

FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

Advertising

717 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 17 • WILKINSON 2-6600

WEST AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

REVISION: _____

NETWORK: NBC

LUCKY STRIKE

APPROVAL: FINAL

B'CAST: 7:00-7:30 P.M. EST

Nov. 24, 1946 - Program #9

REPEAT: 9:30-10:00 P.M. PST
(By Transcription)

A Broadcast

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

ROUTINE

- I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial.
- II HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny produces his show.
- III HOLLYWOOD - Middle Commercial. Jack Benny becomes a salesman -- LS - MFT (Tinker to Evers to Chance).
- IV HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny continues to produce his show without interruption in the continuity.
- V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial.
- VI HOLLYWOOD - Hail and farewell by Jack Benny and his Cast.

ATX01 0234337

X3X

-1-

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

11-24-46

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

7:30-7:30 PM EST

NOVEMBER 24, 1946 - PROGRAM #9

SUNDAY

I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial

MR. JCH: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

MR. TSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

MR. JCH: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

MR. JCH: Let that historic chant remind you that year-in, year-out, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

MR. JCH: It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette, and

MR. TSDAEL: LS - MFT

MR. JCH: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

MR. JCH: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts and, season after season, at market after market, independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

MR. TSDAEL: Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. No doubt about it, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco and fine tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.

(MORE)

ATX01 023433B

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

X3X

11-24-46

-1A-

REUCH:

So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike --
so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy
on the draw.

SCENE:

(CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

ATX01 0234339

FIRST ROUTINE)

AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADE)

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

APPLAUSE ... MUSIC FADES)

ANN: Now ladies and gentlemen, we take you out to Jack Benny's
house in Beverly Hills where we find Jack and Rochester
in the garage.

JACK: Hm... I can't understand why the car won't start. Try
it again, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: YES SIR.

(SOUND: LONG STARTER ... LOUSY MOTOR STARTS,
SPUTTERS, AND DIES WITH TIRED DUCK CALL)

JACK: Hm .. try it again, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: OKAY.

(SOUND: LONG STARTER ... LOUSY MOTOR STARTS AND
DIES AND METALLIC CLUNK)

JACK: Try it again, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: WAIT TILL I PUT THE DOOR BACK ON.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: DOOR PUT BACK ON .. STARTER ... AND SAME
MOTOR STARTS, BACKFIRES SPUTTERS AND
DIES WITH DUCK CALL.)

ROCHESTER: WELL, THAT'S MORE LIKE IT.

JACK: Rochester, Roch .. it didn't start.

ROCHESTER: NO, BUT THE DOOR STAYED ON.

JACK: Oh good, good ... I can't understand what's wrong.

ROCHESTER: MAYBE THE MOTOR'S WORN OUT.

JACK: Oh no, that's impossible. The speedometer only says eighteen thousand miles.

ROCHESTER: OH COME NOW, BOSS, WE PUSHED IT FURTHER THAN THAT.

JACK: Well, you better go up in the house and call Mr. Harris and tell him to pick me up on his way to the studio.

ROCHESTER: OH, I DID THAT BEFORE WE CAME OUT TO THE GARAGE.

JACK: Oh then you knew there was something wrong with the--- Rochester, did you use my car last night?

ROCHESTER: WELL .. ER .. ER ..

JACK: Rochester, I just found a bobby pin on the front seat.

ROCHESTER: A BOBBY PIN?

JACK: Yeah.

ROCHESTER: HE HE HE HE ...

JACK: What are you laughing at?

ROCHESTER: THERE'S ONLY TWO OF US HERE AND IT AIN'T MINE.

JACK: Well it isn't mine either. Rochester, you used my car last night to take your girl out.

ROCHESTER: UH HUH.

JACK: Well, how did it go?

ROCHESTER: OH, VERY GOOD, VERY GOOD .. PURRED LIKE A KITTEN.

JACK: That's funny, and today it won't even start.

ROCHESTER: OH, YOU MEAN THE CAR!

JACK: Yes, the car. How did it go?

ROCHESTER: OH FINE, BOSS, FINE ... TILL I LOST THE TIRE OFF THE FRONT WHEEL.

