

*As Broadcast.*

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1940

3:30 - 4:00 P.M., PST.  
6:30 - 7:00 P.M., PST.

PROGRAM #8

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ELMER: (KNOCKS) 'Fraid you're all smoking Camel Cigarettes,  
I hope, etc.

MUSIC: (THEME)

NEWSBOY: (TYPICAL NEWSBOY VOICE IN BACKGROUND) EXTRA!...EXTRA!!!

WENDELL: FOR EXTRA FLAVOR -- GET CAMELS.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

WENDELL: FOR EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

WENDELL: FOR EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK, GET CAMELS -- THE CIGARETTE  
THAT GIVES YOU THE EXTRAS.

And now the makers of Camel Cigarettes, bring you Al Pearce  
from Hollywood!

MUSIC: (THEME...FADE TO AL PEARCE)

51459 0512

AL: Good evening, all. And might I say thank you for that mighty nice reception. Well, last week we bought a newspaper and we've certainly been busy around here ever since. If you've never owned a newspaper you don't know how it is. Day and night I've been up to my neck in work, it's just business, business, business.

Not a minute goes by but I have to make some vital decision!

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

AL: (BRISKLY) Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS .

JOE: How are yuh, Al!

AL: How are yuh, Joe!

JOE: Well, so long, Al!

AL: So long, Joe!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

AL: It's like that all day long, business, business, business!

MARGARET: Mr. Pearce, your wife is on the phone.

AL: I'm too busy to talk to her now, what does she want?

MARGARET: She wants to give you a kiss!

AL: You take it and I'll get it from you later!  
Business! Business! Business!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

ARTHUR: Gweetings, Mr. Pearce!

AL: A fine secretary you are, Raymond! Here I am up to my neck in work and you're five hours late.

ARTHUR: Well, Mr. Pearce, I was here until twelve o'clock last night.

AL: The rest of us quit at six, what kept you here till midnight?

ARTHUR: Well, I wasn't doing anything and I couldn't tell when I was through!

AL: Our paper isn't even on the streets yet.

ARTHUR: But they don't get the papers out so early in other cities.

AL: They don't, eh? What time does the Evening Express come out in Pittsburgh?

ARTHUR: Ten o'clock.

AL: What time does the Morning Sun come out in Los Angeles?

ARTHUR: I don't know, it's been foggy for a week.

SOUND: HAMMERING ON DOOR...SHOUTS OUTSIDE STUDIO

AL: Raymond, what's going on outside the office?

ARTHUR: Oh, I forgot to tell you, Mr. Pearce, there's a lot of people outside waiting to see you! They wish to speak to you!

AL: All right -- let them in! I'll be glad to hear from our subscribers.

ARTHUR: Yes, sir, Mr. Pearce!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

SOUND: SEVERAL VOICES USING UNINTELLIGIBLE MUTTERINGS

AL: Just a minute -- one at a time! Remember, this is YOUR paper and I am always glad to hear the voice of the people!

VOICE: PEARCE, YOU'RE A CROOK!

AL: That's the wrong voice!

SOUND: CROWD VOICES UP... "THERE HE IS"... "GET PEARCE"... "LYNCH HIM"... "HE'S A MENACE TO THE COMMUNITY," ETC... "RUN HIM OUT OF TOWN"

AL: Now, wait a minute, everybody -- what's the matter? What's the trouble? What have I done?

ELLIOTT: I'll tell you what you've done. It's the stuff you print in your paper. You made me a laughing stock of the community. You have disgraced my fair name of Harry Camel!

AL: Take it easy, Harry. Remember a Camel is always slow-burning!

ELLIOTT: Don't evade the issue! Look at this story you printed! It says: "Last Sunday on the golf course, Harry Camel took a swing at his mother-in-law with a putter! That's a downright LIE!

AL: It is?

ELLIOTT: Yes -- I USED MY MASHIE-NIBLICK!

BRAYTON: And that isn't all, Mr. Pearce. Look at the way you wrote up my daughter's wedding! The wedding gown was an unusual creation. The bride wore a lace blouse -- with a blue skirt that was filled with long brown INSECTS!

ARTHUR: (QUICK) That should be INSERTS!

BRAYTON: But that isn't all. He went on to say that I -- the bride's mother was a long-winded, old dame!

AL: Why, Raymond, did you say that this old dame ---

BRAYTON: WHAT?

AL: Ah, what I mean is -- Raymond, how could you say that this lady was windy?

