

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING
RADIO DIVISION

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

BROADCAST: PROGRAM #16

DATE: JAN. 13, 1946

PROGRAM: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK: NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

AS BROADCAST

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

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

SIMS: Yes, sir!
(Ex. F)

DELMAR: Sure thing!

RUYSDAEL: That's right!

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

RIGGS: (CHANT - BOLD AMERICAN)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
REV. OPENING #16

DELMAR: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. So take a tip from a real tobacco expert - Mr. Charles L. Belvin, independent tobacco buyer of Durham, North Carolina, who said:

BELVIN: I've spent thirteen years buying tobacco. The advantage I have over most smokers when it comes to selecting a cigarette is that I know tobacco so well. And at auction after auction I have seen Lucky Strike buy quality tobacco. That's why I've smoked Luckies myself for twelve years.

SIMS: Yes Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment, 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 WINSON.

(APPLAUSE - MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..JACK BENNY REHEARSES HIS RADIO
PROGRAM ON SATURDAY AFTERNOONS..SO LET'S GO BACK TO
YESTERDAY AND PICK UP JACK AND MARY ON THEIR WAY TO THE
STUDIO...ROCHESTER IS DRIVING THEM.

SOUND: (AUTO MOTOR AND HORN)

JACK: Gee Mary, it's a lovely day, isn't it?

MARY: It sure is.

JACK: Yes sir...give me California any time. It's so nice and
balmy.

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: The air smells so good...it's wonderful driving in
weather like this.

MARY: Uh huh...Jack, let's put the top down.

JACK: I wouldn't dare!...I tried that once...Rochester --

ROCHESTER: Yes, boss.

JACK: Why are you driving so slowly?

ROCHESTER: I'm behind a big beer truck.

JACK: Beer truck! Well why don't you pass him?

ROCHESTER: Yeah...BUT THERE'S A LOOSE CASE ON THE BACK, AND THE
DRIVER LOOKS LIKE THE CARELESS TYPE!

JACK: Oh...Well go on and pass him...there aren't very many big
bumps on this street anyway. And by the way, Rochester,
did you take my dirty clothes to the laundry this
morning?

ROCHESTER: I sure did.

JACK: And did you tell them about the lipstick on the collars of my white shirts?

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

MARY: Lipstick! On your shirts?

ROCHESTER: MR. BENNY PUTS IT THERE HIMSELF TO IMPRESS THE GIRLS AT THE LAUNDRY!

JACK: I do not, I got that at the Palladium...And while I'm thinking about it, I hope you told the laundry about my two pair of shorts they lost.

ROCHESTER: Uh huh...they're going to get those back for you, they put 'em in Barbara Stanwyck's bundle.

JACK: They sent my shorts to Barbara Stanwyck? How could they make a silly mistake like that?

ROCHESTER: I GUESS THE RUFFLES FOOLED 'EM!

JACK: Those aren't ruffles, they're pleats.

ROCHESTER: Pleats?

JACK: Yes, pleats.

ROCHESTER: Okay...HORIZONTAL PLEATS!

JACK: Stop being silly...And another thing, I hope you didn't forget to tell the laundry about my weak ankles.

ROCHESTER: I told 'em, I told 'em.

MARY: Weak ankles? What's that got to do with the laundry?

JACK: They put more starch in my socks...A little faster, Rochester...we'll be late for rehearsal.

SOUND: (MOTOR UP AND DOWN...AUTO HORN)

JACK: Say Mary, when we rehearse our program today, I want you to --

MARY: Oh look Jack, look...The Bells of St. Mary's is playing at that theatre there...I sure want to see it.

JACK: Me too, I hear it's wonderful.

MARY: That's what everybody says..Jack, what picture do you think will win the Academy Award?

JACK: It's hard to say...there were several outstanding pictures...Lost Weekend..The Bells of St. Mary's... Spellbound..The Horn Blows at Midnight...then there's --

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack..you don't think you've got a chance to win the Academy Award for that picture do you?

JACK: I don't see why not...You know I should have won it for my sensational acting in.."TO BE OR NOT TO BE".

MARY: Well why didn't you win?

ROCHESTER: (DRAMATIC) THAT IS THE QUESTION!

