

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

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

BROADCAST:
DATE: DEC. 16, 1945
NETWORK: REV. #12
NBC

PROGRAM: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

I OPENING - NEW YORK

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

SIMS: Today!
(Excl. K)

DELMAR: Tomorrow!

RUYSDAEL: And always!

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

AS BROADCAST

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
2ND REV. #12

RUYSDAEL: It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette.

And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

SIMS: Yes, independent tobacco experts 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: And this fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real,
deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So smoke
that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

-1-

#12

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADE)

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..TWO WEEKS AGO, STEVE BRADLEY,
JACK BENNY'S PRESS AGENT, FORCED JACK INTO HAVING A
CONTEST..YOU LISTENERS WERE ASKED TO WRITE IN LETTERS
COMPLETING THIS SIMPLE SENTENCE..."I CAN'T STAND JACK
BENNY BECAUSE."...AND IS IT CATCHING ON!...AH YES,
THERE'S EXCITEMENT IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT..EVERYBODY'S
CELEBRATING..IN FACT, RIGHT NOW THERE'S A PARADE COMING
DOWN SUNSET BOULEVARD.

SOUND: (MARCHING FEET AND CROWD NOISES SNEAK IN)

DON: LOOK...THEY'RE TURNING DOWN THE STREET WHERE JACK BENNY
LIVES!

SOUND: (MARCHING FEET UP..MILITARY DRUM..DRUM MAJOR'S WHISTLE..
MILITARY DRUM CUE..INTO CORNY BAND PLAYING "LOVE IN
BLOOM" IN SIX-EIGHT TIME. AFTER FIRST PHRASE, MILITARY
DRUM BREAK BAND INTO FAST PHRASE, DRUM CONTINUES WITH
MARCHING FEET)

NELSON: COLUMN LEFTT...MARCH!

SOUND: (MARCHING FEET FADE DOWN AND CONTINUE IN B.G.)

JERRY: Hey Joe, what a parade!

HERB: Yeah, ain't it exciting? I never saw so many guys in
uniform.

JERRY: Yeah..What are they, soldiers, sailors or Marines?

HERB: They're Mailmen!

JERRY: Mailmen?

ATX01 0236865

HERB: Sure, haven't you heard, Jack Benny's running a contest..
"I CAN'T STAND JACK BENNY".

JERRY: Neither can I but what's the contest about?

HERB: That's it, I can't stand Jack Benny because...There's
ten thousand dollars in prizes.

JERRY: No kiddin'.

HERB: I even sent in a letter myself.

JERRY: You did? What did you say?

HERB: Plenty..When I got through I hada wash out me fountain
pen with soap..Lifeboy yet.

JERRY: Hey, I'm gonna call up my wife and tell her to write a
letter to Benny right now.

HERB: Wait a minute, why don't you do it yourself?

JERRY: If my wife calls him half the things she calls me, she
can't lose.

SOUND: (MARCHING FEET UP LOUDER)

NELSON: HUFF TUPP THRUPP FOUR...HUFF TUPP THRUPP FOUR..COLUMN
RIGHHEHT...MARCH!

HERB: HEY LOOK, THEY'RE MARCHING RIGHT UP TO JACK BENNY'S DOOR.

NELSON: COMPANYYYYY...HALT!

SOUND: (MARCHING STEPS WITH ONE, TWO...DOOR BUZZER OFF..DOOR
BUZZER ON MIKE)

PHIL: Hey Jackson, there's the door bell.

JACK: I heard it, Phil.. Rochester..Rochester, answer the door.

ROCHESTER: I CAN'T MOVE, BOSS, THE LETTERS ARE UP TO MY KNEES.

JACK: Well that isn't so high.

ROCHESTER: IT AIN'T, EH?...I'M SITTIN' ON A HORSE!

JACK: Oh don't be silly...Gosh, these letters are almost up to the...Phil, what are you doing with that shovel?

PHIL: We lost Mary!

JACK: We didn't lose Mary..She's got a bad cold and couldn't come over today.

