

AL PEARCE SHOW

CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1941

PROGRAM NUMBER 70

4:30 - 5:00 P.M., PST

7:30 - 8:00 P.M., PST

ELMER:

(KNOCKS) I hope you got Camel Cigarettes, I hope, I hope, I hope.....

MUSIC:

(THREE...C-A-M-E-L...VOCAL BOYS IN BAND...THEN MUSIC UP FULL AND FAD

TO WENDELL NILES)

WENDELL:

Ladies and gentlemen --- CAMEL --- the cigarette of costlier tobaccos ---  
bring you --- THE AL PEARCE SHOW --- from Hollywood.

MUSIC:

(THREE...UP FOR APPLAUSE TO AL PEARCE)

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

51459 2034

AL: Thank you. Good evening folks --- That was a hearty welcome --- you'd think I just knocked out Joe Lewis. Well, I guess you've all finished with your Christmas trees. Boy did we have fun at our house. We had an awfully big Christmas tree --- I don't think I've ever seen anything as big around as that tree. I wish I had.

ANDY: Hi ya, Al.

(APPLAUSE)

AL: I take it back, here's something bigger. Andy Devine in person. Andy, I got to hand it to you, you always look happier whether it's the day after Christmas or not.

ANDY: I got a right to be feeling good tonight, Al. I just bought a dandy ticket for the Rose Bowl game in Pasadena.

AL: Andy, you may not know it but this year the game is being played in North Carolina.

ANDY: Gosh that's swell. That'll be fifty yards closer than I sat last year.  
(LAUGHS)

AL: Tell me, Andy, did you have a nice Christmas out at your house? We're anxious to know.

ANDY: We sure did. You know my little Cousin got a Shetland pony for a present and it's the smartest pony I ever saw. I taught him to walk on his knees in two minutes.

AL: On his knees....in two minutes. How did you do that?

ANDY: Oh, it was simple, I just got on him.

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

51459 2035

AL: Well, I want to go out and take a look at that pony. He must need some help. I suppose you got some pretty nice Christmas presents, Andy.

ANDY: Yes, Aunt Sophie gave me a pretty nice sweater, the only trouble is she knitted it during a blackout.

AL: What happened to it?

ANDY: Well, she got the yarn mixed up with some spaghetti...Now I've got the only sweater in town with meatballs for buttons.

AL: I think in that case I would have eaten the sweater. I know just how you felt, Andy. But now Christmas is over, it's time to make some of those well-known New Year's resolutions. Have you made any yet, Andy?

ANDY: Oh sure, Al. I started early this year. I didn't wait for New Year's. I resolved that no matter what happens I'm going to keep my girlish figure. (LAUGHS...HIGH PITCHED)

AL: Well, something might happen to you. I don't know. Aw, Andy, I don't think people are interested in our resolutions. They're probably more interested in their own. Wait a minute, we might have an idea. Let's find out what the people in our audience here have resolved for the New Year.

ANDY: Gee, that sounds like fun. Why don't you try that man right down there.

AL: All right. Mister, I don't know your name, would you mind coming up here. Right up the stair way. Thank you very much. Now what's your name, please?

HEL: (SCOTCH) Hectorrrrrrrr McGregorrrrrrrr!...I'm a Scotchman.

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

51459  
2036

AL: You coulda fooled me, there for a minute.

ANDY: Say Mac, do the Scotch people celebrate much on New Years?

MEL: Aye lad, that we do! That we do! There's a lot of unfair talk around about Scotch people bein' close with their money...but it would open your eyes to see the way we throw it around on New Year's Eve.

AL: I'd like to be there to see that. You really go to town, eh?

MEL: Aye, we do. Twenty-eight of us chip in on a bottle of seven-up...Then when midnight comes we all drink it and take turns throwin' up a piece of confetti.

AL: Oh, boy, that must be a real reckless party. But what do you do for noise-makers?

MEL: Lad -- have you never heard twenty-eight straws in one bottle of seven-up?

AL: Well, goodbye and thank you Hector McGregor.

