

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1941
Program No. 51

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

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

MUSIC: (THEME...FADE TO WENDELL NILES)

WENDELL: Ladies and gentlemen -- CAMEL -- the slower-burning
cigarette of costlier tobaccos -- brings you, from
Hollywood -- AL PEARCE and his Gang!

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

51459 1782

AL: Good evening, friends, and thank you for that enthusiastic welcome. Boy, oh boy, have we got surprises tonight. The Gang is all here -- and what I mean, a Gang. I don't know how we're going to get them all on in thirty minutes. And another surprise -- next Friday night, while we're on our vacations for the summer, you'll hear Ilka Chase and her Penthouse Party from New York. And now, to get our party under way, Sunday being the first of June and June being the month of weddings, we've invited a young couple to be our guests tonight who plan to be first June bride and groom of 1941. Come on in, kids.

RAYMOND: Gweetings, Mr. Peawuss!

(APPLAUSE)

AL: Well, Raymond Radcliffe -- so you finally got yourself a bride.

RAYMOND: Yes, Mr. Peawuss, and she's weally a dweam! Nature took the twinkle from the bwightest star, the perfume from a wose, the silver wining from a cwoud, the fwagwance of a summer bweeze -- mixed them all together in a tub, and fashioned a beautiful girl !

AL: And you got the beautiful girl.

RAYMOND: No, I got the tub! Mr. Peawuss, I want you to meet my witto bwide-to-be, Mawy Kewwy!

AL: How do you do, Miss Kelly?

MARY: (GIGGLES)

AL: Well, Miss Kelly, I see you're all packed for the honeymoon. Is that a handbag you're carrying?

MARY: No, that's a make-up, kit! You know, Mr. Pearce, I'm a typical Hollywood June Bride.

AL: What do you mean - a typical Hollywood June Bride?

MARY: Every June I'm a bride.

AL: Well, Raymond, I know you'll be very happy. I've never seen a more charming couple.

RAYMOND: Yes, isn't she? You know, Mr. Peawuss, Mary's the onwy girl I ever woved.

MARY: Ah, Raymond, darling, to think we're getting married at last. Remember the first time I sat on your lap?

RAYMOND: Do I! That was my first cwush!

AL: Raymond, I understand Mary's a society girl.

MARY: Yes, I'm one of the four hundred.

RAYMOND: But she's losing weight every day.

AL: Well, Raymond, when are you going to get married?

RAYMOND: We're ewoping right now.

AL: Oh, so you're eloping right now.

RAYMOND: Yes -- I put a wadder up to her window this morning and carried her down. I carried her up, then I carried her down, then up again and down again -- I carried her up and down three times!

AL: You carried her up and down three times? Why did you do that?

RAYMOND: I got my suspenders caught on a nail.

AL: Raymond, Mary weighs almost four hundred pounds. How could you carry her up and down a ladder?

RAYMOND: Her father helped me. (LAUGHS) I bet you thought I was going to way "It Wasn't Easy."

AL: Well, Raymond, have you kids any message for the other June brides and grooms before you leave?

RAYMOND: Yes -- I wote a poem and dedicated it to June bwides. Okay -- start it, Mawy.

MARY: June is the month, the month to marry.

RAYMOND: June is the month to pitch a witto woo.

MARY: And soon there'll be another mouth to feed.

RAYMOND: Yup -- your mother-in-law will come and live with you.

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

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AL: Raymond, Mary weighs almost four hundred pounds. How could you carry her down a ladder?

RAYMOND: Her father helped me. (LAUGHS)

AL: Well, Raymond, have you kids any message for the other June brides and grooms before you leave?

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ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

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AL:

And now Lou Bring and the Camel Orchestra will
serenade us with a snappy arrangement of "Why Cry Baby"
while I go backstage and see who we'll put on next.
Okay, Louie -- cut it, and make this good, son.