JACK: Rochester...No kidding, Mary, I'll never forget that scene when I threw the cloak over my left shoulder and said.."TO BE OR NOT TO BE..THAT IS THE QUESTION..

MARY: Jack --

JACK: "WHETHER IT IS NOBLER IN THE MIND TO SUFFER THE SLINGS AND ARROWS OF OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE...OR TO TAKE ARMS.

MARY: JACK, WE'RE DRIVING, SIT DOWN!

JACK: Oh.

SOUND: (SCATTERED APPLAUSE..TWO SOUND MEN..ALSO MEL AND EDDIE MARR APPLAUD)

MARY: (WHISPERS) Jack, the people on the sidewalk are applauding.

JACK: Oh yes....TO BE OR NOT TO BE...

MARY: JACK!

JACK: Jealous.

MARY: I'm not jealous, I'm embarrassed.

ROCHESTER: I'M MORTIFIED.

JACK: Well you don't have to be..anyway, that picture was one time I should have won the Academy Award.

MARY: Well, this year I think Ray Milland has a good chance to win it for his performance in Lost Weekend.

JACK: Well...Ray was good in that picture, but I thought the plot was awfully flimsy.

MARY: What are you talking about...it was a terrific plot.. a fellow starts drinking and loses a whole weekend.

JACK: So what..Phil Harris has been doing that for fifteen years. He thinks Monday comes right after Friday... Anyway, I'll bet I'll win the award when I make my next picture.

MARY: What's it going to be?

JACK: A biography...the story of my life...right from the time I was a baby.

MARY: Did they have babies in those days?

JACK: No no, Mary, they picked me off a mulberry bush. And don't be so smart. You know they dramatized my life last Sunday on that program called "Freedom of Opportunity".

MARY: I know, I heard it..Jack, is it true that when you were fifteen years old, your father wanted you to be a concert violinist?

JACK: Yes that's true, Mary..but inwardly I was fighting against it..in fact I didn't realize it until my first performance..There I was out on that concert stage playing the Mendelssohn Concerto in E Minor..and right in the middle of the number something came over me.

MARY: Tomato juice.

JACK: No, something besides that....but..who knows..If I'd stuck to the violin I might have been another Heifetz... or an Isaac Stern..or a Joseph Szigeti..By the way, Mary ...Szigeti is giving a concert tonight in my home town... Waukegan..I wish I could be there.

MARY: If this wind keeps up, you've got a good chance.

JACK: Oh it isn't so windy today.

ROCHESTER: I DON'T KNOW, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER COASTED UP HILL.

JACK: Well reef in the sail, we're at NBC.

SOUND: (CAR STOPS)

JACK: Come on, Mary.

SOUND: (CAR DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Rochester,.while we're rehearsing, take the car down to the corner filling station and have the oil changed.

ROCHESTER: Okay, boss, but I don't think they'll do it the way you want it.

MARY: What does he want, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: HE WANTS TO TRADE THE OLD OIL IN!

JACK: All right, have it changed anyway...but take the old oil home.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

JACK: Come on, Mary.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK)

MARY: Jack, you must be kidding..you don't really take your old motor oil home.

JACK: Certainly, I can use it around the house.

MARY: Ohhh....I thought that salad dressing had a lot of carbon in it.

JACK: That was pepper...Here we are, Mary.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I wonder what studio we're supposed to..well...here comes Charlie McCarthy.

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Hello, Charlie.

O'TOOLE: (AS CHARLIE) Hello, Mr. Benny. Too too too.

MARY: (GIGGLES) Hello, Charlie.

O'TOOLE: Why Mary Livingston....You great big beautiful doll you..

JACK: Now Charlie, you behave yourself.

O'TOOLE: I'm so sorry, Mr. Benny, but when you're as short as I am, you get nylon happy.

JACK: Well, we'll see you later, Charlie...Come on, Mary.

Goodbye.

O'TOOLE: Goodbye, Mr. Benny....Goodbye.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: You know, Mary, it's amazing how he gets around without Bergen...Gee, I wish I'd asked my producer what studio we're rehearsing in.

O'TOOLE: (AS BERGEN) JACK, JACK...

JACK: What? Oh, it's Edgar Bergen..

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

O'TOOLE: Hello Mary...Jack, have you seen Charlie?

JACK: Yes, he just went down the hall.

O'TOOLE: Thanks..You know every time I turn my back he runs away..