JACK: You lost a tire .. Well, why didn't you come back home?

ROCHESTER: THE RIM GOT CAUGHT IN THE TROLLEY-CAR TRACKS AND I HAD TO GO ALL THE WAY TO PASADENA BEFORE I COULD MAKE A LEFT TURN.

JACK: Pasadena?

ROCHESTER: YEAH. AND ON THE WAY BACK WE GOT STALLED RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SANTA CLAUS LANE PARADE.

JACK: You and your girl, huh? .. What happened?

ROCHESTER: NOTHING .. WE PREFER MULHOLLAND DRIVE.

JACK: Oh .. Well, Rochester, in the future when you want to go out joy-riding borrow your friend's car ... you know who I mean ... Sam. He loaned it to you once before.

ROCHESTER: SAM AIN'T GOT THAT CAR ANY MORE. HE'S GOT TWO MOTORCYCLES NOW.

JACK: Oh, he traded his car in, eh?

ROCHESTER: NO, HE BACKED INTO A BUZZ SAW.

JACK: Oh my goodness. Did Sam get hurt?

ROCHESTER: NO, BUT IF HE HADN'T LEANED OVER TO PUT DOWN THE WINDOW HE'DA BEEN TWINS.

JACK: Well, look, Rochester, there's no use working with this any ...

(SOUND: CLASSY AUTO HORN)

PHIL: (OFF) OKAY, JACKSON, I'M HERE.

JACK: BE RIGHT WITH YOU, PHIL. So long, Rochester, I'll see you after the broadcast.

ROCHESTER: YES SIR.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: I'm sorry to take you out of your way Phil, but I couldn't get my car started.

PHIL: You know, Jackson, when you bought that car, it's too bad you didn't wait just one more year. They came out with a wonderful improvement.

JACK: Yeah? What was it?

PHIL: The Pony Express.

JACK: All right, all right ... Come on, let's get to the studio.

(SOUND: NICE MOTOR STARTS ... AND RUNS ... NICE HORN)

JACK: Say, this car really runs nice.

PHIL: Well, you know me, Jackson ... nothing but the best for Harris.

JACK: Oh, boy ... what a fancy dash-board ... What're all those buttons for?

PHIL: That's the radio ... I push this button and get Australia. I push this button and get London ... This button, China ... This button, France ... and on up to eight countries.

JACK: Gee, on my radio, I've only got three buttons ... Anaheim, Azusa, and Cucamonga ... I can only get Anaheim when I'm in Azusa.

PHIL: How do you get Cucamonga?

JACK: Short wave ... They've got a wonderful program from there, too ... John's Other Smudge Pot ... I never miss it.

(SOUND: NICE MOTOR UP AND NICE HORN)

JACK: Oh boy, this is a swell car. How much did it cost, Phil

PHIL: Thirty-five hundred dollars.

JACK: Thirty-five hundred dollars!! Gee, I wish I had two shows ... Hey, Phil, Phil, the traffic light is changing.

PHIL: I see it. I see it.

JACK: Watch it, will you kid?

(SOUND: TRAFFIC BELL AND MOTOR STOP)

EMILY: Oh, Martha, look who's sitting in that car ... Jack Benny.

MARTHA: Well, isn't that a coincidence ... Three weeks ago we were standing here and he drove by then, too.

EMILY: Yes ... isn't he handsome?

MARTHA: (SNIFFLES)

EMILY: Martha, what are you crying about?

MARTHA: Well, I can't help it ... When Mr. Benny was in vaudeville, he was my husband's favorite comedian.

EMILY: Well, that's nothing to cry about.

MARTHA: I was thinking of my husband. He's been dead for forty years.

EMILY: Oh .. Say, Martha, I've just noticed who's sitting next to Mr. Benny.

MARTHA: Who?

EMILY: Look.

MARTHA: Well, box back my coat and button my shoes if it isn't Ham Hocks and Turnip Greens.

EMILY: What a thrill. Let's go over to the car and ask 'em for their autographs.

MARTHA: Oh no, Emily, they'll think we're trying to pick them up.

EMILY: Yeah.