PHIL: Oh, that's a shame..Jackson, did you send her any fruit?

JACK: No, she still has the fruit I sent her last year when she was sick.

PHIL: But that was a year ago..Doesn't that wax fade?

JACK: No, but during the hot weather it melts a little..In fact, the banana curled up and looks like a doughnut with yellow jaundice..Now let's see --

PHIL: Hey Jackson, why don't you send her some real fruit? That wax stuff don't fool anybody.

JACK: It doesn't, eh? The apple's got two worms in it, and they don't know the difference..So why should....

SOUND: (DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'M COMING, I'M COMING..Gee, how am I going to get to the door with all those letters..Maybe I better put on my snowshoes...it's a good thing I didn't leave 'em in Yosemite.

ROCHESTER: (LITTLE OFF) OH BOSS, BOSS...

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: ON THE WAY BACK FROM THE DOOR, SKI THROUGH THE KITCHEN AND BRING ME A GLASS OF WATER.

JACK: Okay.

SOUND: (DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'M COMING.

SOUND: (SNOWSHOES TRAVELLING ACROSS LETTERS!..CONTINUES)

JACK: Gosh, these letters are so deep, it's a good thing I've got my snow shoes.

ROCHESTER: (RECITING) OUT OF THE NIGHT WHICH WAS THIRTY BELOW
THERE STUMBLED A MINER FRESH FROM THE SNOW
DOG DIRTY AND LOADED FOR FEAR.

JACK: That's me...Rochester, stop it.

SOUND: (DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: OKAY. OKAY.

SOUND: (SNOWSHOES STOP..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh...Oh are you the mailman?

NELSON: Well what do you think I am with this pack on my back,
an early Santa Claus?

JACK: Hmm...I never saw a guy that does so many things.

NELSON: You and your contest!

JACK: Well can I help it if so many people can't stand me?..
Besides, what are you griping about? You've got over
two hundred letter carriers helping you.

NELSON: I know, but it wasn't easy getting them.

JACK: What?

NELSON: We have the only Post Office in the country with a draft
board!

JACK: Now, look -

NELSON: Don't you shout at me. See these four stars on my shoulder?

JACK: What does that mean?

NELSON: I'm a Postmaster General, silly.

JACK: (I knew I shouldn't have asked him) Now look, will you please stop with all this...

SOUND: (RADIO SIGNAL...TICK TICK TICK TICK)

NELSON: Quiet, a message is coming in on my Walkie Talkie.

TACK: (FILTER) Flight commander to control tower...Flight commander to control tower...We are circling Beverly Hills...Please give instructions...Over.

NELSON: Control tower to flight commander...you are approaching the target...Drop down to five hundred feet...OPEN THE BOMB BAY.

JACK: Wait a minute...What is this?

NELSON: AIR MAIL, YOU OLD-FASHIONED FOOP!

JACK: Oh for...Look, General, do me a favor, will you? I drained all the water out of the swimming pool...Put the letters in there...the house is full.

NELSON: Very well.

JACK: Thank you, General.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS...DOOR BUZZER, SHORT STACCATO BUZZING)

JACK: Now what.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: You forgot to salute.

JACK: Now cut that out.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: This is all General Bradley's fault -- I mean Steve Bradley's fault...having people write letters on why they can't stand me.

SOUND: (SNOWSHOES ON LETTERS...CONTINUE)

JACK: Hmm...these snow shoes are kind of tight.

ROCHESTER: HE LONGED FOR THE BITE OF THE YUKON NIGHT
AND THE NORTHERN LIGHTS' WEIRD FLICKER.

JACK: Rochester.

ROCHESTER: AND A GAME OF STUD IN THE FROZEN MUD AND
AND THE TASTE OF RAW RED LIQUOR.

SOUND: (SNOWSHOES STOP)

JACK: Rochester, stop with that poetry, we're not in the Yukon.

ROCHESTER: I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I'M CHEWIN' ON SOME BLUBBER.