(FADES)

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS RESUME)

MARY:Say, Jack --

JACK: What?

MARY: It's amazing how he gets around without McCarthy.

JACK: Yeah...now let's see, maybe we're rehearsing here in
Studio G...this might be it.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: (OFF MIKE) NO NO NO, NO, NO GENTLEMEN..NOW LET'S TRY
IT ONCE MORE.

JACK: This is it, Mary..Phil's rehearsing his gentlemen.

PHIL: NOW COME ON, FELLAHS, NICE AND SMOOTH THIS TIME..WITH A
LITTLE CLASS TO IT...YOU KNOW, LOTS OF DIGNITY...OKAY,
ARE YOU READY? A-ONE, A-TWO...A ROOT TOOT TOOT TOOT TOOT.
TOOT...HIT IT.

JACK: Hmm, dignity.

(APPLAUSE AND SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

PHIL: OKAY, BOYS, YOU CAN RELAX NOW...Hi ya, Jackson..Hello, Livy.

MARY: Hello, Phil.

JACK: Hi, Phil.

PHIL: How'd you like that number we just played Jackson?

JACK: Pretty good, Phil..What's the name of it?

PHIL: I don't know...HEY FRANKIE, WHAT'S THE NAME OF THAT TUNE WE JUST PLAYED?

MEL: (OFF) I DON'T KNOW..HEY EDDIE, WHAT WAS THAT TUNE WE JUST PLAYED?

MARR: (OFF) THAT WAS STARDUST.

PHIL: It was Stardust, Jackson.

JACK: No, no it wasn't, Phil...I know how Stardust goes.

PHIL: HEY FELLAHS, JACKSON SAYS IT WASN'T STARDUST.

MEL: (OFF) MAYBE IT WAS CHICKERY CHICK CHALAH CHALAH.

MARR: (OFF) NO, THAT'S A NEW ONE, WE AIN'T LEARNED IT YET.

JACK: All right, fellows, it really doesn't matter.

PHIL: IT DOES TO US, JACKSON, WE'RE MUSICIANS.

JACK: Okay, okay, I'll take your word for it..Now Phil, we've gotta start rehearsing the script..so tell your boys to take a rest for a while.

PHIL: Okay...ALL RIGHT, GENTLEMEN, YOU CAN GO.

SOUND: (TERRIFIC HUBBUB OF SCUFFLING FEET, CHAIRS BEING KNOCKED OVER, INSTRUMENTS FALLING, ETC.)

JACK: Some musicians.

MARR: (OFF) AW LOOK, SOMEBODY BENT MY SAXOPHONE.

JACK: THAT'S THE WAY IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE... Hmm, it's amazing how much noise they make in their bare feet...Now, is everybody here?...Where's Don Wilson?

DON: Here I am, Jack.

JACK: And where's Larry?

LARRY: Here I am, right behind Mr. Wilson.

JACK: Well come around where I can see you. Now kids, I've got a great thing to do on the program tomorrow.

MARY: What is it, Jack?

JACK: Well...I went to the movies last night and saw Twentieth Century Fox's Picture, "State Fair"...and I enjoyed it so much that I've written a radio version of it..And believe me, it took some tricky writing...Now Mary, in this play you're going to be my wife...and guess what I'm going to be.

MARY: What?

JACK: Your husband.

MARY: Some tricky writing.

JACK: Well Mary, nowadays it's nice to know who your husband's going to be...look what happened with Pappy Boyington... Now Phil, you're going to be my neighbor, Zeke Martin.

PHIL: Zeke?

JACK: Yes.

PHIL: I hope I've got a brother named Hyde.

JACK: Why?

PHIL: THEN WE CAN PLAY HYDE AND ZEKE...HA HA HA,..OH HARRIS... YOU'RE SIX FOOT ONE AND YOU'RE ALL MINE!

JACK: I know, that's what gives me the courage to go on...
Now Larry...you're going to be my son..Cy.

LARRY: Gee, Mr. Benny - I'm much too old to be your son.

JACK: Thanks kid - Now, Now, Don, you're going to play the
part of Blue Boy, my prize winning hog.

DON: Now wait a minute, Jack, I don't want to play the part
of a hog...I won't have any lines.