MEL: Aye, Laddie, but the name is Hectorrrierrrrr McGregorrrierrrrr.

ANDY: Sure, Al, his name is Hectorrrierrrrr McGregorrrierrrrr. Gosh, Al, I better quit doing that or I'll ruin my voice.

AL: Don't worry about that Andy. Here's a fellow over here...would you like to come up Mister and talk about your resolutions?

MEL: (MILKTOAST) Well, I don't really know if I should or not, but if you think it's all right.

AL: Sure it is, step right over here. Right in front of that microphone there. Now what do you think about New Years?

MEL: Oh, my wife doesn't allow me to think.

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

51459 2037

AL: Henpecked, hey? Pardon me, Mister, what's that green stuff on your forehead?

MEL: That's fluorescent paint. My wife put it there.

AL: What's the idea?

MEL: That's so she can see to hit me during a blackout.

AL: (LAUGHS) I'll bet she's even got a Neon Shillalah...Well what we got you up here for was to ask about your New Year's resolutions. Are you going to give up dancing?

MEL: Oh, my wife doesn't allow me to dance.

ANDY: Well, are you going to give up bowling?

MEL: Oh, my wife doesn't allow me to bowl.

AL: Then what are you going to do for the New Year?

MEL: I'm just going to give up.

AL: That fellow doesn't have much fun, does he?

ANDY: Al here's another fellow that wants to talk about the New Year.

AL: Who is it?

KITZEL: Hi Yo Rancho Grande, the old year's at an endy...Ya hoo.

(APPLAUSE)

AL: Well, carry me out with the old Christmas tree, if it isn't my little pal, Kitzel. What made you so late tonight?

KITZEL: Fish posh. So I'm late. It's on account of those new war-time tires I bought.

AL: Oh, I know, you mean the ones that are melted up from old rubber.

KITZEL: Yes, but the ones I bought were made out of old rubber heels.

KITZEL:  
RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

51459  
2038

AL: Why should your tires being made of rubber heels make you late?

KITZEL: Well, every time I went over twenty miles an hour O'Sullivan stuck his head out and said, "Take it easy Buddy".

ANDY: Kitzel we were asking all the people about New Years resolutions, did you make any?

KITZEL: Resolutions -- what do I need them for?

AL: Listen, the best thing you can do for the New Year is to resolve that you're never going to tell any more of those tall stories you have been telling on our program.

KITZEL: Mr. Pearce are you insinuating -- now you make me feel bad, because you're absolutely right. I promise never to tell any more fibs.

AL: Okay, Kitzel, and a good time to start is right now.

ANDY: Hey, Kitzel, what kind of Christmas tree did you have at your house?

KITZEL: My goodness, did I have a tree? I went out in the forest.....

AL: You can tell it straight and it will suit me.

KITZEL: ....and chopped down a giant redwood. What a wood chopper I am.... I can see it now. Chop, chop, chop, chop.

AL: Hold on a minute, Kitzel. A giant redwood tree?

KITZEL: Don't bother me. Chop, chop, chop. Nibble, nibble, nibble. Chop, chop. Nibble, nibble.

AL: Just a second, Kitzel. What's the nibble nibble doing in there?

KITZEL: I had a beaver helping me.....a beaver was helping me.

AL: Listen -- I don't believe any of this. A giant redwood is five hundred feet tall.

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

51459 2039

KITZEL: My dear man, this one was six hundred feet.

AL: Kitzel, remember your resolution.

KITZEL: Mr. Pearce, I'm ashamed, you're right. I won't lie any more. This tree was five hundred feet even. Chop, chop, chop.

AL: Hold on -- how tall was that tree?

KITZEL: Must I repeat? One hundred and fifty feet.

AL: How tall?

KITZEL: Twenty feet. Chop, chop, chop.

AL: Now you listen to me Kitzel. I want the truth here. We are going to pin you down. This has been going on long enough. Just exactly how big was that tree?

KITZEL: I'm getting the seeds from my Congressman tomorrow.

(ORCHESTRA: --- CHAIRS HERE) (WEST COAST ONLY)

ANDY: Did you have a lot of fun, Kitzel, at your Christmas party?