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: TOUGH AS A STEAK WAS YUKON JACK
HARD BOILED AS A PICNIC EGG,

JACK: Rochester.

ROCHESTER: HE WASHED HIS SHIRT IN THE KLONDIKE DIRT
AND HE DRANK HIS RUM BY THE KEG.

JACK: Rochester, just tend to the mail...We still have thousands of letters to read.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, here's a letter...listen to this one...I CAN'T STAND JACK BENNY BECAUSE HE CHARGES TWO DOLLARS AN HOUR TO PLAY HIS VIOLIN AT WEDDINGS.

JACK: What?

PHIL: SIGNED, TOMMY MANVILLE.

JACK: Well...that's how it is when you work for one man too long...Now let's not get these mixed up, because....

LARRY: (LITTLE OFF MIKE) OH MR. BENNY --

JACK: What? Oh Larry...I didn't see you with all these letters around here...when did you come in?

LARRY: Yesterday.

JACK: Oh...Well you better read your way to the window and get some air.

ROCHESTER: I CAN'T STAND JACK BENNY BECAUSE HE WON'T PAY ROCHESTER MORE MONEY, BECAUSE HE WON'T GIVE HIM A NIGHT OFF, AND BECAUSE HE WON'T --

JACK: Rochester, stop reading those letters.

ROCHESTER: I AIN'T READIN' BOSS.

JACK: Well, we talk about our little problems in private.

ROCHESTER: Yeah, You, me and the Dies Committee.

JACK: Never mind...Gee, I'm getting tired reading these letters...I'm going to rest awhile...Say, Larry, why don't you sing a song for us?

LARRY: I'd like to, Mr. Benny, but I've got laryngitis.

JACK: Gee, everybody's got a cold...You, and Mary...What a show we're going to have...Just my luck, Fred Allen will be as fit as a fiddle...Gee, I'm sorry you can't sing today, kid.

LARRY: It wouldn't make any difference, Mr. Benny...I was going to sing "I'm Glad I Waited For You", but Mr. Harris's band can't play it.

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Phil, why couldn't your band play "I'm Glad I Waited For You"?

PHIL: Don't rush us, we gotta take these songs in order.

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry...What are you working on now?

PHIL: The Sheik of Araby.

JACK: What?

PHIL: It's a great song, Jackson, it goes like this...(SINGS HOT) I'M THE SHEIK OF ARABY...DADADA DADADA DADADA.... YOUR LOVE BELONGS TO ME-HEE-HEE...AT NIGHT WHEN YOU'RE--

JACK: I know, I know how it goes.

ROCHESTER: HE WANTED TO MUSH ALONG IN THE SLUSH WITH A TEAM OF HUSKY HOUNDS.

JACK: QUIET!...Phil, by the time you get to --

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh there's the phone.

SOUND: (CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Hello.

DON: Hello Jack, this is Don Wilson.

JACK: Oh hello Don, how are you?

DON: Fat as ever, thank you.

JACK: Don't thank me...You're the only man I know that goes into a butcher shop, buys a side of beef, and the butcher says, "Shall I wrap it up or will you eat it here?"... Now look, Don, I'm busy with my contest mail...What do you want?

DON: Well the reason I called you, Jack, is because I'm going on a local broadcast today, and I want you to listen to it.

ATX01 0236872

JACK: Oh sure, we'll all listen.

DON: I'm going to tell a few jokes, and I'd like to try one out on you.

JACK: Jokes? Oh...go ahead, Don, go ahead.

DON: WHY ARE LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES LIKE MINNEAPOLIS?

JACK: Say, that sounds like you got something there...Go ahead, Don...Why are Lucky Strike cigarettes like Minneapolis?

DON: BECAUSE THEY'RE SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED...SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW...(CHUCKLES)

JACK: What?

DON: Don't you get it, Jack?

JACK: No.

