

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1940

3:30 - 4:00 P.M.

6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

ELMER: (KNOCKS) ^{Spoke} ~~But~~ 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)

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AL: Good evening, all, and thank you for that nice applause. Last week we promised the Ladies Knitting and Jitterbug Auxiliary that we would put on a show for them.. So, tonight we are presenting a saga of that successful salesman, "The Life of Elmer Blurt," entitled "ELMER GOES TEN YEARS WITHOUT A SALE." or: "MUCH ADO ABOUT KNOCKING." So let's go on with the show. Dick Lane, will you kindly set the scene.

DICK: What do you mean set the scene? Elmer Blurt isn't here. He went to Chicago last week to appear on the Uncle Ezra program, and he hasn't returned yet.

AL: Elmer hasn't returned yet? Now what are we going to do!

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

AL: Who's there?

BILLY: (OFF MIKE AS BEHIND DOOR) Special Delivery letter for Mr. Pearce.

AL: Throw it under the door.

SOUND: LOUD CRASH OF DOOR

AL: What's the matter with you? I told you to throw it under the door.

BILLY: I did, but I forgot to let go of it.

AL: Gee, I wonder what's in this letter?

BILLY: I know what's in the letter. It's from Elmer Blurt. He's stuck on the highway between here and Chicago and --

AL: Just a minute! How do you know what's in this letter?

BILLY: We had a sneak preview down at the Post Office.

DICK: I'll get rid of him, Al. Here, lad -- here's a check for your trouble.

BILLY: Oh, I haven't had any trouble.

DICK: Wait 'til you try to cash the check.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

AL: Dick, this letter is from Elmer. Read what it says.

DICK: Okay. "Dear Mr. Pearce: If this letter reaches you before I get there, you'll know I'm not back yet."

AL: That sounds like Elmer. Go ahead, Dick.

DICK: "While riding back to Hollywood on my bicycle, I camped beside the road late one night. After waiting three days for the sun to come up I finally discovered I was camped in a tunnel. I'm out on the middle of the Mojave Desert now, and it isn't a fit place for human beings -- wish you were here. (SIGNED) Elmer."

AL: What are we going to do? We've got to get Elmer back for our play tonight.

DICK: There's only one way to do it. We've got to get somebody to fly an airplane out there and get him.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

AL: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

KITZEL: (SINGS) Hi-yi-oh Rancho Grande
I always come in handy -- Yooo hooooo!

(APPLAUSE)

AL: Well, it's my old friend, Mr. Kitzel.

KITZEL: Yes, indeedy, and is my voice in good form for the play tonight. (SINGS) When the hiccups come back to Capistrano!

AL: Just a minute, Mr. Kitzel. It isn't when the hiccups come back to Capistrano -- it's when the swallows come back.

KITZEL: When my swallows come back they're hiccups

DICK: Mr. Kitzel, I'm glad you dropped in, you're just the man we're looking for. We want you to take an airplane and fly out to the desert.

KITZEL: You want me to take an airplane and -- just a second! You mean flying like in flap flap? My dear friends, if I am not being too hasty, goodbye!

DICK: Come back here, Kitzel. You're acting like a coward. Why anybody can fly -- even the little birds can fly.

KITZEL: The little birds can lay eggs too, but can I do it?
Mmmmmmmmmmmmyeh. Could be!

AL: Come on, Dick -- hurry up. You've got to talk him into it.

DICK: Okay. Look Kitzel, what a thrill it is to take off from the ground, climb to ten thousand feet and go soaring through space like an Eagle.

KITZEL: But I'm an Elk.

DICK: Quiet, Kitzel! There's no time to lose. I can see you now climbing into the plane. With a roar the plane engines start and with a rush of wind the plane takes off the ground and climbs into the sky -- two thousand feet -- five -- ten -- fifteen -- sixteen -- seventeen --

KITZEL: Let me off between eighteen and nineteen on Chestnut Street.