ORCHESTRA:

"WHY CRY BABY"

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AL: Not long ago, Arlene Harris went to one of these ritzy musicales -- a little concert in a home, you know -- and tonight she'd like to give you her impression of what went on -- Arlene Harris!

ARLENE: All right...Well here's the place, Maiz...You'll get the biggest kick out of these concerts...Get the sign she has in the window, Maizie... "Madame Begonia's Concert Salon"... Come here now, Junior, and take your hat off and hold it in your hand...We're going in...You wanta play with that kid? You wanta play with that big kid over there? That's not a big kid...shhh...that's Madame's butler in knee pants... No, dear, they don't give away dishes here...this is a musicale...What's a musicale?...Oh, I don't know...It's French for clambake I think...Look, Maizie, here comes Madame Begonia now...that's her...the one floating in behind that big ostrich fan...Isn't she enormous, Maizie...can you imagine her wearing her hair up with those big ears? She looks like a Greyhound bus with the doors open if you ask me...Has she ever been married? My dear she's had husbands by the score...Don't ask me what the score is now though...Imagine a lemon like that breaking out every year in orange blossoms?...She must have something, Maizie... It certainly isn't oomph...With that shape I'd say it was phloomph...Hold everything Maizie she's getting ready to sing...Oh, sure, honey, she always opens with one of her own songs...Here are two seats here Maiz right here by

(CONTINUED)

ARLENE:
(Cont'd) the door...Now, Junior, you sit on the floor, dear, right next to the nice man...What Maizie?...Is she soprano or contralto?...Don't ask me...With those teeth I'd say she was falsetto...Junior! What are you doing with that man's garter?...You want it for a sling shot? Listen...you get back in that seat and behave yourself...Excuse it, please... after all he's just a little boy...Well, don't get mad at me, Mister...you were young yourself once, weren't you?... or were you. I wonder what she's going to sing...Last week she sang "Home on the Range"...and take it from me she sounded like she was sitting on it...(PIANO INTRODUCTION) Hold everything, Maizie, she's taking a deep breath... this'll be the first time you have ever heard asthma set to music...(SONG STARTS) (AD LIB COMMENTIS DURING SONG) She sounds like a seagull with its foot caught. (LOUD OFF KEY NOTE AT FINISH)...Junior! Look what you did with that sling shot! Hit Madame right in her cadenza. Let's get out of here before we're thrown out...ETC...
(FADE)

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

AL: (LAUGHS) You might be interested in knowing that the part of Madame Begonia was sung by Arlene Harris.

AL: Sound the trumpets!

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

AL: Beat the drums and clash the cymbals!

MUSIC: (ROLL OF DRUMS...CLASH OF CYMBALS)

AL: A new beauty has come to Hollywood!

WENDELL: (DISAPPOINTED TONE) Oh, is that all.

AL: Is that all? Say, you haven't seen this girl! She's blonde...she's beautiful...and that smile, Wen, that smile!

WENDELL: Mm-hm. What's her name?

AL: Marion Whitney...the new Camel...

WENDELL: (SUDDENLY EXCITED) Why didn't you say so?...The new Camel girl...she's on billboards here in Hollywood and from...

AL: Border to border and coast to coast!

WENDELL: Of course she's smiling! Who wouldn't...smoking a Camel! That smile of hers suggests the pleasure everybody gets with Camel's extra flavor and...

AL: Extra mildness!

WENDELL: And twenty-eight per cent less nicotine. For in the smoke of slower-burning Camels there is twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested...less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself. Yes, sir, the smoke's the thing! And Camel's the smoke!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

AL: There's the telephone -- excuse me -- Hello. New York calling? Yes, this is Al Pearce. Oh, hello! Yes, I know. Uh huh. Too bad the show isn't going to originate out here. Yes. Yeah, you'd love it out here. Uh huh. Yeah, the studios are all air-conditioned. Every twenty minutes a man walks through with an ice cube. Yes, I understand...You take over next Friday for the summer. I think that's swell. What? Oh, Paul Barron, would like to have that last arrangement of Louis's? -- and what? -- Oh, he wants another chair on the platform? All right, we'll take care of it. Huh? Yes, you'll find the key under the mat. Goodbye and lots of luck.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

WENDELL: Who was that?

AL: That was Ilka Chase. She's taking over the show with her Penthouse Party next Friday.

WENDELL: By golly, that's right! Gee, Al, just think in about twenty minutes we'll all be on our vacations. Boy, oh boy! By the way, where are you going?

AL: Well, Wendell, I'm not going far...I lost my wallet with all my vacation money in it -- three hundred dollars to be exact.

WENDELL: Gee, that's too bad.

AL: You said it. I'd give fifty bucks reward to get it back.

KITZEL: Hi yi yo Rancho Grande. That reward will come in handy!

AL: Kitzel, you don't happen to know where my wallet is, do you?

KITZEL: Mmmmmmmnnnnnyeah, could be!

AL: Well, thank goodness...Give it back to me, Kitzel.

KITZEL: Ho ho -- now not so fast...You know, Rome wasn't built in the daytime. First you'll gotta indentify it.

AL: Oh, all right. Let's see -- was there a ticket to the Elks' banquet in it?

KITZEL: Yes indeedy -- and finer food I never tasted.

AL: You ate a big dinner like that? Why did you do it?

KITZEL: It was the last chance I had to eat...We're going off the air for the summer.

AL: Well, never mind that...Just give me back the wallet with the three hundred dollars.

KITZEL: Well, Mr. Pearce, I wanted to be sure that I would remember to return the wallet to you, so I got something to put around my finger to remind me.

AL: Oh, a string.

KITZEL: No -- a ring.

AL: A ring?

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KITZEL: Yes -- so now is coming to you a balance of two hundred dollars, net.

AL: Two hundred dollars net?

KITZEL: Not a penny more.

AL: All right -- give me the two hundred dollars.

KITZEL: All right -- stop shaking me. What am I -- a malted milk? Coming to you is a hundred and fifty dollars. You see, I had to buy a pair of gloves.

AL: Why did you need gloves.

KITZEL: To cover up the ring. You know, Mr. Pearce it's a shame some people ain't honest!

AL: All right, all right! Give me the hundred and fifty that's left!

KITZEL: Now please don't be selfish. Coming to you in ninety dollars. With such an expensive ring I had to hire a bodyguard.

AL: A bodyguard! Who did you hire?

KITZEL: I work cheap.

AL: Fifty dollars isn't cheap for a bodyguard!

KITZEL: That's what I kept telling myself, but I wouldn't listen.

AL: Look, Kitzel -- I've stood enough of this silly nonsense. Give me the ninety dollars that's left. There is ninety dollars, isn't there?

KITZEL: Yes -- so now is coming to you a balance of a hundred and fifty dollars net.

AL: What do you mean net?

KITZEL: Not a penny more.

AL: (TOUGH) Listen you little scamp -- you give me that hundred and fifty.

KITZEL: All right -- stop shaking me. What am I -- a malted milk?

AL: Well then you give me the hundred and fifty dollars that's left!

KITZEL: Now please don't be selfish. Coming to you in ninety dollars. With such an expensive ring I had to hire a bodyguard.

AL: A bodyguard! Who did you hire?

KITZEL: I work cheap.

AL: Fifty dollars isn't cheap for a bodyguard!

KITZEL: That's what I kept telling myself, but I wouldn't listen.

AL: Look, Kitzel -- I've stood enough of this silly nonsense. Give me the ninety dollars that's left. There is ninety dollars, isn't there?

KITZEL: I could answer that, Mr. Pearce, but you won't like me.

AL: Not even ninety dollars left? Well, that's the last straw...
I'm going to turn you over to the Police. I'll call up
the police department right now. What's the phone number?

KITZEL: Police headquarters? Hollywood two - four - six ---
FOR GOODNESS SAKE...WHAT AM I DOING?