DON: Well now wait I'll make it easier for you...LUCKY STRIKES ARE LIKE MINNEAPOLIS BECAUSE THEY'RE MADE OF THE FINEST, THE LIGHTER, THE NATURALLY Milder TOBACCO...(CHUCKLES)

JACK: Don, I might be a little dense today, but I still don't get it.

DON: Well now I'll explain it to you so you can't miss it... LUCKY STRIKES ARE LIKE MINNEAPOLIS BECAUSE WITH ME WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST, IT'S LUCKIES TWO TO ONE.

JACK: But Don, that doesn't make sense...Minneapolis doesn't fit in there.

DON: It doesn't?

JACK: No.

DON: I guess you're right, Jack, I'll make it St. Paul.

JACK: Yes yes, I think you've really got something.

DON: Well I better run along...Goodbye.

JACK: Oh Don, just a second...What time do you go on that program?

DON: At six-fifteen.

JACK: Okay, I'll listen...Goodbye.

SOUND: (CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Oh my goodness, I forgot to ask him what station...Oh well, we'll find it...Hey Phil, the house looks a little better with all those letters cleaned up...You know as soon as we get through, I've gotta go out and do some more Christmas shopping.

PHIL: Say Jackson, I really got a swell present for you this year.

JACK: You have, Phil? How much did it...I mean, what is it?... What...What'd you get me?

PHIL: A case of gin.

JACK: A case of gin?

PHIL: It'll come in handy when you throw a party.

JACK: When am I going to throw a party?

PHIL: The minute I bring it over, Bub!

JACK: All right, Phil, we'll have the party on New Year's Eve.

ROCHESTER: Mr. Benny, what are you gonna give me for Christmas?

JACK: Well...what are you gonna give me, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: You tell me what you're gonna give me.

JACK: No no, first you tell me what you're gonna give me.

ROCHESTER: No, you tell me.)

JACK: No, you tell me.) (REPEAT)

ROCHESTER: Hee hee hee hee.

JACK: What are you laughing at?

ROCHESTER: WE DO THIS EVERY YEAR, AND ALL WE GET OUT OF IT IS A SORE THROAT!

JACK: Well don't worry, I'm going to buy you a nice gift...
Now before I do my shopping I'd better go over my list
again...Let's see...for Christmas I'll get some cough
drops for Larry Stevens...Some new wax fruit for Mary...
and something for Don Wilson...I hear they're stretching
two ways again...Now let's see...what else.

(APPLAUSE AND SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Now let's see...I must get some Christmas presents for
my writers...they need pencil and paper...And I must
look around for some cheap bow-ties for all the boys in
Phil's band.

PHIL: Cheap bow-ties...Why don't you get 'em some good ones?

JACK: Phil, as long as the elastic snaps in 'em, they're happy
....Now let's see...what else do I have to --

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it, Rochester.

SOUND: (CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Hello.

JEANINE: Hello, is my daddy there?

JACK: Your daddy? Oh, is this Phil Harris's little girl?

JEANINE: Yes. Is this Mr. Benny...star of stage, screen, radio,
and will drive children to school at twenty cents a trip?

JACK: How...how did you know all that?

JEANINE: It was printed on the Christmas card you sent us.

JACK: Oh yes, yes.

JEANINE: Oh Mr. Benny, I hope you won't be mad at my daddy when
you see the letter he sent in to your contest.

JACK: (Oh for heaven's sake)...You mean your daddy showed you the letter?

JEANINE: I had to write it for him.

JACK: I should have known he couldn't do it himself.

JEANINE: Can I talk to my daddy now?

JACK: Sure, sweetheart, just a minute...Phil, your little girl's on the phone.

PHIL: Thanks, Jackson...Hello, baby.

JEANINE: Hello Hotshot.

PHIL: What did you call me for, honey?

JEANINE: Well daddy, I don't know what to buy you for Christmas... I wish you'd tell me what you'd like.

PHIL: Oh darling, you don't have to buy me anything for Christmas...

JEANINE: That's what you told me last year, and then you got even with me on my birthday.

PHIL: No no, baby...daddy didn't get even with you, he just forgot, that's all.