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

51459  
2040

EAST COAST ONLY

7 a.

KITZEL:

Fun --- you should have seen the excitement, man. At 12:00 o'clock midnight a burglar came down the chimney with a white beard and a red suit and a big bag of stolen goods over his shoulder....I got my gun and chased him right out of the house.

AL:

Wait a minute, that wasn't a burglar, Kitzel -- that was Santa Claus and he was bringing you presents.

KITZEL:

Now he's telling me.

~~ORCHESTRA:~~

~~BORNEY CHASER~~

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

51459 2041

AL: That was the condensed version of "Chattanooga Choo Choo" played by Lou Bring and his orchestra -- and very nobly done too, Lou.

LOU: Thanks, Al. Now can I smoke a Camel?

AL: I can't blame you for wanting to relax after all that exertion, Lou. That was almost too much. As a matter of fact, I can think of a lot of good reasons why everybody should smoke Camels. For one, they've got a flavor all their own -- that's the famous Camel extra flavor-- and the smooth extra mildness that let you enjoy it!

LOU: Yeah -- they're slower-burning too.

AL: Right you are Louie and that means cooler smoking, and extra smoking per cigarette per pack. You see, Camels are made of costlier tobaccos, blended with the tried and tested Camel know-how to make a better cigarette! And of course, you know there's less nicotine in the smoke! 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.

AL: And the smoke's the thing! Try a Camel and you'll see why matchless blending of costlier tobaccos makes a better cigarette!

~~ORCHESTRA:~~ (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

WEN: Well who do you think is back with us tonight after nearly two years. That loveable old pair of country storekeepers, Eb and Zeb in person. They're still doing business at the old stand in Corn Center selling everything from stumps to stump pullers and from buggy whips to Camels.

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

51459  
2042

ORCHESTRA: ----- ("DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM" ... FADE ON CUE)

ZEB: Hey Eb -- move that ladder over where the beans is. We got to take inventory the first of the year and we might as well be doing it right now.

EB: Oh, shucks. What do we wait until then fer. There's no hurry. We might make a sale or something here and save double entry.

ZEB: Go on now -- get up on that ladder and tell me how many cans of red kidney beans we got there.

EB: Sometimes I think you just want me to work, that's all, you derned old fool -- Get up and do it yourself. There's seven cans of beans and eleven cans of hominy and a rat trap.

ZEB: I thought we had twelve cans of hominy up there.

EB: Well, yesterday afternoon in the store I got a little hungry --

SOUND: ----- (DOOR OPENS... BEEBE ENTERS)

BEEBE: How do you do gentlemen.

ZEB: Yes m'am. Anything we could do for you?

EB: Yeah. If you want to buy something, get it quick before we get this all writ down....We're taking inventory.

BEEBE: No gentlemen....I don't want to buy anything. I'd like to talk to you about a subscription. You see, my name is Heebe B. Beebe, I represent our Little Acorn Elocution Society, and we must raise some money so that we can put on our New Year's play.

EB: Oh -- you're going to do a play? Would there be any parts in there for me and Zeb?

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

BEERBE: I'm afraid it's too late now because we're rehearsing it already....  
The play's called "The Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow."

ZEB: The -- uh -- what, Miss Beebe?

BEERBE: "The Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow." Would you let me tell it to you briefly. Well, I will. A man was riding through the country as night was coming on, and he --

EB: If that's about a travelin' salesman, I think we've heard about it.

BEERBE: It isn't about a traveling salesman -- it's about -- it happened a long time ago. Night was coming on as he entered a thick woods. Suddenly he heard a noise. The sound of horse's hoofs -- clump -- clump -- clump.

EB: Darn funny horse. It's only got three hoofs.

BEERBE: But it was --

ZEB: Maybe it's a three-legged horse.

BEERBE: It was a phantom horse. And when the man turned around, he saw the horseman didn't have any head.

EB: Huh! A fine thing! A man without a head, and a three-legged horse.

ZEB: Yes...Cancha git a whole man and a whole horse for this story?

