

AND

SECURITY

STRIKE

BENNY

WAR

1946

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JANUARY

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

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

BROADCAST: PROGRAM #15

DATE: JAN. 6, 1946

PROGRAM: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK: NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

AS BROADCAST

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

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

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Of course!
(Ex. D)

RUYSDAEL: You said it!

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

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
REV. OPENING #15

RUYSDAEL: Year after year, at market after market, 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 - ripe, rich tobacco - fine Lucky Strike tobacco that means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you!

DELMAR: Profit by the experience of tobacco experts. Remember - in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - 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 LIVINGSTON, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY STEVENS,
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SINCE THIS IS OUR FIRST
PROGRAM OF THE NEW YEAR, I'D LIKE TO BRING YOU A MAN
WHO HAS MADE TWO IMPORTANT RESOLUTIONS..THE FIRST
RESOLUTION WAS TO GIVE EVERY MEMBER OF HIS CAST A RAISE.
THE SECOND RESOLUTION WAS TO FORGET THE FIRST ONE...AND
HERE HE IS, JACK BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you...Hello again, this is Jack Benny
talking...And Don, I thought that was a very unfunny
introduction.

DON: Oh yeah?

JACK: Yeah.

DON: Well I happen to think it was very funny.

JACK: Well I don't care what you think...You may not know this,
Don, but you can get new, shiney 1946 announcers without
waiting for Detroit to make up its mind...You know I
wouldn't mind having a thin announcer for a change...I'm
getting pretty sick of looking at a pot that big without
flowers in it...so just...Oh hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello Jack, Happy New Year, Don.

DON: Same to you, Mary.

JACK: What about me? Aren't you going to thank me for the
swell time I showed you New Year's Eve at the night club?

MARY: Yeah, but next time let's not go home at eleven-thirty.

JACK: Now Mary, you know very well that we didn't get home till daybreak...boy, was I rarin'!

MARY: (GIGGLES) You should have seen him, Don...Jack drank one bottle of coco cola, jumped up on the chandelier, beat his chest and yelled "LOOK AT ME, I'M TARZAN."

JACK: Yes sir.

MARY: And he'da fooled everybody if he hadn't opened his shirt.

JACK: Oh yeah? Well how about that Tarzan yell I gave?

MARY: That wasn't a Tarzan yell, you sat on a hot light bulb

JACK: Now Mary --

MARY: And then he drank another bottle of coco cola...without a chaser yet.

JACK: Well a guy can have a little fun, can't he?..Anyway, I was the life of the party.

MARY: You were nothing but a big show-off.

JACK: I was not a show-off.

MARY: Then why did you ask the waiter to throw you out?

JACK: I just did that for a gag..Now Mary, you know very well we had a marvelous time, we danced all evening.

MARY: Okay, I had a marvelous time.

JACK: You're darn tootin'.

DON: Say Mary, is Jack a good dancer?

MARY: I don't know, it's the first time I ever did the minuet.

JACK: Oh stop, will ya?..You've done the minuet before.

MARY: Not while the band was playing Cow Cow Boogie.

JACK: Mary...on New Years Eve you've gotta let yourself go.

DON: Say Jack..what did you do at the stroke of twelve?

MARY: What did he do..he said Happy New Year, took an aspirin and passed out.

JACK: Well I wasn't out long, sister...and Don, when I came to I went around and kissed every woman in the place.

DON: You did?

JACK: Yeah..and Mary was so jealous she tried to stop me.

MARY: I wasn't jealous..I was only trying to tell you the place was closed and those women were mopping up.

JACK: Hmm..I was wondering why they all wore up-sweep hairdo's ...Anyway, let's forget about me..How about you, Don... did you have a good time New Years Eve?

DON: I sure did, Jack..At the stroke of twelve I crawled out of the fireplace and filled all the stockings with toys.

JACK: Filled the stockings with toys..On New Years Eve?...Don, you were seven days late.

DON: I know, I got stuck in the chimney.

JACK: Oh I see...Well that's terrible, you could have fallen down and hurt yourself.

DON: Yes, but I was lucky enough to catch the flu..(GIGGLES)

JACK: Well I'm glad you...you...you what?

DON: I was in the chimney but I was lucky enough to catch the flu...(GIGGLES)

JACK: Don...Don, I have an arrangement with Abbott and Costello...We leave them alone and they leave us alone.. So let's try and...Well...hello Larry, Happy New Year.

LARRY: Same to you, Jack.