JEANINE: Gee, daddy, I like Christmas...Santa Claus and everything.

PHIL: Yeah. And baby, do you know where Santa Claus comes from?

JEANINE: Uh huh...and that's what I like about the North Pole.

PHIL: Ha ha ha ha! Isn't that cute...Hey Jackson, you should have heard what my kid just said.

JEANINE: Oh daddy, it wasn't that funny.

PHIL: Yes, it was too...You know, honey, I --

JEANINE: I've gotta hang up now, daddy, I'm busy.

PHIL: Okay...Goodbye, darling.

JEANINE: Goodbye, Hotshot.

SOUND: (CLICK OF RECEIVER)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: What a sweet kid.

PHIL: She sure is, Jackson...You know, it's wonderful being a father, especially when your kid is just starting school....I come home at night, sit her on my lap and watch her doing her home work.

JACK: Yeah.

PHIL: You'd be surprised what you learn that way.

JACK: Well stick to it, Phil, it isn't going to hurt you any.

PHIL: You said it. I've learned plenty...Hey Jackson, do you know what a period is?

JACK: Certainly, a period is what you put at the end of a sentence.

PHIL: (BRAGGING) And it's also a dot over an "I".

JACK: Phil...you positively amaze me...Now let's get the rest of these letters out of the way....

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Phil, take all these letters that have been opened and put 'em in the corner ... And I wish you'd --

ROCHESTER: Oh, boss --

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: Here's a letter from Fred Allen.

JACK: Fred Allen! He can't be in the contest, he's a judge.

ROCHESTER: Just the same he sent this letter.

JACK: What does it say?

ROCHESTER: It says I CAN'T STAND JACK BENNY BECAUSE....

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCHESTER: THEN HE LISTS THE REASONS ALPHABETICALLY, CHRONOLOGICALLY AND GEOGRAPHICALLY.

JACK: Geographically?

ROCHESTER: YEAH, HE CAN'T STAND YOU ANY PLACE!

JACK: Oh he just thinks he's smart because he can say such big words with his nose .. he's awful.

PHIL: Oh, Jackson, you just don't like him because he's a great comedian.

JACK: That has nothing to do with it ... And listen, Phil..all week long you've been sarcastic just because I was the only one invited to Ronald Colman's house last Sunday for dinner.

PHIL: I still don't believe he sent you an invitation.

JACK: Well you can go look at it again, it's framed over the fireplace...and not only that...I'm having the Colman's over to my house next Sunday.

PHIL: You are?

JACK: Yes..And I think I ought to invite their friend from England, Mr. Wellington..He was a guest at their house too.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, you promised Don Wilson you'd listen to his program, and it's gettin' late.

JACK: Oh yeah, what time is it?

PHIL: I dunno, the little hand is straight down and the big hand is bent over.

JACK: That's six-fifteen...Phil, why don't you learn how to tell time?

PHIL: I try to, but it always keeps changing.

JACK: Oh..Well I'd better listen to Don...Rochester, turn on the radio, we want to hear Don Wilson.

ROCHESTER: What station is it?

JACK: He forgot to tell me, trying to get it anyway.

ROCHESTER: Okay.

(SOUND: CLICK OF DIAL..SHORT STATIC)

SARA: (FILTER SINGS WITH PIANO) COME TO ME MY MELANCHOLY
BABY..CUDDLE UP AND DON'T BE BLUE...ALL YOUR FEARS ARE
FOOLISH FANCIES--

JACK: That's not it..Here, I'll get the station.
(SOUND: SHORT STATIC)

HERB: (DRAMATIC - FILTER) I might as well be honest with you
Joyce, I'm in love with another woman.

BEA: (DRAMATIC) No no, Alvin, you mustn't leave me..you
mustn't..I've given you the best years of my life..
I'll fight to the last ounce of my strength..I'll
never give you up.