(SOUND: TRAFFIC BELL .. CAR DRIVES OFF)

JACK: Gee, those two old ladies are sweet ... You know, Phil, I saw them at the football game yesterday.

PHIL: Oh, did you go, Jackson? There was such a mob out there ... how did you ever park your car?

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #9

-7-

JACK:

Oh, I didn't take my car. It was such a nice day I
decided to swim ... Fortunately, it was down stream ...

(SOUND: MOTOR LOUD)

(BAND NUMBER ... "IT'S A PITY TO SAY GOODNIGHT" ..)

(APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0234345

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #9
(SECOND ROUTINE)

-8-

DON: That was "It's A Pitty To Say Goodnight" played by the orchestra and now, ladies and gentlemen --

JACK: Okay, Don, Okay, we're here. I'm sorry we were late, but I couldn't get my car started ... and then we got held up in traffic.

DON: That's all right, Jack, we filled in with a couple of orchestra numbers.

JACK: Good, good, Don ... but who led the band?

DON: Frankie.

JACK: Frankie! What does he know about music?

PHIL: Are you kidding, Jackson ... Frankie's a natural ... He was born with a banjo on his knee.

JACK: He was?

PHIL: Yeah ... they had to operate on him before they could get his pants on ... HA HA HA HA ... Keep that up and you'll be another Carmen Lombardo, Philly ...

JACK: I'll settle for anybody ... Now, Don, Mary is still in Palm Springs so when we do our play tonight we'll have to ---

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Phil.

PHIL: Hi ya, kid.

DENNIS: Hello, Don.

DON: Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mary (I guess she's mad at me.)

JACK: Dennis, she's not mad at you. Mary isn't here, she's in Palm Springs.

DENNIS: Oh.

ATX01 0234346

JACK: Now Don ...

DENNIS: Well, if she isn't mad, why doesn't she call me up?

JACK: She has no reason to call ... Dennis, take my word for it, if Mary were here, she'd say hello to you.

DENNIS: Oh yeah ... well, I wouldn't even answer her.

JACK: All right, all right, don't answer her. Now Don ...

DON: Yes, Jack.

JACK: As you know, two weeks ago we were going to do our version of The Killers but we had to postpone it until tonight.

DENNIS: Who does she think she is anyway?

JACK: Dennis ... I told you, Mary's in Palm Springs. Now will you please forget it.

DENNIS: Okay.

DON: Say, Jack, before you tell me about the play tonight, do you mind if I talk to you about a very delicate subject?

JACK: Delicate subject... What is it, Don?

DON: The quartette is here ready to do the commercial.

JACK: Don ... Look Don, I want to talk to you a minute ... not in anger ... look kid, look Don .. just a nice friendly chat. Sit down, Don.

DON: There isn't any chair here.

JACK: Well, sit on the quartette ... Go ahead.

QUARTETTE: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: Get up, you're hurting them. Now, Don, let's get one thing straight. The quartette is through .. finished.

DON: Listen, Jack ... Give them one more chance and if you don't like what they've prepared for today ... I'll never bother you again.

JACK: Don, look.
TON: COME ON, BOYS .. IL TROVITORE.
JACK: I don't want Il Trovitore
TON: L S, M F T ... L S, M F T ...
JACK: Don.
TON: LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO ... YES, LUCKY STRIKE
MEANS FINE TOBACCO.
JACK: Don.

(BAND INTRO. TO IL TROVITORE)

QUARTETTE: QUEL SUON QUELLE PRE CI
SO LEN NI, TU NE STE EMPIVONQUE STAEREE
L S M F T, L S, L S, M F T, L S L S M L S N
L S O, L S M L S, O U L S, L S, L S, L S,
M F, M F, M F, M F T, L S M F T
SMOKE THAT SMOKE OF FINE TOBACCO
YES, FINE TOBACCO
L S, L S, M F T
QUALITY OF PRODUCT IS ESSENTIAL ESSENTIAL
L L S M F T, L L S M F T, M F T, OH M F T
L S M F T, L S M F T, L S M F T.

