

# RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

## RADIO DIVISION

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

**BROADCAST:** REF. #14

**DATE:** DEC. 30, 1945

**PROGRAM:** THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

**NETWORK:** NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDALE: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Of course!  
(Excl. E)

SIMS: That's it!

RUYSDALE: Right you are!

SIMS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

BOOK: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

RUYSDALE: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

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

AS BROADCAST

ATX01 0236908

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
REV. 5/14

SIMS: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And speaking of tobacco, here's what Mr. John William Hill, Jr., independent tobacco buyer of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, said:

HILL: I've seen Lucky Strike buy ripe, naturally mild tobacco and I know that when this tobacco goes into a cigarette it means real smoking enjoyment. So when it comes to buying a cigarette for myself, I naturally add these things together and choose Luckies.

RUYSDALE: Quote: "I've seen Lucky Strike buy ripe, naturally mild tobacco." Unquote. Yes - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)  
(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: WELL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...AS YOU ALL KNOW, THE  
CONTEST ENDED AT MIDNIGHT DECEMBER 24TH....HOWEVER,  
THERE WERE SO MANY PEOPLE THAT COULDN'T STAND JACK  
BENNY..IT WILL TAKE A COUPLE OF WEEKS TO FINISH READING  
ALL THE LETTERS...AND THE WINNERS WILL BE ANNOUNCED  
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...SO LET'S GO OUT TO JACK'S HOUSE  
IN BEVERLY HILLS WHERE WE FIND JACK, MARY AND ROCHESTER  
BUSILY SORTING THE LATEST ENTRIES.

JACK: Gosh...the way this mail has been pouring in the last  
few days.

ROCHESTER: Yeah, there sure is a lot of it, boss.

JACK: Yes sir.

MEL: (TWO SQUAWKS AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Quiet Polly, daddy's working...Hmm, look at this mail..  
it's absolutely amazing how many people can't stand me.

MARY: Yeah...and Jack, look at this pile of letters over here..  
forty-eight thousand of 'em and they're all from St. Joe.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Mary, there must be some mistake...  
they love me in St. Joe...You remember when I was there  
last year they put up a statue of me in the public park.

MARY: Well they're sending it back, there's a hunk of granite  
in each envelope.

JACK: Oh Mary, you're just making that up.

MARY: No I'm not...here's a note in one of the letters.

JACK: What does it say?

MARY: "WE'RE SENDING BACK ALL OF MR. BENNY'S STATUE EXCEPT THE EARS.....WE'RE KEEPING THOSE FOR BIRD BATHS."

JACK: Let me see that note, it doesn't say that at all.....  
Gee, it does at that....What am I going to do with all these pieces of my statue?

MARY: Why don't you glue 'em together and set it out on your front lawn?

JACK: No, No, I'd look silly out on the lawn without any ears.

MARY: Well maybe a couple of snails will crawl up and go to sleep in the right places.

JACK: No no, you can't depend on 'em....Well come on, let's --

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

JACK: Polly, Christmas is over....Hmm, now I've got to teach her to say Happy New Year....Polly....now listen, Polly ....Happy New Year....Happy New Year.

MEL: Merry Christmas.

JACK: No no, it's Happy New Year....Happy New Year.

MEL: Merry Christmas.

JACK: No no, Polly, now listen...Happy New Year...Happy New Year...Come on now, Polly, say it...Happy New Year.

MEL: Happy New Year.

JACK: Attagirl...Isn't it wonderful how you can train 'em, Mary?

MARY: It sure is.

JACK: And now, Polly....a very Happy New Year.

MEL: Merry Christmas (ONE SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: Smart parrot.

JACK: Well she's just a little nervous since I told her that the carrier pigeon she's engaged to is coming back from overseas....He'd be here now but he couldn't get a train out of San Francisco....he may have to fly....Now let's see --

SOUND: (SEVERAL LOUD RIPS OF PAPER)

JACK: We've got to finish sorting the...Rochester, why did you tear up that letter?

ROCHESTER: THIS ONE WAS A MISTAKE, BOSS.....IT SAID I CAN'T STAND ROCHESTER.

JACK: Who signed that?

ROCHESTER: THE GAS MAN!

