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RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

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

BROADCAST: 2ND. REV.
\$15

DATE: DEC. 23, 1945

PROGRAM: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK: NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

AS BROADCAST

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SIMS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT
LS - MFT

SIMS: You said it!
(Exl. B)

DELMAR: Yes, sir!

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

DELMAR: Quality of product is essential to continuing success!

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

ATX01 0236887

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
5TH REV. OPENING #13

DELMAR: When it comes to real, deep-down smoking enjoyment,
remember these five words - Lucky Strike means fine
tobacco. Yes - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! -
the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky
Strike tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: 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.

SIMS: And for that Christmas present - remember -

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT!

DELMAR: Suggestion: a carton of cigarettes for Christmas.
No gift offers so much for so little. So say Merry
Christmas with a carton of 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 OUT)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...TWO WEEKS AGO JACK BENNY HAD
DINNER AT MR. AND MRS. RONALD COLMAN'S HOUSE...AND
TONIGHT, AS A TYPICAL GOOD NEIGHBOR, JACK HAS INVITED
THE COLMANS OVER TO HIS HOUSE. SO LET'S GO OUT TO
BEVERLY HILLS WHERE WE FIND JACK PREPARING FOR THE
ARRIVAL OF HIS DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

JACK: Well, I'm almost dressed, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: Uh huh.

JACK: How do I look in my striped pants and swallowtail coat?

ROCHESTER: YOU LOOK LIKE A MASTER OF CEREMONIES AT FOREST LANE

JACK: I do not...Now Rochester, when you're serving dinner
tonight, serve the tomato juice first...then the salad...
then the meat, and then the vegetables.

ROCHESTER: I'm glad you brought that up, boss, I wanted to ask
you about the peas.

JACK: What about the peas.

ROCHESTER: DO YOU WANT ME TO SPOON 'EM OUT, OR COUNT 'EM OUT?

JACK: Spoon 'em out tonight....nothing's too good for the
Colmans....And don't forget for dessert we're having
a flaming plum pudding.

ROCHESTER: How do you fix it, boss?

JACK: Well, you take the plum pudding and put it in a bowl.

ROCHESTER: Uh huh.

JACK: Then you take a pint of brandy...good brandy...real old brandy...and you pour it over the pudding.

ROCHESTER: Continue, boss, you fascinate me.

JACK: Then you take a match and set fire to the brandy.

ROCHESTER: You....what?

JACK: You take a match and set fire to the brandy.

ROCHESTER: BOSS, I DOUBT IF I'LL HAVE THE HEART.

JACK: Well, just do as I tell you....See you later.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS "JINGLE BELLS")Gee, I hope the gang got all those contest letters cleaned up...I don't want the Colmans to find out that so many people can't stand me.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, kids...are you about finished with the mail?

MARY: We're all through, Jack, except for those entries over there in the corner.

JACK: Well, why haven't you opened those?

MARY: They're still ticking!

JACK: Ticking?....You mean they're...HEY, THERE'S ONE THAT'S SMOKING...QUICK, DON, THROW IT OUT THE WINDOW.

DON: OKAY.

JACK: Hmm, I wonder why - (SOUND: GLASS CRASH)
(SOUND: BOMB EXPLOSION)

JACK: Hmm...fine Christmas spirit...That thing could have --

MEL: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Huh? Who are you?

MEL: I was just passin' by and something blew me in.

JACK: Oh...Well Merry Christmas.

DON: Yes, Jack.

JACK: When Rochester offers you a third helping, try to refuse, will you? .. Or at least say "Well"...before you dive in....And Mary --

MARY: Oh Jack, don't try to tell me anything about eating.

PHIL: You better listen to him, Livy...He was eatin' thirty years before you were born!

JACK: Phil, your Christmas present isn't so big that I can't carry it back to the store....so don't --

MEL: (TWO SQUAWKS AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Hello Polly, Merry Christmas.

MEL: Merry Christmas... (ONE SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Isn't that cute...Say kids, don't you think my Christmas tree's a beauty?....Look how big it is.

LARRY: It sure is, Mr. Benny....Where did you get it?

JACK: Well --

PHIL: I'll tell you, kid...A man drove through Beverly Hills with that tree layin' on top of his car and Jackson was right behind him.

JACK: Phil!

PHIL: Jackson knew about that sharp curve in the road and the man didn't.

JACK: Phil, please...Christmas trees are very sentimental to me...In fact I used to go out in the woods and cut down my own tree...but I gave that up.

MARY: Yeah, it's so hard to find one with packages under it.