JACK: Did you -- Jack?...Why Larry, what's come over you..you've always called me Mr. Benny.

LARRY: Well don't you remember?...On New Years Eve you said I could stop calling you Mr. Benny and call you Jack.

JACK: When did I tell you that?

LARRY: Right after your second coke.

JACK: You mean before the aspirin tablet?...Well Larry, I still like the idea of you calling me Mr. Benny...it adds a little dignity to the program and shows you have respect for me.

MARY: Do you want me to call you Mr. Benny too?

JACK: No, that won't be necessary, Mary.

MARY: (EMOTIONALLY) Gee, I can call him Jack...

JACK: And now, folks --

MARY: Wait till the girls at the May Company hear about this.

JACK: Now wait a minute...don't get smart, Miss Livingston.

MARY: Oh do call me Mary.

JACK: Now cut that out...Come on, Larry, let's have your song..

(Now Mary, behave yourself, will ya?)

(APPLAUSE)

(LARRY'S SONG)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: That was "It's a Grand Night for Singing", sung by Larry Stevens, and very good, Larry...By the way, kid, you made a record of that song, didn't you?

LARRY: Yes I did.

JACK: Well it's a great number..I'd like to have one of those records, Larry.

LARRY: Well why don't you buy one, Mr. Benny..it only cost seventy-five cents.

JACK: Well, I thought about buying one, kid, but you see I just wanted your song, and the record has something else on the other side...so I didn't feel like paying for both sides.

MARY: Maybe they'll slice it for you.

JACK: No, no, I asked 'im...and you should have heard--

PHIL: HELLO DORZY, HI YA LIVY, AND A GOOD GOOD EVENING TO YOU MR. BENNY.

JACK: What?...Mr. Benny?...Phil, that?

PHIL: One of my New Year's resolutions...respect for the boss.. I made it on New Years Eve.

JACK: Well...that's a nice resolution.

PHIL: They told me I made it and I'm gonna keep it!

JACK: I thought so...Phil, I never saw a guy like you...you keep going to parties but you never know what happens... You can't even remember if you've had a good time.

PHIL: Jackson, when I get up the next morning, brush my teeth, and the bristles fall out of the toothbrush, I know I had a good time!

JACK: Oh.

PHIL: Hey look. How about you, Jackson, did you have fun New Years Eve?

JACK: Yes, Phil, I went over to the--

PHIL: THAT'S ALL JACKSON, IF YOU CAN REMEMBER YOU DIDN'T HAVE FUN!

JACK: Well I don't remember all of it..And Phil, as long as you're making resolutions, you could have made another one..During this new year why don't you learn something about music?

PHIL: You mean I shouldbe like Stokowski?

JACK: No, Phil, no...All I ask is when you look at your music stand and see a piece of paper that has lines across it and little black dots all over it..Don't turn to your boys and say, "THERE'S A SPY AROUND HERE, THIS STUFF IS IN CODE"...Little as they know, it embarrasses 'em.

PHIL: Alright, Jackson, alright...that'll be another one of my resolutions.

DON: Speaking of resolutions, Jack...I made a resolution that during 1946 I'm going to find new ways to tell people about Lucky Strike cigarettes.

JACK: You are, kiddo?

DON: Yes...Instead of saying LSM'T stands for Lucke Strike means fine tobacco...I'm going to say it backwards.

JACK: What?

DON: I'M GOING TO SAY T.F.M.S.L. STANDS FOR TOBACCO FINE MEANS STRIKE LUCKY...

JACK: But Don, isn't that a bit ridic?

DON: Well Jack, at least it's different...REMEMBER HOW I ALWAYS USED TO SAY LUCKY STRIKES ARE SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED, SO WET AND RAZY ON THE DRAW?

JACK: Uh huh.

DON: Well listen to it this way..DRAW THE CN EASY AND FIRM SC,
PACKED FULLY SC, FIRM SC, ROUND SC.

JACK: Well, mouth my shut...packed so, firm so, round so.

MARY: Rinso.

JACK: (SINGS) HAPPY LITTLE WASH DAY...Mary!...Don, if I were
you, I'd forget about doing the commercial backwards..
Just do it the regular way.

DON: Well, okay.

JACK: And now, ladies and gentlemen, we will have a number by
Phil Harris and his orchestra, who will play it not
backwards, not forwards, but in their usual manner...
They'll start in the middle and blast both ways...All
right, Phil, lets-----

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack.

JACK: What is it, Mary?