BEERBE: That's the way the story was written. Now the man is dreadfully frightened. He jabs his spurs into the horse, and gives him his head.

EB: Yuh mean he had the headless horseman's head?

BEERBE: Of course he didn't have the headless horseman's head.

ZEB: Oh -- he give the headless horseman his own head.

BEERBE: Of course -- of course -- he didn't! He didn't! I mean his horse.

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

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2044

EB: Th' headless horseman musta looked dern funny with a horse's head.

BEBE: But he didn't give the headless horseman his horse's head. He gave his horse his own head.

EB: Didn't th' horse have a head in th' first place?

BEBE: Certainly it had a head!

ZEB: And now it's got two heads.

BEBE: Yes! Er -- nol The horse --

EB: Th' way things stand now, there's an extry head, and a missin' leg.

BEBE: Nothing of the sort! I mean nothing of the sort -- the horse is -- the horse has the normal number of legs. Gentlemen now -- the man gives him the spur -- and they're off!

ZEB: Th' horses legs are off?

BEBE: Nol Nol The fellow --

EB: Oh -- th' feller's legs are off.

BEBE: Nol The horse -- I mean -- the fellow --

ZEB: Wait a minute -- let's put th' horse and th' feller back together again, and start all over.

BEBE: There's nothing wrong with the fellow! He's simply being chased by the headless horseman.....I mean he's simply being chased by the headless horseman. At first, he's out ahead; and then --

EB: --He's out a leg.

BEBE: Nol Nol He's ahead of the headless horseman! But soon the headless horseman gets ahead on his horse.

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

ZEB: Git's th' feller's head on his horse? Say what kind of a thing is this!

BREBE: Get's nobody's head -- nobody's head! Stop worrying on that score!

EB: What's say?

BREBE: Score! I said there's nobody --

ZEB: I thought yuh said there was no head.

EB: Well, dear me, what's the score now?

ZEB: It's a horse on th' headless horseman.

BREBE: Will you please keep quiet! Please! I said the headless horseman gets ahead because every second the fellow's horse loses a couple of feet.

EB: Sounds like he's jest grajully droppin' apart, huh?

BREBE: He isn't dropping apart! The headless horseman is gaining -- increasing his speed -- while the man's horse is reducin'!

ZEB: Yes, Eb -- the horse is on a dist.

BREBE: The horse is simply running -- running! But now, directly in the path, directly in the path, is a clump of shrubbery.

EB: Is that?

BREBE: Shrubby -- shrubby -- like --

ZEB: -- like shrubby shortoaks.

BREBE: O -- H!

EB: Well, I'll tell you Zeb, if th' horse is reducin' it better lay offa that shortoaks.

BREBE: Will you please stop interruptin'!

BREBE: In the path was a hedge! A hedge was in the path -- Now -- the man's horse balks. But the headless horseman floats over it like down in the air.

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

EB: Hold on --- I think you mean up in the air.

BEEBE: I mean he floats like down --- like down. When he's up in the air, he's the same as down.

ZEB: Oh, yes....Yes, now let's see....When he's up he's th' same as down --- and when he's down, he's th' same as up.

BEEBE: When he's down, he's down, the same as anybody....!

EB: Then what's he the same as when he's up?

BEEBE: Down!

EB: (ASIDE) I think she's got bats in the belfry, Zeb.

BEEBE: I never saw anyone so stupid! Now look --- in the first place, there are two kinds of "Down".

ZEB: Yes.....

BEEBE: One is the down like the lining of your new overcoat, and the other one is down in the basement!

ZEB: Nope --- you're wrong, Miss Beebe.

BEEBE: Wrong? Why? Why am I wrong?

EB: Cause his other overcoat is up in th' attic.

BEEBE: Oh! Oh, you're impossible --- (FADING) --- absolutely impossible!

SOUND: ..... SCREEEN DOOR

ORCHESTRA: ..... (CHASER)

AL: For about ten years now our low pressure salesman Elmer Flurt has been bringing us the true Elmer spirit on the air. We're glad to say that Elmer's work has not been in vain. Everyone now recognizes in each other the spirit of Elmer. In fact, we all have plenty of Elmer in us and even the songwriters present the spirit of Elmer in the number one song of the day, "Elmer's Tune."

