

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

BROADCAST: PROGRAM #19  
DATE: FEB. 3, 1946

PROGRAM: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK: NBC

## AS BROADCAST

### I OPENING NEW YORK

BELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD TO AMERICAN)

SIMS: Let that famous chant remind you that 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: Right you are!  
(Ex. E)

RUYSDAEL: Yes, sir!

DELMAR: 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  
4TH REV. OPENING #19

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

SIMS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Here's what Mr. Elvin Bradley Hicks, independent tobacco auctioneer of Wilson, North Carolina, said:

HICKS: Season after season at the auctions I've seen Lucky Strike buy fine, light tobacco -- tobacco that gives a better tasting smoke. I've smoked Luckies for seventeen years.

DELMAR: Yes sir! In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. And 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 WILSON.

(APPLAUSE - MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...TONIGHT JACK BENNY IS TAKING MARY  
TO A CONCERT AT THE PHILHARMONIC AUDITORIUM, GIVEN BY  
ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST VIOLINISTS, ISAAC STERN...  
AS WE LOOK IN ON JACK, HE'S AT HOME DRESSING FOR THE  
OCCASION.

JACK: Rochester, I still think they're a little too short..  
they barely reach my ankles.

ROCHESTER: Maybe I can let the cuffs out.

JACK: No, if you let the cuffs out, they'll be too long...  
liable to drag..gosh, I wish they fit better.

ROCHESTER: What's the difference, boss. AFTER YOU PUT YOUR PANTS  
ON, WHO SEES YOUR UNDERWEAR.

JACK: Yeah, I guess so.

ROCHESTER: You're certainly goin' to a lot of trouble gettin'  
dressed tonight.

JACK: Well, Rochester, all the important people in town will  
be at the concert...after all, IsaacStern is one of the  
world's greatest violinists.

ROCHESTER: Oh come now, boss, you play the violin as good as he  
does.

JACK: No I don't, Rochester...no.

ROCHESTER: Oh yes you do.

JACK: I do not.

ROCHESTER: Well I think so..

JACK: Rochester, you've never even heard Isaac Stern.

ROCHESTER: WELL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT, BOSS, TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT.

JACK: Oh, I see...well you know, Rochester...maybe if I had followed my musical career, it might be me giving that violin concert tonight...me...Yasha Benny....I can just picture the scene...As I walk out on the stage, the spotlight falls on me...me...Yasha Benny...confidently I lift my violin and tuck it under my chin...I raise my bow...five thousand pairs of eyes are staring at me..

ROCHESTER: SAY YASHA, YOU BETTER PUT YOUR PANTS ON.

JACK: Oh yes, yes, help me..(SIGHS) You know, Rochester, it's a little unfair..I have to go through life being a clown, a buffoon, while inside, deep down inside, I have a yearning for the finer things.

ROCHESTER: YOU COULD HAVE SOME OF THOSE THINGS, BOSS, IF YOU'D JUST LOOSEN UP A LITTLE.

JACK: I suppose so..but then again, you do have to think of the future..after all, Rochester, I haven't got much money.

ROCHESTER: I DON'T KNOW...EVERYTIME I TURN YOUR MATTRESS OVER, WALL STREET DROPS THREE POINTS.

JACK: Rochester, let's drop the subject and just help me get ready for the concert...Hand me my dress shirt.

ROCHESTER: Here you are, boss....White tie or black?

JACK: White tie, and my tails too...I haven't worn this suit in a long time...How do my tails look?

ROCHESTER: Pretty good, boss, you shouldn't have had the tails starched.

JACK: STARCHED, well, I figured it would hold them in place.

ROCHESTER: I KNOW, BUT WHEN YOU BEND OVER YOU LOOK LIKE A SPARROW.

JACK: Oh, I never thought about that...

SOUND: (DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh hello, Phil.

PHIL: Hi ya, Jackson...Well, well...look at our little boss all dressed up...My, my, my...what new drive-in is opening tonight?

JACK: Phil, I'm not going to a drive-in..I'm going to the Philharmonic..Isaac Stern is playing.

PHIL: Yeah? Against who?

JACK: Against nobody...he's a soloist..he plays the violin.. You know, it wouldn't hurt you to go to a concert once in a while...I never saw a guy take less of an interest in his profession.

PHIL: What do you mean, no interest..You know darn well that I'm a musician.

JACK: Phil...just because you have a picture of Petrillo tattooed on your chest doesn't mean you're a musician.. You and that band of yours.

PHIL: Now wait a minute, Jackson...you've been ridin' my boys long enough...My orchestra is not as bad as you so unprovocatively infer.

JACK: Unpro what?

PHIL: No you don't, I ain't gonna try that one again.

JACK: No no, Phil, go ahead, I'll like to see how it comes out the second time...go ahead.

PHIL: Okay. My orchestra is not as bad as you so unprovocatively infer.

JACK: Say, that's pretty good...Phil, where did you pick up that word? Phil...Phil -- ANSWER ME.

PHIL: Wait'll I get this knot out of my tongue.

JACK: Oh...I thought it would throw you..well, it's getting late, I've gotta leave now and meet Mary in front of the auditorium.

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it.

SOUND: (TWO FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Hello.

DON: Hello Jack, this is Don Wilson.

JACK: Oh hello, Don..what do you want?

DON: I heard you were going to Isaac Stern's concert tonight, and I was just wondering if you could get a couple of tickets for me.

JACK: WELL, I don't think so, Don, it's been sold out for weeks.

DON: Aw, gee, that's a shame, I'd love to go...I'd even pay double the price.

JACK: Well, I'm afraid it's....You would?...Well....No, Mary's probably dressed already...I'm, I'm sorry, Don, there's nothing I can do for you.

DON: Well thanks, just the same, Jack..Goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye..Oh say, Don..I want to congratulate you for being chosen by the editors as radio's best announcer.

DON: Well thanks, Jack, but I really can't take credit for that.

JACK: What do you mean?

DON: Well look at the wonderful material I have to work with ...How can I miss with LSMST...LSMFT?

JACK: But Don, your diction has --

DON: LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO..SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED..

JACK: Look -- Don --- the diction --

DON: So free and easy on the draw.

JACK: The diction --

DON: WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST, IT'S LUCKIES TWO TO ONE!

JACK: Diction.

DON: (SOUTHERN) AH'VE BEEN SMOKIN' LUCKIES FOR NIGH ON TO TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, BECAUSE THEY'RE MADE OF THE FINER --

JACK: Don, goodbye!

SOUND: (CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Hmm.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, what did you hang up on him for. You probably hurt Don's feelings.

JACK: I guess you're right, Phil..I'll call him back and apologize.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK...DIAL SIX TIMES...BUZZ....CLICK)

DON: (SOUTHERN) THE LIGHTER, THE NATURALLY Milder TOBACCO, AND THANK YOU -- ALL FOR CALLING ME BACK, SIR, GOODBYE.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK AT OTHER END)

JACK: Hmm..hurt his feelings.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: In the first place how are you going to get through all that fat?...Well I've gotta run along now..Goodbye, Phil.

PHIL: So long, Jackson.

JACK: And Rochester, you can have the rest of the night off.

ROCHESTER: Thanks, boss.

JACK: When will you be back?

ROCHESTER: TONIGHT..I ONLY GOT THIRTY-FIVE CENTS, AND YOU CAN'T LOSE A WEEKEND ON THAT!

JACK: I guess not..Goodbye.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSING)

(APPLAUSE AND SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)



(SECOND ROUTINE)

SOUND: (LIGHT CROWD NOISES, FADE OUT)

JACK: HERE I AM, MARY...HERE I AM, RIGHT OVER HERE.

MARY: OKAY, JACK, JUST A MINUTE....I'm sorry, sailor, but he showed up.

JACK: MARY, COME HERE.....Who were you talking to?

MARY: Oh some sailor...his boat just anchored at Hollywood and Vine.

JACK: Oh...Well..here we are, Mary, at the Philharmonic...How do I look?

MARY: You're certainly dressed swanky for the concert..White tie, top hat, and a bag of peanuts.

JACK: Well, I thought you might enjoy something after the show ...Let's go in.

MARY: But Jack, the main entrance is around the corner.

JACK: I know, but I've got to go back stage and see Isaac Stern first...Come on.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS..FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I wonder where his dressing room is..Maybe it's -- around here some place.

(LAWRENCE TUNES VIOLIN AND PLAYS A STRAIN OR TWO)

JACK: This must be it, right here.

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

STERN: COME IN.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Mr. Stern?

STERN: Yes, I'm Isaac Stern.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mr. Stern this is Miss Livingston.

STERN: How do you do.

MARY: How do you do.

JACK: And I'm Jack Benny.

STERN: Jack Benny?

JACK: Yes..you see when I heard you were giving a concert in Los Angeles I sent you money for two tickets, knowing that you'd get me the best seats available.

STERN: Oh yes, yes, Mr. Benny, I have the tickets right here... Here you are.

JACK: Thanks...Wait a minute, these tickets are a dollar ten.. I distinctly remember sending you --

STERN: I did my best, Mr. Benny, but the house was sold out and they didn't have any more seats available at the price you requested.

JACK: Oh.

STERN: So I added thirty cents of my own money and bought these.

JACK: Well thank you very much, Mr. Stern, and I hope I didn't impose on you too much..You see, you being a concert violinist, naturally I felt that we have something in common..(SILLY LAUGH)..Yes sir!

STERN: We have something in common?

MARY: Yes, Jack's violin has four strings too.

JACK: Mary!

MARY: (MIMICS JACK'S SILLY LAUGH)

JACK: Mary, please..

MARY: Jack, give Mr. Stern the thirty cents you own him and let's go.

JACK: Oh yes yes, just a minute.

SOUND: (JINGLE OF COINS)

JACK: Here you are..ten..twenty..twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty. There you are, Mr. Stern.

STERN: Thank you.

MARY: Okay, Jack, put on your..your shoe and let's go.

JACK: Yes yes..Goodbye, Mr. Stern, and thanks for getting my tickets.

STERN: You're welcome..Goodbye.

JACK: Come on, Mary.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

SOUND: (CROWD NOISES, UP AND FADE OUT)

GEORGE: TICKETS, TICKETS PLEASE..HOLD YOUR OWN TICKETS.

JACK: Here you are.

GEORGE: Thank you..Stairway to your left, please.

JACK: Come on, Mary.

SOUND: (FOUR STEPS UP..SEGUE INTO CLIMBING MUSIC)

SOUND: (FOUR STEPS UP AT END OF MUSIC)

JACK: Oh usher, where are these seats?

TACK: UH, STAIRWAY TO YOUR LEFT, PLEASE.

JACK: Come on, Mary.

SOUND: (FOUR STEPS UP...INTO CLIMBING MUSIC)

SOUND: (FOUR STEPS UP AT END OF MUSIC)

JACK: (OUT OF BREATH) Oh usher, usher..where are these seats?

ARTIE: Let me see...Row A, Seats three and five...YOU SEE THAT  
LAST AISLE OVER THERE?

JACK: Oh yes, yes good.

ARTIE: WELL TAKE THE STAIRWAY RIGHT NEXT TO IT.

JACK: Oh my goodness.

SOUND: (CLIMBING MUSIC...FOUR STEPS UP COMING OUT OF MUSIC)

JACK: Gosh, what a climb.

MARY: (OUT OF BREATH) Oh Jack, I can't go on, give me another  
peanut.

JACK: Here you are...Oh, usher --

NELSON: Yessss?

JACK: Are these are these seats in this balcony?

NELSON: Yes, right over here.

MARY: Gee, this is awfully high, isn't it?

NELSON: We used to think so, but now they can reach us by radar.

JACK: Don't be funny...just show us to our seats.

NELSON: Follow me.

SOUND: (FEW FOOTSTEPS ON LEVEL)

NELSON: Here you are...Your seats are right here.

JACK: Thank you.

SOUND: (TWO SEATS BEING LOWERED)

JACK: Say, these seats are all right, Mary...I can relax and  
put my feet up on the railing.

NELSON: And you better take your hat off, the spotlight'll burn a hold through it.

JACK: I'll watch it, I'll watch it...Say Mary, we may be in the top balcony, but at least we're in the front row.. Can you see the stage all right?

MARY: No, but I've got a wonderful view of Catalina.

JACK: That's a painting on the wall..Here, have a peanut.

SOUND: (CRACKING OF PEANUT SHELL)

MARY: Gee, there sure are a lot of people here tonight.

JACK: Yeah...this place is certainly...Hey Mary, look way down there...Isn't that Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman?

MARY: Where!

JACK: Way down there below us! To the left of that cloud.

SOUND: (TRANSITION...DOWN MUSIC)

BENITA: Ronnie, weren't we lucky to get such good seats.

COLMAN: We certainly were, Benita.

(APPLAUSE)

BENITA: Well I do hope Mr. Stern plays the Mendelssohn "Concerto"

COLMAN: Well, now let's see...he's going to play a sonata by Cesar Franck...then oh yes here it is...the Mendelssohn Concerto...And he follows that with "La Campanella" by Paganini.

BENITA: Which one of those numbers do you like the best.

COLMAN: Oh it doesn't make any difference to me, I just came here to get away from Chickery Chick Chala Chala...That I know he won't play.

SOUND: (TRANSITION - UP MUSIC)

MARY: No, Jack, that isn't Mr. and Mrs. Colman.

JACK: I'm sure it is...(LOUD WHISPER) OH RONNIE...RONNIE... BENITA...YOO HOO...

MARY: (LOUD WHISPER) Jack, Jack everybody's looking up at us with their binoculars.

JACK: Well let them look, they're just jealous because we know the Colmans...(LOUD WHISPER)...OH RONNIE...RONNIE...YOO HOO...

BENITA: Ronnie, isn't that Jack Benny up there trying to get our attention?

COLMAN: Yes, it's so embarrassing. But don't look up.

BENITA: Maybe we should at least wave to him...After all he is our next door neighbor.

COLMAN: Benita...that is a situation which the housing shortage prevents me from doing anything about...

BENITA: Yes, but he's going to so much trouble to attract your attention...he's dropping little pieces of paper...Look.. he's dropping peanut shells.

COLMAN: If he spits, there's going to be trouble...Well, what's he doing way up there anyway?

BENITA: Perhaps his doctor recommended a higher altitude.

COLMAN: Where he's sitting is cheaper than the Alps.

BENITA: It's higher too.

COLMAN: So it is.

BENITA: Well anyway, dear, he won't be dropping any more peanuts.

COLMAN: Oh, how do you know?

BENITA: I just got hit on the head with the bag.

COLMAN: Remarkable, he must be using a Norden bombsight.

JACK: Isn't that awful, Mary, I just can't seem to attract their attention...(LOUD WHISPER)..OH RONNIE..RONNIE... BENITA...YOO HOO...

MARY: Jack, don't lean so far over the rail.

JACK: OH RONNIE...YOO HOO...(WHISTLE)

COLMAN: Isn't that awful, he just won't give it up.

NELSON: I beg your pardon, sir, but I think there's somebody trying to get your attention.

COLMAN: Nooo!..My attention?

NELSON: Yes, that man up there, hanging from the rail by his heels.

COLMAN: Oh yes, yes...You know, Benita, I thought that "The Horn Blows at Midnight" would keep him home for a couple of years...But then I guess some people don't know when --

SOUND: (LIGHT PLOP)

BENITA: Ronnie, what was that thing that just fell in your lap?

COLMAN: Oh for heaven's sake.

BENITA: What is it?

COLMAN: A toupey.

BENITA: A toupey!..Do you think it belongs to --

COLMAN: I'm afraid so, look at the laundry mark...LSMFT...And, look what it says right below it..."If lost, will finder please read the lost and found columns in the Beverly Hills newspapers. The article in question will be referred to as 'A cocker spaniel with a cold nose and a part on the side'"

BENITA: Oh look, Ronnie, they're starting to dim the lights.

JACK: (Oh darn it, I almost had their attention)...Oh look, honey, they're starting to dim the lights.

MARY: Don't get fresh, Mister, I happen to be here with an escort.

JACK: Mary, it's me...It slipped off.

MARY: Oh. Well put your hat on, you look awful...And be quiet, the concert's about to begin.

JACK: Yeah, here comes Isaac Stern now.

(APPLAUSE)

(STERN'S SOLO)

(APPLAUSE)



(THIRD ROUTINE)

(AFTER APPLAUSE FOR STERN'S NUMBER DIES DOWN, JACK KEEPS  
APPLAUDING AND SHOUTING)

JACK: BRAVO....BRAVO! ENCORE...ENCORE...BRAVO!

MARY: (VERY LOUD WHISPER) JACK!

JACK: LOVE IN BLOOM!....LOVE IN BLOOM!

MARY: (LOUD WHISPER) JACK, JACK FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!

JACK: CHICKORY CHICK CHALA CHALA.....CHICKORY CHICK!

COLMAN: (YELLS, OFF MIKE) QUIET UP THERE....QUIET!

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

SOUND: (CROWD NOISES, FADE OUT)

NELSON: HAVE YOUR CHECKS READY FOR YOUR COATS, PLEASE...HAVE  
YOUR CHECKS READY FOR YOUR COATS.

COLMAN: Oh boy, here's my check.

JACK: Oh no you don't, Bub. I was here be...(SWEET)..Ronnie!

COLMAN: Jack..Jack, old boy...What a surprise seeing you here!

JACK: Yes, yes...Wasn't the concert wonderful?

COLMAN: It certainly was...And I loved the Mendelssohn  
"Concerto".

JACK: Well, I did too...However, I felt that he had just a  
little too much pizzicato in the andante...Didn't you?

COLMAN: No.

JACK: Oh. Well it sounded that way by the time it got up to  
me.

NELSON: Here are your coats, gentlemen.

JACK &  
COLMAN: Thank you.

COLMAN: Well goodnight, Jack...My best to Mary.

JACK: Goodnight, Ronnie...Give my love to Benita.

COLMAN: I will....Oh by the way, by the way Jack, did you lose  
a cocker spaniel?

JACK: Why...yes, yes.

COLMAN: Well don't worry...Here...Lassie has come home.

JACK: Thank you...Goodbye, Ronnie.  
(TRANSITION MUSIC)

SOUND: (AUTO MOTOR AND HORN..FADES DOWN AND OUT)

COLMAN: You know, Benita, I think that's one of the finest  
concerts I've ever heard.

BENITA: It was absolutely wonderful...give me a cigarette,  
will you?

COLMAN: Of course, I have some right here in my overcoat...  
Hmm, I had some when I...I say, this isn't my coat...  
there must have been a mixup at the cloakroom.

BENITA: Are you sure?

COLMAN: Yes, I'm positive I had -- Certainly, look at the label..  
...Why this is Jack Benny's coat!

BENITA: Jack Benny's?

COLMAN: Yes.

BENITA: Oh well tomorrow, then, we'll have to -- Ronnie! What  
are you looking at?

COLMAN: Huh? ..Oh, oh, it's this address book I found in Benny's  
coat pocket.

BENITA: Address book?

COLMAN: Yes...You know he's always boasting about his  
influential friends...Well listen to this first name..  
Gladys Zybisco....Gladstone 0338.

BENITA: Gladys Zybisco?

COLMAN: Here's a note he has written alongside her name..It says.. "Do not kiss too hard, has pivot tooth."

BENITA: Oh, Oh really now.

COLMAN: And listen to this next name...."Marcella Fink"..and then he has in parenthesis..."Approach from the right, she's left handed."

BENITA: Oh he has such interesting friends...what's that folded sheet of paper that just fell on the floor?

COLMAN: Where?

SOUND: (RUSTLE OF PAPER)

COLMAN: Oh Benita, look...it's one of his contest letters.

BENITA: You mean the "I can't stand Jack Benny" contest?

COLMAN: Yes, and there's a little notation on it that says... "This letter was written by Carroll P. Craig Sr. and won first prize.

BENITA: First prize? ..Oh Ronnie, I wondered what the winning letter was like....Read it, please.

COLMAN: All right...it says,"I can't stand Jack Benny because --

He fills the air  
With boasts and brags  
And obsolete  
Obnoxious gags.

The way he plays  
His violin  
Is music's most  
Obnoxious sin.

His cowardice  
alone, indeed,  
Is matched by his  
Obnoxious greed.

And all the things  
That he portrays,  
Show up my own  
Obnoxious ways.

COLMAN: Now, you know Benita, that's very clever?

BENITA: Yes, it has such a good thought behind it.

COLMAN: Yes...(READS SLOWLY)

And all the things  
That he portrays  
Show up my own  
Obnoxious ways.

COLMAN: You know, Benita, maybe the fellow that wrote this letter is right...The things that we find fault with in others...are the same things that we tolerate in ourselves.

BENITA: That's so true, Ronnie.

COLMAN: It certainly is.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF MUSIC)

WILSON: Isaac Stern was accompanied by Alexander Zakin. Jack will be back in just a moment, but first here's my good friend, L. A. "Speed" Riggs --

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
CLOSING #19

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD TO AMERICAN)

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

SIMS: Of course!

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

DELMAR: Many things may change with the years - but here's one thing you can depend on always - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

SIMS: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.

DELMAR: This fine Lucky Strike tobacco 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!

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD TO AMERICAN) and Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - AMERICAN) And this is Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike - the cigarette of fine tobacco.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT  
LS - MFT  
LS - MFT

SIMS: Certain facts are plain - it takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette. And, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - yes, first, last and always, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

MARY: Say Jack, wasn't Isaac Stern wonderful?

JACK: Absolutely terrific.

MARY: Jack...I'll make you a sporting proposition.

JACK: What is it?

MARY: I'll break my leg if you'll break your violin.

JACK: I will not....After all, Mary, I....Say, wait a minute..  
this isn't my coat...I've got on somebody else's coat.

MARY: What?

JACK: Look, Look at the label...it's Ronald Colman's...funny,  
I must have made a mistake at the cloak room. I wonder  
what he's got in his pockets....Oh for heaven's sake..  
Look Mary, isn't this cute?

MARY: What is it?

JACK: A YoYo...Well, that's sweet....Goodnight, folks.