Benny...Flanagan, the detec-uh-tive.

JACK: Oh come in, Mr. Flanagan..Sit down over here.

MEL: Thanks.

SOUND: (SIX SQUEAKY FOOTSTEPS)

MEL: WHO'S THERE?.....OH.

SOUND: (FOUR MORE SQUEAKY FOOTSTEPS)

MEL: It always sounds like I'm being followed.

JACK: Tell me, Inspector..have you got any clues about the man
who robbed me of the ten thousand dollars and, came back
and beat me up?

MEL: No, I'm here to settle an argument..My captain says that the description you gave of the crook was that he had a cauliflower ear, a scar on his cheek, a broken nose and a little wart on his chin..But I said that you said that the crook had a cauliflower ear, a scar on his cheek, a broken nose and a little mole on his chin.

JACK: Well you were right, Inspector.

MEL: I knew it was a little mole instead of a little wart.

JACK: Well I'm..I'm glad we cleared that up!

NELSON: All right, I'm ready to shave you now.

JACK: Okay.

MEL: Who's he, Mr. Benny, your barber?

JACK: Well who do you think he is with that razor in his hand, The star of Spellbound?

MEL: Say, that's very clever.

NELSON: Thank you.

JACK: All right, stop howling and shave me.

NELSON: Okay, okay, but I need some hot water.

JACK: You can get hot water out of that wash bowl there.

NELSON: Yes sir...Hmmm, this is the first dressing room I've ever seen with six wash bowls.

JACK: This dressing room is only temporary, they've been promising me a new one for ten years..Now Inspector, did you...Inspector did you..find any other clues that would...BARBER, YOU'VE GOT THE HOT WATER, WHY DON'T YOU SHAVE ME?

NELSON: I'M MAKING TEA!

JACK: Oh. Now Inspector, did you find any other clues that would lead to the capture of the holdup man?

MEL: Well, I found one man that was wearin' brass knuckles, and his finger prints was exactly the same as the ones we found on your vault.

JACK: Well, that was the man, why didn't you arrest him?

MEL: I didn't have the heart, he was my brother.

JACK: I DON'T CARE IF HE WAS YOUR BROTHER OR NOT..IT WAS YOUR DUTY TO ARREST HIM.

MEL: Oh, I couldn't do that.

JACK: WHY NOT?

MEL: He's sending me through detec-uh-tive college.

JACK: ON MY MONEY?

MEL: A little from you, a little from somebody else, and a little from me.

JACK: FROM YOU?

MEL: He steals from me too.

JACK: FLANAGAN, GET OUT OF HERE, GET OUT OUT!

MEL: OKAY, OKAY..YOU'RE JUST MAD BECAUSE I GOT A LITTLE EDUCATION.

JACK: GET OUT!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Hmm....this is all Steve Bradley's fault..what a publicity man..If I get robbed the least he can do is get me a good detec-uh-tive..I mean detective.

NELSON: Mr. Benny, I'm ready now..Would you like a close shave or a light shave?

JACK: What's the difference?

NELSON: With a light shave I take one step back.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake...just shave me and get it over with.

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Oh -- what's that now? Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

LANE: Hi ya Benny, hello hello hello, long time no see.

JACK: Oh hello Bradley, a fine press agent you are.

LANE: What's the matter, what's wrong, what's bothering you?

JACK: What's bothering me...Look...I had a dream that I won six hundred thousand dollars at the race track, and you and your publicity made everybody believe it was true.... and then what happens...I get robbed of ten thousand dollars, the same man comes back and beats me up...

LANE: Yeah....but Benny....

JACK: And then you put a detective on the case who doesn't know Greenberg from third base....Why shouldn't I be mad?

LANE: Ha ha ha ha ha ha!

JACK: What are you laughing at?

LANE: The whole thing was a frameup....I hired a man who robbed you of the ten thousand dollars so it would hit the newspapers and you'd get a lot of publicity.

JACK: You mean -- ?

LANE: Certainly, Benny....that crook was just an actor, and I gave him two hundred bucks to do the job.

JACK: Steve, I don't mind you giving him two hundred dollars to rob me, but he came back and beat me up!

LANE: Don't worry about it, Benny, he threw that in for nothing!

JACK: All right, Steve, stop being funny and give me my ten thousand dollars.

LANE: Not so fast, I've got another great idea.

JACK: Steve, I'd had enough of your crazy ideas, now give me my money.

LANE: Wait a minute, Benny....This idea is sensational, it will sweep the country...nothing like it has ever been done before.

JACK: Now Steve, just a minute --

LANE: I've got an idea for a contest, and we'll give away your ten thousand dollars for prizes.

JACK: You're gonna give away my ten thousand dollars?

LANE: Certainly, there's nothing cheap about Steve Bradley!

JACK: BUT STEVE, IT'S MY MONEY, AND I'M NOT GOING TO --

LANE: Put down that razor, Benny, and listen to me.

JACK: All right, all right, but talk fast.

LANE: I can't tell you about this contest until next week, I gotta get all the details worked out...but believe me, Benny, it will be the most sensational thing you ever heard of.....This will be the best way I've ever spent your money.

JACK: BUT STEVE, STEVE -----

LANE: So long, Benny, see you next Sunday.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Hmm....I never saw such a guy....What kind of a contest can that be where I'll have to give away prizes that will cost me ten thousand dollars...Well, I'm not going to worry about it.

NELSON: She loves me, she loves me not, she loves me, she loves me not, she loves me.

JACK: BARBER, SHAVE ME, DON'T PULL 'EM OUT!

NELSON: Okay, okay.

JACK: Hmm...I wonder what Steve has in mind...What kind of a contest can it be?....Oh well, I'll find out next Sunday.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF MUSIC)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, BE SURE AND LISTEN IN NEXT
SUNDAY AND FIND OUT WHAT THIS CONTEST IS ALL ABOUT...
IS IT TRUE THAT JACK BENNY IS GOING TO BE FORCED TO
GIVE AWAY TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IN PRIZES.

SOUND: (SLIDE WHISTLE AND BODY THUD)

DON: Pick him up, Mary.....YES, FOLKS, TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS
IN PRIZES WILL BE GIVEN AWAY IN THIS CONTEST, SO BE
SURE AND TUNE IN NEXT WEEK FOR ALL THE DETAILS.
(MUSIC)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
3RD REV. CLOSING #2

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SIMS: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. And
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Yes, Lucky Strike
means fine tobacco. Mr. Alexander G. Irvin,
independent tobacco warehouseman of Reidsville,
North Carolina, said:

IRVIN: As a tobacco man I can tell you why Lucky Strike is a
milder, better-tasting cigarette. Lucky Strike buys
the mild, fragrant tobacco that makes for top smoking
enjoyment. That's why I've smoked Luckies for
eleven years.

DELMAR: Quote: "Lucky Strike buys the mild, fragrant tobacco
that makes for top smoking enjoyment." Unquote. Yes,
in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. And
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. B.
Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN).
Basil Ruysdael speaking for -

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SIMS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,
(Imp. Tag. #1) so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

ATX01 0236B11

(OWI PLUG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, Christmas is just one month away, and if our gifts are to reach their destinations on time we should mail them early. So let's all cooperate and mail Christmas packages now or by December tenth at the latest. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

(TAG)

JACK: Gee, Gee, Mary, I wonder what this contest can be that Steve Bradley has in mind.

MARY: I don't know, but he's crazy enough to do anything.

JACK: That's what worries me....If I'd listened to him it would have been me instead of Itchy stuck in that tunnel.....Oh well, we'll just have to wait and find out.....Goodnight, folks.