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

AL: (Cont'd)

So we sort of ought to dedicate this little number to "Elmer". The Polk Family and Lou Bring get together on this little rendition -- so bang away, kids. This is one time Elmer won't get the door slammed in his face.

ORCHESTRA AND POLK FAMILY: "ELMER'S TUNE"

(APPLAUSE)

AL:

Folks I don't like to stop this show right here, but I like to see everybody happy and there's a soldier down in the front row who doesn't seem to be having a good time.

MEL:

(TOUGH...OFF MIKE) Are you referring to me?

AL:

Yes. What's troubling you, soldier?

MEL:

Aw, it's on account of the presents I get for Christmas. I'd like to hit that Santa Claus over the head with one of his reindeer.

AL:

Why? Wait a minute -- That's a peculiar reaction.

MEL:

Well, for one thing, my girl friend sent me some socks that she knit. Imagine a present like that for a tough Sergeant.

AL:

What's wrong with socks?

MEL:

What's wrong? One of them is pink and the other one is baby blue.

AL:

Pink and baby blue?

MEL:

(LIKE WOMAN OUSHING) Yeah. Gee dere de duckiest things. (NATURAL)

Now every night when I go to sleep my big toe leans over and kisses my little toe goodnight.

AL:

Maybe you should have hinted around that you wanted something else, Sarge.

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

ME:

That I did. At every opportunity I kept throwing out this info. "It would make me very happy," I said, "To receive a carton of Camels". But did I receive enough cartons of Camels? I did not.

AL:

That's too bad, Sarge, because I know how you soldiers go for Camels. Actual sales figures, you know, in post exchanges, canteens, and ship's service stores, show that with men in the Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps, Camel is the favorite. Know why that is?

SARGE:

With me, a very important aspect is the flavor of these Camel Cigarettes, Mr. Pearce -- and also the fact that they are especially mild.

AL:

Yep, extra flavor, and extra mildness. I might add that Camels are slower-burning -- and that means cooler smoking, and extra smoking per cigarette per pack. The reason for that is Camel's costlier tobaccos -- and the matchless blending that makes these fine tobaccos a superb cigarette.

SARGE:

I have the impression that there is less nicotine in the smoke of Camel cigarettes.

AL:

That's right. 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.

SARGE:

And the smoke's the thing! If I sell my socks, I am going to buy some of these Camels.

AL:

Well, you know what we say, Sarge. (Ad lib here -- WEST COAST ONLY)  
If you buy a pack tonight -- you'll want to get a whole carton tomorrow!

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

51459 2049

ORCHESTRA:(CHASER)

AL: Friends this is exactly what happens on the day after Christmas. And there's only one person who can really tell you that. It will be right at home where anything can happen and it always does at her house.....  
Arlene Harris.

SOUND:PHONE RINGS

HARRIS:

Hallo there Maisie? Scrappy New Year....Did you have a nice Christmas? Good. Oh, yeah, we had a grand Christmas. I think everyone did this year in spite of everything...don't you? Well, I'm glad this year's almost over. Now all I have to worry about are my new year's resolutions ....I can tell you right now what my first one is....I resolve to get up bright and early and gallop downtown and change this gift you gave me.....Well, what is it supposed to be...will you tell me? It surely isn't for your pocketbook with a handle on it, is it? Good night, now I know I'll change it...Who wants a hand mirror for heaven's sake? Well, not me, dearie...Give me one I can see my face in. And Mais have I a surprise for you....Who do you think has finally got engaged.....No guess again. Someone we thought had given up. Yes. Can you imagine? Met him Christmas Eve. I don't know, my dear...Love in the draft....One of those love at first sight romances.....What's that? Was it love or the draft? No, believe it or not it was the mistletoe...No, she wasn't wearing it, dear, she was parked underneath it all evening. Evidently it worked. I don't know what he does or how much he has but he's sure a fast worker. I didn't say he had a cold million, Maisie...But he must be worth a million cold. I understand he carries huge insurance.....