DICK: At seventeen thousand feet you level off and point your nose toward the desert.

KITZEL: I'm flying West.

DICK: You're flying East.

KITZEL: My nose is crooked.

DICK: I'm talking about the plane's nose -- out over the desert you zoom with the motors humming (IN RHYTHM) Zoom Zoom -- Zoom Hum Hum Hum.

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8/2/40

KITZEL: (IN RHYTHM)

A Zazz Zu Zazz and a Razz Ma Tazz
And a Zazz Zu Zazz and a Razz Ma Tazz

DICK: (SINGING) And a hey nonny nonny and a hotcha --
What am I saying! I said you're flying out over
the desert. Down below you you see nothing but
sand dunes. You cross dune after dune after dune
after dune --

KITZEL: How am I dune?

DICK: Then right ahead of you some clouds appear!
Suddenly everything around you **becomes blurred!**

KITZEL: Elmer Blurred?

DICK: No-No-No. Everything turns white. You are entering
a bank of fog!

KITZEL: What time is it?

DICK: It's three o'clock!

KITZEL: Then I should be entering the Bank of America -- I'm overdrawn!

DICK: With the fog swirling all around you you turn on your radio to get the weather report and in it comes, "Sunday night -- Mist. Monday night -- Mist. Tuesday night -- Mist."

KITZEL: Wednesday night -- Bingo! Come and bring the family.

DICK: There's only one thing to do. You've got to get out of the clouds. You push forward on the stick and go into a dive to look for Elmer.

KITZEL: What's he doing in a dive?

DICK: A power dive, you idiot. With screaming struts the plane plunges toward the earth. Down, down, down it goes!

KITZEL: Where it comes out nobody knows.

DICK: With a last spurt of the motor you pull back on the stick and come down on the desert in a perfect three-point landing.

KITZEL: You mean I'm not hurt?

DICK: No, you're not hurt.

KITZEL: Not a scratch?

DICK: Not a scratch.

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -9-
8/2/40

KITZEL: Thanks, Mr. Lane for a nice ride -- I'll see you later.

DICK: Wait, you fool. You haven't found Elmer -- that's the question -- where is Elmer, Blurt?

KITZEL: I know where he is.

DICK: Where is he?

KITZEL: He's at my house -- he got in this morning.

DICK: You idiot -- why didn't you tell me?

KITZEL: What? And miss that plane ride?

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC CHASER)

(APPLAUSE)

AL: Years ago, when we had the old Happy Go Lucky Hour, the most popular girl singer on the program and, I believe the most popular girl singer on the Pacific Coast since that time and up to now, has been Hazel Warner from San Francisco. Hazel has never appeared on a coast-to-coast network commercial program and we have literally kicked ourselves for not thinking of her sooner.

After you hear her sing, I think you will agree with my opinion that she's really and truly a smoothie.

My kindest greetings and best wishes to you, Hazel Warner, our guest tonight from San Francisco.

ORCHESTRA AND HAZEL WARNER:

"MAKE BELIEVE ISLAND"

WENDELL:

Do people talk about the cigarette they smoke? Certainly they do. You've talked it over with friends dozens of times. And so has everyone else. Yes, smokers in all walks of life take an interest in the cigarette they smoke. Let's eavesdrop for a moment on Peter Fick, whose championship speed won him acclaim as the world's fastest swimmer.

LEWIS:

Speed is all-important to me as a swimmer, but as a smoker, I know that the "extras" go with slower-burning Camels. I like to finish up a good swim and then enjoy a flavorful Camel. Camels never tire my taste.

WENDELL:

And Nancy Love, one of the nation's foremost woman fliers, has this to say about Camels.

MISS FITZ:

I like mildness in my smoking. That's why I stick to Camels. Camels give me extra mildness. I know from experience that Camels burn slower, smoke cooler, milder, and with so much more pleasing flavor.

WENDELL:

And if you were to ask Bucky Walters, ace pitcher of the Cincinnati Reds, which cigarette he prefers, he'd tell you....

JERRY:

I'm a "dyed-in-the-wool" Camel fan. I've never found any other cigarette that gives me anything like the through and through smoking enjoyment that I get from Camels. Boy does that extra flavor in Camels taste good after a long, hard game.

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WENDELL: Yes, wherever you go, you'll hear smokers say:

TOMMY: For the "extras" in smoking pleasure and value,
make mine a pack of slow-burning Camels.

WENDELL: PENNY FOR PENNY CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

SOUND: HAMMERING AND BALLOONS POPPING...DOOR SLAM

AL: What's all this racket going on in here?

RAYMOND: Greetings Mr. Pearce.

AL: Well Raymond, what are you doing up on that stepladder?

RAYMOND: Mr. Pearce, you told me to decorate the stage for the play so I'm nailing up the balloons.

AL: But you're breaking all of them.

RAYMOND: I can't understand it -- I'm using small nails.

AL: Well, I should have known better than to ask you to do it.

RAYMOND: Where did you get these balloons Mr. Pearce? They sure have funny faces on them.

AL: Yes -- they are lifelike.. That one there looks like your father, Raymond.

RAYMOND: You mean this one?

SOUND: BALLOON POPS

RAYMOND: Yep -- that's pop.

AL: Oh Raymond, for Pete's sake -- give me that hammer and let me get up on the ladder.

RAYMOND: (PETULANTLY) But Mr. Pearce, you said I could do the decorating.

AL: Get down from there now -- and quit acting like a baby.

RAYMOND: Mr. Pearce, if I wasn't a full grown man, I'd cry. (CRIES)

AL: Now quit your sniffing -- and get out of here! I'll finish the decorating.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM...FOOTSTEPS ON LADDER

AL: I might have known this would happen. The next time I want an idiot to do something I'll do it myself.

SOUND: HAMMERING

AL: Imagine putting nails in a balloon.

SOUND: HAMMERING...BALLOON POPS

AL: I guess these tacks won't work either.

AL: KNOCK ON DOOR

AL: Now who's at the door. I no sooner get up on the ladder that I have to climb down again.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON LADDER

AL: This place is a mad house.

SOUND: KNOCK REPEATED...OPENS DOOR...AND SLAM

BLANCHE: Oh, there you are Mr. Pearce.

AL: Oh it's Mrs. Montgomery Sniff. What do you want!

BLANCHE: Did I get you down off the ladder?

AL: No -- I climbed down myself. What do you want?

BLANCHE: I just wanted to tell you how happy the ladies of our club are. We can hardly wait to see your play. And I'll bet you're thrilled, too -- as thrilled as a little boy with his first pair of long pawntz.

AL: Long pawntz?

BLANCHE: Yes -- you know -- troozers.

AL: Oh yes -- troozers -- those things I wear with my coote
and vahst.

BLANCHE: (SILLY LAUGH) Well, I must be off.

AL: You can say that again.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

AL: Now I've got to climb this ladder again.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON LADDER

AL: If they'd just leave me alone I'd get this finished.

SOUND: LOUD DOOR KNOCK

AL: Oh rats -- (MAD) Come in!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

CARL: Say Al.

AL: Now what do you want, Carl?

CARL: Come down here quick and look at this music.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS DOWN LADDER

AL: What's wrong with the music?

CARL: What's the idea of giving me operatic music to play
tonight?

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AL: What operatic music?

CARL: This stuff right here -- Look. I can't play this stuff
written by Pageone.

AL: Pageone? That's Page One.

CARL: Page One? Egads! What a silly name!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

AL: Well, up the ladder again.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP LADDER...PHONE RINGS...SCRAMBLE OFF LADDER

AL: I knew I wouldn't make it.

SOUND: PHONE OFF HOOK

THE AL PEARCE SHOW
8/2/40

-16A-

AL: Hello.

BILL: Hello Al -- this is your old friend Rudy.

AL: What do you want, Rudy -- I'm busy.

BILL: How would you like to come to a party?

AL: When?

BILL: Christmas Eve.

AL: Christmas Eve?

BILL: Yeh -- we're going to have Santa Claus and a tree and everything.

AL: I don't know -- it all depends on how I feel after Labor Day.

BILL: But I've got to know in time to buy the Christmas tree.

AL: Well call me back around Thnaksgiving.

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BILL: Okay, Al -- so long.

SOUND: PHONE UP

AL: Great guy Rudy -- leaves everything till the last minute.
Do I have to climb that ladder again? I'm beginning to feel
like a squirrel.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

AL: Oh, for Pete's sake! RAYMOND! RAYMOND!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...SLAM

RAYMOND: Did you call me, Mr. Pearce?

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

AL: Yes -- answer that phone.

RAYMOND: Okay, Mr. Pearce. Hello. Raymond Radcliffe speaking.

BLANCHE: Hello. Will you tell me what your broadcast is about
tonight?

RAYMOND: Just a minute. I'll see...Mr. Pearce!

AL: What is it now?

RAYMOND: It's a lady on the phone and she wants to know what our
show is about tonight.

AL: You know what it's about. Tell her that we're doing the Life of Elmer Blurt and Carl Hoff is playing "The Flight of a Bumble Bee."

RAYMOND: Okay, Mr. Pearce. Hello, lady -- tonight Elmer Blurt is playing the life of a bumble bee...

AL: No, no -- that's Carl Hoff.

RAYMOND: Lady -- tonight Carl Hoff is playing the part of a bumble bee.

AL: No, Raymond -- Carl isn't a bee.

RAYMOND: Lady -- Carl Hoff isn't a bee -- he's just a bum.

AL: Leave Carl Hoff out of this -- what a dope.

RAYMOND: Pardon me, lady -- we're going to leave Carl out of it -- he's a dope.

AL: Raymond, will you please pay attention to me -- Carl Hoff is playing "The Flight of a Bumble Bee" and it will be sung by the Merry Macs.

RAYMOND: Carl Hoff is going to fight a bumble bee because he stung the Merry Macs.

AL: We'll start all over again -- to begin with, we're going The Life of Elmer Blurt and "The Flight of a Bumble Bee" is sung by The Merry Macs with Carl Hoff in the background.

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8/2/40

RAYMOND: I've got it now, lady -- tonight we're doing "The Life of Elmer Blurt" and "The Flight of Carl Hoff" and The Merry Macs with a bee in their background.

AL: No, no -- the bee is -- Let me have that phone.

SOUND: PHONE ON HOOK

RAYMOND: Gee, Mr. Pearce -- she hung up on me! (CRIES)

AL: Now you've lost a listener! Raymond! I can't understand how a man like you -- with such wonderful parents, and with such a lovely home could turn out to be so stupid!

RAYMOND: Mr. Pearce, it wasn't easy!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

(APPLAUSE)

JUDD: Say, Al!

AL: Why Judd MacMichael, one of the Merry Mac's. What seems to be the trouble, Judd?

JUDD: Well Al, I heard Raymond Radcliffe say we were doing "Flight of the Bumble Bee" tonight, and the song we had scheduled to sing was "Paddlin' Madlin Home."

AL: Well, Judd I tell you what you do. You get Helen Carroll, Ted, and Joe MacMichael. The rest of the Merry Macs out here and start "Paddlin' Madlin Home," and I'm going out and start Paddin' Raymond!

ORCHESTRA AND MERRY MACS: "PADDLIN' MADLIN' HOME"

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL SKYROCKET AND THEME...FADE TO WENDELL)

WENDELL: Here is a statement which is as true as it is broad. Camels are America's favorite cigarette. And the reason more smokers prefer Camels than any other brand is because Camels give them all the important qualities they look for in a cigarette -- with an extra measure of each. Smokers appreciate Camel's costlier tobaccos...their slower way of burning. And they know from experience that this combination gives them definite "extras" in smoking pleasure and value...extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor, and extra smoking per cigarette per pack. Yes, Camels combine economy with smoking pleasure and give you more actual smoking.