JACK: Yeah...Anyway, this is the best Christmas tree I've ever had.

LARRY: And look at all those presents under it...Say Mr. Benny, what's in that great big box over there all tied up with that red and green ribbon?

PHIL: Oh, that's there every year, kid, it's a decoy.

JACK: It is not.

ROCHESTER: Oh boss, boss --

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: For dinner tonight do you want French bread, raisin bread or English muffins?

JACK: Hmm, English muffins...Are they the real English muffins?

ROCHESTER: Are they! I CUT ONE OF 'EM OPEN AND FOUND TWO TICKETS TO A CRICKET MATCH!

JACK: Well you can't go, you've got work to do....And by the way, I hired an English butler to help serve tonight, so the Colmans will feel at home...He should be here any minute...Gosh, I'll bet right now Ronnie and Benita are sitting on pins and needles waiting to leave their house.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

BENITA: Oh Ronnie...Ronnie, where are you?

COLMAN: Right here in the library, Benita.

(APPLAUSE)

BENITA: Say darling, it's almost eight o'clock...It's time for us to go over to Mr. Benny's house.....have you forgotten?

COLMAN: No, no, I haven't forgotten, it's been on my mind all week...Perhaps we can phone and make some excuse that..

BENITA: Oh Ronnie, we can't do that, he's probably gone to a lot of trouble preparing dinner..In fact just this afternoon his butler...uh...what's his butler's name again?

COLMAN: Manchester?

BENITA: Oh yes, Manchester...Well he came to the back door and wanted to borrow some sugar..so I gave him a saucerful.

COLMAN: You gave him a saucerful?

BENITA: Yes, they already have all our cups.

COLMAN: Yes. I wondered why Sherwood served my afternoon tea in a Dixie cup....I guess you're right, Benita, maybe we should go..I'll never forget when Benny invited us to his house three years ago and we didn't show up.. It made him so angry he wrote a letter to Britain asking for his Bundle back.

BENITA: He's probably sensitive..it's getting late, you better start dressing.

COLMAN: Oh yes yes..And I mustn't forget to take Jack Benny's shoes back to him.

BENITA: His shoes?

COLMAN: Yes, he slipped them off when he was having dinner here two weeks ago.....I've never seen such interesting shoes...they have so many secret pockets in them....And there's a little device in there where you wiggle your toes and it makes change.

BENITA: Hmm, so those shoes belong to Mr. Benny..I should have known they weren't yours when I saw the box spring in the arch supports.

COLMAN: I noticed that too..By the way, Benita, who's invited to the dinner besides us?

BENITA: Well, I understand there'll be Mary Livingstone..She's on his program you know.

COLMAN: Mary Livingstone..Didn't she at one time work behind the stocking counter at the May Company?

BENITA: Yes, and I can't understand her giving up a good job like that....Now let's see..Oh, besides Mary Livingstone, there'll be that Phil Harris fellow.

COLMAN: Oh yes..Ham Hocks and Turnip Greens....Say, Benita, couldn't we phone and say that Uncle Oswald is ill and we have to go and visit him?

BENITA: You can't do that...After all, he lives right next door, he'll see our lights and know we're home.

COLMAN: Oh yes..Even that thirty-foot fence doesn't keep him from peeping in on us...creeping along his side of the fence with a periscope.....A most remarkable fellow...

BENITA: I do hope Mr. Benny doesn't insist on playing that violin tonight.

COLMAN: (DRAMATIC) Oh why...Benita, why did you have to bring that up..For ten years I have been plagued with Love In Bloom. Every day for ten years, Love in Bloom. I have hoped..I have wished..Yes, even prayed for a minor disaster..A fire, a tornado, even termites..anything..but destroy that violin!

BENITA: Darling!

COLMAN: When all that failed I took the lesser course..If he can't be stopped, then in the name of heaven let him play it right...Give him the will..give him the strength..give him the talent to hit that high note.

BENITA: Perhaps he has short fingers!

COLMAN: Every day for ten years it's been Love in Bloom...And lately he's been practising a new one. (SINGS) KISS ME ONCE AND KISS ME TWICE AND DA DA DA DA DA....It's dreadful! I'm sorry, dear, I didn't mean to lose my temper.

BENITA: Well cheer up, darling, I'm sure we'll have a lovely evening at Mr. Benny's.

COLMAN: I hope so.

BENITA: Perhaps he'll eat a lot and fall asleep early....

(APPLAUSE AND SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

MARY: Jack, do you want to come into the dining room and see if the table looks all right?