ARTHUR: Well, Mr. Pearce, SHE WASN'T BREEZY!

CROWD: (REPEAT AD LIBS...RUN HIM OUT OF TOWN..ETC.)

CARL: WAIT!: WAIT! JUST A MINUTE, MY GOOD PEOPLE! I ALSO HAVE A COMPLAINT TO MAKE ABOUT THIS PAPER!

AL: And who are you?

CARL: I am the Mayor of this fair city. Elevation six thousand feet -- population five hundred and thirty!

AL: (MOCKING) Lots five dollars down -- write our Chamber of Commerce!

CARL: Young man, look at this insulting item you wrote about me. Page four, fifth column. "AFTER FOUR YEARS OF ARGUMENT, THE CITY DECIDES TO PAVE ALL THE MAIN STREETS WITH WOODEN BLOCKS. Mayor and City Council are at last using their heads."

AL: (VERY MAD) I'VE HEARD ENOUGH! NOW EVERYBODY GET OUT OF HERE AND LEAVE ME ALONE!

CROWD: (MUTTERING AND FADE OUT AS DOOR CLOSSES)

AL: Business -- business -- I mean trouble, trouble, trouble! That's all I've had since I got this doggone newspaper! Right now I'd trade it for a package of old razor blades, and a trip to Catalina!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

AL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES

FORTE: Good evening, Mr. Pearce. My name is Eustace P. Burlap!

AL: Burlap?

FORTE: Yes, Burlap. Mister Pearce, it is rumored around town that you'd like to get rid of your newspaper. How would you like to trade it for a nice little radio station?

AL: You don't mean that powerful little five-watter down in Rosedale?

FORTE: No, I mean a weak little two-watter down in Glendale...

AL: Is the station making money?

FORTE: Is the station making money! Why, we have more sponsors than Hillbillies have bands! It's a regular gold mine!

AL: A gold mine?

FORTE: Sure -- here, I'll tune it in and you can see for yourself what wonderful programs our station puts out!

SOUND: CLICK OF SWITCH...TUNING SQUEAL

WENDELL: Well, a good, good, good, goody-goody evening, folks. This is Rusty Fenders speaking from station J-U-N-K with our transmitter located on the Ajax Used Car lot! Tonight the Los Angeles River Network brings you --

ELLIOTT: Gimme that mike! (REAL TOUGH)

WENDELL: Get away, we're on the air.

ELLIOTT: Gimme that mike!

WENDELL: But I haven't finished my broadcast --

ELLIOTT: Oh, yes you have, this mike is going back to the finance company --

SOUND: CLICK STATION OFF AIR

FORTE: Aren't those dramatic programs wonderful! (EMBARRASSED LAUGH)

AL: Yes, especially when you can really live the part! (DIRTY LAUGH) Look here, Mr. Burlap, why should I take your broken down radio station for this marvelous newspaper. Why, we have thousands of advertisers! Raymond, bring us a copy of our last edition!

ARTHUR: Here you are, Mr. Pearce.

AL: But this is nothing but a blank sheet of paper. I asked you for our last edition!

ARTHUR: This is our last edition, the finance company just took away our printing press!

AL: Well, Mr. Burlap -- (THEN SILLY LAUGH)

FORTE: I see what you mean, Mr. Pearce -- (THEN DIRTY LAUGH)

Well, Mr. Pearce, do you want to make the trade?

*Cut on 2<sup>nd</sup> Show*



THE AL PEARCE SHOW 8-A  
6/21/40

AL: Well I don't know, after all my newspaper appeals to the eye!

FORTE: Yes, but my radio station appeals to the ear!

AL: Oh, yeah!

FORTE: Yeah!

AL: Well I just heard it and I wasn't holding my ears!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

*Cut on 2<sup>nd</sup> show*

AL: Friends, two weeks ago we opened a new department in our program...in which, we said we would present from time to time radio artists who are making good in a big way on local stations throughout the country. Tonight, we bring you Warren Lustre from San Antonio, Texas, a typical sixteen year-old-boy -- whose counterpart you can find anywhere among a bunch of boys swimming at the old swimming hole. Warren has been singing for two years over Station WOAI in San Antonio, and we thought people in other sections of the country would enjoy hearing him, too, so we sent him a railroad ticket and here he is, making his first appearance on a network commercial program...A down-right lovable boyish personality with a grin as wide as the state he's from and hair that has a tendency to go in a good many directions...  
Warren Lustre.