JACK: That's not it either.
(SOUND: SHORT STATIC)

SARA: (SINGS) EVERY CLOUD MUST HAVE A SILVER LINING. SO WAIT
UNTIL THE SUN SHINES THROUGH.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake, why can't I get the station
Wilson's on. (SOUND: SHORT STATIC)

ANNR: There it goes..it's a line drive and Greenburg's on
third!

JACK: I've got such a slow radio..I've gotta get that
station of Don's.
(SOUND: SHORT STATIC)

NELSON: (FILTER) Do you have rheumatism in your joints? Do
you have chills..does your liver shiver?...Do you
wheeze when you sneeze?...If you suffer from these or
any other ailments, try Sympathy Soothing Syrup...
Remember, folks, Sympathy spelled backwards is
Yitapamis...Y H T A P M Y S.

JACK: I'm going to change this before that quartet comes on..
(SOUND: SHORT STATIC)

JACK: Sympathy Soothing Syrup..that stuff never helped
anybody..I wish Wilson had told me what station he's on.
(SOUND: SHORT STATIC)

SARA: (SINGS).....MELANCHOLY BABY...CUDDLE UP AND DON'T BE
BLUE, DOODLE-OO, DOODLE-OO, DOODLE-OO...ALL YOUR FEARS
ARE FOOLISH FANCIES MAYBE--

JACK: Oh my goodness.
(SOUND: SHORT STATIC)

JACK: Maybe this is it.

LOUELLA: (FILTER) Hello to all of you from Hollywood, this is
Louella Parsons.

(APPLAUSE)

PHIL: That ain't the station, Jackson.

JACK: Well I want to hear this anyway, Louella might have something nice to say about me.

LOUELLA: Here's my first important news from the film capital... tonight..Lana Schlogenhoff, who used to go with Turhan O'Riley, was seen at the Mocambo with Gregory Burma-shave..dancing to the exotic music of Xavier Shapiro.

JACK: Well what do you know about that.

LOUELLA: Just heard that Bing Crosby and Bob Hope's next picture will be "The Road to the La Brea Tarpits".

JACK: Well, they've been everywhere else..I've gotta see that.

LOUELLA: FLASH! It's a boy at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital.

JACK: Well, I must send them a card of congratulations... Remind me, Phil.

LOUELLA: Van Johnson, who was so very ill with the flu, was cured in three days by a new miracle medicine called Sympathy Soothing Syrup.

JACK: How do you like that...me it made sick.

LOUELLA: Now here's top news..news you'll all be interested in.. Gladys Zybisco, who has been Jack Benny's sweet heart for a long time, has just signed a new contract with the Homeway Laundry.

JACK: Oh boy, she passed her tub test...I hope her agent made a good deal for her.

LOUELLA: And speaking of Jack Benny..his contest has brought thousands and thousands of letters from every state in the union..Well almost every state..Maine and Vermont are still holding out.

JACK: That shows what she knows, they hate me there too.

LOUELLA: That's all for now...but don't forget that starting next Sunday my own program for Woodbury same time, will be increased to fifteen minutes..So be sure to listen in for all the latest news from Hollywood...This is Louella Parsons saying goodnight.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Gee, I must call up Louella and tell her that.....

PHIL: Hey Jackson, what about the program that Don Wilson is on?

JACK: Oh yes, I must get that.

SOUND: (SHORT STATIC)

SARA: (FILTER) SO SMILE MY HONEY DEAR,
WHILE I KISS AWAY EACH TEAR,
OR ELSE I WILL BE MELANCHOLY,
YES I WILL BE MELANCHOLY
YOU KNOW THAT I'LL BE MELANCHOLY TOOOOOO!

JACK: Isn't that awful?

DON: (FILTER) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..YOU HAVE BEEN LISTENING TO THE GLORIOUS VOICE OF MISS GINNY MUDFENDER..YOUR HOSTESS AT THE VINE STREET BOWLING ALLEY.

