

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

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

BROADCAST: 2ND REV.#23

DATE: MAR. 3, 1946

PROGRAM: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK: NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

AS BROADCAST

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RUYSDAEL: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts -
and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD TO AMERICAN)

SIMS: Yes, 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: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! So for your own
real, deep-down smoking enjoyment smoke that smoke
of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
2ND REV. OPENING #23

DELMAR: Excuse me, this is Kenny Delmar. Excuse me, I have a special announcement to make. Herbert Tareyton Cigarettes are back -- good news for those who prefer a cork tipped cigarette! Herbert Tareyton is back and -- there's something about them you'll like. Herbert Tareyton is back after being made only for the armed forces. Yes, Herbert Tareyton is back -- that cork tipped cigarette, Herbert Tareyton, -- available now for you. Yes, Herbert Tareyton is back -- and remember: There's something about them you'll like! There's something about them you'll like! This is Kenny Delmar -- I trust you will welcome home Herbert Tareyton! There's something about them you'll like.
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)
(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM...STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY
STEVENS, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: WELL LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...OUR SHOW IS STILL IN PALM
SPRINGS, SO LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOUSE, WHERE
WE FIND JACK RELAXING AND READING THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER.

SOUND: (RUSTLE OF PAPER)

JACK: Hmm...Look at all these want ads...Here's one from
Bullock's store..."Wanted...floorwalker...must have own
carnation"...Hmm..."Wanted...fry cook...apply Chi Chi
restaurant"...Wanted...stable boy...had better have
own carnation"...Hmm..."Wanted...gardener's helper at
Deep Well Ranch...apply between two and...Oh this is
silly...I'm sure my sponsor will pick up my option...but
...just in case he doesn't...

SOUND: (LOUD PAPER TEAR TWICE)

JACK: Well...they've got a gossip column here too...Hmm...
"Tyrone Power, who was visiting here last week, was...
(MUMBLES).....Imagine that..."Last night, Pauline
Betts, the famous tennis player...(MUMBLES)...Ha ha ha
ha...these columnists sure get around...Well...here's
something about me..."Jack Benny...(VERY LONG MUMBLING)
...I did not!.....Imagine, saying I went into the post
office wearing a bare midriff...It just happened that
the laundry shrunk my shirt...Well, that finishes the
newspaper.

SOUND: (RUSTLE OF PAPER)

JACK: Rochester, hand me those pamphlets I got from the Palm Springs Chamber of Commerce.

ROCHESTER: Here you are, boss.

JACK: Thanks..Hm...listen to this..."Palm Springs, the jewel of the desert..where the warm radiant sun pours its golden treasure down on the happy and carefree inhabitants..Palm Springs..where the majestic peaks of the San Jacinto mountains cast their spell of beauty for all to enjoy"..Did you hear that, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: Uh huh.

JACK: And just think...Mother Nature gives us all those things free.

ROCHESTER: YEAH, IT'S A SHAME MOTHER AIN'T RUNNIN' THE HOTELS TOO!

JACK: Well, Mom's got enough to do...but I like Palm Springs ..In fact, I'm thinking of buying a house here..I even asked a real estate man to come over this afternoon.

ROCHESTER: But boss, property is so expensive down here.

JACK: I know it is, but if I can find just what I want, I'm willing to go up to fifteen hundred dollars...Yes sir.

ROCHESTER: Hee hee hee hee.

JACK: What are you laughing at? Fifteen hundred dollars ain't peanuts.

ROCHESTER: I KNOW, BUT DOWN HERE THAT'S ALL IT'LL BUY!

JACK: Oh Rochester, Rochester, you're exaggerating.

ROCHESTER: No I ain't, boss...You know that little house on the corner with the white fence around it?

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCHESTER: THAT JUST SOLD FOR EIGHTY THOUSAND DOLLARS AND TWO POUNDS OF BUTTER.

JACK: Well, maybe it had a--

SOUND: (DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: There's the door, I'll get it.

SOUND: (FEW FOOTSTEPS.. DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: Are you Jack Benny?

JACK: Yes.

NELSON: Well I'm Mr. Fulton, the real estate man.

JACK: Oh yes, yes..step right in..Rochester, take his hat, coat, and empty the sand out of his shoes.

NELSON: Now, Mr. Benny, just what type of house do you have in mind?...Spanish, colonial, or French provincial?

JACK: Well, Mr. Fulton I think a home should suit the individual...What kind of a house would fit me?