TOMMY: 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 means a smoking plus equal, on the average, to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. You'll find Camel's extra smoking mighty important today. Now the best way to appreciate what we say about Camel cigarettes is to try them. You'll agree with the millions who say: "I'd walk a mile for a slow-burning Camel."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

ORCHESTRA: (ELMER INTRODUCTION)

WENDELL: The cuckoo means Elmer Blurt.

DICK: Tonight, as we've repeatedly warned you, we're doing "The Life of Elmer Blurt." And now I'd like to bring out on the stage Elmer Blurt himself to tell you the story of his life. (CALLS) Elmer! ELMER! ELMER!!!

ELMER: (FADING IN) Oh gosh -- here I am, Mr. Lane.

DICK: Elmer, the audience is waiting to hear the story of your life. Go ahead!

ELMER: Well, once upon a time when I was a little baby my parents ran away and deserted me.

DICK: Your parents deserted you -- Why? Were they disappointed in you?

ELMER: Yup -- they wanted an airedale. It was on a cold winter night when they left me on a doorstep and I was there three weeks.

DICK: Three weeks on a doorstep?

ELMER: Yup -- it was a vacant house. Then one night a policeman came along and found me and here's what happened --
(FADING)

ORCHESTRA: (FEW BARS OF "ROCKABYE BABY"...FADING)

ELMER: (ORSON VOICE) Oh gosh, I hope somebody comes along and finds me, I hope, I hope, I hope.

WRIGHT: (FADING IN) Well, well, well. Somebody's left a basket here with a little baby in it. What's your name, little baby?

ELMER: (DOES HIS LOUD GULP)

WRIGHT: Oh, Blurt! Who left you here on this doorstep?

ELMER: (ORSON VOICE) My father and mother!

WRIGHT: Your father and mother, eh? What are their names?

ELMER: (ORSON VOICE) Papa and Mama!

WRIGHT: I wish I had something to amuse you with. I haven't even got a rattle!

ELMER: (ORSON VOICE) Why don't you just shake your head?

WRIGHT: Well, as an officer I've got to take you down to the station!

ELMER: (ORSON VOICE) You do?

WRIGHT: Yes, but first I think you need some attention. Here I'll fix you up!

ELMER: (ORSON VOICE) (YELLS) OUCH! You may be a policeman but you can't pin anything on me!

ORCHESTRA: (CHORD TO FINISH THE SCENE)

DICK: That was very interesting, Elmer! Then what happened?

ELMER: Well, ah -- this policeman decided to adopt me -- so he took me home to his wife -- to brighten their lives!

ORCHESTRA: (FEW BARS OF "EVERYBODY LOVES A BABY"...FADE FOR DOOR CLOSING)

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

WRIGHT: (CALLING) Maggie! Maggie! Come here quick and see what I brought home for you!

BLANCHE: What is it, dear?

WRIGHT: It's a fine baby boy. Are you happy?

BLANCHE: No.

WRIGHT: Why not?

BLANCHE: You know I wanted an airedale.

ORCHESTRA: (CHORD)

DICK: Did the policeman and his wife keep you?

ELMER: Yup, yup -- sure, sure -- the years passed by very quickly and finally came the night when I graduated from the eighth grade.

DICK: How old were you then?

ELMER: I was ten years older.

DICK: Ten years older than what?

ELMER: Ten years older than the other students. I'll never forget that night when the principal of the school called on me to make my speech -- (FADING)

ORCHESTRA: (FEW BARS OF "SCHOOL DAYS"...FADING)

CARL: Boys and girls of the Split Lip, Nevada Grammar School and parents, it gives me great pleasure to introduce the boy who is going to give the valedictory address -- Elmer Blurt.