JACK: In a minute, Mary, I'm busy...(PLAYS EXERCISES ON VIOLIN THEN INTO "KISS ME ONCE"...HITS BLUE NOTE AND GOES BACK TO EXERCISES)

MARY: Oh Jack, you're not going to play your violin tonight.

JACK: I am too....The Colmans are pretty high class people, they don't go places just to eat...Now let me practice..
(PLAYS "KISS ME ONCE, AND KISS ME..
(SOUND: DOOF BUZZER)

JACK: Hmm, I'll have to get a new string.

MARY: That was the door buzzer.

JACK: Oh, oh..Maybe that's the..
(SOUND: DOOF BUZZER)

JACK: NEVER MIND, ROCHESTER, I'LL GET IT.
(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

MEL: (VERY THICK ENGLISH ACCENT..NOT UNDERSTANDABLE)..I was sent over from the Employment Agency on Wilshire Boulevard to help out this evening..They said you were having some special guests.

JACK: Oh yes, you're the English butler I ordered..Have you had much experience at serving?

MEL: Oh yes, I've served the best families in England..such as the Duke of Windsor, the Earl of Gloucester. Sir John Worthington, and people like that you know.

JACK: Well good, good..go right in the kitchen and get started..
What's your name?

MEL: Bertram Frothingworth.

JACK: What was that?

MEL: Bertram Forthingworth.

JACK: Oh..Well tonight, I'll just call you Nottingham.

MEL: Very good, sir.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Jack, who was that?

JACK: It was the English butler I hired..For tonight I'm calling him Nottingham..Do you think that's English enough?

MARY: Why don't you call him the White Cliffs of Dover.

JACK: No, no, that's too long...Maybe I ought to..

PHIL: Hey Jackson, why don't you call him Heathcliff?

JACK: Heathcliff?

PHIL: Sure, you're tryin' to pull a bluff!...HA HA HA HA!

OH PHILSY, THEY OUGHTA HANG YOU UP INSTEAD OF YOUR STOCKING.

JACK: You can say that again.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh that must be the Colmans now.

ROCHESTER: I'll get it.

JACK: No no, Rochester, that's why I got the English butler.. Nottingham, answer the door please.

MEL: (ENGLISH) Yes sir.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

COLMAN: Good evening, Mr. Benny is expecting us.

MEL: Oh come in sir, come in sir, may I have your hat and coat sir, they're waiting for you in the drawing room.

COLMAN: What was that?

MEL: I say come in sir, come in sir, may I have your hat and coat sir, they're waiting for you in the drawing room.

COLMAN: ANH..YOU'RE THE FELLOW WHO SELLS THE TOBACCO.

JACK: RONNIE..BENITA..I'M GLAD YOU CAME SO EARLY.

COLMAN: HELLO JACK, OLD BOY.

BENITA: IT'S SO GOOD OF YOU TO HAVE US OVER.

JACK: IT'S A PLEASURE INDEED..NOTTINGHAM, TAKE MR. AND MRS. COLMAN'S HATS, COATS AND CANOE.

MEL: (ENGLISH) Very well sir.

JACK: Thank you.

COLMAN: You know Jack, I just made such an awful mistake...I didn't know you had a second butler.

JACK: Oh yes, yes, he's English you know.

BENITA: But his English accent it so thick.

JACK: Well he's been there twice...Twice you know.

COLMAN: Well if he ever goes back again, he'll choke to death.

JACK: Ha ha ha ha ha!..Yes, yes..Come, let's go into the drawing room.

BENITA: By the way, Mr. Berny, where is Manchester?

JACK: What-What did you say?

BENITA: Where is Manchester?

JACK: Oh, oh Manchester..Well, you go out Sepulveda Boulevard through Culver City and turn left at the second traffic..

COLMAN: No no, Jack..Benita means Manchester, your butler.

JACK: Oh, oh, that's Rochester..ROCHESTER.

ROCHESTER: (OFF MIKE) LET NOTTINGHAM DO IT!

JACK: I'M NOT TALKING TO YOU...Benita, my butler's name is Rochester..He's in the kitchen getting the grub.. getting dinner ready...Come, let's go into the drawing room...I want you to meet my associates.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Here we are...Mr. and Mrs. Colman, this is my radic
cast.

COLMANS

TOGETHER: How do you do.

DON, MARY,
LARRY:

How do you do, Mr. and Mrs. Colman.

PHIL: HI YA RONNIE, BENITA..WHAT DO YOU HEAR FROM THE TEA
AND CRUMPPETS?

JACK: Phil...You know, Ronnie, he's such an unruly blighter..
you should excuse the expression..(SILLY LAUGH)..by
the way Ronnie, I have a little surprise for you this
evening..I also invited your friend, Jack Wellington,
to dinner.

COLMAN: Wellington. Splendid, splendid..Did you hear that,
Benita?

BENITA: Yes, isn't that nice?

JACK: Sit down, folks, we'll have cocktails in just a few
minutes..I hope you'll pardon the way my house looks,
but I've been so busy opening mail.

BENITA: That reminds me...How is your "I can't stand Jack Benny"
radio contest coming along?

JACK: Oh wonderful, wonderful..of course it ends tomorrow
night..So Benita, if you want to get your letter in, be
sure it's postmarked before midnight December
twenty-fourth.

DON: You know Jack just received a citation in Congress
because of all the national unity his "I can't stand
Jack Benny" contest is promoting.

COLMAN: National unity?

MARY: Yes, it's the first time in history that the Republicans
and Democrats agree on the same thing.

JACK: Yes sir..That's me...yup.

BENITA: Oh Ronnie, look at the Christmas Tree...isn't it
beautiful?

COLMAN: It certainly is.

JACK: I suppose you folks have a nice Christmas tree too.

BENITA: Well we bought a nice tree, but while we were driving home, a peculiar thing happened. Ronnie made a sharp turn and that's the last we saw of it.

JACK: Oh, that's a shame...Well...how about some cocktails? What would you like Ronnie?

COLMAN: Nothing right now, but after dinner I'll have a little B and B.

JACK: So will I, but before dinner I always have an S and S.

BENITA: S and S? What's that?

MARY: Half soda and half Sympathy Soothing Syrup.

JACK: Yes, it's awfully good.

MEL: (ENGLISH) Pardon me, Mr. Benny, but Mr. Wellington has arrived.

JACK: What? Oh he must mean that Wellington is here...COME RIGHT IN.

SNOWDEN: HELLO BENNY OLD BOY...RONNIE...BENITA.

COLMAN: WELLINGTON.

BENITA: MR. BENNY TOLD US YOU WERE COMING.

JACK: Mr. Wellington, this is my radio gang. This is Mary, Phil, Don and Larry.

SNOWDEN AND GANG EXCHANGE GREETINGS.

JACK: Well...we're all here now.

PHIL: Hey Wellington, you lost half your glasses.

JACK: Phil, that's a monocle...half his glasses.

COLMAN: Oh say Wellington, I must tell you. Benita and I got a letter from Wickersham the other day.

SNOWDEN: Wickersham? Well, well...How is the old duffer?

COLMAN: Oh he sounded cheerful enough. What a wonderful sense of humor he has.

BENITA: Wellie, that reminds me...Why don't you tell Mr. Benny and his friends that amusing anecdote Wickersham always tells at dinner parties?

SNOWDEN: Oh yes, yes. Not let's see...how does that go?

JACK: While you're thinking about it, I can play a solo on my --

SNOWDEN: Oh I have it, I have it.

COLMAN: Good.

BENITA: Hmm.

JACK: Hmm.

BENITA: Go ahead, Wellie, tell that amusing story.

SNOWDEN: (LAUGHINGLY) Well...it seems that there was a rather old codger in London who was somewhat hard of hearing, and he was riding on a westbound tram towards --

COLMAN: No no, Wellington, it was an Eastbound tram.

SNOWDEN: Oh yes, he was riding on an Eastbound tram, and --

BENITA: No no, he was going to Trafalgar Square, so it must have been a Southbound tram.

SNOWDEN: By Jove, Benita, you're right, it was a Southbound tram... Well, anyway, he wanted to get off at Wembley station.

COLMAN: You see, Jack, Wembley is a station where the tram stops.

JACK: Oh good, I thought the man wanted to jump off.

SNOWDEN: (LAUGHINGLY) Well, anyway, this old codger turned to the woman standing next to him and said --

BENITA: Wasn't it a man standing next to him?

SNOWDEN: No no, it was...By Jove, it was a man.

MARY: Anybody here care to shoot a game of pool?

JACK: Mary.

SNOWDEN: Anyway, he turned to the man standing next to him and inquired, "Is this Wembley?"...and the man said --

COLMAN: No, no...wait, wait...you forgot to mention that the second chap was hard of hearing too.

SNOWDEN: Oh yes yes, that's important...Well, he turned to this stranger and asked, "Is this Wembley"?...and the stranger who was hard of hearing, said, "No this isn't Wembley, this is Thursday"...so the old codger...I say, did I tell you that this old codger was also hard of hearing.