JACK: WELL WHAT DO YOU KNOW..DON WILSON'S BEEN ON THAT PROGRAM ALL THE TIME.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF MUSIC)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE CONTEST WILL END AT MIDNIGHT, DECEMBER 24TH, SO BE SURE AND GET YOUR LETTERS IN BEFORE THEN..JUST COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE, "I CAN'T STAND JACK BENNY BECAUSE"..IN FIFTY WORDS OR LESS..AND MAIL YOUR LETTER TO THE JACK BENNY CONTEST..HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIFORNIA. THE FIRST PRIZE WILL BE TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN VICTORY BONDS..THE SECOND PRIZE FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS IN VICTORY BONDS...

(MORE)

ATX01 0236882

DON:
(CONTD)

THE THIRD PRIZE A ONE-THOUSAND DOLLAR VICTORY BOND..
AND THERE WILL BE FIFTY ADDITIONAL PRIZES OF ONE HUNDRED
DOLLAR VICTORY BONDS EACH. REMEMBER, ALL YOU HAVE TO
DO IS COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE, "I CAN'T STAND JACK BENNY
BECAUSE" IN FIFTY WORDS OR LESS AND MAIL IT TO THE
JACK BENNY CONTEST, HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIFORNIA..THAT'S
THE JACK BENNY CONTEST, HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIFORNIA...OUR
BOARD OF JUDGES WILL INCLUDE GOODMAN ACE OF THE EASY
ACES AND PETER LORRE.

JACK: He frightens me.

DON: AND THE SUPREME AND FINAL JUDGE WILL BE THE HONORABLE
FRED ALLEN.

JACK: He frightens Peter Lorre.

DON: THE DECISION OF THE JUDGES WILL BE FINAL, AND ALL LETTERS
BECOME THE PROPERTY OF JACK BENNY, INCLUDING THE RIGHTS
TO PUBLISH. THIS CONTEST IS OPEN TO EVERYONE EXCEPT THE
EMPLOYEES OF THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY, ITS AGENTS,
AND THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY. IT IS ALSO
SUBJECT TO ALL FEDERAL AND STATE LAWS AND REGULATIONS.
IN CASE OF A TIE DUPLICATE PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED.

PLUG

#12

JACK:

Christmas shopping this season is just as difficult as it was last year and the year before. However, there's an answer to the question -- "What'll I give for Christmas?" Why not give Victory Bonds and stamps? They are tangible evidence of our gratitude -- yes, responsibility -- to those who have made possible our nation's first peacetime Christmas. Give "The present with a future" -- Victory Bonds and Stamps for Christmas.

(APPLAUSE)

DON:

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

ATX01 0236884

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
5TH REV. #12

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

SIMS: Independent tobacco experts spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco. Mr. Joseph Edgar Joyce, independent tobacco buyer of Pinnacle, North Carolina, said:

JOYCE: As a tobacco man I know a good leaf of tobacco when I see it. Over a period of many years, I have seen that Lucky Strike buys the finer, lighter tobacco. When Lucky Strike buys a basket of tobacco it's got to be good all the way down. I've smoked Luckies for eighteen years.

DELMAR: Quote: "When Lucky Strike buys a basket of tobacco its got to be good all the way down." 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. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - AMERICAN) and Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN). Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT
LS - MFT

DELMAR: 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.

(Imp. Tag
#12)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

ATX01 0236885

TAG

#12

JACK: Well, thank heavens that cleans up all these letters
until the mailmen get here tomorrow..Say Phil --

PHIL: Yeah, Jackson.

JACK: I'd like you and all the gang to come over for dinner
next Sunday night...You know I'm having the Ronald
Colmans.

PHIL: Oh gee, thanks, Jackson. I'll be there.

JACK: And remember, Phil...when we're having dinner, watch
your P's and Q's..You know what I mean.

PHIL: Oh sure..When you give me the cue, I'll pass the peas!...
HA HA HA HA...OH HARRIS, WHAT A SHAME YOU HAVEN'T GOT
LARYNGITIS TOO!

JACK: You said it, and I'll bet Mary's glad she didn't have
to hear that joke....Goodnight, doll.

ATX01 0236886