JACK: Believe me, Don, you've got just the right lines for it..
Now remember, your name is Blue Boy, and you're going to
win the blue ribbon at the --

DON: JACK, I'M SORRY, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO PLAY THE PART OF
A HOG.

JACK: DON, YOU MADE YOUR STOMACH, NOW LIE ON IT...Now remember,
kids, in this play we go to the Pomona Fair...Phil, have
your musicians come in and tell 'em to be quiet.

PHIL: Okay..ALL RIGHT, PELLAHs, COME ON IN AND BE QUIET!

JACK: ...(LONG PAUSE)...that's better...Now as the scene opens..

MEL: (DOES LOUD SNEEZE) (ORCH:)

JACK: Hmm...Now as our scene opens, we find Lem Peabody and his
wife at home preparing for the fair..All right, let's
rehearse it...CURTAIN..MUSIC!
(TRANSITION MUSIC - "REUBEN REUBEN")

MARY: (RUBE) (SINGS) REUBEN, REUBEN, I'VE BEEN THINKIN',
WHAT A STRANGE WORLD THIS WOULD BE,
IF ALL THE MENFOLKS WERE TRANSPORTED
FAR BEYOND THE --

JACK: (RUBE) Hey, Maw...Maw, what are ya' doin'?

MARY: Fixin' the mince meat...You know I'm aimin' to win first prize at the Fair this year...I'm the best cook in the county.

JACK: You sure are, Maw.

MARY: Look what happened last year...When the judge tasted my cookin', I knew I was gonna be the winner.

JACK: Yup...Too bad he dropped dead before he could announce it.

MARY: I'll never forgit his last words...as he lay there lookin' up at me.

JACK: What did he say, Maw?

MARY: He said..."I BEEN JUDGIN' PIES FOR NIGH ONTO FIFTY YEARS, BUT THIS ONE'S OUT OF THIS WORLD AND I'M A-GOIN' WITH IT".

JACK: No other judge could make that statement...You know, Maw, I been worried all week...I can't make up my mind which hog to take to the Fair.

MARY: Why Paw, I thought you decided to take Blue Boy.

JACK: I did, but you know my other hog Esmereldy is a lot smarter. Well I guess I'll go down to the pen and look 'em over.....See You later, Maw.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)
(FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL, WHICH CONTINUE THROUGH SONG)

(ORCHESTRA VAMP)

JACK: (SINGS) REUBEN, REUBEN, I'VE BEEN THINKING,
WHAT A STRANGE WORLD THIS WOULD BE
IF WE HAD NO BETTY GRABLE
OR NO L.S./M.F.T.

(ORCHESTRA VAMP)

LUCKIES, LUCKIES, I'VE BEEN SMOKING,
THEY'RE THE BESTEST SMOKE I KNOW,
SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED,
SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRO.

JACK: Hmm..on the dro...that don't sound right...I better
try that again.

(SINGS) LUCKIES, LUCKIES, I'VE BEEN SMOKING
THE BESTEST SMOKE I EVER SAW,

Hey, that's it...I got it now -- saw...saw.

(SINGS) THE BESTEST SMOKE I EVER SAW,
SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED,
SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRO.

(ORCHESTRA STOPS)

JACK: No...Saw don't seem to rhyme either...Oh well...

PHIL: (RUBE) HEY, LEM...LEM -- Hello Lemmie

JACK: Sounds like Lem of Lem and Abner. OH HELLO, ZEKE...I'm
just goin' down to the pen to look over Esmereldy and
Blue Boy...I don't know which one of my pigs to take to
the fair.

PHIL: Wouldn't you have more fun with your wife?

JACK: Hee hee hee...Why Zeke, you been readin' Dr. Pierce's
Almanac again....Hee hee.

PHIL: Well Lem, I don't care which pig you take, I'll bet
you five dollars you don't win no prize.

JACK: Okay, it's a bet..it's a bet...Just a second, I'll get at my money.

PHIL:(PAUSE.....THEN WHISTLES)

JACK: What's the matter, Zeke, ain't you never seen a man's leg before?....Now come on down to the pen with me, Zeke, while I look 'em over.

PHIL: Okay.

SOUND: (FEW FOOTSTEPS)

LARRY: (OFF MIKE) (STARTS HUMMING "IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING")

PHIL: Hey Lem, here comes your son up the road with some of them there farm-hands.

JACK: Yup, and they're always a-singin', always a-singin'..You oughta hear 'em around harvest time...they sit around the campfire and sing till it's time for bed. Never saw anything like 'em.

(SEGUE INTO NUMBER "IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING" WITH LARRY AND QUARTET)

(AFTER FIRST CHORUS..WITH ORCHESTRA IN B.G.)

JACK: You know, Zeke, that son of mine's got a good voice.

PHIL: He shore has, Lem. Shore has!

JACK: If he keeps it up, I'm gonna take him to the big city.. Azusa.

PHIL: And don't forget Anaheim and Cucamonga.

JACK: When he's ready for it. When he's ready. They'll make him the son of the Mayor of all three cities down there.

(LARRY AND QUARTET FINISH SECOND CHORUS)

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL)

JACK: Well Zeke, we're gettin' near the pig pens now.

PHIL: Yup and that reminds me...Have you been listenin' to that fellah, Jack Benny, on the radio?

JACK: Nope, I'm always busy at that time.

PHIL: Well he's got a contest where he's givin' away about ten thousand dollars, and he's announcin' the winners two weeks from tonight.

JACK: Durn fool, if you ask me...Hee hee hee...Well, here we are.

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Look at those pigs, Zeke, aren't they humdingers? Look at Esmereldy.

PHIL: Yeah...and look at that belly on Blue Boy.

JACK: Yup..Come here, Esmereldy.....Esmereldy, come here.

MEL: (FIVE GRUNTS)

JACK: Doggone, she's a fine lookin' sow.

PHIL: I dunno, Blue Boy looks pretty good to me.

JACK: Yeah....Come here, Blue Boy.

DON: (OINK OINK OINK OINK)

JACK: Look at him, Zeke...he weighs twenty eight hundred pounds....feel his ribs...go ahead, feel his ribs.

PHIL: Okay.

DON: (OINK OINK, THEN GIGGLES..OINK OINK, THEN GIGGLES)

JACK: He's so durn ticklish...Say Zeke, Zeke how do you like this set-up I got here in the barnyard?

PHIL: Why you're way behind the times, Lem..Old boy,..Now take my cow barn for instance...I got it all modernized ...I got telephones.

JACK: Telephones?

PHIL: Yup...Now when a cow feels like she oughta be milked,
she just takes the receiver off the hook and calls us
at the house.

JACK: Calls you at the house?....Well, how can a cow dial the
...Oh, oh I see....Well come on, Zeke...let's go back
to the house and see how Maw's gettin' along.

PHIL: All right.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL)

QUARTET: (OFF MIKE) IT'S A GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING,
THE MOON IS FLYING HIGH,
AND SOMEWHERE A BIRD IS BOUND HE'LL BE HEARD,
IS THROWING HIS HEART AT THE SKY.

IT'S A GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING
THE STARS ARE BRIGHT ABOVE...

QUARTET VERY SOFT
WITH MARY HUMMING: THE EARTH IS AGLOW AND TO ADD TO THE SHOW,
I THINK I AM FALLING IN LOVE..
FALLING...FALLING IN LOVE.

JACK: Hey Maw, Maw, here's Zeke.

MARY: Hello, Zeke.

PHIL: Hello, Mrs. Peabody...what ya makin'?

MARY: Mince meat, I'm takin it to the Fair.

PHIL: Mince meat, huh?

MARY: Yup, and to give it just the right flavor I put in some
brandy.

PHIL: (SHOCKED) Brandy!

MARY: Yup...two tablespoons full.

PHIL: (SHOCKED) No no no, Mrs. Peabody, you'll spoil the
mince meat.

MARY: Hey Paw --

JACK: What?

MARY: Some tricky writing.

JACK: You said it, Maw.

MARY: Well, excuse me, boys, I'm goin' upstairs and put on my new gingham dress.

JACK: Okay...Hurry up.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)

PHIL: Quick, Lem, hand me that bottle of brandy.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Zeke...The way I wrote this play you hate the taste of brandy.

PHIL: Well hand me that bottle, I'm gonna ad lib.

JACK: Okay, Zeke, but lookit you, go ahead and pour it into the mince meat.

PHIL: I'll pour this bottle in and then you pour the other one in.

JACK: All right, but let's hurry before Maw gets back.

