

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1940

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

PROGRAM NO. 16

EIMER: (KNOCKS) S'pose 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 0738

AL: Thank you for that nice applause. Tonight we're going to have a lot of fun. We've got a good show lined up and the feature of the program will be a big singing surprise by --

CARL: (SINGS) Let's all sing like the birdies sing
Tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet!
Let's all sing like --

AL: No, no -- Carl. We had enough of your singing last week. We can do without it tonight.

CARL: Oh yeah? Well, some people like my singing. I was over at the gymnasium at the "Y" this morning and the instructor told me I looked musical.

AL: The gymnasium instructor told you you looked musical?

CARL: Well, he didn't use those exact words, but he mentioned the way the chords stood out in my neck.

AL: Carl, I'm getting sick and tired of arguing with you every week about one thing and another --

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

AL: Hello. Al Pearce speaking.

RUDY: Hello, Al -- this is your old friend Rudy.

AL: Rudy -- I told you not to call me any more during my broadcasts.

RUDY: But this is very important, Al. Do you know where your overcoat is?

AL: No -- I don't know where my overcoat is!

RUDY: Oh gee, then I'm lost!

AL: What do you mean you're lost?

RUDY: Well, if you don't know where your overcoat is, I must be lost -- because I'm wearing your overcoat.

AL: Look, Rudy -- where are you calling from?

RUDY: I don't know, Al -- If you find out, call and let me know. So long, Al.

SOUND: PHONE UP

AL: Great guy, Rudy -- a man like him is bound to go places and I wish he'd get started. As a matter of fact, I'd like to go some place myself and get away from these interruptions every week --

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

AL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

BLANK: Good evening, Mr. Pearce. It's rumored around town that you'd like to go some place and get away from these interruptions every week.

AL: These rumors certainly travel fast.

BLANK: Mr. Pearce, I've got a twenty-seven thousand acre ranch up in northern California that I'll let you have for a song.

AL: What do you mean by a song?

CARL: (SINGS) Let's all sing like the birdies sing
Tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet

BLANK: That did it! That's the song. Here's your deed,
Mr. Pearce. Goodbye!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

AL: Well, cut off my hair and call me Bobbie. Hey -- Dick --
Dick Lane -- a guy just came in here and gave me a ranch
in the back country. What will I do about it?

LANE: Go see a chiropractor!

AL: No, no -- a cattle ranch. What would you do, Dick, if
somebody gave you a ranch you hadn't seen?

LANE: Why -- I'd go take a look at it!

AL: Why don't I think of those things! Raymond -- Raymond
Radcliffe!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

RAYMOND: Greetings, Mr. Pearce.

AL: Raymond -- we're going to make a trip up to my ranch in
the wide open spaces. Have you ever been out in the open?

RAYMOND: Oh yes, Mr. Pearce -- I was out in the open last Sunday!

AL: You were!

RAYMOND: Yeah -- I wipped my bathing suit.

AL: No, no -- I'm talking about getting back to nature!

RAYMOND: I almost got there.

LANE: Look, Raymond -- we're leaving for the ranch right now.
Start packing Mr. Pearce's trunk, Raymond.

RAYMOND: I'll start packing at once, Mr. Lane.

SOUND: THROWING STUFF IN TRUNK...BIG CLUNK OR HEAVY THUDS

AL: What are you putting in that trunk, Raymond? That doesn't
sound like my clothes.

RAYMOND: That's your heavy underwear.

AL: Well, just a minute. I suppose I should talk it over with
the wife. She might not like the ranch.

LANE: Yeah -- you have to consider the little woman. Raymond,
unpack the trunk!

RAYMOND: Okay! Unpack the trunk!

SOUND: UNPACKING

AL: But on the other hand I don't know why she should object.

LANE: Pack the trunk, Raymond!

RAYMOND: Pack the trunk! (MUTTERS) Of all the silly stupid people!

SOUND: PACKING AND UNPACKING FURIOUSLY THROUGH FOLLOWING SPEECHES

AL: But on the other hand
maybe I shouldn't go.

LANE: Unpack the trunk! RAYMOND: UNPACK THE TRUNK!

AL: No, no. I was right
the first time. I'll go.

LANE: PACK THE TRUNK! RAYMOND: PACK THE TRUNK!

AL: Or should I?

LANE: UNPACK THE TRUNK! RAYMOND: UNPACK THE TRUNK!

AL: A few days wouldn't
hurt me!

LANE: PACK THE TRUNK! RAYMOND: PACK THE TRUNK!

AL: And yet there are two
sides to everything --

LANE: UNPACK THE TRUNK! RAYMOND: UNPACK THE TRUNK!

AL: Now I'm being foolish!

LANE: PACK THE TRUNK! RAYMOND: PACK THE TRUNK!

AL: But I don't know --

LANE: UNPACK THE TRUNK!

RAYMOND: Mr. Pearce -- Pack -- unpack! Pack -- Unpack!

AL: Raymond, is my trunk packed or unpacked.

RAYMOND: Both.

AL: How could it be both?

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

AL: Did you pack my cowboy shirt?

RAYMOND: Do you mean the shirt with the pre-shrunk no-wilt no-fade no-starch collar with the white pin stripes?

AL: Yes, yes -- that's the one.

RAYMOND: You haven't got one.

AL: I just bought a new shirt -- now look around and see if you can find one.

CARL: Don't look at me -- I'm wearing a dickey.

AL: Get busy now and find my shirt!

RAYMOND: Mr. Pearce -- I know what to do.

AL: What?

RAYMOND: Any time I can't find anything I just close my eyes and keep silent for ten seconds -- and then I find it.

AL: All right, Raymond -- I'll try anything.

RAYMOND: Everybody close your eyes and don't say a word for ten seconds -- Ready?

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -8-
8/16/40

ALL: Ready!

(TEN SECONDS OF SILENCE)

RAYMOND: Okay -- open your eyes! Isn't that wonderful?

AL: Do you know where the shirt is?

RAYMOND: No.

AL: Then what's wonderful about it?

RAYMOND: Think of the wonderful rest we gave the audience.

AL: Play something, Carl!

ORCHESTRA: "SOMEBODY'S BABY"

(OUT OF A MUSICAL NUMBER)

- AL: Say, Carl, those boys really can toss the ball around -- musically speaking, of course.
- CARL: What do you mean, musically speaking. Why, I want you to know that some of the boys in my band are real BASEball players.
- AL: Not really!
- CARL: Al, we've got a great combination here. You ought to see the boys when they're not pulling off some triplet plays.
- AL: Triplet plays -- uh -- huh -- I get it. Musically speaking you'll be sunk if anybody asks you to play sixteenths. But one of these days, Carl, you're going to be caught off base.
- CARL: Who's going to be caught off base?
- WENDELL: Well, I know of one player who very rarely is. In fact, he makes it a business to see how many bases he can steal. He's last year's American league champion...and this year's leader, so far, in both leagues -- George Case. Extra smartness in getting the jump on the pitcher -- extra speed in getting there ahead of the ball -- those two big "extras" have won George Case the reputation as the "fastest base runner in the game today." "Extras" do make a difference...even in cigarettes. This is the case with George Case.

MAN: Mildness has always been a big factor in my preference in cigarettes. That extra mildness in Camels sure clicks with me. "I'd walk a mile for a Camel."

WENDELL: With George Case -- with millions of others -- the "extras" of costlier tobaccos in slower-burning Camels are the difference between just smoking, and smoking pleasure at its best. So turn to Camels. Enjoy extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor, and extra smoking per cigarette per pack. Penny for penny, Camels are your best cigarette buy!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

ORCHESTRA: (ELMER THEME MUSIC...CUCKOO)

WENDELL: The cuckoo each week of course means Elmer Blurt. This week we find that great low-pressure salesman taking time off in a hospital for an operation. As the scene opens, we find Elmer lying in bed with his hat off, waiting for the doctor.

ELMER: Gosh, this bed feels good.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

ELMER: I hope that isn't the doctor, I hope, I hope, I hope, I hope. Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

ELMER: Oh gosh -- it's my boss, Mr. Lane.

LANE: Well, Elmer -- how is it I find you lying here in bed -- answer me -- how is it?

ELMER: It's not bad, Mr. Lane.

LANE: I called your house and your grandma told me I'd find you here. What's this about an operation?

ELMER: Well -- ah -- I came here to have my appendix taken out.

LANE: What? It seems to me that just a month ago, you came here to have your appendix taken out.

ELMER: Yup, yup -- sure, sure. I've had my appendix taken out -- this'll be the fifth time now.

LANE: Five times. How in the world will they find a place to sew you up again?

ELMER: This time they're not going to.

LANE: Not going to sew you up?

ELMER: No -- they're going to put in a swinging door.

LANE: Well, how many sales have you made today?

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- I haven't made any sales, Madame, -- I'm waiting for my operation.

LANE: Waiting for your operation!. What kind of a salesman are you? Why aren't you going around the hospital calling on the other patients?

ELMER: But what will they say if they find me out of bed?

LANE: Don't worry about that. I'll get in the bed and lie there for you. Now call on the patients and make some sales.

ELMER: You gonna get in my bed?

LANE: Yes --

ELMER: Okay, Mr. Lane. I'll see what I can do.

LANE: Get out of that bed now and I'll get in. Here now you cover me over -- OUCH! What stuck me?

ELMER: Gosh -- that must be the ice pick.

LANE: Ice pick?

ELMER: Yup -- the nurse told me I'd have to wear an ice pick on my side.

LANE: You dope -- she said ice pack!

ELMER: Well, anyway -- you're stuck with it.

LANE: Get out of here and make some sales.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- here's the head doctor's office...I better see him and get his permission to call on the patients.

SOUND: ELMER KNOCK...DOOR OPENS

ELMER: How d'ja do, doctor, I'm...

WRIGHT: Just a minute, young man. I m a very busy man -- my patients need me.

SOUND: BONG...BONG

GIRL: Calling Doctor Wright! Calling Doctor Wright!

WRIGHT: (LOUD) What is it, Nurse?

GIRL: Three patients need you at once in Ward C.

WRIGHT: What's the trouble?

GIRL: They need a fourth at bridge.

WRIGHT: Well, young man -- you can see how busy I am -- what is it you want?

ELMER: Well, doctor -- I'd like to call on your other patients. I am selling my own invention -- Blurt's Goodie-Goodie Giggle Gum.

WRIGHT: Giggle Gum?

ELMER: Yup, yup -- sure, sure. Giggle Gum is guaranteed to make people laugh. You chew one stick and you go into gales of laughter. I make this gum myself from an old Indian formula.

WRIGHT: From an old Indian formula?

ELMER: Yup -- this Giggle Gum was handed down by Minnehaha -- it's made with tee-hee leaves and cooked with laughing gas. Giggle Gum will help your business!

WRIGHT: How can it help my business?

ELMER: Well, it'll make your patients laugh so hard they'll split their sides -- then you can sew them up again.

WRIGHT: Look here, young man. You get back to your room and don't let me catch you bothering any of my patients. I've got to get to surgery!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM...BONG...BONG

GIRL: (FILTER) Calling Doctor Wright! Calling Doctor Wright!
The patient in 414 is complaining again.

ELMER: Room 414? Oh, gosh -- the doctor's gone now. This is my big chance. I'll sneak into that room and cheer up that patient with some giggle gum. Here's 414 right here --

SOUND: ELMER KNOCK

WENDELL: (WEAK VOICE) Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES SOFTLY

WENDELL: (MOANING)

SOUND: LOUD SCRATCHING WITH SANDPAPER BLOCKS THROUGH FOLLOWING
DIALOGUE

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- what's the trouble with you, Mister?

WENDELL: (GROAN) I've got poison ivy. (GROAN) It's driving me
crazy.

ELMER: Gosh, Mister, I know just how you feel -- once I had the
seven year itch for nine years.

WENDELL: (GROANING AND SCRATCHING) How could you have the seven
year itch for nine years?

ELMER: I broke my arm and got two years behind on my scratching.

WENDELL: (GROANING AND SCRATCHING) Please do something for me --
I can't stand this.

ELMER: I've got just the thing for you. Blurt's Giggle Gum will
make you laugh at your troubles. Here -- chew a stick of
this.

WENDELL: Thanks. (CHEWING...STARTS LAUGHING) Say, this is good.
(LAUGHING HARDER)

SOUND: SCRATCHING GETS LOUD AND FASTER

WENDELL: Do something -- hold my hand still. (LAUGHING HARDER
AND SCRATCHING FASTER) Can't you stop my scratching.

ELMER: No -- but I'll give you something else to scratch --
here's a ukulele.

BAND MAN: (PLAYS UKELELE)

WENDELL: HA HA HA.

ELMER: (SINGS) You and me
Little Brown Jug I love thee.

WENDELL: HA HA HA.

ELMER: (SINGS) You and me
Little Brown Jug I love thee!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS

WRIGHT: (MAD) Say -- what's going on in here? So it's you --
What did you do -- give some of that giggle gum to
my patient?

ELMER: Yup yup -- sure sure, Doctor -- and he's certainly
getting a big kick out of it.

WRIGHT: So will you.

SOUND: THUD AS ELMER IS KICKED INTO HALL

WRIGHT: And stay out!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Oh gosh -- I sure gummed that up. This giggle gum's gotta make somebody feel better.

SOUND: BONG BONG

GIRL: (FILTER) Calling Doctor Wright! Calling Doctor Wright!
We're ready for Elmer Blurt's operation!

ELMER: Oh gosh -- I better try to make a sale before I go back to my room or Mr. Lane will be pretty mad.

SOUND: HICCUFING IN DISTANCE

ELMER: Oh gee -- sounds like some poor man is in distress in that room across the hall. Maybe I can help him.

SOUND: ELMER KNOCK

BLANK: HIC Come in! HIC.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

ELMER: Gosh mister -- have you got the hiccups?

BLANK: HIC...Are you kidding? HIC...I got these hiccups from eating canta HIC canta HIC canta HIC canta HIC...

ELMER: Cantaloupes?

BLANK: Can't remember HIC...

ELMER: Well mister -- I've got just the thing here that will fix you right up. Try a stick of this giggle gum.

BLANK: HIC Thanks HIC (CHEWING). This is good HIC. (STARTS LAUGHING) Well -- my hiccups are going -- HIC -- My hiccups are gone! (LAUGHS AND HICCUPS AND CONTINUES)

ELMER: I better go too!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Oh gosh -- I didn't do him any good -- I better get back to my room. Let's see which of these is my room? Now was I in room four twenty-four? No -- that doesn't sound right. I must have it backwards. I'll turn it around -- that makes it four two four. That's right -- this is it here.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

LANE: (SNORING AND MUMBLING IN DELIRIUM)

ELMER: Wake up, Mr. Lane -- (SHAKING HIM) Mr. Lane! Wake up!

LANE: (SNORTS AND MUTTERS) Well, Elmer -- you finally got back. How did everything come out?

ELMER: Oh, it came out fine.

LANE: You made some sales?

ELMER: Nope, nope -- no sales.

LANE: Then what's the idea of telling me everything came out fine?

THE AL PEARCE SHOW
8/16/40

-19-

ELMER: Because --- ah -- because --- oh gosh, how shall I
tell him!

LANE: Tell me what? Out with it! Out with it!

ELMER: Oh -- it's out!

LANE: (MAD) What's out?

ELMER: Well, while I was gone they took out your appendix --

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW
8/16/40

-20-

AL: Friends, last year when the Merry Macs were our guests in New York, they did a ballad that I thought was one of the swellest numbers I had ever heard them sing. So I asked them to select a ballad for tonight, something different, a change from the rhythm numbers, and when you hear them sing "I'll Never Smile Again," I'm sure you'll know what I mean.
I'd like you to meet -- Helen Carroll, Ted, Judd and Joe MacMichael -- the Merry Macs!

ORCHESTRA: ("I'LL NEVER SMILE AGAIN" MERRY MACS)

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

WENDELL: Mildness, coolness, and flavor. These are essential qualities in every cigarette. Extra mildness, extra coolness, and extra flavor -- these are the big three pleasure "extras" you find in Camel Cigarettes. Yes, Camels, the slower-burning cigarette of costlier tobaccos give you important "extras" in smoking pleasure and value. Here's why:

MAN: Being slower-burning, Camels are free from the irritating qualities of excess heat and too-fast burning. Camels are milder, easy on the throat. Camels are cooler, too, for naturally, the slower a cigarette burns, the cooler the smoking. And because slow burning preserves the natural flavor and fragrance of Camel's costlier tobaccos, Camels give extra flavor.

WENDELL: Economy, too! Slower-burning Camels last longer and give you extra smoking per cigarette per pack.

MAN: 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.

WENDELL: Yes, there's more pleasure per puff and more puffs per pack in Camels. That's why smokers say --

MAN: "I'd walk a mile for a Camel."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: (SINGING) Oh give me a home
Where the buffalo roam

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

LANE: Well, Al -- you all ready to leave for your ranch?

AL: Dick, I'm leaving right after the show. But first I've got to get a good ranch foreman. I understand there are lots of wild horses and cattle up there to look after.

LANE: Where are you going to find this ranch foreman?

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

AL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

KITZEL: (SINGS) Hi yi El Rancho Grande...
My cowboy legs are bandy...Yooooo hooooooooooooo!
(APPLAUSE)

AL: Well, if it isn't my old friend, Mr. Kitzel.

KITZEL: Well, if it isn't your old friend, Mr. Kitzel, then I'm on the wrong program. Mr. Pearce, I understand you're looking for a man who's experienced in the ranch business.

LANE: Just a minute, Kitzel -- what do you know about the ranch business?

KITZEL: What do I know about the ranch business? My little man, for your information I was the biggest ranch man in New York City.

AL: How could you be a ranch man in New York City?

KITZEL: Very simple. Suppose you came to New York looking for a house -- I'd ranch you one.

LANE: No, no Kitzel -- we're talking about cattle ranches out in the wild and woolly west.

KITZEL: Oh -- a cattle ranch! Why didn't you say so before you spoke? I used to be a three-letter man on a cattle ranch.

AL: Just a minute, Kitzel -- how could you be a three-letter man on a cattle ranch?

KITZEL: I sat on a branding iron. (LAUGHS) Was that a hot one!

AL: So my little friend -- you really think you know something about cows?

KITZEL: Of cows, of cows! Some of my best friends are cows. I'll have you know, my little upstart, I am the man who developed the first musical cows in America.

LANE: Musical cows? I never heard of a musical cow.

KITZEL: Never heard of a musical cow. What a stupid man! I used to feed my cows blue grass.

LANE: How would the blue grass make the cows musical?

KITZEL: After they ate the blue grass they mooed indigo.

AL: Well, Mr, Kitzel -- maybe you're the man I'm looking for. How would you like to work for me on my ranch among the beautiful rolling hills of Northern California, and all you have to do is break wild horses and bulldog savage steers!

KITZEL: No thank you -- I'm a vegetarian.

LANE: Nonsense, Kitzel -- show me a man who's afraid of a horse and I'll show you a coward.

KITZEL: You're absolutely right. I've got a picture here of a man running away from a horse -- look -- he's a coward.

LANE: Why Kitzel -- that looks like you.

KITZEL: Mmmmmmmmmmmmyeh. Could be!

LANE: Don't be silly, Kitzel! It's the thrill of a lifetime to ride an untamed beast. I can see you now jumping out of bed and running toward the stables. It's early in the morning.

KITZEL: How early?

LANE: It's four thirty.

KITZEL: If you look again you'll see it isn't me.

LANE: It is you. It's four thirty in the morning and you're running toward the stables with something on your back.

KITZEL: It's the bed.

LANE: Yes, it's the -- NO! It's a saddle for the horse.

KITZEL: I'll saddle for the bed,

LANE: Eagerly you open the stable door and the horse darts out -- his eyes shooting fire -- his feet paw the ground,. As he flies past you you throw yourself on his back,

KITZEL: Then he throws me on my back,

LANE: Yes -- but you get back up and throw yourself back on his back,

KITZEL: Then he backs up and throws me back on my back and we're back where we started,

LANE: No, no -- this time you're back on his back to stay, ~~You dig in your spurs and away you go loping across the prairie with your lariat in your hand.~~

~~KITZEL: Eloping with Harriet?~~

~~LANE: Not Harriet -- Lariat --~~

~~KITZEL: All right -- I'm eloping with Lariat.~~

~~LANE: Not eloping! Lope! Lope! Canter!~~

~~KITZEL: Oh -- canterlope.~~

~~LANE: No -- not canterlope.~~

~~KITZEL: Okay -- make it watermelon!~~

LANE: (You lope across the prairie with your lariat in your hand and suddenly you come across a herd of stampeding steers,

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KITZEL: My, my, my, what a funny diet -- stamp eating steers -- you mean the steers eat stamps?

LANE: No, no, no -- the steers don't eat stamps -- the steers are stamp eating.

KITZEL: Steers eating stamps -- stamps eating steers -- what's the difference as long as they're healthy?

LANE: Look, Kitzel -- the herd is stampeding. You've got to head them off. As you ride madly toward them all you can see is steers, steers, steers!

KITZEL: I'm riding with steers in my eyes.

LANE: Again you dig in the spurs and your horse leaps forward and you soar through space.

KITZEL: I'm sore where?

LANE: Soar on a horse!

KITZEL: You can say that again!

LANE: You've got to stop them. With a mad gallop you pull alongside the leading steer -- you leap from the saddle and grab it by the horns.

KITZEL: What for?'

LANE: You've got to turn its head...

THE AL PEARCE SHOW
8/16/40

-27-

KITZEL: Okay -- nice cow -- pretty cow --

LANE: You're supposed to be turning a steer's head...

KITZEL: But this is a cow so I'm using flattery.

LANE: All right, so it's a cow -- with a final terrific twist
you throw it over on its back.

KITZEL: I throw a cow on its back?

LANE: Yes -- but do you know why you throw a cow on its back?

KITZEL: Do I know why. (LAUGHS) You think I'm a nincoompēep!
Do I know why I throw a cow on its back?

LANE: Well -- why?

KITZEL: So in the morning the cream will be on the top.

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER 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: I am happy to announce that next Friday we will have as our guest a very talented young lady who has endeared herself into the hearts of radio fans in the great Northwest -- Miss Gerry Ferris from radio station KVI in Tacoma, Washington.

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)

WENDELL:

Men...you may have to put up with the hot weather, but you don't have to put up with a hot-burning smoking tobacco. Not when you can get cool-burning 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 means more smoking joy. The joy of a tobacco that smokes rich and flavorful, yet so mellow and mild. Pipe-smokers, try Prince Albert at your very first opportunity. There's no other tobacco like it.

This is Wendell Niles speaking.

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.