

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN *Inc.* ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

CLIENT: AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.
BROADCAST: REV. #21
DATE: FEB. 17, 1946
PROGRAM: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
NETWORK: NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK **AS BROADCAST**

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM presented by
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: Sure thing!
(Ex. C)
RUYSDAEL: That's right!
DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.
SCONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
REV. OPENING #21

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

SIMS: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. And
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Yes, the makers of
Lucky Strike consistently select and buy the finer,
the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: That's right! LS - MFT!

DELMAR: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - the finer, the
lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.
And this fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real,
deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. 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: IN PALM SPRINGS CALIFORNIA..THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM..
STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL
HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY STEVENS, AND "YOURS TRULY"
DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...MAY I RECITE A LITTLE POEM?
LAST THURSDAY WAS SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY,
THE DAY WHEN LOVE IS IN BLOOM,
IT'S ALSO JACK BENNY'S BIRTHDAY,

JACK: NOBODY LEAVE THIS ROOM!....Hello, folks,
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you...and Don, let me tell you
something...I'm very proud of the fact that I was born
in Februray...the same month as George Wadlington and
Abraham Lincoln..Just think...Washington, Lincoln and
Benny..The first Big Three...George, Abe and Jack...
And you know, Don...it was just a stroke of luck that
I arrived in February...I was supposed to be born in
March.

DON: In March? Well...then how come you were born in February?

JACK: Well, the stork was flying south for the winter, and he
didn't want to come back just for me...It's a long trip,
you know.

DON: Well anyway, Jack, congratulations on passing another
milestone.

JACK: Thank you.

DON: Oh, by the way, how old are you now?

JACK: Thirty seven...And now, ladies and gentlemen--

DON: Thirty seven!..Why Jack, you said you were thirty seven last year.

JACK: ...And now, ladies and--

DON: And the year before.

JACK: ...And now, ladies and--

DON: And the year before that you said you were thirty seven.

JACK: Don...when you're happy with something, why leave it?...
Anyway, a lot you care...you didn't even come to my birthday party.

DON: Well, I'm very sorry, Jack...I got your invitation, but I had to go back to Los Angeles.

JACK: Oh.

DON: And Jack, there was one thing about the invitation I didn't quite understand.

JACK: What was that, Don?

DON: Well, it said..."You are cordially invited to attend my birthday party on Thursday...fifteen...thirty-four.. eleven"...What do those numbers mean?

JACK: They're the sizes of my shirts, underwear and socks, I knew...I knew you'd want to bring something...I used to put R.S.V.P. and what did I get, nothing...So from now on I'm not taking any--

MARY: HELLO JACK, HI YA DON.

JACK & DON: HELLO, MARY. HELLO.
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Say Mary, Don and I were just talking about my birthday party...We had a lot of fun, didn't we?

MARY: Yeah, you should have been there, Don...We played charades and postoffice and spin the bottle...

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: And then we played Blind Man's Buff...(LAUGHINGLY).. And you should have seen Jack when he was it.

DON: AW what did he do, Mary...tie a handkerchief around his eyes.

MARY: No, he just turned out the lights..he figured he could have fun and save money at the same time.

JACK: Same time, YOUR SISTER BABE WOULD HAVE FIT IN BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

MARY: Then about eleven o'clock we all got hungry, so Rochester brought in Jack's birthday cake.

DON: The birthday cake, huh...how did it taste?

MARY: I don't know..By the time we took all the candles off it, I wasn't hungry any more.

JACK: Mary, just be glad that I sent you an invitation to my party...that's all.

MARY: Say Jack, I meant to ask you about that invitation...It said.."You are cordially invited to attend my birthday party on Thursday...S.O.S."...What did that S.O.S. mean?

JACK: Short on Socks...I always have to remind you of...Hmm ..I always have to remind you of....Oh for heaven's sake ..That's the cue for Phil Harris, and he's not even here yet.

MARY: Well, maybe he's at the Lone Palm getting potted.

JACK: I don't care..I don't care where he is we've got to get on with the show..Mary, you take his lines.

MARY: Oh Jack, I can't read Phil's lines.

JACK: Mary, we can't hold up the show...Now go ahead and read Phil's part...I'll give you the cue again...Short on Socks.

MARY: OKAY, FOLKS, HERE'S YOUR FAVORITE PIXIE,
HARRIS IS HERE AND HE'S BRIGHT FROM DIXIE.
APPRECIATE ME, APPRECIATE ME!

JACK: Phil, I wish you'd stop coming in here with those corny entrances...And another thing...

MARY: Hey Jackson, Jackson, I got a joke that'll murder ya...
Ask me what the wallpaper said to the wall.