JACK: Well....we haven't heard from him in about five years.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: Mary, what are you laughing at?

MARY: Get this letter...I CAN'T STAND JACK BENNY BECAUSE HE PLAYS THE VIOLIN....SIGNED, A DEAD CAT.

JACK: That's probably from somebody who doesn't like me.

MARY: Could be.

JACK: Certainly.

ROCHESTER: OH BOSS, BOSS, YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT.

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: HERE'S A LETTER FROM THE BIG THREE!

JACK: The Big Three!....Well! What does it say?

ROCHESTER: "WE COULDN'T STAND JACK BENNY BEFORE THE CONTEST... SIGNED, ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA.

JACK: Oh they just think they're smart because they're on the way to Palm Springs.....Anyway --

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: There's the phone.

ROCHESTER: I'll get it.

JACK: No no, Rochester, you stay with the mail....I'll have Nottingham answer it.

MARY: Nottingham! Jack, have you still got that English butler around here? I thought you only hired him for last week to impress the Colmans.

JACK: Well, we're so busy with the mail, I kept him on to help out.

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: NOTTINGHAM, ANSWER THE PHONE.

MEL: (LITTLE OFF) VERY GOOD, SIR.

JACK: Isn't he classy...he even puts on his coat to answer the phone.

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS...CLICK OF RECEIVER)

MEL: Are you there?.....Yes, but Mr. Benny's very busy right now and can't come to the phone, so will you please tell me who's calling?.....Who?.....Very well sir, I'll be very happy to tell him that.....Very good sir.

SOUND: (CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: NOTTINGHAM, WHO WAS THAT?

MEL: (OFF) MR. HENRY BILLINGSWORTH, YOUR LAWYER.

JACK: Oh...All right, Mary, now we'll --

MARY: Jack, what did Nottingham say?

JACK: He said my lawyer was on the phone.

MARY: I thought he said the grocer.

JACK: No no, Mary...grocer is grawlifuff...He used to confuse me at first too.

PHIL: HI YA JACKSON, HELLO LIVY. HAPPY NEW YEAR.

JACK: Happy New Year, Phil...glad you came over.

MARY: Say Phil, did you have a nice Christmas?

PHIL: Swell, Liv...I got a lot of presents..and look at this  
...here's what the boys in my hand gave me.

JACK: What is it?

PHIL: It's one of them new fountain pens and it's guaranteed to write two years without having to refill it.

JACK: Well what good is it to you...you can't write!

PHIL: A lot of things can happen in two years, bub!

JACK: Yeah, I hope so.

PHIL: And while I'm thinkin' of it, Jackson, I want to thank you for the present you gave me:

JACK: Well --

MARY: What was it, Phil?

PHIL: A pair of black and pink lounging pajamas with a bare midriff and they're a little snug but I wore 'em all day and --

JACK: Phil, those were for Alice...a bare midriff.

MARY: Phil, surely Alice must have known those pajamas were for her.

PHIL: Yeah, but I looked so cute in 'em she hated to tell me.

JACK: Oh brother.

PHIL: Say Livy, what did Jackson give you for Christmas?

JACK: I gave her a fur muff...there it is over on the chair... it's sable.

MARY: It's rabbit.

JACK: It is not, it's sable.

MARY: Rabbit...I wore it at the Farmers Market yesterday and it snapped at a head of lettuce.

JACK: Well a lot of sables are vegetarians too...Believe me, Phil, the muff I gave Mary is sable.

MARY: It's rabbit.

JACK: It's sable...Would I pay nineteen dollars for rabbit?... Would I?

MARY: You wouldn't pay nineteen dollars for twenty dollars.

JACK: I would too! Now Phil, as long as you're here, stick around and help us read some contest letters.

PHIL: Jackson, you know better than that.

JACK: All right, then open the envelopes...at least you've got muscle..Come on.

(APPIAUSE)

(SEGUE INTO RAND NUMBER)

(APPIAUSE)



SECOND ROUTINE

-7-

#11

7~ JACK: Gosh, I never saw so many contest letters...It'll take two weeks before we can finish reading 'em.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, listen to this letter.

JACK: Phil, stop showing off, we know you can't read.

PHIL: This one's got pictures on it.

JACK: Oh.

PHIL: The first six words must be I CAN'T STAND JACK BEHNEY BECAUSE.

JACK: Yeah.

PHIL: Then there's a picture of your face and the body of a jackass.

JACK: There is?

PHIL: Yeah...You know, Jackson, if you didn't need a shave, that jackass would look pretty good.

JACK: Oh yeah?

ROCHESTER: Oh boss, boss --

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: Nottingham would like to see you.

JACK: Well have him come in here.

ROCHESTER: He can't..at the moment he's indisposed..he's standing in the kitchen in his shorts and socks.

JACK: My goodness, what happened?

ROCHESTER: Well, after lunch we decided to idle away a few minutes in a game of chance.

JACK: Rochester...you didn't gamble with Nottingham?

ROCHESTER: UH HUH...I WON EVERYTHING BUT HIS ENGLISH ACCENT!

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: I'D HAVE GOT THAT BUT HE WOULDN'T OPEN HIS MOUTH.

JACK: Well I think that's awful..imagine, leaving him standing there in his B.V.D.'s.

ATX01 0236916

ROCHESTER: I GOT AN I.O.U. ON THOSE!

JACK: Well, I want you to go in there and give Nottingham his clothes back.

ROCHESTER: Okay, okay.

SOUND: (FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Imagine, anybody doing a --

DON: (OFF) HI YA, ROCHESTER.

ROCHESTER: (OFF) HELLO, MR. WILSON.

JACK: HEY, DON--

DON: HELLO EVERYBODY, HAPPY NEW YEAR.

MARY & PHIL: HAPPY NEW YEAR, DON.

JACK: Happy New Year.

MEL: Merry Christmas (ONE SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: No no, Polly, it's Happy New Year...Happy New Year.

MEL: Happy --

JACK: That's it..Happy --

MEL: Happy --

JACK: That's it...Happy what?

MEL: Happy what (ONE SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Hmm, I wish that carrier pigeon would get here...Don, how did you happen to be around this neighborhood?

DON: Well I just wanted to drop in and thank everybody for their Christmas gifts.

PHIL: Hey Donsy, what did Jackson give you?

DON: Well, Jack didn't have to give me anything for Christmas because he gave me a birthday present and he thought my birthday was too close to Christmas.

MARY: When is your birthday?

DON: The twenty-third of August.

JACK: Don--

MARY: Well what did Jack give you for your birthday?

DON: A Christmas card.

JACK: Don--

DON: You see Christmas is so close to my birthday that --

JACK: Never mind... And as long as we're on the subject of presents, what about that gift you kids all chipped in and bought me?

PHIL: Well we thought it was a good idea, Jackson...something you could use.

JACK: Hmm, something I could use..A florescent toupay so people can see me at night...When I say rise and shine I'm not kiddin'...some gift.

MEL: Merry Christmas (WHISTLES)

JACK: Polly, it's Happy New Year...Happy New Year..I'm going to train that bird if I have to --

MARY: JACK, NOT WITH A WHIP AND A OFAIR!

JACK: Well...I'll talk to him when we're alone.

DON: Say Jack, I'm kind of thirsty..May I have a glass of water?

JACK: Oh sure, Don, go right out in the kitchen.

DON: Okay, thanks.

SOUND: (FEW FOOTSTEPS)

DON: (SINGS) OH KISS ME ONCE AND KISS ME TWICE AS LS LEFT  
IT'S SUCH A GREAT SMOKE.  
SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED,  
SO EASY ON THE DRAW  
IT'S SUCH A GREAT GREAT SMOKE.  
(FOOTSTEPS STOP...DOOR OPENS)

SOUND: (WATER RUNNING INTO GLASS...DRINKING OF WATER...GLASS  
SETS DOWN ON TABLE DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS)

DON: (SINGS MIDDLE PHRASE OF KISS ME ONCE)

LUCKIES HAVE TOBACCO THAT IS Milder,  
IT'S WONDERFUL THE WAY I MAKE THIS RHYME.

JACK: Hey kids, listen to Don.

DON: SO SMOKE IT ONCE AND SMOKE IT TWICE  
AND SMOKE IT ONCE AGAIN,  
YOU'LL HAVE A GRAND GRAND TIME.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS STOP)

MARY: )  
PHIL: ) (SING) HE MEANS WITH LUCKIES  
JACK: )

DON: (ENDS WITH HIGH NOTE) GRAND, GRAND, TIME.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Don, that was wonderful, I didn't know you could sing  
like that.

LARRY: Hello everybody.

MARY, DON  
& PHIL: HELLO, LARRY. HI YA, KID.

JACK: Hello, kid, when did you get here?

LARRY: I came in right between "smoke it once and smoke it  
twice."

JACK: Oh. Well I'm glad you came over, you can help us with  
the mail.

LARRY: I have to run along, I just dropped by to wish you a  
Happy New Year...

JACK: By the way, Larry, I got a lot of compliments on your  
song last week.

LARRY: Thank you..I've got another one I'm working on for next  
week.

JACK: You have?...Well come on, let's hear it.

MARY, DON  
& PHIL: YES, LARRY, LET'S HAVE A SONG.

LARRY: Okay.

MEL: Smoke it once and smoke it twice.

(SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Polly...Larry's going to sing now.

(APPLAUSE AND SEQUE INTO LARRY'S NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD ROUTINE

-12-

314

JACK: Say that was swell, Larry, I'm glad you picked that one..  
Now kids, let's try and get the rest of this contest  
mail finished so we can...

SOUND: (DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: NOTTINGHAM, ANSWER THE DOOR

MEL: (OFF) VERY GOOD, SIR.

SOUND: (FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

LANE: Hello, hello, hello, Bradley's the name, Steve Bradley..  
I'm Mr. Benny's press agent and I'm here to see him.

MEL: Very well sir, I shall announce you, is Mr. Benny  
expecting you?

LANE: Huh? What'd you say?

MEL: I said very well sir, I shall announce you, is Mr. Benny  
expecting you?

LANE: WELL, THANKS, AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU TOO...  
I'll go right in and see Benny.

SOUND: (FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Oh it's you, Steve.

LANE: Hello hello hello, long time no see..Happy New Year,  
everybody.

GANG: (AD LIBS HAPPY NEW YEAR, HAPPY NEW YEAR)

LANE: Well Benny, I guess you know why I'm here...the contest  
is over.

JACK: Yes, I know.

LANE: Now all we have to do is finish reading the letters,  
pick the winners, and then award the ten thousand  
dollars in prizes.

ATK01 0236921

JACK: Ten thousand-- Steve, Steve..look..wouldn't it be more sporting to forget about anything so commercial as money and keep the whole thing on an amateur basis?...Wouldn't it?..Huh, wouldn't it?

LANE: Benny, are you crazy, you can't do a thing like that.

JACK: Well...I don't see why --

LANE: Look..let me put it to you this way..which do you value more..ten thousand dollars or your reputation?

MARY: .....Better put it to him another way.

JACK: Oh..well...all right.

LANE: Attaboy, Benny...now just hand me the ten thousand dollars and I'll buy the Victory Bonds for the prizes.

JACK: But Steve, we don't know the winners yet, we've still got mail to read.

LANE: I know, I know, but we don't want anything to hold us up.. I gotta go out and buy those bonds and have 'em ready.

JACK: Okay, okay...I'll have to go down to my vault and get the money...But before I go, I want you all to repeat "The Oath" after me..."I promise not to reveal that Jack Benny has a secret vault hidden in his home."

GANG: (REPEATS) "I promise not to reveal that Jack Benny has a secret vault hidden in his home."

JACK: "And if I should tell anyone, either consciously or unconsciously--"

GANG: "And if I should tell anyone, either consciously or unconsciously--"

JACK: "May I lose my umbrella during the rainy season."

GANG: "May I lose my umbrella during the rainy season."  
JACK: Now everybody bow their heads while I go down in the vault.  
SOUND: (SIX FOOTSTEPS HEAVY IRON HANDLE TURNS...HEAVY IRON DOOR OPENS WITH CREAKING OF CHAINS...ON CUE: SIX MORE FOOTSTEPS, HOLLOW EFFECT HEAVIER HANDLE TURNS...HEAVIER DOOR CREAKS OPEN WITH CHAINS. ON CUE: TWO MORE FOOTSTEPS)  
JACK: (GRUNTS)  
SOUND: (LONG LOUD RIP OF CLOTH)  
JACK: Ooops, tore my pants on that barbed wire..Now I gotta be careful about those land mines.  
SOUND: (TWO MORE FOOTSTEPS)  
KEARNS: Halt, who goes there...friend of foe?  
JACK: Friend.  
KEARNS: What's the pass word?  
JACK: Greenberg's on Third.  
KEARNS: Oh it's you, Mr. Benny.  
JACK: That's right, Ed, and here's a little present for you.  
KEARNS: A present?...For me?  
JACK: Yes, Ed..Last week was Christmas.  
KEARNS: Oh...Did you have a nice New Years?  
JACK: No no, Ed, it isn't New Year's yet..You see, New Year's comes after Christmas.  
KEARNS: Oh...I've been away from it so long I kind of forgot.  
JACK: Oh yes...You know, Ed, this year things are going to be a lot better...They're starting to make automobiles again.



KEARNS: ...Automobiles?

JACK: Yes...they're like buggies with motors in them...you drive them down the street.

KEARNS: Well...won't they frighten the buffalo?

JACK: No, no, buffalo are extinct...they're very few of them around any more. Well, I gotta get into my vault now.

KEARNS: Shall I turn my back?

JACK: No, no, Ed, you're bonded...Now let's see...the combination is right to forty-five...(LIGHT TURNING SOUND) Left to one sixty (LIGHT SOUND) Back to fifteen (LIGHT SOUND) Then left to one ten (LIGHT SOUND) There.

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

JACK: Hmm, I'm glad the factories are reconverting...now I'll be able to buy a louder burglar alarm.

KEARNS: Mr. Benny, how much money are you putting in.

JACK: I'm not putting anything in, I'm taking some out.

KEARNS: My, this is thrilling.

JACK: Well, so long, Ed...Happy New Year.

KEARNS: Same to you....Whoopee.

JACK: Goodbye.

SOUND: (COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS AND IRON DOOR SLAMS SHUT....FEW MORE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: All right, Steve, here's the money for the prizes.

LANE: Thanks, Benny, see you next week. Happy New Year everybody.

GANG: HAPPY NEW YEAR, STEVE.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Well, kids...just think...another year almost gone...  
Boy, how they roll around...Imagine, it'll soon be 1940.  
I wonder what the new year will bring...I wonder what  
new things will come out...Science is certainly wonderful  
...helicopters...jet propulsion...atomic energy...it's  
amazing...I wonder what they'll --

SOUND: (DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Hmm, it's kind of late, I wonder who that can be.

SOUND: (FTW FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hello.

DICKIE: Hello, you're Jack Benny, aren't you?

JACK: Why yes, little boy, who are you?

DICKIE: I'm the New Year.

JACK: The New Year. Hey kids, look....it's the little New  
Year.

MARY: But all the other little New Years have always come on  
January first...You're early.

PHIL: Maybe he's tryin' to pick up a couple of tickets for  
the Rose Bowl game.

JACK: Don't be silly, Phil...Maybe there's something wrong  
with our calendar.

DICKIE: No, no, I came early because 1940 looks like it's gonna  
be a good year, and I'm rarin' to go...I got a lot of  
work to do. Automobiles, prefabricated houses, vacuum  
cleaners, florescent toupees --

JACK: Oh yes.

MARY: How about Nylon stockings?

DICKIE: There'll be plenty of those.

MARY: Oh good. I was lucky to get this pair I'm wearing, and they make my legs look so nice...See?

DICKIE: (WHISTLES)

JACK: Well.

PHIL: Hey, this kid's really ahead of time.

JACK: Phil. Look sonny, how about radio in 1946? That is... what I mean is...uh...television...What are my chances in television?

DICKIE: Would you really like to know?

JACK: Yes.

DICKIE: Sit down, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Thank you, thank you...Well all right, kid, I can take it...Tell me, what are my chances in television?

DICKIE: Well, first of all, tell me, how old are you, Mr. Benny?

MARY: Sit down, kid.

JACK: Quiet...What did you say, sonny?

DICKIE: I said how old are you?

JACK: Thirty seven.

DICKIE: ...uh...thirty seven?

PHIL: That's a joke, son.

JACK: It is not...Now what were you going to say about --

MARY: Oh Jack, look out the window...There's an old man coming up the walk.

PHIL: Yeah, he looks like Father Time.

JACK: Father Time. What is this anyway?

SOUND: (DOOR BUZZER...COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

WALLY: Hello.

JACK: You're not Father Time, are you?

WALLY: Father Time. I don't know what you're talkin' about, bub...I'm lookin' for my grandson...I was told he came in here.

JACK: You mean --

WALLY: He was supposed to be in a New Year's play the kids are givin' at the schoolhouse, but he ran away.

JACK: OHHHHHHH...so that's it.

DICKIE: Hi ya, Grandpop.

WALLY: Oh there you are, you little shaver...Come on back to the schoolhouse...the people are waitin' for the New Year...Come on, let's get goin'.

DICKIE: Let go of my ear.

JACK: Yeah, take it easy on the little fellah.

WALLY: I just told ya, bub, he's my Grandson...he's in a school play, he ain't the real New Year.

JACK: Well, he sure fooled me. So he's going to be in the school play, huh? But isn't he a little old to be wearing those diapers?

WALLY: He just got out of the Army and he can't buy any clothes  
...Hee hee hee hee.

JACK: Oh fine..Well, goodbye Grandpa...So long, Sonny.

DICKIE: So long, Happy New Year.

JACK: Happy New Year.

GANG: HAPPY NEW YEAR, SONNY, HAPPY NEW YEAR.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: What a cute kid. I remember when I was his age I was in  
a little New Year's play at school too..and I was so  
good that --

PHIL: Well so long, Jackson, I gotta go.

DON: Me too.

LARRY: Happy New Year, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Happy New Year...Anyway, Mary, I was so good in this  
school play that I held the audience spellbound..In fact,  
just recently they made a picture of it..I'll never  
forget how cute I was in that play...In fact, that's what  
gave me the idea that some day I'd.....

MARY: Well I've gotta go. Happy New Year, Jack.

JACK: Happy New Year, Mary.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSING)

JACK: Anyway, I'll never forget it..I walked out on the stage  
wearing a little pair of wings, and across my chest was  
a banner saying, "Happy New Year, eighteen...I mean  
nineteen twelve"...And when I spoke my first line --

ROCHESTER: Boss, boss, who you talkin' to?

JACK: Uh?...Oh, they've all gone..Sit down, Rochester...  
(ORCHESTRA STARTS "AULD LANG SYNE" SOFTLY)

JACK: I walked out on the stage and I looked so cute with my long curls and blue eyes and dimpled cheeks...and when I got all through there was so much applause...

(MUSIC LOUDER)

JACK: ...that the teacher came right over and kissed me..... SHE SAID, "JACKIE, YOU'RE THE BEST NEW YEARS EVE WE EVER HAD."

(MUSIC FULL AND APPLAUSE)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen...While history will point to 1945 as the year of Victory...1946 will be the start of a new era. An era in which people the world over must live together in peace and mutual respect. We won a lot more than just battles in this war..we won a realization that all men everywhere want to live out their lives in peace and freedom. While there are many different points of view of how this peace should be secured...the important thing is that all mankind wants it..and it will be accomplished. There is no place for hate, greed, suspicion and prejudice in a world that has the Atomic Bomb. The old era is dead and 1946 is the beginning of the new one....the era of Wendell Wilkie's One World. Happy New Year, everybody.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...YOU ALL KNOW THE CONTEST IS OVER, BUT ON ACCOUNT OF THE VAST AMOUNT OF LETTERS THAT STILL HAVE TO BE READ, WE WILL ANNOUNCE THE WINNERS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE...Jack will be back in a minute, but first here is my good friend, F. E. Boone.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

DELMAR: Remember this! In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

RUYSDAEL: That's right! LS - MFT!

SIMS: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco. This fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.

RUYSDAEL: Sure thing! LS - MFT!

SIMS: So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. 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: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts and Lucky  
(Imp. Tag  
#21) Strike means fine tobacco. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)