COLMAN: Oh certainly...You told them that when you mentioned it was a Westbound train.

BENITA: Southbound.

COLMAN: Oh yes, yes, Trafalgar Square.

SNOWDEN: So the old codger who was hard of hearing said, "Thursday? So am I, let's get off and have a drink"...
(LAUGHS)

SNOWDEN, COLMAN AND BENITA ALL LAUGH ENDING UPROARIOUSLY)

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) Hm...Southbound train...Trafalgar Square --

DON: (LAUGHINGLY) That was a very amusing story, Mr. Wellington...very funny...Would you folks care for a cigarette?

SNOWDEN: Yes, yes.

BENITA: Thank you.

COLMAN: Southbound train...Trafalgar Square...Trafalgar --

JACK: Southbound train...Trafalgar Square...Trafalgar --

DON: You see these cigarettes I just gave you are Lucky Strikes...They're made of the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobacco.

SNOWDEN: Well, that's interesting isn't it now?

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) .. He got off at Wembley station, because he was hard of hearing....so he --

DON: And you'll notice that Lucky Strikes are so round, so firm, so fully packed....so free and easy on the draw.

BENITA: How enchanting.

COLMAN: Please go on, Mr. Wilson.

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) And the second chap got off the tram because it was so fully packed....no no, that was a woman by Jove....that's right.

DON: And that's the reason ISMFT is so popular....ISMFT stands for Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

SNOWDEN: Amazing...amazing!

COLMAN: Yes, just think of it, ISMFT...Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

SNOWDEN: Deucedly clever, isn't it?

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) So when the stranger says "This is Thursday"...the man who was hard of hearing said, "So am I, let's get off and have a drink"....Oh yes, Thursday....thirsty!....(HIGH BILLY LAUGH).....Say, that is a clever anecdote.

(COLMANS AND GANG ALL LAUGH HEARTILY)

JACK: Yes sir...Oh, that's a honey....Ah, here come the cocktails...Set them right over here, Nottingham.

MEL: (ENGLISH) Yes sir.

JACK: Well folks, dinner will be ready pretty soon, and I can't tell you how happy I am that you were all able to come over..particularly at this time, so close to Christmas.

COIMAN: Thank you, Jack.

BENITA & SNOWDEN: Thank you.

JACK: And since it is so close to Christmas, I think it would be nice if we had Larry Stevens sing an appropriate song.

COIMAN: Good, good.

BENITA: By all means.

JACK: Are you ready, Larry?

LARRY: Yes, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Go right ahead...Here, let me sit next to you, Mary.
(LARRY'S NUMBER..."AVE MARIA")

JACK: That was very nice, Larry. Now folks, let's all have a cocktail before we go in to dinner.

COIMAN: Fine fine...And Jack, if you don't mind, I'd like to propose a toast.

JACK: Of course, Ronnie. We'd love to have you do it.

COIMAN: I propose a toast to the world...A world which has just survived the bloodiest and costliest of all human conflicts...A world which was so nearly led back to the dark ages of oppression and slavery by cruel and greedy men who traded in hate. It seems impossible that there could be any more suffering than mankind has just endured...but it is possible and it will happen if we lose sight of the lessons so bitterly learned. We must always hold before us the thought that men everywhere are our neighbors, and their right to life and freedom is as precious to them as ours is to us.

(MORE)

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COLMAN:
(CONTD)

So here's a toast to all the people in the world. May we, by working together for a lofty purpose and with God's help, achieve the goal that mankind for twenty centuries has striven for...Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men.

JACK: Merry Christmas, everybody, Merry Christmas.

COLMANS, SNOWDEN AND GANG....MERRY CHRISTMAS.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC PLAYOFF)

JACK: Thanks again to Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman and their friend, Mr. Wellington, for spending the evening with us. And I and my whole gang want to wish everybody everywhere a very Merry Christmas....Good night.

DON:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE CONTEST ENDS TOMORROW,
DECEMBER 24th, AT MIDNIGHT...IF YOU HAVEN'T SENT IN
YOUR ENTRY, DO IT NOW. 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. PRIZES WILL TOTAL TEN
THOUSAND DOLLARS IN VICTORY BONDS AND IN CASE OF A TIE
DUPLICATE PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED. THE BOARD OF JUDGES
INCLUDE GOODMAN ACE OF THE EASY ACES AND PETER LORRE...
AND THE SUPREME AND FINAL JUDGE WILL BE THE HONORABLE
FRED ALLEN. 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 SUBJECT TO ALL FEDERAL AND STATE LAWS
AND REGULATIONS.
(MUSIC TAG)