(APPLAUSE)

TON: Did you hear that applause, Jack. They were sensational.
JACK: Don, I don't care if they applaud all night. Opera has
no place on this program.
TON: ALL RIGHT, JACK, THEN LISTEN TO THIS.
JACK: Don, I've had a ...
TON: TAKE IT BOYS ... HOLIDAY FOR STRINGS.
JACK: Don!

QUARTETTE: (SINGS HOLIDAY FOR STRINGS UNTIL JACK INTERRUPTS AFTER SECOND STRAIN)

L S, L S, M F, M F T, OH ME OH MY OH GEE

N R A I L O V E Y O U I D O

R S V P D Q, M I O K FOR YOU, BABE.

L S, L S, M F, M F T, OH ME OH MY OH GEE

N R A I L O V E Y O U I D O

R S V P D Q, M I O K FOR YOU BABE.

JACK: Wait a minute ... Wait a minute ... WAIT A MINUTE ...

WAIT A MINUTE!!! Don ... Don ... I've had enough ... I can't stand it any longer ... Where's that contract? Here it is.

(SOUND: TEARING OF PAPER INTO LITTLE PIECES)

JACK: There ... that settles that.

CON: (LAUGHING) HA HA HA HA HA Oh, Jack, I don't blame you. If you feel that way about that quartette, that's the best thing to do ... tear up their contract.

JACK: Their contract ... that was yours.

CON: WHAT?

JACK: Sing, Dennis. I guess that'll hold him for a while.

APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG - "FOR YOU, FOR ME, FOREVERMORE")

APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "For You, For Me, Forevermore," sung by Dennis Day ... Very good, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mary.

JACK: What was that?

DENNIS: I'm giving her one more chance.

JACK: Oh, go sit down.

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: TONIGHT FOR OUR --

QUARTETTE: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: NOT ON THE QUARTETTE ... FIND A CHAIR ... Hm, I wish Mary was here and I was in Palm Springs ... AND NOW ...

DENNIS: I wouldn't say hello to you either.

JACK: Oh, quiet ... AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ... TONIGHT, AS OUR FEATURE ATTRACTION, WE'RE GOING TO DO OUR VERSION OF MARK HELLINGER'S THRILLING, EXCITING, UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE ... THE FAMOUS HEMINGWAY STORY ... THE KILLERS.

(TYMPANI DRUM ROLL ENDING WITH TWO LOUD BEATS)

DON: This is the story of two gunmen who walk into a little lunch room looking for a guy called .. The Swede ... It is midnight and the lunchroom is deserted ... except for one lonely customer.

(MYSTERIOUS MUSIC)

PHIL: Well ... I think I'll have a bite to eat and then go home.

JACK: I wish I could close up and go home myself ... This place is quieter than a coal mine ... It's kind of a dreary night, too.

PHIL: Yeah ... Say, Charlie, don't the Swede usually drop in about this time?

JACK: Uh huh, but he hasn't been in now for two or three weeks. I understand he's sick in bed.

PHIL: Oh, a Democrat, huh?

JACK: Yeah ... I miss him too... Used to stay here for hours .. Just sittin' by the Juke Box listening to the Missouri Waltz ... Well, what'll ya have to eat?

PHIL: I don't know.

JACK: Well ... how would you like some squab baked in wine?

PHIL: Naw ... Have you any ham hocks stewed in bourbon?

JACK: No, we're all out of ham hocks.

PHIL: Good, just bring me the juice.

JACK: Okay ... Say, Curley, next week when you come here you won't know this joint. It's gonna be real ritzy ... new curtains and drapes and rugs on the floor ... nice new lamp shades and everything. This lunch room is gonna be beautiful.

PHIL: Well, it's about time. This joint looks like the sweat band out of the Brown Derby.

JACK: Well, don't worry. I'm gonna fix everything. In fact, I've already hired the interior decorators. Say, Curley, hurry up and finish eating, will you? It's such a nasty night I wanta close up and go home.

PHIL: I'll be through in a minute. How about a napkin?

JACK: Use the drapes, I'm getting new ones anyway... Yes, sir, I can just see the way this place is gonna ... mmmmm ...

PHIL: (AFTER PAUSE) What's the matter, Charlie?