NELSON: Uh, how about Early American?

JACK: No no, I don't think I'd like Early American.

ROCHESTER: HOW ABOUT SOLD AMERICAN.

JACK: Rochester! Gee, Mr. Fulton, I don't know what to...Did you bring your pictures with you?

NELSON: Yes, I did...Now here's one of me when I graduated from..

JACK: I mean your houses...pictures of your houses.

NELSON: Oh yes yes, I always make that mistake...I guess it's because I have a head with seven gables.

JACK: Oh!

NELSON: And Garson's got every one of 'em.

JACK: Hmm..well, now Mr. Fulton, let's get down to business.. Show me some pictures of what you have to offer.

NELSON: Gladly...Now here we are...here's a house that ought to interest you...and the price is forty thousand dollars.

JACK: Forty thousand dollars for a house! That's a lot of money...What about the ceiling?

NELSON: With a ceiling it'll be sixty thousand.

JACK: Lookit, that's not what I mean...Anyway, it's much too expensive.

NELSON: Not for this house...It has a very novel innovation... a three hundred foot spiral bannister.

JACK: You mean a spiral staircase, don't you?

NELSON: No no, a spiral bannister...That's for people who don't drink but want to know how it feels.

JACK: I don't think I'd like that.

ROCHESTER: THAT BANNISTER COULD SAVE ME A FORTUNE.

JACK: Rochester, please...Show me something else, Mr. Fulton! Have you got a house with a swimming pool?

NELSON: No, but that's no problem...I can build you a tile pool for only ten thousand dollars.

JACK: No, no, I don't want to go that high.

NELSON: Well...I can build you a cement pool for only twenty five hundred.

JACK: No, no that's still too high for a swimming pool..

NELSON: Why don't you just dig a hole and hire a tribe of Indians to do a rain dance?

JACK: What's so cheap about that...they're organized you know...Anyway, Mr. Fulton, I don't think you have the kind of a house I want.

NELSON: Well let me show you one more...Here's a beautiful house, and it's only seventy thousand dollars.

JACK: Well, it's a lovely place, but seventy-five thousand, seventy thousand is too much. Anyway, Mr. Fulton thanks very much for dropping in, and maybe we can talk about it some other time.

NELSON: All right...Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh Mr. Fulton...

NELSON: Yes?

JACK: What's, what's that...what's that yellow stuff running out of your pocket?

NELSON: Oh my goodness...It's butter, I just sold the house on the corner.

JACK: Oh yes, yes, I heard about it...Goodbye, Mr. Fulton.

NELSON: Goodbye.

JACK: Well, Rochester I better get down to the Plaza theatre ...the broadcast will be on in a few minutes.

ROCHESTER: Say, that reminds me, boss...the manager of the theatre called up yesterday.

JACK: What about?

ROCHESTER: Well, he said according to the rental contract, when you finish your program you're supposed to leave and not hang around and watch the picture.

JACK: What's he complaining about, I stand up don't I? Well I gotta get to the theatre.

ROCHESTER: Shall I drive you boss?

JACK: No, the wind will take me over today. So long Rochester.

ROCHESTER: Goodbye.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)
(APPLAUSE AND SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

IN MIDDLE OF BAND NUMBER:

JACK: HI YA, PHIL, I JUST GOT IN.

PHIL: QUIET, JACKSON, WE'RE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A
NUMBER.

(APPLAUSE AT END OF NUMBER)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "Let It Snow, Let It Snow", played by Klondike Harris and His Sweetest Music This Side of the Yukon... And Yukon have it...HA HA HA...I sat up all night writing that joke.

MARY: I'll bet you hated yourself in the morning.

JACK: Not any more than usual...Say, Phil, Larry Stevens sang that number two weeks ago. How come you repeated it as a band number?

PHIL: Why don't you just tend to your comedy and keep your nose out of my business?

JACK: Well it happens to be my business too. After all, who's the star of this show?

PHIL: I don't know, but when I see my pay check every week, I know it ain't me.

JACK: Oh stop complaining, you're getting a good salary.

PHIL: What are you talkin' about. Alice gets more than I do for an autograph.

JACK: Then the moral of the story is, learn to write...and now, ladies and gentlemen --

DON: Say Jack, we had to start the show without you. Where have you been?

JACK: Oh I'm sorry I was late, Don...but you see I'm thinking of buying a house here, and I was detained by a real estate man.

DON: Oh Jack, are you thinking of moving to Palm Springs?

JACK: Well, I was toying with the idea, Don. You know I like it here...I've been having so much fun...horseback riding...playing golf every day...I played golf this morning, didn't I, Mary?

MARY: Uh huh.

JACK: You know, Don, they've got the nicest little nine-hole course here...and you should have seen me this morning on that fourth hole...I put down my ball, picked up my club, and then --

MARY: (SINGS) HE MISSED IT ONCE, HE MISSED IT TWICE, HE MISSED IT ONCE AGAIN.

JACK: (SINGS) IT'S BEEN A LONG...Mary...Certainly I missed it. You know it's hard to hit a ball when it's not teed up properly.

MARY: Well you wouldn't have that trouble if you'd buy some tees.

DON: Mary, you mean to say that Jack doesn't use tees when he plays golf?

MARY: No, he waits for a gopher to stick his head out of a hole and then puts the ball on his nose.

JACK: Oh Mary, I play a good game of golf and you know it.

MARY: Oh sure, tell 'em what happened on the fifth hole.

JACK: Nothing happened, I did exactly what my golf teacher told me...I placed the ball in line with my left foot, brought the club over my right shoulder, and wham.

MARY: He broke his toe.

JACK: I did not, I killed the gopher...I hollered Fore...if he doesn't know the rules, let him keep off the course... Anyway, I play a better game of golf than anybody in this gang...I beat Phil the other day.

PHIL: Sure you beat me. Every time you took a nine on a hole, you turned the score card upside down before you wrote it in.

JACK: Well, I could have beat you without that, if I hadn't knocked one ball out of bounds.

MARY: Yeah, and what about that bad slice you made on your first drive?

JACK: Oh, that wasn't such a bad slice.

MARY: It wasn't, huh? The ball went fifty yards, made a U-turn, came back and hit you in the stomach.

JACK: Mary.

MARY: Then you got so mad you were going to break your club against a tree.

DON: What stopped him?

MARY: When he drew his club back, he saw the price tag on the bottom, so he put it back in his bag.

JACK: You can make up more things..I still say I play a better game.

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Hello.

ROCHESTER: SAY BOSS, MR. FULTON, THE REAL ESTATE MAN, CAME BACK AND SAID THAT HE FOUND A FEW TERMITES IN THE HOUSE SO YOU CAN HAVE IT FOR SIXTY-FIVE THOUSAND.

JACK: TERMITES, HUH -- Well Rochester, you tell Mr. Fulton that I'm not paying any sixty-five thousand dollars for a house.

ROCHESTER: IF HE HASN'T GUESSED THAT BY NOW, HE'S BEEN OUT IN THE SUN TOO LONG.

JACK: I don't care where he's been, I'm not spending that kind of dough. Would you pay sixty-five thousand for a house in Palm Springs?

ROCHESTER: I WOULDN'T PAY SIXTY-FIVE THOUSAND FOR A CABIN IN THE SKY.

JACK: Well tell the man, tell the man.

ROCHESTER: I did, I DID.

JACK: All right, goodbye.

ROCHESTER: Goodbye.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Well kids, it looks like I'm not going to buy a house here. ANYWAY let's get on with the show, because tonight we're going to do a very important sketch, and I want to start casting it immediately.

PHIL: Say Jackson, I thought you were gonna do a sketch next week.

JACK: We are, Phil. We're going to do a sketch next week too.. and you'll never guess in a million years who our guest star is going to be.

MARY: Ray Milland.

JACK: (COY) There's no use trying, you'll never...Yes, that's who it is, Ray Milland..the star of Lost Weekend..and to make him feel at ease, we're having a brass rail put around the microphone....Anyway, that's next week.

DON: Ray Milland..Gee, I think he's a wonderful actor.

PHIL: I can drink him under the table.

JACK: Phil, with him it's bread and butter, with you it's tomato juice and black coffee....Now let's get on with the sketch we're going to do tonight..It's a murder mystery, and I'm going to be the Chief of Police of Palm Springs..Phil, you're going to be my Sergeant..And Don, you're also going to be a member of the force.

MARY: What am I going to be, Jack?

JACK: Mary, you're going to play the part of a glamorous movie star who came to Palm Springs to be with her husband... and at the start of the play he murders you.

MARY: Aw Jack, if he murders me, I won't get any laughs.

JACK: All right then, you murder him.