MARY: I meant to tell you that on the way over here I stopped
off at your house, and while I was there Fred Allen
called.

JACK: Fred Allen, huh? Well what did the Dead End of Allen's
Alley have to say?...Ho ho ho ho...What did he say, Mary?

MARY: I haven't heard such language since Mama stepped on
Papa's bare foot with her track shoes on.

JACK: Well Mary, Allen didn't have to use that kind of language
even if he was talking about me.

MARY: It wasn't his fault, Jack, he was reading one of the
contest letters.

JACK: Oh. He's just jealous because more people hate me than
him...that's all.

DON: Say Jack, what about the contest..have the winners been picked yet?

JACK: Not yet, Don..the judges are reading the letters as fast as they can, and on Sunday, January 27th, three weeks from tonight, we'll announce the winners...It won't be very long until I'll be paying off the prizes.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, as long as you're payin' off...how about that little bet I won from you on the Rose Bowl game?

JACK: Phil, I didn't see the game, so the bets off...how do I know that U.S.C. lost?...Huh?

PHIL: Are you kiddin'?...The score was printed in every newspaper in the country.

JACK: So what...Last Wednesday I picked up the newspaper on my front lawn and it said "no rain today"...The paper was so wet I could hardly read it...So don't be too sure about U.S.C. losing.

PHIL: Jackson, are you crazy?..NINETY THOUSAND PEOPLE WERE AT THE GAME AND SAW ALABAMA WIN.

JACK: I DON'T CARE IF A HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE SAW IT, I'M NOT TAKING THE WORD OF A LOT OF STRANGERS...THAT'S THE WAY RUMORS GET STARTED...I'm not taking anybody's word.

MARY: That's why Jack went to Europe last summer..he wanted to make sure the war was over.

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: He hasn't been to Japan yet, so he's still got his house blacked out.

JACK: Mary, let's drop the..
(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it.
(SOUND: CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Hello.

ROCHESTER: Hello Mr. Penny, this is Rochester.

JACK: Rochester, you know I'm on the air...what did you call for?

ROCHESTER: It's about Nottingham, your new English butler..He must be crazy.

JACK: What's the matter now?

ROCHESTER: When you left the house this morning, did you tell him to take the Christmas tree off the grand piano, cut it up in little pieces and burn it?

JACK: Yes...did it fit in the fireplace?

ROCHESTER: ALL BUT THE KEYBOARD!

JACK: What?...Rochester, do you mean to say that Nottingham damaged my grand piano?

ROCHESTER: DAMAGED IT! BOSS, YOU KNOW IN THE FRONT WHERE IT SAYS STEINWAY AND SONS?

JACK: Yes.

ROCHESTER: WELL THE FATHER'S IN BUSINESS FOR HIMSELF NOW.

JACK: Oh my goodness..Rochester, why didn't you stop him?

ROCHESTER: STOP HIM, SCHMOP HIM, HE WOULDN'T LISTEN TO ME.

JACK: But my grand piano..it's ruined.

ROCHESTER: I TOLD YOU I SAVED THE KEYBOARD.

JACK: The keyboard! Why would you save that?

ROCHESTER: BOSS, YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT IVORY.

JACK: I should have known...Well Rochester, did anything else happen?

ROCHESTER: NO..IT WAS KIND OF DULL UNTIL THE FIREMEN GOT HERE.

JACK: The firemen!

ROCHESTER: YEAH..WHEN NOTTINGHAM THREW THE PIANO IN THE FIREPLACE,
THE FLAMES SHOT UP ALL OVER THE ROOF.

JACK: Well did the firemen put the fire out?

ROCHESTER: THEY SURE DID, I WENT OUT IN THE STREET TO WATCH 'EM.
THEY CLIMBED UP A LADDER, STUCK A HOSE DOWN THE
CHIMNEY, AND TURNED IT ON FULL FORCE.

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCHESTER: AND BOSS, I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HOW A CHIMNEY COULD
HOLD SO MUCH WATER UNTIL I OPENED THE FRONT DOOR.

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: THAT TIDE HIT ME SO HARD I THOUGHT FRANK THOMAS WAS
COACHIN' IT!

JACK: Rochester, don't tell me the house was flooded?

ROCHESTER: Flooded! You know that picture of Whistler's Mother you
got in the library?

JACK: Yes.

ROCHESTER: WELL THE FRAME'S STILL THERE BUT SHE'S IN THE LIVING
ROOM DIVING FOR PENNIES!