JACK: Look out the window .. Two guys just stepped off the curb and are crossing the street. I never seen 'em before.

ATX01 0234351

PHIL: Yeah.. they look kinda tough ... Hey, I'm gettin' out of here ...

JACK: No no, don't go ... I don't wanna be here alone. One of them guys looks like Edward G. Robinson ... Hey, look, they're coming this way! Yeah ...

(MYSTERIOUS CHORD)

(SOUND: 8 SLOW DELIBERATE FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL ...
UP TWO WOODEN STAIRS ... SCREEN DOOR OPENS
AND CLOSSES ... 6 FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD AND
STOP)

JACK: (PAUSE ... NERVOUSLY) What .. what'll it be, gentlemen?
... I say ... what'll it be, gentlemen?
Gentlemen, what'll it be?

ROBINSON: What're you shaking for Blue Eyes? ... It ain't cold in here.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: I'm getting ready to close up, gentlemen, so if you want something to eat, you better order it.

ROBINSON: Hey, Slugger.

ENNIS: What is it, Eddie?

ROBINSON: Blue Eyes is in a hurry ... maybe we oughta slow him down.

ENNIS: Yeah down.

JACK: Now look, gentlemen, I don't want no trouble. What'll you have? You can have some ham and eggs ... or some corned beef hash ... or a mixed green salad.

(SOUND: TWO SLAPS)

JACK: Ouch!

ROBINSON: I don't like salads.

JACK: Oh. Now look, Mister, I wanta close up this joint, so you better order or get out of here, because if you don't, I'll call the police.

ROBINSON: Well ... did you hear that, Slugger ... Blue Eyes is gonna call the police.

JACK: Yes, I am.

ROBINSON: One move out of you and I'll fill you so full of holes you'll look like a chiss sweese slandwich.

JACK: That's swiss cheese.

ROBINSON: Don't tell me how to get a laugh.

JACK: What?

ROBINSON: It amuses Slugger.

TENNIS: Yes ... (HIGH SILLY LAUGH)

JACK: Now see here, Mister, I want to ask you a question ... Would you ...

ROBINSON: Look, Bright Boy -- I ask the questions around here, see? .. You just answer them, and do as I tell you, see? If not, you'll get hurt, see? Now get me something to eat, see?

TENNIS: And be quick about it, look?

JACK: Look?

TENNIS: Where?

ROBINSON: Oh, shut up, Slugger!

JACK: Now wait a minute, I don't have to stand for this ... I'm a citizen and I pay my taxes. I've got my rights and you can .. can't come in here and push me around.

ROBINSON: We can't, eh?

JACK: No you -- wait a minute ... WHAT ARE YOU REACHING IN YOUR BACK POCKET FOR?

ROBINSON: Just my handkerchief.

ET: Your ... handkerchief?

ROBINSON: Yeah.

(SOUND: THREE SHOTS)

JACK: You must have a bad cold.

ROBINSON: Yeah ... I just took those shots for it ... HA HA HA HA
... OH, EDDIE YOU KEEP THAT UP AND YOU'LL BE ANOTHER PHIL
HARRIS.

JACK: Now look, will you fellows ... Wait a minute ... now I
know who you guys are ... You're The Killers and you're
looking for The Swede.

ROBINSON: Did you hear that, Slugger? .. Bright Boy thinks we're
lookin' for the Swede.

ENNIS: Well, ain't we bane looking for the Swede?

ROBINSON: No, bright boy, we ain't lookin' for no Swede. We came
in here to talk to you.

JACK: Me? .

ROBINSON: Yeah ... you ... we heard you're gonna get this dump
redecorated.

JACK: Yes, I am, but what's that got to do with you?

ROBINSON: Well, we wanta know something ...

JACK: What ...

ROBINSON: Who're you getting your chintz from?

JACK: Chintz?

ROBINSON: Yeah ... and the silk lining for your drapes ...

JACK: I'm not going to have 'em lined.

ROBINSON: You hear that? Listen, Bright Boy, you're gonna have
drapes and you're gonna have 'em lined ... and you're
gettin' them from us, see?