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

HARRIS: (Cont'd)

She didn't really know but she says he talks a lot about this big income tax. I told her...I said "Don't let his talk fool you. After all he's supposed to be in love with you -- he has to talk about something." Oh, my dear, he wants her to have a big church wedding with all the trimmings. I said "Sure, he would...Why not....After all the bride usually pays for the wedding." I've told her over the phone just a few minutes ago....I said, "Why don't you stay engaged for a while until you know him better?" Although after all Maisie the less you know about a man before you marry the more you'll have to talk about after. Don't be silly Maisie...She's serious...Already she's planned how many the church will hold and how she'll have them seated. I'm the only one she's told so far...She wants to keep it a secret but after all she knows telling me it'll never get any farther. She hasn't even met his family or told her own family yet.....and she hasn't even met his....Don't you love it? She asked me where I thought the parents of the bride and bridegroom should be seated. (LAUGHS) I said, "Dearie, in this case on opposite sides of the church and as far apart as possible." Well, after all, Maisie a church is no place to start an argument. Please, Junior, go out and play...What's what? What's a bridegroom? It's one of the things you have at a wedding....Now will you please go away and don't bother me...Maisie, I wish you'd been here last night.. I'm telling you, you'd have died laughing....She was so cute....She said to Harry, "Doctor, did you ever try to kiss Arlene against her will?" And you know Harry. He didn't know what to say. I said, "No, he didn't.. but he thought he did plenty." Absolutely. Well, I hope she's not making a mistake, but one of my New Year's resolutions is to keep my shessle

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

HARRIS: (Cont'd)

out of other people's affairs and I hate to break it before the New Year even gets here. Frankly, I think she's silly. All I listened to last night, Maisie, was "Oh, Arlene, he's simply wonderful. Oh, he's marvelous." I said, "I know...I know...Don't forget, I've been in love too, you know." I said..."Don't tell me, I know...When he kisses you you hope you'll never come to? But you will." (LAUGH) I can remember the first year Harry and I were married. Every time he kissed me I used to put a dime in a little bank, and believe it or not we saved quite a bit of money. (LAUGHS) But gee, Maisie, if I had depended on what we would have saved from Harry's kisses these last few years, we would have starved to death. Junior, what are you doing out there? I wish you could see this little nut, Maisie.....I'll call you back.... Someone gave him a pair of ice skates for Christmas and he's trying to freeze the driveway with my ice cream freezer. I'll call you back. Goodbye. (FADING) Junior...bring that freezer back in the house.... before your father breaks his neck.....(ET CETERA, ET CETERA)

ORCHESTRA:HUMPER TO PEARCE

ALL

Well thanks, friends, for joining up with the Gang tonight for this little sort of after-Christmas get together party. And while we're on the subject of Christmas, I'd like to make a little bet -- that a lot of you people were down at the stores bright and early this morning exchanging some of those presents that were just what you didn't want. But I'd like to make you another bet -- that the millions of people who received Camel cigarettes won't be exchanging them because Camels are the cigarette that everybody wants.

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

AL: (Cont'd)

We'll be seeing you next Friday night and in the meantime, on behalf of the makers of Camel Cigarettes, the entire Gang, the orchestra and myself, I want to wish you a happy, safe and alert New Year.

ORCHESTRA: -----

(THEME TO WENDELL HILES)

MAN:

Say -- I smoke a pipe, and I'm getting pretty tired of being told that every tobacco is cooler -- without any facts to back it up.

ANNOUNCERS:

Don't blame you, Mister. Well, in independent laboratory smoking tests Prince Albert burned eighty-six degrees cooler than the average of the thirty other of the largest-selling brands tested -- coolest of all. Prince Albert, crisp cut and no-bite treated, is the national joy smoke -- cooler, milder, and smoother. Try P. A. for pipe appeal. your brier will say -- thanks.

This is Wendell Hiles speaking --

This is the COLUMBIA.....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY