

**AS BROADCAST**

**RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING**  
**RADIO DIVISION**

**CLIENT:** AMERICAN C. & C. COMPANY  
PALL MALL

**BROADCAST:** FINAL REV. #35

**DATE:** FRI. 3/3/44

**PROGRAM:** BELIEVE IT OR NOT  
ROBERT L. RIPLEY

**NETWORK:** MUTUAL  
9:15-9:30 P.M.  
E.W.T.

**MIC:** (SIGNATURE - ENDING WITH "HUNTING SONG")

**COCK:** PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes, the cigarette of  
Modern Design, presents the man whose whole  
life is a constant hunt for facts,....  
BELIEVE IT OR NOT -- BOB RIPLEY!

(APPLAUSE)

**MIC:** (THEME - "A HUNTING" - UP FULL TO FINISH WITH APPLAUSE)  
(NEWS SPOT TO FOLLOW)

U.S. SPCT -- BELIEVE IT OR NOT -- ROBERT L. RIPLEY -- MARCH 3, 1944

RIPLEY:

Greetings everybody and welcome! Tonight you probably listened to Gabriel Heatter and his expert analysis of the war news. If you did, you know that our American soldiers have again thrown back the German counter attack at Anzio in Italy. Anzio is named after Anteus, the famous giant of mythology who could not be defeated as long as his feet touched the earth. Now this is a happy omen I think because all the Nazi attacks have been unable to dislodge our soldiers, and American feet are still firmly planted on the soil of Anzio tonight. Here's an amusing Believe It Or Not about Anzio. Two thousand years ago within the Villa of Maecenas, the strangest funeral in all history took place-- the "Burial of a Fly" a common house fly. This fly was a pet fly of the poet, Virgil. This funeral was attended by all the leading Roman notables. Among them, Varius Maecenas, Virgil, and even the Emperor himself Octavianus. This funeral cost ten million dollars. And in Anzio, twenty centuries ago, the first juke box was invented! This is how it happened! In the Temple of Fortune there was a statue of the Goddess of Fortune. This statue had a slot in her back and as soon as a coin was dropped into this slot, the mechanism within the statue, began to rattle and pronounce strange words, which were interpreted by the ancient Priests, and certainly must have sounded like our juke boxes today. Shortly before Vandals destroyed this Temple, the priests buried the temple treasure of about a quarter of a billion dollars somewhere in Anzio.

(MORE)

(NEWS SPOT CONTINUED)

5-11-45  
(10:00)

And what a wonderful thing it would be, ladies and gentlemen if one of our soldier boys on the beach of Anzio were to find it. Imagine a real jackpot -- out of a juke box of two hundred and fifty billion dollars.....BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

(PLAY OFF)

COCK:

Bob Ripley will be back in just a moment. (PAUSE)  
Smokers, PELL MELL'S Modern Design is in plain sight.  
Yes, your own eyes give you the proof of PELL MELL'S  
advantage to smokers -- your eye tells why. You can  
see PELL MELL'S greater length. That's Modern Design!  
And when you light your cigarette, you can see that  
PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further -  
over a twenty per cent longer route of PELL MELL'S  
traditionally fine tobaccos. PELL MELL'S greater  
length filters the smoke naturally - diminishes heat  
and bite on the way - gives you a cooler, smoother,  
better-tasting smoke. Ladies and gentlemen, believe the  
evidence of your own eyes. PELL MELL gives you visible  
proof of its advantage to smokers. Your eye tells why.  
PELL MELL'S Modern Design filters the smoke - gives it  
that cooler, smoother taste.

SIC:

(SCENE SETTER - FADE FOR)

COCK:

AND HERE HE IS AGAIN - BOB RIPLEY!

LEY:

In my constant hunt for facts, I have found many men  
who have been regarded as the greatest men of their  
times. Of course, you can understand that it would be  
impossible to find one man who could be named the  
greatest man of his country. But the BELIEVE IT OR NOT  
I will sketch for you tonight once brought up a  
commanding challenge as to who should have <sup>had</sup> that honor!

SIC:

(SNEAKS)

KEY:  
AND)

The time: 1832. The place: The Postoffice in Paris, France. As our scene opens the Postmaster is faced with a great problem. He speaks to an employee, Francois Camille.

POSTMASTER: Mon Dieu...This is the most fantastic letter we have ever received. Look..it is addressed to "The Greatest Frenchman of the Age."

MILLE: "The Greatest Frenchman of the Age?" ~~Where is the letter from?~~

POSTMASTER: ~~It has a Russian Postmark -~~ but - WHO is the greatest Frenchman of the age?

MILLE: I have only one guess on that -

POSTMASTER: I think I can guess the same - this letter must go to Louis Phillippe - His Majesty - the King! Francois will you deliver this letter to his Majesty?

MILLE: Oui, Monsieur.

SIC: (BRIDGE)

DE: Your Majesty, ~~there has been a most curious occurrence.~~

SIC: ~~What is it?~~

DE: There is a messenger here ~~from the Post Office~~, and he bears with him an extraordinary letter.

SIC: ~~And how does this affect us?~~

DE: The letter is addressed to: "The Greatest Frenchman of the Age!" Naturally, the Postmaster sent the letter to you.

LOUIS: That is absurd. By an accident of birth - I am the King of France: But certainly, I am NOT the "Greatest Frenchman of the Age."

But you can understand why any loyal Frenchman would think so, your Majesty.

I can understand why they might feel they should send it to me. ~~And appreciating their sentiments,~~ <sup>but</sup> I still feel that the letter should go to another Frenchman - And whom would your Majesty designate?

Who else but - Victor Hugo. Long after I am dead and forgotten, Victor Hugo will live in the hearts and minds of people the world over. Certainly, he is the greatest Frenchman of the Age. Tell the messenger to take the letter to Victor Hugo.

(BRIDGE)

(KNOCK ON DOOR: DOOR OPEN)

MILLE: I beg your pardon - but is this the home of Victor Hugo?

RVANT: Yes - what do you wish?

MILLE: I have a letter here.

RVANT: A letter?

MILLE: ~~Yes:~~ His Majesty, Louis Phillippe asks that I deliver it to Victor Hugo, personally.

RVANT: Louis Phillippe? Come right <sup>with me</sup> ~~in.~~ The master is in his studio.

OUND: (FOOTSTEPS)

RVANT: Master, the gentleman here has a most extraordinary letter for you.

GO: A letter for me?

MILIE:

Ouis, Monsieur. This letter is addressed to: "The Greatest Frenchman of the Age." Naturally, it was taken originally to his Majesty - Louis Phillippe. He refused to accept it and directed me to bring it to you, for he said that you are surely the "Greatest Frenchman of the Age."

C:

"The Greatest Frenchman of the age" (DEEP ROBUST LAUGH: HA...HA..HA!) ~~Victor Hugo!~~ "The Greatest Frenchman of the Age" <sup>Victor Hugo!</sup> that I cannot accept.

MILLE:

But Monsieur Hugo.....what do I do now...I still have this letter.

CO:

I recommend that you take this letter to the man whom I regard as the greatest Frenchman alive today, and who will certainly survive in the memory of men. He is Alphonse DeLamartine, the Statesman. Certainly in all of France, there is no greater man than DeLamartine. His address is Sixty Rue DeParis.

SES:

(BRIDGE)

UND:

~~(FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK)~~

MILLE:

~~(TALKING TO HIMSELF:) Mon Dieu, I have walked through all of Paris to find the greatest Frenchman of this age. I do not like it! I look for Sixty Rue De Paris.~~

OUND:

(CROWD NOISES OFF: SOUND OF FIRE .UP)

MILLE:

~~Nom de Nom. Down the street there is a great commotion! It is a fire!~~

OUND:

Mon Dieu, it's sixty Rue de Paris. It's on fire!  
(FOOTSTEPS RUNNING)

MILLE:

(BREATHING HARD) <sup>Mon Dieu, after walking all of Paris to find</sup> ~~The fire is at Sixty Rue de Paris/~~ it's on fire

CMAN:

(OFF: SHOUTING:) My baby! My baby! ~~Won't somebody save my baby?~~

~~Her baby is trapped in the flames.~~

MILLE: (STILL BREATHING HARD) <sup>Madame</sup> Where is your baby?  
<sub>in</sub>

MAN: (ON MIKE FULL) He is upstairs, - the house ~~is~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~afire!~~

MILLE: I'll get him. (FADING) I will bring your baby out safe.

MAN: ~~He doesn't know~~, the house is about to crash...

~~He is going up the stairs now.~~ Surely he will be killed.

ND: (CRACKLE OF FLAMES UP: CONFLAGRATION UP AND FADE FOR WOMAN)

MAN: My baby! My baby!

Look - <sup>here he comes and</sup> ~~he is coming down the stairs~~ - he has the baby ~~in his arms.~~

~~Oh, thank God! Thank God! He saved my baby...~~

MILLE: (OFF FADING IN BREATHELESS) Here, <sup>Madame</sup> your child! ~~I~~  
<sub>Not only</sub> ~~think it is unharmed, but still asleep.~~

MAN: Thank God, my baby.  
Give him to me. Let me hold him. I can never tell you how deeply I am indebted to you for saving my baby.

MILLE: I am glad to have been of service. <sup>Now I wonder if you can help me.</sup> ~~But is this~~  
~~house the Sixty Rue de Paris?~~

~~Yes - but why do you ask?~~

MILLE: I came here to deliver a letter to Alphonse DeLamartine....do you know where I could find him?

MAN: Why of course, he's right there!  
Monsieur DeLamartine? ~~He is here... Oh Monsieur...~~  
~~DeLamartine.~~

DELAMARTINE: (FADING IN) Oui, Madame. ~~I have just arrived, and I~~  
~~find my house in flames.~~

MAN: ~~And my baby was trapped in those flames until this~~  
~~gentleman rescued him.~~ This man is looking for you.

MILLE: I have a letter for you, sir. It is addressed to:  
"The Greatest Frenchman of the Age."



MARTINE: I'm sorry that you came all the way here, ~~to find the~~  
~~wrong address~~..the man you want is Victor Hugo.

Monsieur  
LLE: No, <sup>^</sup>..It was Victor Hugo who sent me here. He said  
you were the greatest Frenchman of the age.

MARTINE: "The Greatest Frenchman of the Age?" Who knows who he  
may be. Perhaps it is you...

LLE: Monsieur has his little joke. I am but a messenger from  
the Post Office.

MARTINE: You have just rescued a French baby from certain death.  
A baby is like a blank sheet of paper - who knows -  
perhaps you have saved the man destined to be the  
greatest Frenchman of his age.

IC: (TAG IT)

LEY: The words of the great DeLamartine were prophetic...  
That baby rescued from the fire by ~~Francis Camille~~,  
a post office messenger, turned out to be one of  
the greatest Frenchmen of his age. When this baby  
grew up he became a lawyer - then a great statesman.

↳ As Minister of Education for France in 1879, he  
originated and put into effect the law of ~~Equal~~ Free,  
Compulsory National Education - the first law of its  
kind in history.↳ There is no one listening to me  
tonight, who has not had the opportunity of getting  
a free education, ~~all of which stemmed back to that~~  
thanks to that  
↳ baby who was saved from that fire in Paris in 1832.

(MORE)

YOU: (ID)  
You may not ever have heard his name - but it is a name for which you should always be grateful..for that man <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ JULES FERRY... <sup>who created</sup> ~~and he established~~ the free educational system that now exists in our country.. in every free country throughout the world!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

IC: (PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

LEY: Now here's Don Hancock!

COCK: Ladies and gentlemen, when you watch a PELL MELL smoker try to light an old-fashioned, short cigarette you'll make an important discovery. Unconsciously, he holds the flame a good half inch beyond the tip of the short cigarette. He's looking for something that isn't there. He's looking for PELL MELL'S Modern Design! Modern Design means PELL MELL is longer. Modern Design means PELL MELL is smoother, cooler. From the very first puff PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further - diminishes heat and bite on the way. PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke naturally over a twenty per cent longer route of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos. That's Modern Design - PELL MELL'S Modern Design. PELL MELL filters the smoke - gives it that cooler, smoother taste.

("ALL FOR ONE" - FADE TO B.G.)

C:

RY:

All for one and one for all!- Yes, that's the way we're going to win the war! Over there, all together fighting for Victory. Over here, all together working for Victory - the Victory symbolized by the letter "V" the same letter "V" you see on every package of your PELL MELL cigarettes.

IC:

(UP FULL AND OUT)

COCK:

And here are Bob Ripley's answers to the V-Mail letters from our boys in the service.

LEY:

All right Don - fire away.

COCK:

Well

Robert Windman, Seaman, Second Class, wants to know if you can tell us why the ~~soft sand~~ stones, which <sup>are</sup> ~~is~~ used to scour decks on ships <sup>are</sup> ~~is~~ called "Holystone?"

LEY:

Well

Holystones are simply old tombstones ~~used to be~~ taken from old graveyards. These old grave stones after being exposed to wind and weather were found to be most adaptable for scouring decks. And because they came from holy ground, they were called "holystones."

BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

COCK:

Private, First Class, Lloyd Hanika writes: My parents are Swiss and in Switzerland the story of William Tell is very famous. Now, one of the boys here said ~~that~~ he heard you state ~~that~~ there never was any William Tell and that he never shot ~~down~~ an apple from his son's head.

Well

That's right, Private Hanika, - William Tell is a myth.

There never was any William Tell. And he could not have shot ~~down~~ an apple from his son's head, because no apples ever grew in that section of Switzerland. ~~grow in the entire Canton of Uri, where the incident is supposed to have happened.~~

BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

~~CK: Cpl. Basil Dodd writes: "We all say we're fighting for Uncle Sam. Can you tell me why our country is always referred to as "Uncle Sam?"~~

~~EY: Yes, Corporal Dodd...The original Uncle Sam was Samuel Wilson, of Troy, New York. He was a lanky, vigorous old Yankee, with characteristic white whiskers. During the war of 1812, he was inspector of war supplies, and the soldiers all called him 'Uncle Sam'. When they saw the boxes of military supplies stamped 'U.S.', they jokingly said that it stood for 'Uncle Sam.'....and so both his name and his face came to symbolize 'Uncle Sam'.~~

~~BELIEVE IT OR NOT!~~

~~IC: (PLAY OFF)~~

COCK: Now - on with the Hunt! Here's Bob with the answer to last night's Believe It Or Not. Remember, Bob, you asked: "Which would you rather have - a ton of five dollar gold pieces or a ton of ten dollar gold pieces?"

LEY: That's right, ~~Don~~. Now tell me - which would you rather have? Don?

COCK: Are you kidding? A ton of tens, of course - wouldn't you?

LEY: It wouldn't make any difference to me, Don.

COCK: It wouldn't! Why not?

LEY: Well  
A Because a ton of gold is a ton of gold whether it is made up of five dollar or ten dollar gold pieces. + If you had a ton of <sup>a hundred</sup> ~~fifty~~ dollar gold pieces, <sup>the</sup> ~~its~~ value would be the same - Believe It Or Not - IT'S TRUE!

COCK: Well, Bob, have you another question we can go to work on over the weekend?

LEY: ~~Yes, Don~~, let's see if you can come up with the answer to this one. "Where is there a city in which every house, every piece of furniture - even the doors and ceilings are made out of common table salt?"

COCK: "Where is there a city made ~~out~~ of salt? Oh, brother!

LEY: Don't give up, ~~Don~~. Remember you have till Monday to find the answer. And there really is such a place for I've seen it myself - Believe It Or Not.

COCK: Smokers, whenever you buy cigarettes, remember - PELL MELL'S Modern Design gives you two important benefits. First, PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further, diminishes heat and bite on the way.

(MORE)

Second, PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke,  
gives it that cooler, smoother taste. That's why,  
wherever particular people congregate, you see PELL MELL-  
in the smart red package.

(THEME - "A HUNTING".. FADE FOR)

This is Don Hancock reminding you to listen in Monday  
night when PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes, the cigarette  
of Modern Design, will again present...BELIEVE IT OR  
NOT -- BOB RIPLEY!

(APPLAUSE FULL)

(THEME --"A HUNTING" - FULL UP TO CUE)

THIS IS MUTUAL.