JACK: I can't get 'em from you. I'm buying all my curtains and drapes from Johnson and Company ... right on the corner.

(SOUND: TERRIFIC EXPLOSION)

ROBINSON: Johnson ain't there any more.

JACK: You mean to say that --

(SOUND: WIND WHISTLE)

JACK: What's that?

PHIL: Johnson, he just passed by.

JENNIS: Gee, Rumors are Flying and so is Johnson.

JACK: Well you guys can't frighten me. I'm buying my curtains, drapes and chintz from anybody I like, see? And that gun in your hand ain't scaring me either, see. I don't even think you can shoot straight.

ROBINSON: Oh, I can't, eh? ... You see that row of plates up there?

JACK: Yeah.

ROBINSON: Well, watch this.

(SOUND: PISTOL SHOT ... PLATE BREAKS)

ROBINSON: And the plate next to it.

(SOUND: PISTOL SHOT ... PLATE BREAKS)

ROBINSON: And the plate on the other side.

(SOUND: PISTOL SHOT ... PAUSE)

JACK: Hah, you missed.

(SOUND: PLATE BREAKS)

JACK: Hm.

ROBINSON: I PUT A CURVE ON THAT ONE.

JACK: Oh yeah .. well I'm not afraid of you now. You took three shots before and three shots now. You're out of bullets.

ROBINSON: Oh no I ain't, Bright Boy ... This is an Eversharp gun ...
It's got a six months' supply of lead.

JACK: Gee, I should have known with that deep pocket clip.
You know, the gun I have only shoots six times ... Look
here, I'll show you.

(SOUND: DRAWER OPENS)

JACK: See.

ROBINSON: Say, that's a pretty nice gun you've got there.

JACK: You're darn right it is. COME ON, NOW, UP WITH YOUR
HANDS, BOTH OF YOU.

ROBINSON: OH, YOU WANNA SHOOT IT OUT, EH .. WELL, TAKE THAT!

(SOUND: SEVEN SHOTS)

JACK: HA HA HA, YOU MISSED ME TWICE! ... NOW YOU TAKE THIS!

(SOUND: THREE SHOTS)

ROBINSON: (VERY DRAMATIC) Oooooooh ... He got me, Slugger ... He
got me ... I'm dying, Slugger ... I knew the day would
come ... I knew I couldn't get away with it ...
Everything's getting dark ... I can't see ... I'm
dying, Slugger ... They finally got me, Me, Little
Caesar ... Goodbye, Slugger ... I'm dying ... dying ..
dying.

LENNIS: Well, fall down you big ham!

JACK: Maybe this will help him.

(SOUND: THREE SHOTS)

ROBINSON: Ooooooooooh.

(SOUND: LOUD BODY THUD)

QUARTETTE: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: Well, how do you like that, he fell on the quartette ...
Come on, Curley, let's go home.

EE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #9

-19-

AN:

Jack will be back in a minute, but first here is my good friend, Mr. L. A. Speed Riggs.

ATX01 0234357

V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial

BIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

BOYSDAEL: Common sense will tell you, in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

SINS: Mr. George Alfred Webster, independent tobacco warehouseman of Durham, North Carolina, has seen millions of pounds of tobacco bought and sold at auction - and he said:

VOICE: At market after market, at auction after auction, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco - tobacco that makes one grand smoke. I've smoked Luckies myself for 29 years.

MRUCH: Year-in, year-out, independent tobacco experts like Mr. Webster - men who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco - can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

SINS: Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So remember -BOYSDAEL: LS - MFT

(MORE)

ATX01 0234358

MS:

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco and fine tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.

BUCH:

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)

TAO

JACK:

Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank Edward G. Robir for appearing with us tonight through the courtesy of Thalia Productions, producers of that soon-to-be-released picture, The Red House. We'll be with you next Sunday at the same time ... Goodnight, Mary.

DON:

Goodnight, Mary.

DENNIS:

Goodnight, Herman.

JACK:

Herman?

DENNIS:

I'm mad at Mary.

JACK:

Oh yes, yes, I forgot ... Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE)

DON:

The quartette on our show is called The Sportsmen.

