

Master

THE AL PEARCE SHOW  
FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

4:30-5:00 PM PST  
7:00-7:30 PM PST  
Thursday - 1/29/42

Shobert

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

MUSIC:            (THEME....CAMELS....VOCAL BOYS IN BAND...THEN MUSIC UP  
FULL & FADE TO WENDELL NILES)

WENDELL:         Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, this is the Al Pearce  
show broadcast by Camel for the United States, and short  
wave to the men in service in Alaska, the Canal Zone, the  
Carribean and Iceland....now here he is....Al Pearce.

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

AL: Good evening, friends, and thanks for that swell shower of applause. It sounded almost like a downpour of rain, but of course everybody knows it never rains in California....It's so foggy the rain can't even find California.

You remember last week, we promised you Mel Blanc would be our guest tonight. Well, he's here, and after you hear him you'll agree that he's a great actor. We have another surprise, too, ~~tonight~~....our 19-year-old sensational harpist, Gail Laughton from Tulsa, Oklahoma. ~~That skinny kid can sure yank those cables.~~  
In Lou Brink's first number, Gail Laughton will be featured. This being the day for action and not words, let's hear it now.

ORCH: "I GOT RHYTHM"

AL: Boy, that kid can sure TRAVEL ON THE HARP. How would you folks like, AFTER we go OFF THE AIR, FOR GAIL TO play FOR you all by himself? I AM SURE SORRY you folks ON THE AIR can't be here, too.

AL: Thanks Lou that's the sweetest music I've heard in a long time.

WEN: I don't know Al, it seems to me the sweetest music you've heard in a long time is when the judge told you and Kitzel you could leave jail yesterday.

AL: Gosh now Wen, why did you have to bring that up. After all it's the first time I was ever in jail, and it was all Kitzel's fault.

WEN: How was it down there anyway?

AL: It was pretty bad, I don't know how to describe it to you. Hundreds of people with long faces, padlocked in and not able to do anything about it.

WEN: Oh, I see, like our Studio audience.

AL: No, that's not what I mean. Anyway I wouldn't have been in all that mess if it hadn't have been for ---

KITZEL: (SINGS TO TUNE OF DARKTOWN STRUTTERS BALL) I'll be down to get you at the Hoosgow Baby, better be ready 'bout half past eight. Yahoo.

(APPLAUSE)

KITZEL: Hello Mr. Pearce, my Buddy, my <sup>buddy</sup> pal--  
^

AL: Now Kitzel don't come around here with that buddy stuff, after you got the Judge to put us in jail. You even ran out on me. I didn't see you from the time they locked us up.

You don't have to get -3-  
high blood pressure, Al.  
You see, in that jail

KITZEL: That I can explain very easily. They put prisoners on different floors according to their importance.

AL: They did?

KITZEL: Yes the first floor was for big shots like bank robbers, the second floor was for chiselers, and the top floor was for no good bums.

AL: Where did you sleep?

KITZEL: ~~I shared~~<sup>on</sup> the flagpole with a pigeon.

AL: ~~Never mind that,~~ <sup>I don't like to appear mercenary, but</sup> I want you to know that I had to pay a fine for both of us, and at a time like this when we should all be economizing.

KITZEL: Mr. Pearce, I'm ashamed of myself. But I intend to pay you back..in fact, I was going to give you the papers and magazines that I saved up in my garage.

AL: Magazines? Where are they?

KITZEL: Well when I went to get them they were all scorched.

AL: Scorched?

KITZEL: Uh huh. I knew I shouldn't have put them next to those Esquires.

AL: At least Kitzel, I'm glad to see that you're saving. We've all got to do it because of the shortages.

KITZEL: UH HUH.

AL: Why do you know that tailors are not going to put any more cuffs on <sup>shirts and</sup> suits.

KITZEL: That doesn't bother me. I'm worried whether I can get any more suits on the cuff.

AL: <sup>I couldn't have done a better job of messing that one up if I had tried.</sup>  
A fine attitude, Kitzel do you know what I'm doing to make things easier for my tailor?

KITZEL: You mean you're having your legs straightened?

AL: No, they're manufacturing cloth now out of wood, and I told him to make my next suit out of that substitute material.