JACK: Rochester, stop with the jokes..Did you save my parrot?

ROCHESTER: BOSS, THE LAST TIME I SAW YOUR PARROT IT WAS SAILIN'
DOWN THE HALL IN YOUR DERBY HAT SPOUTIN', "MR.
CHRISTIAN, COME HEAR".

JACK: Oh don't be so silly...Now let the water out the back
door..we might as well water the garden while we've
got it..

ROCHESTER: Okay, goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: CLICK OF RECEIVER)

MARY: What happened, Jack?

JACK: What happened...what always happens when I leave the house...Come on, Phil, let's have a band number.

(APPLAUSE)

(BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "Let It Snow" played by Phil Harris and his orchestra. And now, ladies and gentlemen --

PHIL: Hey Jackson, come on...how about payin' me that dough you owe me on the Rose Bowl game?

JACK: Phil, I told you I didn't see the game.

DON: But Jack, you said you went to the Rose Bowl...How come you didn't see the game?

JACK: Well --

MARY: I'll tell you, Don.

JACK: He wouldn't be interested.

DON: Yes I would, what happened, Mary?

JACK: Ohh --

MARY: Well...Jack had tickets for the game, and he told Phil and me to meet him in front of tunnel sixteen at one-thirty.

JACK: One-thirty, one-thirty.

MARY: Well, when Phil and I got to the Bowl Jack wasn't there yet...so we waited and waited (STARTS TO FADE) You should have seen the crowd, Don...there were thousands of poeple pushing and shoving...(FADES)

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES FADE IN, UP AND DOWN)

MARY: Come on, Phil, let's go in.

PHIL: We can't, Livy, we gotta wait for Jackson, he's got the tickets. Why didn't he come with us?

MARY: Well you know how romantic Jack is...he's bringing his girl friend, Gladys Zybisco, to the game.

PHIL: Say, she's a pretty cute kid when she's all dressed up... I think Jackson is kinda stuck on that little waitress.

MARY: Yeah..but he's getting indifferent now that meat rationing is over...you know him.

PHIL: Hey Mary, here come Jackson and Gladys now.
(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Gee, Gladys, I never saw you look so nice..You 're sure pretty when you get all dolled up.

SARA: Thanks, Speedy.

JACK: I mean it. Boy, am I lucky I met you.

SARA: Ain't it the truth.

JACK: That's fate for you..I'd never have met you if I hadn't been hungry that night..I'll never forget..I was driving along looking for a place to eat, and I drove right past Ciro's, and the Trocadero, and the Macambo...And it was just fate that made me turn in to Simon's Drive-In... And there..like a vision of loveliness..you came toward me..Gee, you smelled so good.

SARA: Yeah, it was chicken gumbo night.

JACK: Un huh..twenty-five cents a bowl..a meal in itself..Oh look, Gladys..there's Mary and Phil.
(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Well, here we are, kids..Gladys, you know Mary, don't you?

SARA: Sure..hello Mary.

MARY: Hello Gladys..Gee,that's a pretty fur..did you trap it yourself?

SARA: I should say not, Speedy ran over it on the way out here.

JACK: Gladys...

PHIL: Hit it again, Jackson, it's still wiggling.

JACK: Don't be funny..Gladys meant that it slipped off her shoulder and I ran over it accidentally..didn't you, Gladys?

SARA: You tell 'em, big boy, you got the lips for it.

JACK: Yeah..come on, kids, here's our gate, let's go in.

MARR: TICKETS, TICKETS...HOLD YOUR OWN STUBS, PLEASE.

JACK: Here you are.

SARA: HELLO EDDIE.

MARR: HELLO, GLADYS...WHAT'S THE SPECIAL FOR TONIGHT?

SARA: BEET SOUP AND BOILED POTATOES.

JACK: Oh come on, Gladys, forget business for a while.

SARA: Okay, Speedy.

PHIL: Here's tunnel sixteen over this way.
(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Now let's stick together.

PHIL: Say Gladys, are you still workin' at the Shamrock Cafe?

SARA: No, I'm back at the Drive-In..Speedy thought I oughta be outside where it's healthier.

JACK: You're darn right.. what's the use of being in California if you can't enjoy the sun?

SARA: Yeah..but I sure wish I could get off the night shift.

JACK: You will, honey..just save your tips...that's all.

SARA: I do, but everytime I get a little ahead you wanna go to a movie or something.

JACK: Well, it won't always be that way.

GEORGE: HEY, LOOK WHO'S HERE..HI YA GLADYS, HAPPY NEW YEAR.

SARA: SAME TO YOU, LEFTY.

JACK: Lefty?..Hmm..you know everybody, don't you?

SARA: That's Lefty Flanagan..What a sport, he always orders
a la carte.

JACK: Well, don't talk to him.

SARA: But Lefty's a big tipper.

JACK: Oh...HI YA LEFTY...Now let's see, where do we...

PHIL: Hey look, there's a hot dog stand..let's make with the
mustard.

JACK: Yeah..Want a hot dog, Gladys?

SARA: I'm not hungry right now..You can get me one when we're
inside.

MARY: Better get one now, Gladys...you know Seedy.

JACK: That's SPEEDY...All right, I'll go over and buy the hot
dogs..You kids wait here so you won't get lost.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: HEY MISTER, FOUR HOT DOGS PLEASE.

ARTIE: YES SIR..(SINGS)

PICKLE IN THE MIDDLE
AND THE MUSTARD ON TOP
JUST THE WAY YOU LIKE 'EM
AND THEY'RE ALL RED HOT.....(THEN SPEAKS)...
FOUR PUPPIES COMIN' UP.

JACK: How much are they?

ARTIE: Three cents apiece.

JACK: Three cents?...Why do you sell 'em so cheap?

ARTIE: Taste 'em.

JACK: Oh...Say, they do look like pretty tough weenies.

ARTIE: Tough...What suitcase handles they would make.

JACK: Well they still look good to me. Give me four.

ARTIE: What kind of mustard do you want on 'em?

JACK: What kind of mustard?

ARTIE: Sure...I got strong, mild, and Christmas night.

JACK: Oh. Mild I guess.

ARTIE: Okay, here you are. Four hot dogs covered with mild mustard.

JACK: Thanks...Gee, they're kind of messy...Haven't you got some rolls to put 'em in?

ARTIE: With rolls it's five cents....with pickles it's ten cents...with relish it's fifteen cents...and with bicarbonate of soda you couldn't afford it.

JACK: Well, just give me the rolls.

ARTIE: Here you are.

JACK: Thank you.

ARTIE: (SINGS) PICKLE IN THE MIDDLE
AND THE MUSTARD ON TOP,
JUST THE WAY YOU LIKE 'EM
AND THEY'RE ALL RED HOT.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Here you are, kids, take your hot dogs.

MARY: Thanks.

SARA: Gee, I'm thirsty...What are we gonna drink with our hot dogs?

PHIL: Here you are, Gladys.

JACK: PUT THAT BACK IN YOUR POCKET...Let's go in...

HERE: STUBS PLEASE...LET'S SEE THE NUMBERS ON YOUR STUBS.

JACK: Here you are.

HERB: Right this way..Just follow me and...OH HELLO, GLADYS.

SARA: WHY HELLO, NICK, HOW ARE THINGS?

HERB: FINE, I'M ON PAROLE NOW.

JACK: (MAD) COME ON, COME ON, SHOW US OUR SEATS..Gladys, do you have to talk to every fellow you meet?

SARA: Oh Speedy, show some sociability.

JACK: Well...

HERB: HERE ARE YOUR SEATS, MISTER.

JACK: Thanks, thanks.

(SOUND: RECORD OF CHECKS UP AND DOWN)

JACK: HEY, THERE'S THE CHEERING SECTION.

CHEERING SECTION: (LOCOMOTIVE CHEER) PUFF...PUFF...PUFF...PUFF PUFF PUFF PUFF PUFF...L S M F T L S M F T L-U-C-K-I-E-S PUFF PUFF LUCKIES!....(BIG CHEER)

JACK: Say, these seats are okay, aren't they, kids?

MARY: Yeah, right on the forty-yard line.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, care to make a little bet on the game?

JACK: Okay, Phil...you take Alabama and I'll take U.S.C.

MEL: HI YA PAL..IS THIS SEAT TAKEN OLD PAL, OLD PAL?

JACK: Oh great...Look, Mister, how about sitting someplace else

MEL: NO THANKS, I NEVER TOUCH IT.

JACK: Wait a minute, Mister, you'll have to get up..this seat belongs to a friend of mine.

MEL: WELL ANY FRIEND OF YOURS IS A FRIEND OF MINE.

JACK: What?

MEL: NO THANKS, I NEVER TOUCH IT.

JACK: Hmm, this would happen to me.

PHIL: How much dough do you want to bet, Jackson?