SOUND: (GLUG GLUG GLUG OF LONG POURING)

JACK: There we are...Now hide those empty bottles, I think I hear Maw coming.

PHIL: Okay.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Well Paw, I'm all ready to go to the Fair, let's get started.

JACK: I'm ready too.

MARY: Before we go, maybe I better taste this mince meat.

JACK: Now wait a minute, wait a minute Maw, let me taste it... You know how crazy I am about your mince meat.

MARY: All right, go ahead.

SOUND: (SPOON IN DISH)

JACK: (MAKING TASTING SOUND)...Hm...I better taste it again.
SOUND: (SPOON IN DISH)
JACK: (MAKES TASTING SOUND)...Hm...better taste it once more.
SOUND: (SPOON IN DISH)
JACK: (TASTING SOUNDS)....Hm...
MARY: Well Paw, how is it?
JACK: Too muss minch meat.
MARY: What? What did you say?
JACK: I said too minch munch meat...I mean --
PHIL: He means...too...much...mince...meat.
JACK: That's what I said...too...much...mince...munch----
PHIL: You better quit while you're ahead, Lem. Better quit.
JACK: Yeah...Well come on, we're all ready let's go.
SOUND: (DOOR OPENS...PIGS)
JACK: EVERYTHING READY, CY?
LARRY: YES, PAW, I PUT ESMERELDY ON THE WAGON AND BLUE BOY TOO.
JACK: THAT'S GOOD...ONE OF 'EM IS BOUND TO WIN THE PRIZE...
WELL COME ON, ME ...COME ON, CY...COME ON, LEM...LET'S
GO.
PHIL, MARY & LARRY: OKAY!
JACK: GIDEYUP, DOBBIN, GIDDYUP.
SOUND: (HORSES HOOFS AND WAGON WHEELS)
JACK: I'LL BET THIS YEAR'S FAIR IS GONNA BE THE BEST ONE YET...
POMONA, HERE WE COME.
(ORCHESTRA INTRODUCTION TO "IT'S A GRAND NIGHT FOR
SINGING")

(QUARTET AND WHOLE GANG SING...DON AND MEL SQUEAL AND GRUNT DURING BREAKS)

ORCH: IT'S A GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING,
THE STARS ARE BRIGHT ABOVE,
THE EARTH IS AGLOW AND TO ADD TO THE SHOW,
I THINK I AM FALLING IN LOVE...
FALLING...FALLING IN LOVE.
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen..Radio has been asked to inform the general public, and employers, about the assets of our veterans..not only as citizens but as employees. There are many misconceptions about what the years of removal from civilian life did to our service men...The truth is that they've come home far better equipped for a good peacetime job than they were before...Their service training has given them many new skills..and every service job is related to a civilian occupation in some way....So here's a suggestion to employers for a New Year's Resolution...Resolve to employ ex-servicemen in 1946. Thank you.
(APPLAUSE)

DON: REMEMBER, FOLKS..THE WINNERS OF THE "I CAN'T STAND JACK BENNY" CONTEST WILL BE ANNOUNCED TWO WEEKS FROM TONIGHT, JANUARY 27TH...ON TONIGHT'S PROGRAM EDGAR BERGEN AND CHARLIE MCCARTHY WERE IMPERSONATED BY OLLIE O'TOOLE. That darn fool Jack Benny will be back in a minute, but first here is my good friend, F. E. Boone.

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
REV. CLOSING #10

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts.

SIMS: That's right!

RUYSDAEL: IS - MFT!

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - the finer, the lighter,
the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco!

SIMS: And this fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down
smoking enjoyment for you!

RUYSDAEL: Why sure - IS - MFT!

DELMAR: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw. 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). And this is
Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: IS - MFT
IS - MFT
IS - MFT

SIMS: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and fine tobacco
(Imp. Tag
#7) means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So
smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so
round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the
draw.
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

JACK: Okay, Okay Phil, rehearsal is over, the band can go home.

PHIL: ALL RIGHT, FELLAHS, YOU CAN GO HOME NOW.

SOUND: (REPEAT TERRIFIC NOISE OF SCUFFLING FEET, CHAIRS
FALLING, INSTRUMENTS FALLING ETC.)

JACK: Hm...Mary, pick me up, will you?...Goodnight, folks.

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