AL: Well, Kitzel, this is your last chance. What have you done
with the rest of the money?

KITZEL: Is that a sixteen dollar question?

AL: No -- it's a ninety dollar question.

KITZEL: I'll take it...and here's your answer -- I had a few little
expenses like...

(PATTER POEM)

Caviar by the barrels for girls at Earl Carroll's,
And twenty for taxies to see Slapsie Maxie's;
Ten dollars for breakfast may sound pretty dear-o but coffee
at Ciro's you don't get for zeros

(BREATH)

Not to mention such incidental expenses like!
Two bucks for a lark at Hollywood Park,
The horse that I picked didn't come in till dark;
I bought a new suit for seventeen-^{twenty}~~fifty~~,
I walked up two flights and saved you plenty;
And here's one more item, I hope you're not bored,
The last fifty bucks I took for reward!
And now let Ilka Chase take over while Ilka Chase myself
around the block!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

AL: Rubinoff, who is going to be one of Ilka Chaso's guests next Friday on our new summer show, has asked to have our Sweetheart Sextet sing "Swing a Little Lullaby" tonight, and so they're going to do it, and we hope Rubinoff will like it.

ORCHESTRA AND SWEETHEART SEXTET:

"SWING A LITTLE LULLABY"

WENDELL: Say, Al, you remember the other day when I was up at your house and you were showing me all those rare birds you have in the back yard?

AL: Yeah, I remember.

WENDELL: What kind of a bird was that funny looking one?

AL: You mean that one with the long beak?

WENDELL: Yeah...that's the one.

AL: Well Wendell you know that's quite a coincidence, this being our last broadcast, I thought the audience would like to see that buzzard too, so for a surprise, I brought it down. I'll go get it.

WENDELL: If you're going to bring that bird out here, I'm leaving.

AL: Now, Wendell, don't be a sissy...All you have to do is take it in your arms and squeeze it a little and it hollers like this...

TIZZIE: Hello, folksies!

AL: Yes, it's our great cooking and health expert, Tizzie Lish!

TIZZIE: Yes, this is your little ball of fluff, all righty! My, but I'm the happy little girl. You know there is a noted sculptor here from New York and I've been posing for him. He did just my head and shoulders -- everybody that sees it says it's a bust.

And yesterday I was invited to Hollywood Park Racetrack to put a wreath on one of the horses. So I was waiting for the bus on the corner. I had my head down...a man whistled at me and opened the door of his car. When I looked up, he shut the door and started to drive away. So I jumped on the running board and slapped his face -- I said, "I'll teach you to whistle at me -- and not mean it." As the cars would go by, I'd put my little thumb up, and they'd put their thumbs up and keep going. Finally I got the bus. Pretty soon we came to a little bridge and the bus stopped, and somebody said, "What's the matter?" So I put my head out the window and a man saw me -- he said, "Well, it looks like a washout to me." When I got to the racetrack all eyes were on me, so they gave me a dressing room to sort of primp up.

(CONTINUED)

TIZZIE:
(Cont'd)

And to show you how I have to be careful -- while I was in there, a man tried to open the door to my room. My, I was angry -- so I called out the window to a policeman, and I said, "Come in here right away -- there's a man trying to get in my dressing room door -- and the lock is stuck." My, I had the nicest compliment, too -- I was sitting in a box, and a man asked for my autograph. When I signed it, he said, "Oh, I'm sorry, I thought you were Sonja Henie." So I said, "Do I look like her?" So he said, "Well, not exactly, but you look like you'd been on the ice for years." ~~I did have some trouble, though -- I walked out in front of the grandstand, and as I did I felt something slipping -- just then a race started, somebody yelled "They're off!" -- and I fainted.~~ Now, folksies, tonight we're going to have a recipe called Beet Mush ~~With Liver~~. Are you ready? Allrighty! First, take five pounds of liver -- all right -- now take a hammer and reach around and start pounding your liver -- feels good, doesn't it? Now start cutting it up -- some of you won't have to because your liver is cutting up already. Now put twenty-five bunches of beets in a bowl, and get a club and beat them until they're black and blue. Put this all in a bag. When guests are seated, go around to each one and hit them in the face with the bag. When they look at you, just say, "Beet Mush." WOW!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

SOUND: CLICKEY-CLACK OF TYPEWRITERS

WENDELL: (DEEP, MEASURED) Listen! A veteran city editor speaks!

SECOND VOICE: Every news story must answer these five words..Who?...
When?...Where?...How?...Why?

WENDELL: Recently Camel came out with the biggest front-page news
about cigarettes in years.

SECOND VOICE: (ECHO CHAMBER) Twenty-eight per cent Less Nicotine
in the Smoke of Camel Cigarettes! Independent scientific
tests show that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains
twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of
the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested -- less
than any of them.

WENDELL: What's the who, when, where, how, and why of this important
story...important to every man and woman who smokes?

SECOND VOICE: Who?

WENDELL: A staff of research chemists made the tests that revealed
this amazing fact of Camel's outstanding advantage over
the largest-selling cigarettes tested.

SECOND VOICE: Where?

WENDELL: In New York...in a famous independent testing laboratory.

SECOND VOICE: How?

WENDELL: A huge battery of automatic smoking machines for week after week smoked thousand after thousand of cigarettes. And the smoke of these cigarettes was analyzed by top ranking chemists over and over again. The smoke itself! Then they checked and rechecked these findings. And not until these findings had been proved scientifically correct were the results revealed in print and on the air.

SECOND VOICE: Why?

WENDELL: To prove to you that in a cigarette the smoke's the thing. To prove to you that cool, flavorful Camels...the slower-burning cigarette of costlier tobaccos...the cigarette of more mildness -- yes, and less nicotine in the smoke...is the cigarette for you. Next time, get slow...slow-burning Camels!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

WENDELL: Last week, Elmer Blurt, the super low pressure salesman high pressured himself into the army. He entered as a rookie and in one short week he has worked up from Private Soldier to General Nuisance. Let's drop in on the army camp, and you can see what we can see.

DICK: (SERGEANT) Hamm, six A.M. -- time for morning drill. Hey, Bugler! Get those guys out of bed!

EFFECT: ("REVEILLE"...PLAYED AS THOUGH BUGLE STUTTERS)

DICK: Hey, Bugler -- how come you always play the bugle that way?

MEL: I d-d-d-d-don't kn-n-n-now, bu-b-but it h-h-h-happens every t-tit-t-time!

SOUND: MEN CHATTERING AS THEY COME OUT OF TENTS AND LINE UP

DICK: Okay, okay -- hurry up, men! Come on -- line up! Okay, count off -- hey, wait, where's Blurt? (CALLS) Hey, Elmer! Elmer! (SHOUTS) ELMER!!

ELMER: (OFF MIKE) Yoo hoo, Sergeant! Here I am up here on top of the flag pole!

DICK: Oh, top of the flag pole? How did you get up there?

ELMER: When I hoisted the flag up this morning, my foot got caught in the rope!

DICK: Well, take your knife and chop yourself loose!

ELMER: Okay.

SOUND: CHOPPING...BREAKING OF MACARONI...SLIDE WHISTLE AND BIG
CRASH

DICK: All right, Blurt -- get up and get in line, and drill
with the rest of the fellows.

ELMER: I can't...I gotta get to the barracks right away!

DICK: Oh, no, you don't! I said you were going to drill.
All ready, men! Attention! Right dress! Left dress!
Right dress! Blurt! -- Do you call that a dress?

ELMER: No, it's just that the coat's so long it looks like one!

DICK: Elmer -- don't you know left from right? Where is your
left hand?

ELMER: My sleeves are so long I can't find it.

DICK: Look -- when you're driving a car and you want to make
a turn, which hand do you stick out?

ELMER: None...I'm a Los Angeles driver! Listen Sarg I got
to get to the barracks --

DICK: Forget the barracks -- do you know the difference between
your left foot and your right foot?

ELMER: Yeah -- but the guy what gave me these shoes don't.
Sarg -- I can't chat with you any longer -- I got to
go to --

DICK: Oh -- a wise guy, eh? -- talking back to your Superior Officer!

ELMER: But Sar --

DICK: (YELLS) QUIET!!! I'll take care of you, Company dismissed!

ELMER: So long, Sarge.

DICK: BLURT!!!! You come back here! I'll take those barracks off your mind! Write these orders down. (FAST STORY)
First, go to the kitchen, report to the officer, and peel forty sacks of potatoes. Then peel onions till the tears start dropping, drip, drip, drip, drip, down your cheeks, boo hoo, boo hoo, boo hoo. Then you go out on the range for rifle practice, crack, crack crack, crack! Then cannon practice, boom, boom, boom, boom. Then machine gun practice, ra-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta. Then out for cavalry drill, trot, trot, trot, trot, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop! Then infantry drill, march, march, march, tramp, tramp, tramp, shoes, shoes, dusty shoes! Then manual of arms, right shoulder arms, left shoulder arms, right shoulder, left shoulder, left shoulder, right shoulder, all God's children got shoulders. Then back to infantry, tramp tramp, tramp. Cavalry, trot, trot, trot. Machine gun, ra-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta. Cannon, boom, boom, boom. Rifle, crack, crack, crack. Then to mess hall -- sloop, sloop, sloop, guzzle, guzzle, and so to bed -- Snore, snore, snore. (SNORES) And that's all there is!

(APPLAUSE)

DICK: Did you get all those instructions, Blurt?

ELMER: Yup, up, sure, sure, I got it all down. Now can I go to the barracks, Sarge?

DICK: I give up! For heaven's sake, what do you want to go to the barracks for?

ELMER: Well, when I was up on the flagpole this morning, I saw that the barracks was on fire.

DICK: Let it burn! We've got a fire brigade here to take care of that...

ELMER: Yes, but I got to get my clothes out of there.

DICK: The quartermaster's got plenty of clothes here.

ELMER: Yea, but my yo-yo's in my coat pocket!

DICK: Get out of here!

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO AL PEARCE)

AL: Well, friends, that just about winds up our party. Don't forget our new summer replacement show called Penthouse Party, starting next Friday featuring Ilka Chase, Yvette, Paul Barron and his orchestra and Bert Parks, in addition to two guests for the first broadcast next Friday night -- Rubinoff and Judith Anderson, I know that you'll like this new summer program and I hope you'll continue to tune in every Friday night, I hope, I hope, I hope.

WENDELL: Consult your local papers for the exact time that Penthouse Party featuring Ilka Chase will be released on your stations for the summer months starting next Friday.

AL: And, in the meantime, good luck, happy vacations, and don't forget to smoke Camels.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME "A" UP AND OUT ON CUE)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -24-
5/30/41 (REPEAT SHOW ONLY)

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WENDELL: Penthouse Party featuring Ilka Chase will replace the Al Pearce show for the summer months and will come to you at this same time every week starting next Friday.

AL: And in the meantime, good luck, happy vacations, and don't forget to smoke Camels.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME "A" UP AND OUT ON "CUE")

WENDELL: Wherever you see men doing things -- in skyscraper, field or factory -- think of Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. P.A. is the favorite of active, busy people -- the very pipe-smokers who want real peace and comfort in their off time. And Prince Albert sure means peace and comfort to your tongue. It's the cooler-burning brand -- for greater mildness, mellowness, delightful fragrance and taste. Prince Albert's ripe, long-aged tobacco is crimp cut, and no-bite treated -- a treat just as famous as the fifty or so pipe-loads smokers get from every generous pocket tin of Prince Albert.

This is Wendell Niles...speaking.

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.