JACK: Phil...

MARY: Go ahead, ask me.

JACK: All right, Phil...What did the wallpaper say to the wall?

MARY: You may be plastered but I'll stick to you anyway!
HA HA HA HA...OH HARRIS, YOU'RE LIKE A STRONG THEATRE
SEAT, YOU NEVER LET THE AUDIENCE DOWN...LOVE IT, LOVE
IT, LOVE IT!

JACK: Now Phil, the next time you...

MEL: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE WHO
TUNED IN LATE, THE PART OF PHIL HARRIS IS BEING PLAYED
BY MARY LIVINGSTON.

JACK: Well it's no use, Mary..even you can't save those kind
of jokes...Let's have a song from Larry Stevens while
we're waiting for Phil...Oh Larry...

LARRY: Here I am, Mr. Benny.
(APPLAUSE)

LARRY: Say Mr. Benny, I want to thank you for inviting me to
your party...I sure had a good time.

JACK: At my party? Larry, I didn't see you there...when did you come in?

LARRY: When you were playing Blind Man's Buff.

JACK: Oh...Oh, did I say hello to you?

LARRY: No, but you kissed me twice.

JACK: Oh..Well kid, when you get a little older and grow a beard, I won't make that mistake...Now let's have a song, Larry.

LARRY: Okay..By the way, Mr. Benny, there was one thing I didn't understand about that invitation you sent me.

JACK: What was that, kid?

LARRY: Well, it said,.. "You are cordially invited to attend my birthday party on Thursday...G.T.D.T.K.W.I.N....What does that mean?

JACK: Go To Desmonds, They Know What I Need...Sing, kid.... and thanks for the bicycle clip...It was just my size.
(APPLAUSE AND SEGUE INTO LARRY'S NUMBER)
(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That that was Larry Stevens singing "Let It Snow"...The title is really "Let It Snow, Let It Snow"...you're supposed to say it twice...but we have a very long show, and if we take up too much time, the tobacco auctioneer at the end of the program will have to hurry and you won't be able to understand a thing he says...So in view of the fact that we're trying to save time, I had to change the title of Larry's song from "Let It Snow, Let It Snow," to just "Let It Snow"...AND NOW, FOLKS--

MARY: That line was originally "Ladies and Gentlemen," but the genius cut it down to "Folks."

JACK: Yes, we save wherever we can...that's why I changed the title of Larry's song from --

PHIL: OKAY, FOLKS , HERE'S YOUR FAVORITE PIXIE,
HARRIS IS HERE AND HE'S RIGHT FROM DIXIE.
APPRECIATE ME, APPRECIATE ME! YOU LOVELY SUN-TANNED
BEAUTIES, YES SIR!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Phil, Phil we couldn't wait for you any longer, so Mary did your routine...Now go sit down.

PHIL: Wait a minute, wait a minute, Jackson..I got a joke
that'll murder ya...Ask me what the wallpaper said to the wall.

JACK: Phil, Mary did that joke.

PHIL: I don't care who did it...ask me...What the wallpaper said to the wall?

JACK: All right, Phil, we'll do it again..What did the wallpaper say to the wall?

PHIL: You might be a little cracked, but I got designs on you...HA HA HA HA OH OH HARRIS, THEY OUGHTA PUT A SLOT IN YOUR HEAD, CAUSE YOUR BRAINS ARE LIKE MONEY IN THE BANK...LOVE IT, LOVE IT, LOVE IT!

JACK: What kind of language is that? How do you like that.

MEL: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE WHO TUNED IN LATE, AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU'RE YOU?

JACK: Phil, Phil, you're supposed to do what we rehearse and not bring in any new stuff...I got designs on you... Where'd you get that joke?

PHIL: I hired myself a writer, Jackson, I found him right here in Palm Springs.

JACK: A writer?

PHIL: Yeah..he lives right over here on the Indian Reservation.

JACK: Phil, I know Palm Springs is crowded, but why is he living on the...No, I can't ask him, Mary, Mary, you do it.

MARY: Okay. Phil, I know Palm Springs is crowded, but why is he living on an Indian Reservation?

PHIL: Because he's an Indian!

JACK: I knew it, I knew it!...Phil, I don't know I don't know where you find 'em, but I never heard of an Indian writer.

DON: Well I think you're wrong, Jack..Some Indians are very good writers.

PHIL: Sure, Jackson...this guy I've got not only writes jokes but he writes commercials.

JACK: What?

PHIL: Go ahead, Don...read the one my writer gave you.

DON: Okay.

JACK: Now wait a minute.

DON: (DOES INDIAN WHOOP)

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake.

DON: Me...likum...Lucky Strike...
Me...sendum...smoke signals...
IS/ MFTeeum...IS/MFTeeum

JACK: Teeum?

DON: Yes sir! Pow! You betchum!..Lucky Strike heap round,
heap firm, heap fully packed...heap free and easy on
the draw.

JACK: Don...

DON: Me...heap big...Indian chief.

JACK: You big heap that's all...Ugh.
(DRUM - INDIAN TOM TOMS)

JACK: What's that?

DON: Shhh...Signal come from Reservation...It say..."With
Sioux Indian who know tobacco best, it's Luckies,
Sioux to one."

JACK: Oh, is that Sioux?

DON: NOW MY GOOD FRIEND I.A. "SPEED" RAIN-IN-THE-FACE

MEL: (AUCTIONEER)

JACK: Don, Don that was very good...very good. Now let's --

SOUND: (HORSES' HOOPS GALLOPING AWAY)

JACK: What are those horses' hoofs?

MARY: (INDIAN) Commercial finish, takum plug back to
Reservation.

JACK: Oh...Me catchum on...AND NOW, FOLKS --

PHIL: (DOES INDIAN WHOOP)

JACK: Oh.

MEL: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN....FOR THE BENEFIT OF YOU INDIANS WHO TUNED IN LATE...MY FACE IS RED TOO.

MARY: This is the craziest program we've done yet...What are we aiming at?

JACK: Four-thirty...seven-thirty in the east.

PHIL: Say Jackson, we better start gettin' sharp, or we'll hear about it at five-thirty...You know what's when Fred Allen comes on.

JACK: Phil, when you mention Fred Allen on this program...you must be closer to retirement than I think you are...I heard his program last week...While he was telling a joke, a long word got stuck in his nose sideways and he held up the show for five minutes...So don't tell me about Allen.

MARY: Oh Jack, you're just mad because his picture is better than yours.

JACK: Mary, that's no comparison, everybody's picture is better than mine...Now let's forget about that ill wind from Allen's Alley, it's time for a band number...Go ahead, Phil.

PHIL: OKAY, BOYS, FILIBUSTER!
(APPLAUSE AND SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)
(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That that was "SWEETHEART" played by Phil Harris and His Sweetest Music This Side of Rogers Stables Orchestra.. and that's a --

MEL: FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE HORSES WHO TUNED IN LATE... ROGERS STABLE IS A STABLE OWNED BY ROGERS.

JACK: Roger. I mean -- thank you...Now come on, COME ON, kids, let's keep the show moving.

PHIL: What's the hurry, Jackson?

JACK: WELL, I'm having some important people over for dinner tonight, and I don't want to be late....Rochester's calling for me. By the way, Mary, remind me to pick up some salami on the way home.

MARY: Okay.

DON: Oh, Jack, I meant to ask you about Rochester...Is it true that he was lost for two days out on the ocean?

JACK: Yes, he was out in a boat near Catalina.

PHIL: I read about it, Jackson...I heard it on the radio too.

JACK: Yeah...funny thing...I didn't know anything about it until it was all over.

MARY: You didn't?

JACK: No. When I found out about it last Wednesday, I was home taking my violin lesson....You know I still have my music teacher, Professor Le Blanc. Anyway, here's what happened.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES TWICE..HITS SOUR NOTE)

MEL: No, no, no Monsieur Benny...once more you have made the same mistake.

JACK: I'm, I'm sorry, Professor Le Blanc. Shall I do it again?

MEL: Yes, and this time, please take off your gloves.

JACK: Well, the strings are cold....All right.

MEL: Now, commence..(IN RHYTHM) One and two and three and four. AND...

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES TWICE)

MEL: (IN RHYTHM) Do not hold your bow too tightly,
It will help you play more lightly.

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES ONCE)

MEL: (IN RHYTHM) Play it softer, not so brassy,
Pull your tongue in, you're not Lassie.

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES TWICE AND HITS SOUR NOTE)

MEL: No, no, no, no...Nom d'un cochon, Sacre Bleu...Monsieur Benny, please tell me something...how long have you been playing the violin?

JACK: WELL ever since I can remember...I was a child prodigy.

MEL: I do not believe it.

JACK: That I was a prodigy?

MEL: No, that you were a child. Now take it again, please.

JACK: Okay.

MEL: (IN RHYTHM) One and two and three and four. AND.

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES ONCE)

MEL: (IN RHYTHM) Play it bright and not so dull, sir.
This is what gave me my ulcer.

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES ONCE)

MEL: (IN RHYTHM) This time soft just like a pillow,
What have I done to Petrillo?

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES TWICE)...How was that?

MEL: Very good....Here.

JACK: Oh boy, another gold star...You know, Professor, some day I may be a great violinist.

MEL: You should live so long and you already did.

JACK: Now listen --

MEL: Hmm...child prodigy.

JACK: Well I was...My father made me start playing the violin when I was seven.

MEL: Oh, so your father made you take up the violin.

JACK: Yes.

MEL: And where is your father now?

JACK: In Florida.

MEL: The coward...And now, Monsieur Benny, I guess the hour is up.

JACK: No, NO it isn't Professor...when we started the lesson, I set the alarm clock..it will ring when the hour is up.

MEL: Oh all right..(FOR THIS FOR THIS I LEFT LOCKHEED) Now, (IN RHYTHM) One and two and three and four...AND.

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES TWICE)

SOUND: (INTERRUPTS WITH LOUD ALARM CLOCK..THEN FAST RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...AND LOUD DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Well how do you like that...he didn't even wait for me to pay him...Oh well...I wonder if I should keep practicing...NO, NO I can't stand it any more.

SOUND: (NOISE OF VIOLIN PUT IN CASE)

JACK: AW gee, I wish I hadn't told Rochester he could have
a couple of days off...he does everything for me...so
tired of sleeping with my clothes on..well, I guess
I'll turn on the radio.

SOUND: (CLICK OF DIAL..STATIC)

MEL: (FILTER..A LA THE WHISTLER) I'm the Whistler...I WALK
BY NIGHT. (WHISTLE)
(WHISTLES FEW NOTES OF THE WHISTLER'S THEME AND SEQUES
INTO CHICKORY CHICK)

JACK: Gee, that Whistler scares me....And I've got such
a nice painting of his mother....I'll try and get
something else.

SOUND: (LITTLE STATIC)

NELSON: Ladies and gentlemen....Are you near-sighted? When
you're having breakfast, do you get too close to
your hot cakes? Do you get molasses on your
glasses? Do you suffer from middle-age spread?
Do your hips try to hurdle your girdle? Hmmmnn?
If you suffer from these or any other ailments, why
not try Symmpathy Soothing Syrup? Remember,
Symmpathy spelled backwards is Yitapamis.....
Y-H-T-A-P-M-Y-S.

WRITERS: Yit Yit Yitapamis
 Yit Yit Yitapamis
 Yit Yit Yitapamis
 Drives Your Blues Awwaaaaay.

JACK: He must have a new quartette and...

NELSON: AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN HERE'S THE YHTAPMYS NEWS
REPORTER WITH A SPECIAL ITEM..ROCHESTER VAN JONES WHO
HAVE BEEN ADRIFT IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN FOR THE LAST TWO
DAYS, HAS BEEN FOUND BY THE COAST GUARD AND TOWED
INTO PORT.

JACK: What?

MEL: ROCHESTER IS THE BUTLER OF THAT FAMOUS COMEDIAN, JACK BENTLEY.

JACK: That's Benny.

NELSON: OUR QUARTET WILL NOW SING THEIR VERSION OF THAT NEW SONG HIT, "YES WE HAVE NO BANANAS, BUTTER OR SUGAR."

JACK: I don't want to hear that.

SOUND: (CLICK OF DIAL)

JACK: Oh my goodness, Rochester adrift in the Pacific..I didn't even know he was on a boat..Well thank heaven he's safe..When he gets home I'm going to....

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Maybe that's him.

SOUND: (CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Hello.

JANE: Long distance call for Jack Bentley.

JACK: That's Benny...I'll take it.

JANE: Very well.

JACK: HELLO, HELLO? HELLO...IS THIS ROCHESTER?

ROCHESTER: YOU WERE EXPECTING MAYBE SHIPWRECK KELLY?

JACK: ROCHESTER!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, I just heard about you being in the ocean for two days..How are you?

ROCHESTER: SALTY!

JACK: I know, I know, but tell me what happened.

ROCHESTER: WELL BOSS, ME AND MY FRIEND SAM WERE ABOUT TWENTY MILES OFF CATALINA, WHEN WE DEVELOPED MOTOR TROUBLE. AND YOU KNOW I CAN'T SWIM.

JACK: Uh-huh.

ROCHESTER: When suddenly..a big wave swept me overboard. And I landed right next to a vicious looking shark..So I got back to the boat fast, and I..

JACK: Wait a minute..you just said you couldn't swim.

ROCHESTER: I DIDN'T THINK I COULD RUN ON WATER EITHER, BUT I DID!

JACK: Well, well...what happened then?

ROCHESTER: WELL...WHEN WE WEREN'T RESCUED AFTER THE FIRST DAY, WE REALIZED WE WERE IN A TOUGH SPOT..SO WE STARTED SENDING OUT MESSAGES IN BOTTLES.

JACK: What did the messages say?

ROCHESTER: "SEND MORE BOTTLES!"

JACK: Rochester, I hope you weren't drinking out there.

ROCHESTER: OH NO BOSS, NO SIR...BUT AFTER THE SECOND DAY WE SURE GOT HUNGRY...AND FORTUNATELY A BIRD LANDED ON THE BACK OF THE BOAT.

JACK: A bird...good.

ROCHESTER: SO I PICKED UP MY RIFLE, TOOK AIM, AND...

JACK: Rifle! Rochester, you wouldn't shoot a poor little bird.

ROCHESTER: No I JUST WANTED TO FRIGHTEN HER ENOUGH TO LAY AN EGG!

JACK: Did you frighten her?

ROCHESTER: Did I! SHE LAID TWO EGGS AND THREE STRIPS OF BACON!

JACK: Rochester, don't be ridiculous..a bird can't lay bacon!

ROCHESTER: BOSS, WHEN YOU GOT A GUN IN YOUR FACE, YOU FIND OUT YOU GOT TALENT YOU NEVER KNEW YOU HAD.

JACK: Never mind that...Now tell me, how did you get back to shore?

ROCHESTER: Well, the Coast Guard finally found us and towed us into the Harbor.

JACK: Well I'm glad it came out all right...It certainly was an unusual experience.

ROCHESTER: It sure was...Hee hee hee.

JACK: Rochester, what are you laughing at?

ROCHESTER: IT IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER LOST A WEEKEND ON WATER!

JACK: Neither did I...Anyway, Rochester, I'm glad you're safe and hurry out here to Palm Springs.

ROCHESTER: I will. Goodbye. Goodbye.
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Goodbye. Well Don, there you are..that's how I found out about Rochester.
(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF MUSIC)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, this is American Brotherhood Week. Brotherhood! There is much more to it than the word itself implies. Many of us feel that we are practicing it if we have consideration or respect for our immediate circle of friends..Well, that's not enough! We should have it for all people everywhere.
The color of a man's skin and the church he goes to is a mighty poor yardstick to use in measuring his character.. and to have a contempt for an entire race because of color or creed is unthinkable! If you want to know how it feels..think back to when the Germans and the Japanese thought themselves superior races, and said that all Americans were "decadent, criminal, and stupid." Our anger and indignation flared at the thought of Americans being called decadent, criminal and stupid....and yet if we tolerate racial and religious discrimination..we are!

(MORE)

JACK:
(CONTD)

I think I saw Brotherhood at its best when I was overseas during the war..When men are fighting for their lives and the lives of their fellows..racial and religious issues are relegated to their proper place of unimportance. I never heard a wounded man complain about being carried back to a field hospital by a Negro ...or ask whether the blood plasma he was getting was Catholic, Protestant or Jewish. You know, a bullet is a very democratic thing.

So let's remember and perpetuate these battlefield lessons and carry them through our lives to make a better world...

There is a verse in the song "America The Beautiful" that should mean a lot to all of us..

"America..America..God shed His Grace on thee..

And crowned thy good..with brotherhood...

From sea to shining sea."

"And crowned thy good...with brotherhood. That is our heritage..let's live up to it!....

DON:

Ladies and gentlemen - JACK WILL BE BACK IN A MINUTE, BUT FIRST HERE IS MY GOOD FRIEND, L. A. SPEED RIGGS.

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
REV. CLOSING #21

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD TO AMERICAN)

SIMS: A man goes by what he knows! Here's what Mr. William
Lee Branch, independent tobacco auctioneer of
Winterville, North Carolina, said:

BRANCH: Sure I smoke Luckies - been smoking them for eighteen
years. Any tobacco man will tell you that the quality
of a cigarette depends on the quality of the tobacco
that goes into it. And I know from long experience that
Lucky Strike buys fine quality tobacco.

DELMAR: Quote: "I know from long experience that Lucky Strike
buys fine quality tobacco." Unquote. Yes, Lucky Strike
means fine tobacco - so round, so firm, so fully packed,
so free and easy on the draw. So for your own real,
deep-down smoking enjoyment smoke that smoke of fine
tobacco - Lucky Strike.

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.

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
#2) 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)

MARY: Well Jack, another program's over.

JACK: Yup, another program and another birthday..Just think,
Mary, next year at this time I'll be thirty nine.

MARY: Thirty nine! Jack, you said this year you were
thirty seven.

JACK: Oh yes, yes, I'll be thirty eight...I gotta watch
that...Goodnight, folks.