ORCHESTRA AND WARREN LUSTRE:

"SERENADE IN THE NIGHT"

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL SKYROCKET...SEGUE TO THEME FOR WENDELL)

WENDELL: "Camels are the cigarette that gives you the 'extras'."  
Yes, ladies and gentlemen, there's a phrase that's become a national byword among smokers. Camels, with their costlier tobaccos and slower way of burning, give you extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor and extra smoking per cigarette per pack. In recent impartial laboratory tests, Camels burned twenty-five per cent slower than the average of the fifteen other of the largest-selling brands tested...slower than any of them. That's where your extra smoking comes in -- a smoking plus equal, on the average, to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. Next time turn to Camels, the cigarette that gives you the "extras." Penny for penny, Camels are your best cigarette: buy!

(MUSICAL CURTAIN)

ORCHESTRA: (ELMER INTRODUCTION)

WENDELL: (ON CUCKOO) On the wings of the cuckoo comes Elmer Blurt!  
Last week Elmer lost his job at the gas station but was he  
discouraged? He was not. This week we find him working  
as a handy-man at Manglepants Big White Laundry! We find  
Elmer happily singing at his work!

ELMER: (SINGS...TUNE OF "JINGLE BELLS")  
MANGLEPANTS, MANGLEPANTS, IS THE FIRM FOR ME  
WE STARCH YOUR SHIRTS SO STIFF AND NICE  
BUT NOT YOUR LON-JARIE  
MANGLEPANTS, MANGLEPANTS, MAKES YOUR THINGS SO CLEAN  
WE WASH YOUR CLOTHES FROM END TO END  
AND ALSO IN BETWEEN!

SOUND: ELMER DOOR KNOCK

ELMER: Gosh, I'm afraid that ain't Mr. Manglepants lookin' for me,  
I hope, I hope, I hope. Guess I better open up.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ELMER: Oh Gosh! Who are you?

ARTHUR: Don't you remember me, Elmer? I'm your old school chum,  
Raymond Radcliffe!

ELMER: Oh, sure, sure, sure! You used to sit across the aisle  
from me, and talk kinda funny!

ARTHUR: Yes, I often laugh at the silly way I used to pronounce my words! (LAUGHS)

ELMER: (LAUGHS) Yeah, you sure used to talk silly -- don't you?

ARTHUR: Have you got a good job here at the laundry, Elmer?

ELMER: Yeah, I got a good job. I wash ladies gowns!

ARTHUR: Ladies gowns? You don't seem to be doing anything today.

ELMER: I jest wash their night-gowns! (LAUGHS) And in the day-time I'm in charge of the sock department!

ARTHUR: The sock department?

ELMER: Yeah, whenever anybody wants to punch the boss in the nose, he lets 'em sock me instead!

ARTHUR: Elmer, do you think your boss would give me a job here in the laundry?

ELMER: Oh, sure! Mr. Manglopants is always glad  
to help any friend o' mine. Just follow me.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

ARTHUR: My doodness, Elmer, you must wash a lot of clothes here.  
Look at that big tub over there.

ELMER: Sh-h-h-h, that's the boss's wife.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP

ELMER: Here's the office here. Jest to show you what a big shot  
I am around here, watch how they speak to me when we go in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MARGARET: (BRIGHTLY) Good morning, Elmer!

ELMER: Good mornin', Miss Perkins!

WENDELL: Good morning, Mr. Blurt!

ELMER: Good mornin', Mr. Ramsey!  
See Raymond, what a clutch I got on my job!  
Good mornin', Mr. Manglepants!

JOE: (SNARLS) Out of my way, Blurt!

ELMER: Oh gosh, I guess my clutch is slippin'...

ARTHUR: Gee, Elmer, he frightens me. You'd better be sure to tell  
him that I'm a friend of yours!

ELMER:        Don't worry, Raymond! Me and the boss are as thick as  
Damon and Runyan!

~~ARTHUR:      Oh, Elmer, you're twice as thick as they are!~~

JOE:          All right -- who's first here? Miss Perkins did you wish  
to see me?

BRAYTON:     Yes, Mister Manglepants! I...ah -- that, well ah -- I have  
a very good friend -- a girl-friend who washes a mean  
pair of shorts.

FORTE:        Oh, so you have a FRIEND! We don't run this laundry on a  
friendship basis! Do you think all I have to do is to put  
my employee's friends to work?