CAST: ("HOORAY FOR ELMER!" "HOORAY FOR ELMER!")

ELMER: Fellow students, my dear principal and all the mothers and fathers -- I would like to give you a thought to take home with you tonight. Many years ago there lived a very famous man and this great man once said -- I can't think of his name right now -- anyway he said -- he said -- he said -- Oh gosh, I forgot what he said.

ORCHESTRA: (CHORD)

DICK: And so Elmer Blurt left school and came to the city to be a salesman.

ORCHESTRA: (ELMER BLURT THEME)

DICK: Day after day and year after year we find Elmer Blurt knocking on doors -- It is the year 1935!

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK...DOOR OPENS

ELMER: How would you like to buy --

MAN: NO!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DICK: 1936!

SOUND: ELMER KNOCKS...DOOR OPENS

ELMER: How would you like to --

WOMAN: NO!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DICK: 1937!

SOUND: ELMER KNOCKS...DOOR OPENS

ELMER: How would you ---

MAN: NO!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DICK: 1938!

SOUND: ELMER KNOCKS...DOOR OPENS

ELMER: How ---

WOMAN: NO!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DICK: Year after year it was the same thing...No! No! NO!
'Til finally the big change came in 1939.

SOUND: ELMER KNOCKS...DOOR OPENS

ELMER: Howdja do, lady -- you don't want to buy anything
do you?

WOMAN: Yes!

ELMER: Yes! Yes, what?

WOMAN: Yes, I don't want to buy anything!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DICK: And that brings us down to the present year -- 1940 --
and the biggest climax in Elmer's life. Not over an
hour ago Elmer Blurt walked up and knocked on the door
of the very same modest little cottage where he was born.

SOUND: ELMER KNOCKS...DOOR OPENS

ELMER: Howdja do, lady, how would you like to buy --

BLANCHE: Just a minute, young man -- your face looks very
familiar. What is your name?

ELMER: Elmer Blurt.

BLANCHE: Why that's our name. Were you left on a door step years ago?

ELMER: Yup, yup -- sure, sure.

BLANCHE: Why it's my darling Elmer!

ELMER: Mama!

BLANCHE: What a big strong boy you are now. Are you living here in town?

ELMER: Yes -- I live in a rooming house down the street.

BLANCHE: My -- I wish you could live here with us.

ELMER: Well -- maybe I could.

BLANCHE: We could have taken you in if you'd been here yesterday, but today we haven't room.

ELMER: Why not?

BLANCHE: We just bought an airedale.

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER...FADE TO NEWSBOY)

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

WENDELL: CAMELS give you extra flavor.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

WENDELL: CAMELS give you extra mildness and extra coolness.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

WENDELL: CAMELS give you extra smoking per pack. Try CAMELS -- the cigarette that gives you the extras.

AL: Friends, the response we have received to our plan of bringing young local radio favorites to Hollywood to make their first coast-to-coast commercial broadcast has been far beyond our expectations. We have already booked several young artists, instrumentalists as well as vocalists, from radio stations in the North, South, East and West to appear as guests on our program this fall.

If you have a favorite on your local radio station, why don't you call the manager of that station right now and have him get in touch with us and who knows -- maybe that young artist might be a guest on our program some time in the future and I am sure that would add to your radio enjoyment.

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

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

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR WENDELL.)

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WENDELL: Pipe-smokers -- there's plenty of hot weather ahead. Here's a tip! Get that cooler-burning tobacco... get Prince Albert. In recent laboratory "smoking bowl" tests, Prince Albert burned eighty-six degrees cooler than the average of the thirty other of the largest-selling brands tested...coolest of all! Cool-burning P. A. is "no-bite" treated and "crimp cut" to give you more comfort in your pipe. Get Prince Albert...it's the National Joy Smoke. This is Wendell Niles...speaking
This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM!