

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN *Inc.* ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

AS BROADCAST

CLIENT: AMERICAN C. & C. COMPANY
PALL MALL

BROADCAST: #65

DATE: FRI. 4/14/44
MUTUAL

PROGRAM: BELIEVE IT OR NOT
ROBERT L. RIPLEY

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

MUSIC: (SIGNATURE - ENDING WITH "HUNTING SONG")

HANCOCK: 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)

MUSIC: (THEME - "A HUNTING" - UP FULL TO FINISH WITH APPLAUSE)

(NEWS SPOT TO FOLLOW)

RIPLEY:

Greetings everybody and welcome!

The millions who listened to Gabriel Heatter tonight know that the Russians are approaching the great naval base of Sevastopol. It may surprise you to know that this famous Russian city, was founded by an American! On August the fourth, 1783, this famous American who was then an Admiral in the Russian Navy sailed into its harbor aboard the Russian frigate, "The Vladimir". He landed and founded the city and named it The "Sevastopol" which means, "The Imperial City." And this American was none other than our own Naval hero -- John Paul Jones! The Russians as you know are now driving their enemies into a Valley eleven miles from Sevastopol. The same valley that every schoolboy knows so well from Tennyson's poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade". Remember..

"INTO THE VALLEY OF DEATH

RODE THE SIX HUNDRED....."

It was just nintey years ago in the Crimean war that Lord Cardigan and his Light Brigade charged into this very same valley. This Charge, one of the most heroic in history lasted only twenty minutes--the result was tragedy as Tennyson says:

"INTO THE JAWS OF DFATH

INTO THE MOUTH OF HELL

RODE THE SIX HUNDRED..."

And all this is being repeated over and over again tonight on a larger and grander scale. Because once again, the Russians are driving their enemies into this very same "Valley of Death" BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

WYCKOCK:

Bob Ripley will be back in just a moment! (PAUSE)
Smokers, PELL MELL'S Modern Design is visible to your eyes. The minute you look at a PELL MELL you 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.

MUSIC:

(SCENE SETTER - FADE FOR)

WYCKOCK:

AND HERE HE IS AGAIN - BOB RIPLEY!

RIPLEY:

Almost every successful author, at some time in his career, has had a story returned to him with the comment that it ~~is~~ too co-incidental. ~~But~~, as a matter of fact, the years I've spent in the search for unusual stories have proved beyond any doubt that life is full of the most ~~amazing~~ co-incidences. And I'm going to sketch one of them for you now.

MUSIC:

(SNEAK)

RIPLEY: The time - 1922. The place - Paris, France. Jean-Paul La Coste, a twenty-year-old student of Natural History is leaving his native Paris to continue his studies at the University of Rome. As our scene opens, his mother ~~is~~ packing his bag for him.

~~MUSIC: (UP AND OUT)~~

~~MOTHER: Now, Jean, hand me your paper.~~

~~JEAN: Here it is, mother.~~

~~MOTHER: Good. We will tuck it in here - ah! Now you are all packed. When does your train leave, mon enfant?~~

~~JEAN: In just an hour.~~

MOTHER: I have begun to miss you already. (SIGHS) I wish you weren't going.

JEAN: But I must, mother. I can live so much more cheaply in Rome than I can here. Since father passed away, you've had barely enough money to get along on. And I do not want to be a burden to you.

MOTHER: (TENDERLY) You were never a burden to me, my son. You ^{have} always been a joy. (BRIGHTLY) But I suppose you are right. Rome is the place for you to continue your studies.

JEAN: Well, I guess we had better leave for the station. I don't want to miss the train.

MOTHER: Bien. But before we go, I want you to promise you will write to me and let me know how you are.

JEAN: I promise, mother. I shall write to you the very moment I arrive.

SIC:

(BRIDGE IT. FADE FOR)

END:

(PEN WRITING)

PH:

(REPEATING AS HE WRITES) Dearest Mother -- Just a short note to let you know that I arrived in Rome safely ~~and am comfortably settled~~. This afternoon I am going to the Vatican library to see if they will give me work transcribing French manuscripts. ~~I will write again this evening and I will let you know how~~ ~~I make out~~. Love. Jean.

SIC:

(BRIDGE IT. FADE BACK FOR)

AN:

(COMING) I beg your pardon. My name is Jean-Paul La Coste, and I would like to speak with the Father Prefect of the Vatican Library.

ARD:

I'm sorry but Father Ehrle is not here just now, but he will be back in about an hour.

AN:

Oh, I see. Well, in that case I...

ARD:

Would you care to wait in the Reading Room until Father Ehrle returns? You will find many interesting books there.

AN:

Yes, thank you very much. I would like that.

SIC:

(BRIDGE IT. FADE BACK FOR:)

OUND:

(PEN WRITING...IT STOPS)

AN:

~~There now~~. (READS) "Dearest Mother...~~You will be happy to learn~~ I have secured work at the Vatican Library. While I was waiting in the Reading Room to see the Librarian, ~~Father Ehrle, a very strange thing happened~~. I read a book on Zoology which was published in 1873.

(MORE)

N: It was written by a man named Emile Fevrier, and on the next to the last page I found a note which said:

"I request the unknown who happens to be reading this book to apply to the Inheritance Court and to ask for Act Number L. J. 148. There will be a surprise for him." Naturally, mother, I am very curious about all this, so I'm going to the Inheritance Court the first thing in the morning. Love, Jean.

EG: ~~(BRIDGE IT. FADE BACK FOR)~~

ND: (OFFICE NOISE. TYPEWRITERS, ETC.)

N: You are the Surrogate of the Inheritance Court?

ROGATE: Yes.

N: I am Jean La Coste and I would like to see Act L.J. 148.

ROGATE: Act L. J. 148?

ND: (FILING DRAWER SLIDES OPEN)

ROGATE: Hm, that is an old one. Let me see now - ah - here it is.

N: Thank you.

ND: (ENVELOPE OPENED)

N: Mon Dieu, I cannot believe it! This letter attached to the will!

ROGATE: What is it? What does it say?

N: (READS) "To the Unknown Reader of my book. I wrote a book on Zoology which no one wanted to read. So I destroyed all the copies but one which I donated to the Vatican Library. Here is my last will and testament, my Unknown Friend. I bequeath my entire fortune of four million lire to him who will be the first one to read my book on Zoology.

(MORE)

JEAN:
(COMED)

"I wrote the number of my will on the next to the last page of my book to compel my beneficiary to read it. He shall be well rewarded. Signed: Emile Fevrier".

SURROGATE: That is the strangest thing I've ever heard of.

JEAN: What - what must I do to collect ~~all~~ this ~~money?~~

SURROGATE: First you must file a claim for the inheritance. What is your full name?

JEAN: Jean-Paul La Coste.

SURROGATE: And your father's name?

JEAN: Francois La Coste.

SURROGATE: And your mother's maiden name, please.

JEAN: It was - Mon Dieu, it was Fevrier, the same as the author of this book!

SURROGATE: You mean he is a relative of yours?

JEAN: Yes - yes, it all comes back to me now. I have heard my mother speak of him. He disappeared many years before I was born and we lost all track of him. Emile Fevrier, the author of this book, ~~was my mother's father. I am~~
~~his grandson.~~

MUSIC: (TAG IT. FADE BACK FOR)

RIPLEY: Yes, ladies and gentlemen, life is full of amazing coincidences. Jean-Paul La Coste, a young student of Natural History, read an old book on Zoology in the Reading Room of the Vatican Library. On the next to the last page he found a note directing him to ask for a will, and that will, leaving him four million lire or ~~two~~ hundred thousand dollars was the last testament of Emile Fevrier, ~~the boy's own grandfather, who had~~
~~disappeared years before~~ - BELIEVE IT! OR NOT!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (PLAY OFF)

IPLEY:

Now here's Don Hancock!

HANCOCK:

Ladies and gentlemen, when a PELL MELL smoker tries to light an old-fashioned, short cigarette a queer thing happens. 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.

MUSIC: ("ALL FOR ONE" -- FADE FOR)

RIPLEY: 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!

MUSIC: (UP FULL AND OUT)

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

RIPLEY: All right, Don - fire away.

HANCOCK: Well, Bob, here's a letter from Corporal Paul Snyder of the U. S. ~~Private Ted Gehrig writes: "We know you got a lot of Army who writes: "I was shooting the breeze with a friend of mine V Mail letters. Our outfit would like to know what you who is in the Navy and when he spoke of how deep the ocean was, he used think is the most unusual letter you ever got from a man the word fathoms. Now I know a fathom is 6 feet, but I asked what the in the service."~~

RIPLEY: ~~Well, Private Gehrig, that's a hard question to answer. Yes, Corporal. A fathom has been actually defined by an act of the but one of the most unusual letters came from a friend of English Parliament to be the length of a sailor's arms as he puts mine. His name is N. O. Gunner - he went into the Air them around the object of his affections. In other words a fathom Force and of all things he became a gunner. See N. O. is actually an embrace. BELIEVE IT OR NOT! Gunner was a gunner! Now, here is what he wrote me:~~

~~"Dear Bob: My plane was shot out of the sky over Germany and I was taken prisoner. And now as you see, I'm really living up to my name because N. O. Gunner really is no gunner, now!" BELIEVE IT OR NOT!~~

~~HANCOCK: And here's a letter from Corp. Jerry Sherwood of the U.S. Army. He writes: "Can you tell me if there was ever a woman freemason? My mother told me that there was one, but I thought that membership was always limited only to men. What do your records show?"~~

~~RIPLEY: My records show, Corp. Sherwood, that there was a woman who was a freemason. Her name was Elizabeth St. Logan. She was the daughter of Viscount Donerile, of Cork, Ireland. And it happened this way. Her father was a Mason and initiation meetings were held at his home. One day Elizabeth concealed herself in a grandfather's clock in the room where the meeting was held, and watched an initiation. But the clock stopped and that betrayed her presence. They were about to punish her severely, when someone interceded and they solved a delicate problem by making her a freemason. Later she became Master of Lodge number thirty five in Cork, Ireland. BELIEVE IT OR NOT!~~

HANCOCK: Lt. Donna Hellam of the WAC has an interesting query. Her letter says: "~~One of the girls in my outfit is getting married, and that brought up the subject of weddings and wedding veils.~~ Can you tell us how orange blossoms for the bridal wreath originated?"

RIPLEY: Well the ^{came} Orange blossoms in the bridal wreath were taken from the Holy Land as they should ^{they were} ~~they were~~ ^{old} ~~old~~ ~~brings~~ ^{you see} ~~bring~~ ~~to~~ ~~England~~ by the ~~returning~~ Crusaders. The orange tree ^{you see} bears fruit and blossoms at the same time. ^{So} ~~In placing~~ orange blossoms on the bride's hair is ~~bridal brow, it was~~ considered a symbol of beauty everlasting and a large family! BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

HANCOCK:

Now - on with the Hunt!

Here's Bob with the answer to last night's Believe It Or Not. Remember, Bob, your question was: "Where is Christmas celebrated thirteen times every year - ~~once~~ ~~each month and twice in July?~~"

RIPLEY:

Yes, Don, and the answer is ⁱⁿ Ethiopia. The Ethiopians are the oldest Christian sect in the world, and they believe that Christ was born thirteen times. First on December ^{the} 25th and then for each of his twelve great qualities they believe he was born again. So with rare devotion, they celebrate Christmas thirteen times a year! BELIEVE IT OR NOT - IT'S TRUE!

HANCOCK:

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. Second, PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke, gives it that cooler, smoother taste. (PAUSE) Now here's Bob Ripley with a special word for you.

RIPLEY:

Thank you, Don. Ladies and gentlemen, it has been our pleasure to visit with you ^{five nights a week} ~~every night~~ ~~Monday through~~ ^{three months} ~~Friday~~ for the past ~~thirteen weeks~~. It's been a lot of fun and I only hope you have enjoyed listening to our programs as much as we have enjoyed bringing them to you.

~~(MORE)~~

So again I go travelling, but this time with the hope that I can be of some slight diversion to the boys overseas.