BRAYTON:     But, Mister Manglepants --

FORTE:        SHUT UP! ONE MORE WORD ABOUT YOUR FRIENDS AND YOU'RE FIRED!  
NOW GET OUT OF HERE AND STAY OUT!

SOUND:        DOOR SLAM

FORTE:        Well, Elmer, you're next. What do you want?

ELMER:        Ahhhhh -- I think that other person's ahead of me.

FORTE:        What other person? There's nobody else in here!

ELMER:        Well, somebody might come in...I'll wait!

SOUND:        DOOR OPENS

ELLIOTT: Oh, Mister Manglepants, may I see you?

FORTE: Well, what is it, Mister Dingle?

ELLIOTT: I hate to bother you, Mister Manglepants -- but you see,  
it's this way --

FORTE: IT'S WHAT WAY?

ELLIOTT: Well, I have a friend and I thought --

FORTE: YOU HAVE A FRIEND -- and you thought I'd put him to work  
in my laundry!

ELLIOTT: But he's an expert on long underwear --

FORTE: FRIENDS! FRIENDS! FRIENDS! Mister Dingle -- this is  
what I think of your firends -- take this!

SOUND: LOUD SOCK

ELLIOTT: OUCH!

FORTE: And take that!

ELLIOTT: OUCH!

SOUND: LOUD SOCK...LOUD CRASH OF WOOD

FORTE: NOW STAY OUT!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS LOUDLY WITH GLASS BREAKING

FORTE: (GRUNTS) Now -- Elmer -- Why did you come in here?



ELMER: That's what I'd like to know!

ARTHUR: Elmer, you were going to tell him --

ELMER: Not now, Raymond!

FORTE: Come, come -- Elmer. HAVE YOU GOT A FRIEND?

ELMER: Oh, no -- I haven't got a friend in the world. Everybody hates me!

FORTE: THEN WHAT DO YOU WANT?

ELMER: Well, ah -- what time is it Mister Bullfinch?

FORTE: BULLFINCH? YOU KNOW MY NAME ISN'T BULLFINCH!

ELMER: Isn't this the First National Bank?

FORTE: NO, THIS ISN'T THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK!

ELMER: Then, come on Grandpa -- WE'RE IN THE WRONG BUILDING!

ORCHESTRA: (ELMER CHASER)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW  
6/21/40

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AL: Tonight Marie Greene and the Merry Men have chosen Franz Lahar's "Merry Widow" Waltz as their song of the week. And I'm sure you'll agree their unusual treatment of this beautiful number is very effective. Okay, Marie, shall we waltz?

"MERRY WIDOW"

ORCHESTRA, MARIE GREENE AND THE MERRY MEN

51459 0529

WENDELL: Light up a Camel. Notice how slowly it burns. Notice that full, rich flavor -- that extra flavor that holds its appeal right down to the last puff. See if you don't agree that Camels taste like the cigarette they are...the cigarette of costlier tobaccos. Mild? Camels give you the extra mildness and extra coolness of slower burning. And from the point of view of value, that slower way of burning in Camels means another extra -- extra smoking per cigarette per pack.

MAN'S VOICE: In recent impartial laboratory tests, Camels burned twenty-five per cent slower than the average of the fifteen other of the largest-selling brands tested... slower than any of them.

WENDELL: That means a smoking plus equal, on the average, to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. So for extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor, and extra smoking, too, turn to Camels...the slower-burning cigarette of costlier tobaccos. Penny for penny, Camels are your best cigarette buy!

(MUSICAL CURTAIN)

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

ELLIOTT: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

AL: Good evening! Is this station J-U-N-K? I'm looking for Mister Burlap. He's trying to trade me this station for my newspaper!

ELLIOTT: Well, Mister Burlap isn't here. But I'm Mister Krinklemeier of Krinklemeier and Ingersoll.

AL: Where's Ingersoll?

ELLIOTT: He's doing time!...I'm thinking of buying a program on this station. I'm in the cracker business. You see -- I make Krinklemeier's Krispy, Krunchy, Krackly, Krunkly, Krinkly, Kratchy, Kritchy, Koochie -- I MAKE BISCUITS!

AL: You do it the hard way, too! What kind of a program are you going to put on?

ELLIOTT: Any kind of a program that will sell Krinklemeier's Kritchy Kratchy, Krinkly, Krunkly, Krookly, Kackly, Krinkly, Krunkly, Kronchy --

AL: You want to sell biscuits!

ELLIOTT: You took the words right out of my mouth!

AL: You mean, I took the biscuits right out of your pant!

ELLIOTT: That's it, young man -- you make the CRACKS, and I'll make the CRACKERS -- Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. That reminds me -- HAVE A CRACKER -- take an extra one -- they're small.

AL: Thanks. Have a Camel. The extra's right in it!

ELLIOTT: Thanks. Step right into the Main Studio here and meet my Master Of Ceremonies. He's a very funny man!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES

KITZEL: Hi-yi-o, Rancho Grande -- At the microphone I'm Dandy. Yoo-hoo.

AL: Why, it's my old friend, Mister Kitzel. Don't tell me you're the funny man?

KITZEL: Don't be so Uppity-Puppity. Am I a funny man! Listen to this, Mister Pearce. If it takes 289 yards of Calico to make a wrestling jacket for an elephant -- how long will it take a bow-legged fly with a wooden leg to crawl through a barrel of molasses?

AL: I'm stuck!

KITZEL: So is the fly! (LAUGHS) So is the fly! Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha.

AL: (DISGUSTED LAUGH)

KITZEL: He don't like it!

AL: Mr. Krinklemeyer, how can this man be a master of ceremonies?

ELLIOTT: What do you mean?

AL: Why, he speaks with an accent!

KITZEL: How do you like that? He says I speak with an accent!  
(LAUGHS) I speak with an accent! Mmmyeah, could be!

ELLIOTT: All right, let's get started with the rehearsal.  
Mr. Kitzel: Here is your opening announcement and read it like this! (AFFECTED) Good evening, friends.  
Krinklemeyers Krunchy, Wunchy, Krispy Crackers presents Carl Hoff and his Fourteen Piece Band with beautiful music and funny jokes by C. B. Kitzel!

KITZEL: Wait a minute! What's funny about Carl Hoff and his Fourteen Piece Band? You're in the cracker business -- right?

ELLIOTT: Right!

KITZEL: Well, why don't we call them "CARL CRACKER HOFF, AND HIS CRUMMY CREW."

CARL: OH, YEAH! If you want to make it real funny -- why not say, "PRESENTING OUR MASTER OF CEREMONIES -- CORNY KITZEL!"

KITZEL: Look here, my little man. Where I come from, that means fight!

CARL: Oh, yeah? Where I come from, that means fight!

KITZEL: Well, how do you do! We both come from the same place!

ELLIOTT: Gentlemen, gentlemen, let's get on with the rehearsal.  
This means a lot to me! Mr. Hoff, let's have a musical  
background for this announcement, and Mr. Kitzel, you read  
my announcement over the music!

KITZEL: Okay -- here we go! Ah -- good evening, friends --

MUSIC: ("BILLBOARD"...VERY LOUD, DROWNING KITZEL OUT)

KITZEL: (TRYING TO BE HEARD) Krinklemeier's, Krunchy-Wunchy,  
Crispy Crackers presents Carl "Cracker" Hoff and His Crummy  
Crew with beautiful music and funny jokes by C.B. Kitzel!

MUSIC: (STOPS WITH KITZEL ON ELLIOTT'S WORDS)

ELLIOTT: Wait a minute -- STOP THE MUSIC! Mister Kitzel, I didn't  
hear a word that you said!

KITZEL: Mr. Krinklemeier -- I didn't either!

ELLIOTT: Will you please talk a little louder!

KITZEL: Okay. Ah -- GOOD evening, friends --

MUSIC: (VERY LOUD AGAIN WITH MENDEZ AT THE MIKE WITH KITZEL)

KITZEL: (TRYING TO BE HEARD) Krinklemeier's Krunchy-Wunchy,  
Crispy Crackers presents Carl "Cracker" Hoff and His Crummy  
Crew with beautiful music and funny jokes by C.B. Kitzel.

ELLIOTT: (INTERRUPTING BEFORE END OF SPEECH) STOP! STOP I SAY!  
GOOD heavens, Mister Kitzel -- CAN'T YOU TALK A LITTLE  
LOUDER???

KITZEL: If I could talk any louder I wouldn't need a microphone!

ELLIOTT: Come on Mr. Kitzel. Please get in there and do your best!

KITZEL: All right, Mister Krinklemeyer! (MUSIC) Ah-- Good evening,  
friends -- KRINKLEMEYER'S KRUNCHY --

MUSIC: (BAND DROWNS HIM OUT AGAIN)

KITZEL: (VERY MAD) Just a second -- Just a second! Carl Hoff,  
you're nothing but a ROBBER!

CARL: A robber? How am I robbing you?

KITZEL: You're robbing me the wrong way!

CARL: Well, I wish you'd get this thing right once. Do you want  
my band to blow their brains out?

KITZEL: Believe me -- *on them it would look good.*  
~~It's not a bad idea!~~

~~ELLIOTT: Gentlemen, you're wasting my time. Let's get on with it!~~

~~KITZEL: Listen to the little man -- Let's get on with it! Why  
for two cents I'd -- AHHHHHHHHHHH -- Good evening --~~

~~MUSIC: (SHORT BLAST)~~

~~KITZEL: AHHHHHHHHHHH -- Good evening --~~

~~MUSIC: (SHORT BLAST)~~

*Cut on 2<sup>nd</sup> show*



KITZEL: AHHHHHHHH -- (THEN SING "BILLBOARD" WITHOUT BAND)  
I fooled you that time!

ELLIOTT: Mister Kitzel, I think we'd better try it without the  
music. Go ahead.

KITZEL: (SHOUTING) Good evening, friends, Krinklemeyer's --

ELLIOTT: STOP! STOP! Now you're talking too loud!

KITZEL: (MOCKING HIM) For goodness sakes -- Stop -- stop!  
Now you're talking too loud! First I'm talking too soft  
-- now I'm talking too loud! Do you want it soft or  
loud -- Make up your mind. Yes -- or maybe!

ELLIOTT: You're standing too close to the microphone for safety.  
Get back.

KITZEL: Don't push me, don't push me...Remember what happened to  
Godoy last night when he pushed Joe Louis. *Cut on 2<sup>nd</sup> show.*

AL: Mr. Krinklemeyer, you're just wasting your time here,  
this man doesn't know a single thing about being a  
master of ceremonies!

KITZEL: Why Fish-Posh and nyeah! Nyeah! I've worked on such outstanding programs as -- Wayne King, Community Sing, Bob Burns and Crosby Bing, Major Bowes, Real-Silk Hose -- why they hired me nobody knows. Frisco Fair, Benny's Bear, I've got more so pull' up a chair, ROSS, Sauce, and Gene Autry's Hoss, not to mention such High Crossley ratings as -- AMOS 'N' ONDEE, BABY SONDEE, not to forget BLONDIE ON MONDEE! Jello, Hello, Fibber McGee and Mello. Dennis Day, Frank Fay, give me a chance I'll work for hay, Bud Nagle and Stoopie and We the Poople, (SINGS) OH, bring back my Sponsors to Me! Yal Bring back -- bring back, oh bring back....etc.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO NEWSBOY)

NEWSBOY: (TYPICAL NEWSBOY VOICE IN BACKGROUND) EXTRA !...EXTRA !

ANNOUNCER: CAMELS give you extra flavor.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA !

ANNOUNCER: CAMELS give you extra mildness and extra coolness.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA !

ANNOUNCER: CAMELS give you extra smoking per pack. Try CAMELS -- the cigarette that gives you the extras. CAMELS brings you three other great shows each week.

AL: That's right, Wen, on Saturday, meet New York's Cosmopolitan Set with Ilka Chase at "Luncheon at the Waldorf," she will have as her guest of honor this week, the brilliant actress, Cornilia Otis Skinner! You'll find this a grand show that has set a new style in daytime entertainment. On Saturday night tune in and hear Bob Crosby and Mildred Bailey, featuring music with a "heartbeat." And on Monday night it's the radio version of the famous comic strip "Blondie." And by the way this week Blondie hires a cook! That's for your radio enjoyment.

WENDELL: And for your smoking enjoyment -- try Camels, the cigarette that gives you the extras! And brings you extra fund with AL PEARCE every Friday.

AL: Good night, folks, we'll be seein' you next Friday.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR WENDELL)

ANNOUNCER: Men, here's one thing you can be sure of: The cooler-burning pipe tobacco is Prince Albert! In recent laboratory "smoking bowl" tests, Prince Albert -- the world's largest-selling pipe tobacco -- burned eighty-six degrees cooler than the average of the thirty other of the largest-selling brands tested -- coolest of all! Prince Albert gives you choice tobacco -- "no-bite" treated and "crimp cut" with the supreme comfort of a smoke that is definitely cooler, more enjoyable right down to the last tasty puff. It's the National Joy Smoke, men, Prince Albert. There's no other tobacco like it. This is Wendell Niles speaking...and This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.