

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1940

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

PROGRAM NO. 18

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EIMMER: (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 0793

AL: Good evening, friends, and thank you for that nice applause. I can tell you're going to be a grand audience because you started to applaud before you got the signal. Well -- the deer hunting season has just opened here in California. As you know, the hunters wear bright red hats so they won't shoot each other. It's worked out fine until this year -- some enterprising salesman went out and sold red hats to the deer. I was up at the mountains over the week-end and...

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...PHONE UP

AL: Hello. Pearce speaking.

WRIGHT: Hello Al. This is your old friend Rudy.

AL: Rudy, how many times have I told you not to call me during my broadcast?

WRIGHT: But Al, this is important. I'm in trouble. Do you know anybody in the Army?

AL: Do I know anybody in the Army?

WRIGHT: Well, I've got to get my car back.

AL: What's the Army got to do with your car?

WRIGHT: Well, a man came and got my car yesterday and my wife said it was General Finance.

AL: Look Rudy, to keep your car the finance company expects you to make regular monthly payments.

WRIGHT: Gee. What won't they think of next. So long, Al.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

AL: What a guy that Rudy is. Wendell, what was I talking about when I was so Rudy interrupted?

WENDELL: You were talking about hunting, deer.

AL: Wendell, there's no comma after hunting.

WENDELL: Oh yes! You were talking about hunting deer!

AL: That's better. Well anyway -- I went up to see my ranch over the week-end.

WENDELL: You mean the ranch you owe \$79,000 back taxes on?

AL: Yes, I went up to christen it. I'm calling my ranch Misty Acres.

WENDELL: Misty Acres?

AL: Yes -- because there's so much dew on it. (That one was a trifle damp.) I took the whole gang up there -- Raymond Radcliffe and all the bunch. While they were busy I went over to call on a neighboring rancher by the name of Senator Plunkett. As I pulled up in my car (FADING) the Senator came out to greet me and...

SOUND: CAR PULLING UP...BRAKES...MOTOR OFF, ETC.

AL: Say, Senator Plunkett's got a nice ranch here.

SOUND: GUNSHOTS...BULLETS SING...HIT CAR

CARL: Greetings my friend! Welcome to Plunkett's Peaceful Pastures! Alight from your sultry sedan and shake the dust from your tired torso.

AL: Just a minute Senator. You took a shot at me. Do you always shoot at your neighbors?

CARL: Not always. Only when the game is scarce.

AL: Well Senator -- I'm Al Pearce.

CARL: You've arrived just in time Mr. Pearce. Just in time to leave on a hunting trip. (RECITING) Oh, for the life of a hunter,  
Where the deer and the antelope play,  
Where you can fry your eggs on an open fire,  
And let the drippings fall where they may.

AL: I'd love to go hunting, Senator. Are you going along?

CARL: No, no. I've got some business to attend to here in my drawing room. Henry!

MAN: Yes, sir.

CARL: Draw two more!

AL: But, I can't go out hunting alone.

CARL: Don't worry. I'll send my half breed guide with you.  
Fishie, come here Fishie!

KITZEL: Hi hi El Rancho Grande! At shooting guns, I'm handy. Yoo hoo

AL: Why Kitzel! Don't tell me that you're the half breed guide.

KITZEL: That's me -- Fishie Kitzel!

AL: Why do they call you Fishie?

KITZEL: I charge a fin to guide you.

AL: Just a minute, Mr. Kitzel, I happen to know you don't know anything about hunting.

KITZEL: Pish Posh! I don't know anything about hunting. My little man, I'll have you know that just yesterday, with one bullet, I shot a mountain lion in the foot and knocked all his teeth out.

AL: How could you shoot a lion in the foot and knock his teeth out?

KITZEL: He was biting his nails. And not only that my little man. You should have been with me last week when I climbed up a tree and bagged a grizzly bear.

AL: You went up a tree after a grizzly bear?

KITZEL: No -- he came up the tree after me.

AL: But you said you bagged him.

KITZEL: I did - I bagged him to go away.

CARL: Well Fishie -- get Mr. Pearce on his horse and get started.

KITZEL: Okay Senator. Come on Mr. Pearce we're off.

SOUND: MEN RUNNING THROUGH THE NEXT THREE LINES

KITZEL: Isn't this fun, Mr. Pearce -- galloping with the wind in our hair?

AL: Yes -- but I can't understand why I'm all out of breath.

KITZEL: Oh -- that's my mistake, we forgot the horses -- Here come the horses now.

SOUND: GALLOPING...THEN STOP WITH DANCE STEPS

AL: Well, this time let's get on and get going. (GRUNTS)

BLANC: (HORSE NEIGH)

SOUND: HORSES TROTting...CLUMP CLUMP...A CLUMP CLUMP...GRUNT  
CLUMP CLUMP A CLUMP CLUMP...GRUNT! CLUMP CLUMP A CLUMP  
GRUNT!

KITZEL: This is the life, isn't it?

AL: (TALKING WHILE BOUNCING UP AND DOWN) YEEEEHHHHHHH  
thiiiiis iiiiiisss thooooe liiiiiiiiife if my teeeth  
hooooooooold oooooooooouuuuuut! WHOA!

SOUND: HORSES STOP

KITZEL: What's the matter, Mr. Pearce?

AL: What makes this horse of mine bounce up and down like this?

KITZEL: Its mother was frightened by a pogo stick. Just a second, I heard something. Shhhhhhsh!

AL: What's the matter, Kitzel?

KITZEL: In those bushes ahead -- wild game.

AL: Wild game?

KITZEL: Right through those bushes -- listen.

CARL: (OFF MIKE) I'll shoot a quarter, Henry.

MAN: (OFF MIKE) I'll fade you, Senator.

KITZEL: My, my -- the wrong game. Giddyap!

SOUND: HORSES START WALKING

AL: Wait a minute, Kitzel -- I don't believe you'd know wild game if you saw it.

KITZEL: Just listen to the little man. I have hunted wild game in Africa up and down the river Nile.

AL: Oh yes? Kitzel, you've never seen the River Nile.

KITZEL: I've never seen the River Nile? Ask me any question about it.

AL: All right -- what do they call the little rivers that run into the River Nile?

KITZEL: Juveniles.

AL: Juveniles are kids.

KITZEL: All right -- so I'm kidding.

AL: Kitzel, I've heard enough of your tall yarns -- where's all this wild game? Where are we anyway?

KITZEL: Oh, you don't have to worry where we are because to make sure where I am, I always cut notches in the trees. See what I mean? -- Why shucks, man, I've been riding along this trail for years and years cutting notches in the trees.

AL: The trees? I don't see any trees.

KITZEL: Well, how do you like that -- I cut the notches too big.

AL: Look, Kitzel, if you were to ask me, I think that we're lost.

KITZEL: Now just a second -- just a second. Stop talking like a kiddie from the city! What do you mean we're lost? Just because you was raised in the crowded cities with streetcars, traffic cops, automobiles and skyscrapers -- you think we're lost?

AL: Yes -- I think we're lost!

KITZEL: Do you think I'm a nincompeep? Why, you are talking to a man who is a child of nature. That sky is the roof over my head -- those mountains and these trees is my home. -- And you think we're lost?

AL: Yes, I think we're lost!

KITZEL: Mmmmmmmmych -- could be!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)



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AL: So there we were, Wendell -- lost in the mountains. I'd have given anything to have been back here in the studio listening to Carl Hoff's music.

CARL: Egads! What a cue! Play boys!

ORCHESTRA:

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51459 0801

AL Now tonight's little dramatization on another episode in the life story of that super-drooper salesman, Elmer Blurt, may require a rather large cast. I might even go so far as to send out a call for a few extras.

WENDELL: How many do you need, Al?

AL: How many have you got?

WENDELL: Well -- Camels have many. Extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor and extra smoking per cigarette per pack. And these extras in Camel cigarettes stand in pretty high with millions of smokers. For when it comes to getting more day-by-day pleasure out of a cigarette, there are millions of smokers who could tell you that the important extras go with slower burning. And the slower burning cigarette is -- well -- here are the scientific facts:

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: Yes, Camels are the slower burning cigarette. And that unequalled, slower way of burning in Camels means, not only those big pleasure extras, but a smoking plus as well, equal, on the average, to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. Next time, get Camels. There's more pleasure for you in every puff -- and more puffs per pack. Penny for penny, Camels are your best cigarette buy.

AL: Wendell -- I think you've got something there!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

WENDELL: Al?

AL: What is it, Wendell?

WENDELL: You still haven't told us how the hunting was up in the mountains.

AL: Oh, that's right. Now where was I?

WENDELL: You were up to the point where you and Kitzel got lost. Who found you?

AL: Oh, yes -- well, we finally shot a bear and the bear took us to his cabin.

WENDELL: The bear took you to his cabin?

AL: Yes -- the bear turned out to be the game warden in a fur coat.

WENDELL: He must have been pretty sore. Did you have your hunting license?

AL: No -- I was waiting for Raymond to bring the license up -- but it wouldn't have done any good. Wardens weren't in season. Anyway, the warden kept us in his cabin over night and next morning, I was out in front of the cabin smoking some deer meat and --

WENDELL: I thought you always smoke Camels.

AL: Wendell, you think of everything, don't you. I do -- well, anyway, the warden and Kitzel were inside the cabin and Kitzel was eating some dried venison.

WENDELL: Jerky?

AL: Yep -- he certainly is. Suddenly I heard sombody coming up the trail at a gallop...(FADING) It was my secretary, Raymond Radcliffe --

SOUND: GALLOPING AND PANTING

RAYMOND: WHOA! (SOUND STOPS) Greetings, Mr. Pearce!

AL: Well, Raymond -- what in heaven's name do you think you're doing?

RAYMOND: Mr. Pearce, hurry up and help me. Get this horse off my back.

AL: Raymond -- what's the idea of carrying that horse on your back?

RAYMOND: Well, Mr. Pearce -- he lost a shoe six miles down the trail and I didn't want to see that poor little horse walk over those sharp rocks in his bare feet.

AL: Raymond, the warden's inside waiting to see my license. What kept you?

RAYMOND: Well, Mr. Pearce, on the way up the trail I was hurrying and hurrying to get here and I stopped by a babbling brook and what do you think I saw?

AL: What did you see?

RAYMOND: Trout.

AL: Trout?

RAYMOND: Yes, trout. Millions and millions of trout. And would you believe it, Mr. Pearce, I caught a trout seven feet long and it weighed one hundred and ten pounds.

AL: A seven foot trout that weighed one hundred and ten pounds. Where is it? I don't believe it.

RAYMOND: I didn't believe it either -- so I threw it back.

SOUND: CABIN DOOR OPENS

WRIGHT: Mr. Pearce, I'm waiting to see that license of yours. Where is it?

AL: Don't worry, warden --- everything is all right. Raymond's got my license here. Where is it, Raymond?

RAYMOND: It's in the bottom of the pack. Now let's see -- what's on top here. Oh -- it's your carpet sweeper --

AL: You brought the carpet sweeper?

RAYMOND: But, Mr. Pearce, I had to take the carpet sweeper out of the closet to get to your roller skates -- so I brought it along.

WRIGHT: Gentlemen, I hate to interrupt --

RAYMOND: Then shut up!

AL: Raymond, this is the warden. Why did you bring my roller skates?

RAYMOND: They were tangled up in the telephone cord -- so I cut the cord and brought the phone along. I thought you might get a call.

AL: Of all the dopes! Raymond, the phone can't ring if the cord is cut.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

AL: It's a lie, but I'll answer it anyway.

SOUND: PHONE UP

AL: Hello. Pearce speaking.

WRIGHT: Hello, Al. This is your old friend Rudy.

AL: Now look here, Rudy -- you can't talk to me because this phone isn't working.

WRIGHT: What a coincidence. I'm not working either. So long, Al.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

AL: I still don't see how Rudy could get me on that phone!

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

WRIGHT: Listen to me, Mr. Pearce -- I've put up with this stalling long enough. Either produce that license or you're going to the jug.

AL: Did you hear that, Raymond?

RAYMOND: I'm getting to it, Mr. Pearce. Just a few more things to unpack. Here's your tuxedo -- your ouija board -- your badminton racket and two dozen ice cubes.

AL: Ice cubes?

RAYMOND: Oh, gee -- the ice cubes are gone. No -- here they are. Just wring out these socks.

WRIGHT: Gentlemen -- I'm getting sick and tired of this. What about the license?

RAYMOND: Here it is the bottom of the pack. Help me lift this, Mr. Pearce.

AL: Lift it? Raymond, this is the front bumper off my car. What's the big idea.

RAYMOND: It's got your license on it.

AL: I meant hunting license, not car license. You can't use a car for hunting.



RAYMOND: Yes, you can. Every night I go hunting on Hollywood Boulevard!

AL: Hunting on Hollywood Boulevard!? For what?

RAYMOND: A parking space!

ORCHESTRA: (CHORD)

AL: And, Wendell, that's the story of my hunting trip.

WENDELL: You mean you didn't get any deer at all -- not even a buck or a fawn or a doe?

AL: Well, the warden got fifty bucks -- Kitzel had all the fawn, and I came back with no doe.

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

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AL: Friends, last week during a little lull in rehearsal, Carl Hoff, the band, and the Merry Macs had a little jam session, all of their own -- you know we always have a lot of fun around here -- and it sounded so darn good I requested them to put the number in this week -- so here it is, "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" as sung by Helen Carroll, Ted, Judd and Joe MacMichael, the famous Merry Macs.

"MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY"

MERRY MACS

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

ANNOUNCER: For the "extras" in smoking pleasure and value, choose your cigarette for its slower way of burning -- smoke Camels. Slower-burning Camels give you extra mildness, extra coolness, and extra flavor.

MAN'S VOICE: Fast burning in a cigarette creates a hot, flat taste in the smoke, and nothing dulls the delicate flavor and aroma of a cigarette like excess heat. Slow burning preserves the natural qualities that mean mildness, coolness, and flavor.

ANNOUNCER: Slower-burning Camels also give you extra smoking per cigarette per pack because --

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.

ANNOUNCER: And that means a smoking plus equal, on the average, to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. And folks, that extra smoking in Camels can come in mighty handy on a long holiday week-end. Dealers everywhere are featuring Camels by the carton for the Labor Day week-end. It's the convenient way to buy -- the economical way. So get your Camels by the carton -- and get the "extras."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME AND CUCKOO)

WENDELL: When the robins start chirping we know it's spring,  
When ducks start quacking we know it's fall,  
But the cuckoo brings us Elmer Blurt  
For no good reason at all.  
This week we find Elmer Blurt, that great low-pressure  
salesman operating a sightseeing bus in Hollywood taking  
out of town visitors around to see the homes of the  
movie stars. Here he is loading his bus.

SOUND: HORN HONKS A LA ELMER KNOCK

ELMER: I hope I can fill my bus with sightseers today I hope,  
I hope, I hope!

(CLAMOR OF PEOPLE IN BUS: "COME ON, DRIVER...LET'S  
GET GOING!"... "WE WANT TO SEE THE MOVIE STARS,")

BLANC: What are we waiting for?

WRIGHT: These people are getting sick and tired of sitting in  
this bus.

ELMER: Oh, no, they're not. That young couple spooning in the  
back seat aren't tired of the bus -- are you?

SOUND: LONG KISS

WEN: What?

ELMER: Are you sick and tired of this bus?

GIRL: What bus? I thought we were in Griffith Park, didn't  
you, Johnny?

WENDELL: Yes, Ethyl!

ELMER: Be patient, folks -- I need just one more passenger and away we go. Here comes a man now.

BLANC: Are you Elmer Blurt!

ELMER: Yup yup -- that's me.

BLANC: I'm going to ride with you today, Blurt. I'm from the Better Business Bureau.

ELMER: Oh gosh, Mister -- you mean you're here to make business better for me?

BLANC: No, that's not what I mean. We've had complaints about you claiming to know where the movie stars live and I don't think you know anything about it.

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- I do, Mister -- I know Hollywood like a book.

BLANC: ~~You do, eh? Answer me one question. Where does Robert Taylor live?~~

ELMER: ~~Ah, er -- Robert Taylor lives -- ah -- with Barbara Stanwyck.~~

BLANC: ~~Oh -- a wise guy! Where does Barbara Stanwyck live?~~

ELMER: ~~Ah ah ah -- she lives with Robert Taylor.~~

BLANC: ~~Aha -- I got you this time -- where do they both live?~~

ELMER: ~~Ah ah -- they both live together.~~

BLANC: ~~Well - we'll soon find out~~  
~~Just as I thought~~ -- got this bus started -- I'm going along with you. Step on that starter.

SOUND: STEPS ON STARTER...FIRST ENGINE WHEEZES...THEN IT COUGHS

BLANC: What's the matter with that motor, it's coughing!

ELMER: You'd cough too, if you stood out in the gutter all night!

SOUND: MOTOR STARTS THEN FADES.

BLANC: Your motor's noisy -- Have you got Ethyl in the tank?

SOUND: LONG KISS

BLANCHE: Oh, Johnny!

ELMER: No -- That guy's got Ethyl back there.

BLANCHE: Oh, gosh, I thought we were on a bench in Griffith Park.

BLANC: All right, Blurt -- get going!

PASSENGERS: ("IT'S ABOUT TIME," ETC.)

SOUND: BUS PULLS OUT IN TRAFFIC...TRAFFIC NOISES, ETC.

BLANC: Blurt -- start your lecture and you had better know where the movie stars live!

ELMER: Well, ladies and gentlemen -- we are now in Hollywood -- and on the left side of the street we see R.K.O.

PASSENGERS: ("OH, THERE'S R.K.O!" "LOOK -- IT'S R.K.O!" ETC.)

BLANC: Just a minute, people -- don't let Blurt fool you.  
That place he's pointing out is only a vegetable stand.  
Blurt, what do you mean, R.K.O.?

ELMER: Radishes, Kukumbers and Onions.

BLANC: (BURNING) Look, Blurt, I don't believe you'd know a  
movie star is you saw one.

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- I'll point one out for you. Look -- there's  
Myrna Loy walking down the street.

(EXCITEMENT FROM PASSENGERS... "LOOK...IT'S MYRNA LOY"...  
ETC.)

WENDELL: Look, Ethyl -- there's Myrna Loy walking down Hollywood  
Boulevard.

GIRL: Hollywood Boulevard? I thought we were on a bench in  
Griffith Park.

BLANC: Blurt, how do you know that's Myrna Loy?



ELMER: Oh, gosh -- I've known her for years. I'll talk to her for you. Hello, Myrna. (PAUSE) How are you today, Myrna? (PAUSE) Goodbye, Myrna. Lovely girl, Myrna.

BLANC: Listen, Blurt, you've been kidding us long enough. This time you're either going to show us a movie star's home or I'm going to dig you a home.

ELMER: Well, you don't have to worry now. I'm going to stop right here in front of Hedy LaMarr's house and shut the motor off.

SOUND: BUS STOPS...BRAKES SCREECH.

BLANC: If that's Hedy LaMarr's house, what's that sign doing in the window -- "Home Cooking?"

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- that means she's home -- she loves to cook.

BLANC: Oh yeah? Well, you're going up to the door and ask to see her.

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- I have to do that, huh?

BLANC: Not only that -- you're going to bring her out here so we can see her and take her picture.

ELMER: Has anyone ever told you that you were a nasty boy?

BLANC: Come on get going, Blurt.

PASSENGERS: ("YES, WE WANT TO SEE HEDY LAMARR!" ETC.)

ELMER: Well, you wait here and I'll go and see if she's home.  
(FADING)

SOUND: UP THE STEPS...ELMER KNOCK...DOOR OPENS

ELMER: Howja do, lady. I'd like to see Hedy LaMarr.

BLANCHE: You men are all alike.

ELMER: No, no, lady -- I've got a bunch of people out here in the bus and I told them Hedy LaMarr lived here and you've got to help me out.

BLANCHE: Oh, I'll be glad to. You know, a lot of people say I look like Hedy LaMarr -- in fact, some even went so far as to say her face and my face must have come out of the same mould. Do you think so?

ELMER: Well, ah -- er, ah, well, I'd say that she got the face and you got the mould.

BLANCHE: Is that so!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- what'll I tell them now?

BLANC: Well, Blurt -- where is she?

ELMER: Well, er -- there's been a slight mistake -- she lives right down at the bottom of this steep hill. We'll drive down there --

BLANC: All right -- drive down the hill and stop at her house!

ELMER: I'll drive down the hill but I don't know if I'll stop.

BLANC: Why not?

EIMER: Because, ah -- because, ah -- the brakes don't work.

SOUND: MOTOR STARTS...SPUTTERS...PULLS AWAY

EIMER: Here we go -- hold your hats -- whee -- oh, boy,  
what a hill!

SOUND: BUS PICKS UP SPEED AND GOES FASTER AND FASTER

ASSENGERS: (GENERAL CONFUSION)

BLANCHE: Help, help, the bus is running away!

PASSENGERS: ("LET ME OUT"...ETC.)

SOUND: TERRIFIC CRASH...GLASS...SILENCE...BIRD CALLS

ORCHESTRA: ("MENDELSSOHN'S SPRING SONG"...FADING OUT)

SOUND: THREE BIG KISSES

EIMER: Gosh -- who's kissing me?

GIRL: It's me -- Ethyl!

EIMER: What's the idea? -- Where are all the people? Where's  
your boy friend?

GIRL: They're still sitting in the bus.

EIMER: Well, where are we?

GIRL: On a bench in Griffith Park.

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: And friends, I am happy to announce that next Friday we will have as our guest a very talented young man, Edmund Denny, from Station WIBW, Topeka, Kansas. There's a most interesting story back of this young man's career that I know you'll be interested in hearing next Friday. The people in the middle west think he's about tops, and I'm sure you will, too, when you hear him sing.

And let me remind you again, if you have a favorite on your local radio station -- not necessarily a singer -- because we are interested in any radio performers -- instrumentalists, vocalists or novelty acts -- 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 know that would add to your radio enjoyment.

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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)

ANNOUNCER: Men! When it comes to pipe-smoking, folks say there's no other tobacco like Prince Albert. Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco has always been a favorite with pipe-smokers everywhere. One of the reasons is -- P.A. burns so cool. In recent impartial 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! Yes, Prince Albert gives pipe-smokers real, cool smoking enjoyment...mild, mellow smoking pleasure with all the rich taste of Prince Albert coming through without a hint of harshness. That's why folks say: "There's no other smoking tobacco like Prince Albert"...that's why Prince Albert is called the National Joy Smoke.

This is Wendell Niles speaking.

This is the COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.