JACK: Any amount you say, brother..just name it.

PHIL: Okay, fifty bucks.

JACK: Hmm, fifty dollars...okay, it's a bet.

MARY: We must be sitting higher than I thought.

JACK: Don't worry, I know what I'm doing.

MARY: (IN INKJAM) PEANUTS, POP CORN, CHEWING GUM, PEANUTS, POPCORN, HELLO GLADYS, CHEWING GUM...

SARA: OH HELLO, SNOOZY.

JACK: For goodness sake, Gladys, must you say...

MEL: QUIET, QUIET....I WANNA HEAR THE GAME.

JACK: THE GAME HASN'T STARTED YET.

MEL: NO THANKS, I NEVER TOUCH IT.

MARY: LOOK, HERE COMES THE U.S.C. TEAM.

(SOUND: CROWD CHIRS UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Gee, they're a husky bunch of fellows.

PHIL: Yeah..listen to that crowd.

MARY: Here they come running right past us.

ORCHESTRA YELLS: HELLO GLADYS.

JACK: Gladys, that settles it..Now I --

SARA: But Speedy, dear...the boys on the U.S.C. team always eat at the Drive-In. They voted me Miss Pigskin of 1945.

JACK: I don't care what they voted you.

MARY: Gosh, what a crowd.

PHIL: Yeah, I'll bet there are ninety thousand people there.

MEL: (CRYING) THAT'S TERRIBLE..NINETY THOUSAND PEOPLE
WITHOUT A HOME.

JACK: What are you talking about?

MEL: (CRYING) THIS HOUSING SHORTAGE IS TERRIBLE.

JACK: Look..they've got homes...they're here for the game.

MEL: YOU'RE JUST SAYIN' THAT 'CAUSE I'M YOUR PAL. " "

JACK: YOU'RE NOT MY PAL, I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE IN MY LIFE.

MEL: NO THANKS, I NEVER TOUCH IT.

JACK: I don't know why I always have to run into..

PHIL: HEY JACKSON, LOOK...HERE COMES THE ALABAMA TEAM.

(SOUND: CHEERS UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Say, those Alabama fellows look pretty good, don't
they, Gladys?

SARA: They sure do.

ORCHESTRA YELLS: HELLO GLADYS, YOU ALL.

JACK: GLADYS YOU ALL...WELL THAT'S THE LAST STRAW, I'M
LEAVING. I'M NOT EVEN GONNA STAY AND SEE THE GAME...
AND LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING ELSE, GLADYS...YOU AND
I ARE THROUGH...OUR ENGAGEMENT IS BROKEN..GOODBYE.

SARA: BUT SPEEDY, IF YOU'RE BREAKING THE ENGAGEMENT, WHAT
ABOUT THE RING?

JACK: I'M NOT GIVING IT BACK TO YOU..GOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECORD OF CHEERS UP AND DOWN)

MARY: So there you are, Don...that's exactly what happened
at the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF MUSIC)

DON: REMEMBER, LADIES...AND GENTLEMEN...THREE WEEKS FROM
TONIGHT, ON JANUARY 27th, WE WILL ANNOUNCE THE WINNERS
OF THE "I CAN'T STAND JACK BENNY" CONTEST...Jack will
be back in a minute, folks, but first here is my good
friend, L.A. Speedy Riggs.

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
2ND. REV. CLOSING #15

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SIMS: What do auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, men who know tobacco best, say about Lucky Strike? Well, just listen to the words of Mr. Thomas Jefferson Green, independent tobacco auctioneer of Walnut Cove, South Carolina. He said:

GREEN: For many years, I've noticed that at the different markets where I've been auctioneering, Lucky Strike has bought tobacco that was ripe and mild. So, for my own cigarette, naturally I pick Lucky Strike. Been smokin' 'em for twenty-one years.

DELMAR: Independent tobacco experts like Mr. Green surely know that it takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

SIMS: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. 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. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN) and Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - AMERICAN) And this is Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

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RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR:
(Imp. Tag
#6)

A fact known the world over! - Lucky Strike means fine
tobacco - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free
and easy on the draw!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

JACK: Mary, I wish you'd stop telling Don everything that happens to me.

MARY: I'm sorry, Jack, I won't do it again.

JACK: Okay...Say, Mary, how would you like to go out to dinner now, and later we'll go dancing?

MARY: No, not while you're wearing Gladys' ring.

JACK: Well I can't get it off....Goodnight, folks.