MARY: Thanks, kid.

JACK: Now, Larry...Larry Stevens --

LARRY: Yes, Mr. Benny?

JACK: You're going to be on the police force too.

LARRY: (TOUGH) COME ON, KEEP MOVIN', KEEP MOVIN'.

JACK: Not yet...Wait'll it starts..and take off that Hoover button, I'll give you a badge...Now Don, Larry and Phil.. as long as you're going to be on my police force, I'll have to swear you in..And since all you people in the audience will be witnesses, I'll have to swear you in too ..Now come on, everybody, raise your right hand and repeat after me...L S M F T.

DON, PHIL, LARRY AND AUDIENCE: L S M F T

JACK: LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

DON, PHIL, LARRY AND AUDIENCE: LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

JACK: SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED.

DON, PHIL, LARRY AND AUDIENCE: SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED, SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW.

JACK: WAIT FOR ME!...WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST, IT'S LUCKIES TWO TO ONE.

DON, PHIL, LARRY AND AUDIENCE: WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST, IT'S LUCKIES TWO TO ONE.

JACK: Ha ha ha..And you thought you were getting in for nothing...Now all right, kids, this play will go on immediately after a song by --

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Hold it a minute...Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: Mr. Benny, I just talked to the owner, and you can have that house for fifty thousand dollars.

JACK: Look, Mr. Fulton...a few minutes ago you wanted seventy thousand dollars and now it's fifty thousand..Why is the price coming down so fast?

NELSON: Those termites are hungrier than we thought they were.

JACK: Well in that case I don't want the house.

NELSON: Oh don't worry about that, Mr. Benny, the termites will be out by tomorrow.

JACK: How do you know?

NELSON: They're getting so fat!

JACK: Well they're not going to get fat off of me, so goodbye.

NELSON: Goodbye.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: I'm sorry I started looking for a place..Come on, Larry, let's have your song.

(APPLAUSE AND SEGUE INTO LARRY'S NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That was that was "Day by Day," sung by Larry Stevens.. and now, ladies and gentlemen, for our feature attraction tonight, we are going to offer a mystery melodrama entitled, "MURDER AT THE LONE PALM OR HER HUSBAND ASKED FOR SOME WINE SO SHE GAVE HIM BOTH BARRELS"

(MORE)

JACK:
(CONFID)

The scene opens at the Palm Springs Police Station...
Police Captain O'Benny is in his office behind closed
doors, grilling a suspect...Curtain, Music!

(MYSTERY MUSIC)

JACK:

(TOUGH) Now listen you, you're dealing with Captain
O'Benny this time, and I want to warn you that anything
you say will be held against you...Now you're accused
of robbing the post office, sticking up a train,
stealing the Hammerstein diamonds, and then you
boldly held up the First National bank and killed the
cashier...Now confess...You did it, didn't you?

TACK:

No.

JACK:

Okay, you can go.

SOUND:

(DOOR SLAMS)

JACK:

If he'da said yes, I'da hung him...Nobody puts anything
over me.

SOUND:

(PHONE RINGS)

PHIL:

There's the phone, Captain.

JACK:

I'll get it.

SOUND:

(RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK:

Hello, Palm Springs Police Station and Date Shop...
Captain O'Benny speaking...What? Yes, we have some with
the stuffing in the middle and the walnuts on top...
Oh, you want the walnuts in the middle and the stuffing
on top...We're out of those, try the city hall...
Goodbye.
(RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: O'Harris --

PHIL: Yes, Chief?

JACK: You arrested two fellows last night...I want you to stop filling this jail with crooks...you understand?

PHIL: Well I gotta do something with them.

JACK: During the height of the season this jail is for tourists...I'm getting twelve dollars a cell American plan..We can catch crooks during the summer.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

LARRY & DON: Mornin', Chief.

JACK: Hi ya, men...How are things on your beats?

DON: A lot of drunks on my beat.

LARRY: A lot of drunks on my beat, too.

PHIL: Well what do you know, pickled beets.

JACK: Cut it out, O'Harris.

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll take it.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Palm Springs Police Station and Date Shop...O'Benny speaking.

MARY: (MAE WEST) Hello Chiefie, this is Mitzi LaRoo at the Lone Palm.

JACK: Yes, yes...what is it, Miss La Roo?

MARY: Get a good grip on your badge, my husband has just been murdered.

JACK: Oh he has, eh? Do you know who murdered your husband?

MARY: No.

JACK: Have you got any ideas?

MARY: (VERY MAE WEST) Well now that he's dead, yes.

JACK: All right, Miss LaRoo, I'm coming right over.

MARY: Okay, Chiefie..And bring a half pound of dates.

JACK: We always do...Goodbye.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Come on, men..Mitzi LaRoo's husband has been murdered,
AND I'M GONNA FIND OUT WHO DID IT, OR MY NAME AIN'T...

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll take it.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Palm Springs Police Station and Date Shop..Captain
O'Benny talking.

NELSON: Oh Mr. Benny, I'm here with the owner, and you can have
the house for forty thousand dollars.

JACK: . Forty thousand, eh? Well, I might be interested....
However, I'd have to...

NELSON: Talk fast, the termites are spreading mayonnaise on
the telephone.

JACK: Well that settles it, I don't want it, Goodbye!

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: NOW COME ON, MEN, LET'S GO, AND WE'LL FIND THE MURDERER
OF MITZI LAROO'S HUSBAND, OR MY NAME AIN'T...
(MYSTERIOUS HURRY MUSIC)

SOUND: (LOUD BRAKES AS CAR STOPS)

JACK: All right, men, here we are at the Lone Palm.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK)

JACK: Say, this is a pretty classy place, isn't it?

DON: It certainly is...Look at that swimming pool, Chief.

PHIL: How about it, Chief?

JACK: Why not?

SOUND: (RUNNING FOOTSTEPS..THEN THREE SEPARATE LOUD SPLASHES
IN WATER..SPLASHING CONTINUES)

JACK, PHIL
AND DON: (BLOW AND PUFF)

JACK: Oh boy, that felt good...All right, come on, men, we've
got a mystery to solve.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: This is Miss LaRoo's bungalow right here.

SOUND: (LOUD KNOCKING)

MARY: (MAE WEST) Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hello, Miss LaRoo..I'm Captain O'Benny..and I'm here
to solve the murder of your...Wait a minute, where's
your husband's body?

MARY: In the backyard.

JACK: Wasn't he killed in this hotel room?

MARY: Yes, but check-out time is three o'clock!

JACK: Well tell me everything you know about this crime.

MARY: I don't know anything..I was just sittin' here poppin'
my bubble gum.

JACK: And you didn't hear a shot?

MARY: No, I really pop it, pop.

JACK: Well come on, O'Harris...let's look around this room
for clues.

LARRY: (OFF MIKE) COME ON, KEEP MOVIN', KEEP MOVIN'.

JACK: STEVENS, THAT'S THE BODY..Now come on, O'Harris....
let's....

NELSON: Oh Miss LaRoo...

MARY: Yes?

NELSON: You can tell your husband to get up now, we've made the deal.

JACK: Well how do you like that, he tricked me into buying that house...ALL RIGHT, MEN, I'VE GOT A HOUSE NOW, AND I'LL GET THOSE TERMITES OUT OF THERE, OR MY NAME AIN'T.....

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF MUSIC)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, the..the war isn't over for the Red Cross. Their duties and responsibilities are almost as great as during the war years. Their organization stretches around the world and to Americans wherever they are...it's the hand that reaches across the seas. In Germany and Japan and every tiny island we occupy, the red cross stands at the side of our servicemen and women. The Red Cross will need a minimum of one hundred million dollars in 1946...so give all you can to this organization which has done so much for every American...remember...the war isn't over for the Red Cross.

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
REV. CLOSING #23

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD TO AMERICAN)

DELMAR: Independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, present at the tobacco auctions, can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: Right you are - LS - MFT.

SIMS: In a cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts. Yes, it takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette. And 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. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina -(CHANT - SOLD TO AMERICAN) and Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - AMERICAN). Basil Ruysdael speaking for the cigarette that means fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SIMS: Certainly it takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette - and 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.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

JACK: Oh Mary, Mary...Let's go over and take a look at that new house I just bought.

MARY: Okay, Jack.

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Wait a minute, Mary....Hello.

NELSON: This is Mr. Fulton, the Real Estate man. You know that house you just bought from me?

JACK: Yes.

NELSON: Well, I can get you two hundred thousand dollars for it.

JACK: Two hundred thousand dollars? Who in the world would pay that much?

NELSON: The termites. They are putting up a dollar a piece.

JACK: Well, let them have it. They've got most of it anyway. Goodnight folks!