KITZEL: Pish posh <sup>you old fashioned man</sup> you're way behind the times, I just had a suit made, and instead of wool they substituted chicken feathers.

AL: Chicken feathers. I never heard of that. Is it any different from other suits?

KITZEL: <sup>is it!</sup> ~~Well, slightly.~~ today I looked in the closet and it was sitting there trying to hatch the moth balls.

AL: That sounds pretty far fetched but I'm glad to see that you're co-operating. You know, with prices being so high, we have to save wherever we can.

KITZEL: Ain't it the truth? Mr. Pearce do you know that groceryman in my neighborhood has the highest prices I've ever seen. ~~Yesterday~~, he tried to charge me twenty-five cents for a quart of buttermilk.

AL: Twenty-five cents for buttermilk? I hope you didn't give it to him.

KITZEL: I should say not. Before I'll pay that much I'll get a pound of butter and milk it myself. *I have to go now but don't FORGET AFTER THE SHOW WE'RE PLAYING POKER.*

~~AL: That sounds just like you. Now Kitzel, you run along and meet those big financiers to fix up that big deal for after the show.~~

~~KITZEL: I already seen them and the big deal is off.~~

~~AL: It's off?~~

~~KITZEL: Yeah, no poker chips.~~

AL: ~~I didn't mean that, besides,~~ I don't want to play cards with you any more. *I don't like the way you play.*

KITZEL: But Mr. Pearce, I got a new game called Corrigador poker.

AL: Corrigador poker? How do you play that?

KITZEL: It takes better than Japs to open.

(CUE APPLAUSE)

(AD LIB APPLE INTRO. TO FIRST COMMERCIAL)

AL: Don't you know better than to come out in front of everybody eating an apple? Aren't you ashamed of yourself? That isn't good manners and besides I haven't had my dinner yet----gimme that apple.

WEN: I get 'em in the machine here at NBC.

AL: (TAKES A BITE, CRUNCHING AND CHEWING) Hum-m-m, boy, these are those delicious Northern apples. Mm-m-m, boy, I had some last year and they taste just the same - in fact, they taste the same all the time.

(COMMERCIAL I)

(FOLLOWING SCRIPT LEAD-IN)

NILES: Yes, and that's what people say about Camels -- they taste good all the time. And the reason for that is the rich Camel extra flavor, and the extra mildness that goes along with it. Another thing you'll notice right away when you change over to Camels is the way they're slower-burning, giving extra smoking per cigarette per pack, and cooler smoking, too. Costlier tobaccos account for that, yes, fine tobaccos blended expertly, as only Camel knows how to blend. Less nicotine in the smoke, too.

ECHO: Twenty-eight percent 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.

PEARCE: <sup>So, Friends</sup>  
~~Now~~, try a pack of Camels, ~~folks!~~ You'll say, too, that they taste good all the time!

51459 2163



AL: Here's the spot for our guest artist who you hear some weeks on eight and ten programs a week, and you often wonder I'll bet, who he is. The man with a million voices, who makes millions laugh... <sup>IN FACT, he is called THE ONE MAN BAND.</sup> Mel Blanc.

(APPLAUSE)

MEL: Thanks Al, it's sure mighty nice of you to give a stooge the center of the stage.

AL: Well, Mel, I figured that our audience and all of us would like to know a little bit about your career.

MEL: I'd be glad to tell you, Al.

AL: For instance, when you first came to Hollywood did you have a hard time getting into the studios?

MEL: Yes, it was pretty tough--I finally got a break tho, ~~one of~~  
the <sup>heav Slesinger</sup> cartoon studios wanted somebody who could <sup>SPEAK LIKE</sup> ~~imitate~~ a  
donkey. I made up my mind I was going to really learn how  
to talk like a donkey so I slept in a stable with one of  
them for a whole week.

AL: And that's how you got into the studio?.

MEL: No Al--after sleeping ~~in the stable~~ <sup>in the stable</sup> for a week it was pretty  
hard to get in anyplace.

AL: (LAUGHS) ~~I guess by then you had that "looked in eleven".~~  
--But how do you go about imitating all the human characters  
you do? YOU MUST DO AT LEAST 50 OF THEM.

MEL: The same way. No matter where I am, in a street car, or  
theatre or anyplace I listen to the way people talk.  
For instance I used to live in a pretty tough neighborhood,  
and there was a guy down there from Brooklyn. His name was  
Mugsy Rappaport and he talked (CHANGES TO CHARACTER) with  
dem dese and dose like dis. He's de kind of a guy who no  
matter what you ask him he says it's Murder-it's murder.

AL: Well you're quite a character, Mr. Rappaport.

MEL: Yeah, dats what dey tell me down at de pool room. But I'm  
getting out of here pretty quick, this neighborhood ain't  
good enough for me.

AL: Really, what do you do for a living?.

MEL: My wife works at Lockheed.

AL: Oh I see--and you wife turns her pay check over to you?.

MEL: Naw she dribbles me out a couple of dimes a week, how can a sharp guy like me keep up a front on dat kind of dough. It's murder--Murder.

AL: I'll admit you do look a little tacky, Mr. Rappaport, in fact you may not know it but your shirt tail is hanging out in back.

MEL: I know it, she don't even bother to iron em right since she's working at Lockheed.

AL: Haven't you complained to her?.

MEL: MANY TIMES, I said to her, "Mazie, I can't go around with my shirt tail hanging out like this."

AL: What did she say?.

MEL: What she always says--"Keep 'Em flying" "Keep 'Em flying"---  
-----I tell you it's murder--solid murder.

AL: I guess you have a pretty tough time of it.

MEL: Yeah, but I ain't complaining none. I got my future all planned. Me and Mazie was reading de papers and the way that McArthur is defending them Philipppines inspired me to join the army.

AL: That's a great gesture, Mr. Rappaport, that's enough to inspire anyone when you figure that the Americans over there are outnumbered 6 to 1.

MEL: Dat don't worry me none, everybody knows one good Yank is better than 6 little jerks.

AL: Mel, that was a fine characterization. <sup>I feel that Brooklyn will be</sup> How about giving us <sup>happy,</sup> a little bit of that swell <sup>hoon Slesinger</sup> cartoon personality Porkey Pig? <sup>too.</sup>

MEL: Oh you mean the little fellow who talks (IN CHARACTER)  
Ne ne ne neat-

AL: Yeah, that's him.

MEL: (AS PORKY) O.K. Mr. Pearce. I'll recite a little poem!  
"Little Bo Peep, come blow your horn--come blow your horn--  
come blow your horn--(IMITATES BUS HORN) Look out, Woman  
driver.

AL: Getting back to that neighborhood you used to live in Mel,  
were there any other people who gave you ideas for comedy  
voices?.

MEL: Yes there was, right down the street from me there was a  
Mexican caretaker named Pedro and Al if you walked up and  
talked to him he'd probably say (AS PEDRO) Buenos Noche  
Senor, your face looks family to me but I can't put it  
someplace.

AL: (LAUGHS) I'm glad to know you Pedro.

MEL: Thank you Senor, the pleasure is me all over.

AL: What's your full name Pedro?.

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MEL: Don Pedro, Don Jose, Don Felipe, Don Gonzolez, Don Ameche.

AL: How did Don Ameche get in there?

MEL: Thru the courtesy of Daryl Zanuck.

AL: Do you happen to have any brothers and sisters Pedro?

MEL: Si Senor, I got one brother. He is a bullfighter in Mexico. He is what they call a Doormat.

AL: I think you mean a Matador. How could he be a Doormat?.

MEL: That was the bulls idea. --But Senor you should see the place where I used to live in Mexico. I lived in a beautiful little town near PoPoPetal.

AL: Now you're even getting your own language mixed up. The name of that place is Po Po Cat A Petal. You left the cat out.

MEL: I always do--He's got a date every night.

AL: (LAUGHS) Well thanks Mel, for letting us in on some of your trade secrets. I could stand here listening to these characters all night, but maybe you'd better save some of your energy for the other voices you're going to do later in the show.

MEL: All right Al, see you later.  
(APPLAUSE)

~~AL: Just a second Mel, before you go I want to ask you something. I've often heard that to be a really good actor, a person has to be a little bit crazy. Is that true?~~

MEL: (SERIOUS) Al that's the silliest thing I've ever heard. I don't know if I'm very good or not, but I do know that I'm completely sane and normal.

AL: But doesn't the strain of doing so many different voices ever make you nervous?

MEL: No it doesn't---Of course there are times when I feel like going (GOES COMPLETELY NUTS IN ALL CHARACTERS FINISHING ON PORKY PIG.)

APPLAUSE.

AL: By the letters that we receive every week, asking for Margaret Lenhart to sing various songs, we know that most of our audience looks forward expectantly to hearing Margaret sing. I want you to meet Margaret again and she has a swell song for you.

MARGARET LENHARDT

"HOW ABOUT YOU"

AL: Then, each week I have noticed you have been giving us the lowdown on the equipment in the army and navy. Have you anything interesting tonight?

Wen: Yes, Al. Here is something new.

NILES: Do you know a destroyer has ears? Listen!

SOUND: (CHURNING OF PROPELLER, AS HEARD THRU LISTENING DEVICE)

NILES: Yes, that's what a destroyer hears....the sound of a propeller....when an enemy submarine is down below, trying to escape its deadly depth charges.

SOUND: (OUT)

NILES: It's risky business, ~~playing hide-and-seek with~~ <sup>BLASTING</sup> the rattlesnakes of the Atlantic and the Pacific....and when the hunt's over, ~~and the oil and debris of a smashed U-Boat come to the surface~~ - well, the Navy men like to take it easy. Chances are they'll light up a Camel, too. How do we know? Well, actual sales records in Ship's Service Stores, Post Exchanges, and Canteens show that with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, Camel is the favorite. Easy to see why.

VOICE: Flavor's my reason, mister! Camel's have got extra flavor... and that extra mildness makes 'em taste good all the time.

NILES: Right....and Camels are slower-burning, too, and that means cooler smoking, and extra smoking per cigarette per pack. Reason for that is costlier tobaccos, blended with the famous know-how that Camel has perfected over a long period of years. Less nicotine in the smoke, too.

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ECHO: Twenty-eight percent 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.

PEARCE: And remember, folks, it's easy to send a carton of Camels to men in the service. Your dealer does the wrapping and mailing for you! Get a pack of Camels for yourself....and send on a carton!

51459 2171



WENDELL: Here he is again, folks, that pillar of American merchandising, with his hand on the tiller of door-to-door selling. That killer-diller with the house-wife - ELMER BLURT!

ELMER: (KNOCKS) 'Fraid they's nobody home -

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

NEWBRIDE: Oh Hello ---

~~ELMER: Hello yourself and see how you like it! (LAUGHS)~~

~~NEWBRIDE: My, aren't you witty!~~

ELMER: ~~Yeah, "Snappy Come Back" Blurt, that's what they call me.~~  
Hello, Lady, I'm introduc'in' to my public, ah, -- a little volume of prose on ~~your~~ income tax called: ~~HOW TO SHAVE YOUR TAX - CHECK WITH THE U.S.A. ON A DOLLAR A DAY HELPS SHAVE TAX AWAY~~ --- and with every book you get free one jar o' Grandman Blurt's pickles, -- for only 25 cents.

NEWBRIDE: Oh that's wonderful. You know we just received our income-tax blank in the mail and I can't make head nor tail of it.

ELMER: I'll show you, lady. Let's see now. Yeah, yeah, jest as I thought.

NEWBRIDE: What?

ELMER: I can't make head or tails of it either..it says here: Form 40. That ain't right. ~~Form 40 ain't for you~~ You wouldn't be interested in Form 40.

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NEWBRIDE: Why not?

ELMER: You're closer to a 32...Now this part here has to do with your house. It says: See schedule F. See schedule H. See schedule A -- I think, if this is a joint return.

NEWBRIDE: What does that mean?

ELMER: It means, if you don't pay up, your joint returns to F.H.A...

NEWBRIDE: I understand the taxes are a little higher this year than they have been.

ELMER: Yep, that's right, but it's for a good cause, -- Uncle Sam is gonna axis for taxes till the axis axis for mercy.

NEWBRIDE: Well you've been just awful helpful and I know my husband can get the rest of the information out of your book, so I'll take it. Here's your twenty-five cents.

ELMER: Oh, thanks a billion, lady---here's your book and pickles.

NEWBRIDE: My what a pretty picture on the cover-- it says: GENERAL SHERIDAN AT CHICAMAUGA.

ELMER: I don't pay no attention to those things.

NEWBRIDE: Didn't you know that Sheridan captured Chicamauga?

ELMER: I jest found out today she'd captured George Brent...

NEWBRIDE: Just a minute, are the pickles sanitary?

ELMER: Oh, sure, sure, --these pickles was put up by Grandma, untouched by human hand.

NEWBRIDE: Then how did she get them into the jars?

ELMER: Well, ah, --

NEWBRIDE: How did she get them into the jars, if they're untouched by human hand?

ELMER: Grandma can do anything with her feet...That jar o'pickles alone is worth fifty cents lady.

NEWBRIDE: It is? Well I just need the book -- so you take the pickles back for half price ---give me my twenty-five cents --

ELMER: Here!

NEWBRIDE: Thanks, good-day!

SOUND: DOOR-SLAM

ELMER: (LAUGHS) She was so nice I hated to "slicker" her.  
~~One thing I like about these apartment houses is that the~~  
~~doors are all close together. I'll just ring this buzzer.~~

SOUND: BUZZER

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

SCOTCH: Take your finger off that boozer. You're usin' up the  
electricity.

ELMER: How dja do. I'm sellin' a book that shows you how to save  
money on your income tax -- with every jar of pickles.

SCOTCH: Are you an expert on money matters, laddie?

ELMER: (MOCKING HIM) Aye, that I am!

SCOTCH: (WHISPERS) Do you think we'll have inflation?

ELMER: Gosh no. No chance.

SCOTCH: Why not?

ELMER: How we gonna have inflation, if we can't even get tires!....

SCOTCH: Aye, a great scarcity of things, that's what we're facin' --

ELMER: But gettin' back to your income tax, -- I'll bet it's gonna hurt when you pay it on March 15th --

SCOTCH: Hurt! Hurt, did you say? Laddie, this year I'm takin' gas...

~~ELMER: Yes, and next year it's gonna be worse! We gotta economize.~~

~~SCOTCH: Aye, that I know. Already I've cut down the canary to three seeds a day...~~

ELMER: Well, if you buy this book it'll save you lots o' money---- only 25 cents and a jar o' Grandma Blurt's Pickles free.

SCOTCH: Weel, laddie, I'll take a chance---here's 25'cents.

ELMER: You can't lose, <sup>MR.</sup> Mac, <sup>TAVISH</sup> 'cause the Jar o' pickles alone is worth 50 cents.

SCOTCH: It is? Fifty cents? Then as I only have use for the book, I'll sell the pickles back to you for just half price---give me my 25 cents.

ELMER: Here you are----

SCOTCH: Thanks, good day to ye.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: ~~Shucks~~, those Scotchman are a push-over!

ELMER: (KNOCKS) <sup>I'll try this house.</sup> 'Fraid----

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

MEL: (MILK-TOAST) Yes, what is it?

ELMER: How 'ja do, Mister, I'd like to ask you a question. Are you the boss of this house?

WIFE: (OFF MIKE) (YELLS--TOUGH) ~~Montgomery!~~ <sup>Montgomery!</sup> Randolph! (DRAGGED OUT)

MEL: There's your answer.

~~ELMER: Oh Gosh, Is that your wife, or an air-raid alarm?~~

MEL: That's my wife. She's out in the back-yard engaged in target practise.

ELMER: Target practise?

MEL: Yes, she's a marvellous shot. See this scar on my forehead--- she did that with a soup-tureen at thirty paces!

ELMER: Oh Boy, some shot. How about that big scar on your chin? Did she do that?

~~MEL: No, that's by a former marriage.~~

ELMER: ~~You sure get around.~~ <sup>Oh, golly. Another hen pecked man.</sup> I see you got an old cannon-ball here in the hall.....the Gov't is lookin' for old iron.

MEL: Here, you take it and sell it for me----

ELMER: Okay. (GRUNTS) Sure is a heavy iron ball----

SOUND: (RATTLE OF CHAIN)

MEL: Now all we have to do is get the chain off my leg.

WIFE: (YELLS DISTANCE AS BEFORE) ~~Montgomery!~~ <sup>Montgomery!</sup>

MEL: Doggone her, she's always hollerin' at me, she makes me so mad I could just rip the cover right off my ironing board.

ELMER: Gosh Mister, ain't you ever heard that a soft answer turneth away wrath -- next time she yells at yuh, -- why don't you give her a nice sweet answer.

MEL: I don't think it'll work, but I'll try it.

WIFE: (YELLS FROM DISTANCE) ~~Montgomery!~~ ~~Montgomery!~~

MEL: (VERY SUGARY) Yes darling, what does my little mommy want of daddy?

WIFE: (STILL OFF MIKE SWEETLY) Close the door, dearie darling, or (SHOUTS) Mommy will come down and kick Daddy's teeth out!

ELMER: Well, to get down to business here, before she comes in, I'm sellin' this book on your income tax and a jar o' pickles for only 25 cents.

MEL: All right, I'll take 'em, here's a quarter. But don't tell my wife.

ELMER: Thanks Mister. That jar o' pickles alone is worth 50 cents.

MEL: Oh, is that so? Then in that case----

ELMER: Here's your ~~two bits~~ ~~quarter~~ back----

MEL: Here's your pickles, good-bye.

SOUND: DOOR SHUT

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ELMER: Business sure is good today, let's see -- already I've taken in --- Oh Golly, what I been doin'. <sup>Three sales and no money.</sup> Gee Whiz, I can't let that happen again. Jest watch me at this door here. (KNOCKS) 'Fraid' --

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

VERNA: (AU NATURAL) How do you do, young man!

ELMER: Lady, I'm sellin' a income tax book and a jar o' pickles -- both for two bits ---

VERNA: That sounds like a bargain, here's twenty-five cents.

ELMER: Oh thanks. Them there pickles were put up by Grandma and they're worth fifty cents.

VERNA: They are? Then you keep the pickles and give me back the two-bits.

ELMER: Oh no you don't! That's what them other people been doin' and it ain't fair!

VERNA: Why not?

ELMER: Well -- on account of that glass jar is worth five cents!

VERNA: Very well then, give me another nickel.

ELMER: No lady, I got a better idea. <sup>Here's the 2 bits.</sup> You keep the jar and jest dump the pickles into my hat.

ORCHESTRA: CHASER

(APPLAUSE)

51459 2179



AL: The Scotchman and the hen-pecked character were portrayed by  
Mel Blanc. <sup>AND MRS. MONTGOMERY by VERA FALTON.</sup> Mel has been in the show so much tonight, I guess  
^ we should have called it Blanc Night, and given away dishes!

CARAVAN ANNOUNCEMENT

AL: Before saying goodnight, here's a special announcement for  
you men in the service. Don't fail to see our Camel Caravan  
in person. <sup>We're proud of it.</sup> ^ It's a grand free show for the men in camp and  
tonight they will be at Fort Hamilton, New York, tomorrow  
night at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, New York, Saturday  
at Raritan Arsenal, New Jersey. Monday they will be at Fort  
Hancock, New Jersey, and next Tuesday and Wednesday at Fort  
Monmouth, New Jersey. And next Thursday night we'll be  
back again with another Caravan when we'll feature our guest  
of the evening, Bill Thompson. So long --- good luck and  
good night.

NILES: (FROM BOOTH) Remember, Camel brings you four great radio shows each week. Monday night it's "Blondie," Tuesday night it's Xavier Cugat; Thursday night it's our own Al Pearce, and Friday night it's the new quiz show, "How'm I Doin'", ~~with Bob Hawk and Vaughan Monroe and his orchestra.~~

You know, just because you bite into your pipe is no need for it to turn around and bite you! Won't happen, either, if you load up with Prince Albert, the National Joy Smoke... because P.A.'s crimp-cut and no-bite treated...Cool-smoking, too. And it's the mildest, mellowest smoke you ever tasted. Try a handy pocket can of Prince Albert today. You'll understand why we say: "P.A. for Pipe Appeal!"

Wendell Niles speaking. This is the Red Network of the NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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