

AL PEARCE SHOW

CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1941

PROGRAM NUMBER 67

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

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

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

MUSIC: (THEME...C-A-M-E-L-S...VOCAL BOYS IN HAND....THEN MUSIC UP FULL AND FADE TO WENDELL NILES)

WENDELL: Ladies and gentlemen --- CAMEL --- the cigarette of costlier tobaccos --- brings you --- AL PEARCE AND HIS GANG.

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

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

51459 1971

AL:

Good evening, friends, the applause was led by cheer leader, Wen Miles, and thanks a lot. Well, the good old holidays are almost here again. First Christmas and New Year's with the happiness of giving --- then income tax day --- with giving. I think though that even if most of us have lost faith in Santa Claus, we still believe in Uncle Sam --- and he sure needs those taxes now. He can't buy battleships with a toothpaste carton and ten cents, can he?

Tonight, Lou Brigg's orchestra spotlights Rafael Mendez and his trumpet. Boy this is going to be something. Senor Mendez plays eighty-five thousand notes in eight seconds. You count 'em --- and if I'm wrong, sue me.

ORCHESTRA:("THE FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLE BEE" RAFAEL MENDEZ)

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

51459 1972

MAN: (GLIB BROADWAY TYPE) Hey, Pearce, Pearce! I got a great little item for you here!

AL: You mean this little fellow with the feathers?

MAN: Sure, he's an Indian.

AL: How! White man heap glad to have pow-wow with red man.

INDIAN: Huh?

AL: White man say - white bald headed man say - heap glad to make pow-wow with bald headed man.

INDIAN: Hey, Joe, listen to this guy Pearce. He's a riot!

AL: You don't talk very much like an Indian to me.

INDIAN: I know. De name's Chief Running Water. You gotta let me run for awhile before I get hot.

MAN: It's a great idea, Pearce! You remember them wooden Indians in front of the tobacco stores?

AL: Yep!

MAN: Well, this guy's a live Indian, see?

AL: What's the difference?

MAN: He can talk! He can talk! See, he does a spiel for the customers.

AL: What does he say?

MAN: Well, that's the trouble right now. He ain't got the proper spirit of neutrality. He just keeps sayin' ----

INDIAN: (LIKE A CARNIVAL BARKER) Hurry, hurry, hurry, folks! Get your Camel cigarettes right inside! They're mild, extra, extra mild, and what a flavor, folks, what a flavor! Hurry, hurry! Get your Camel cig ----

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

AL: That's fine, chief, but you could talk about something besides Camel's mildness and Camel's flavor.

INDIAN: Yeah?

AL: Sure. Camels are slower-burning. That means cooler smoking, and extra smoking per cigarette per pack.

INDIAN: I got it.

AL: Also note that Camels are made of gentler tobaccos -- and, even more important, they're blended matchlessly, and expertly, to make a really superb cigarette.

INDIAN: No kiddin'?

AL: And, of course, there's less nicotine in the smoke.

INDIAN: Sure, I know. 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.

AL: Great work! When you stand outside the tobacco store, just remember to tell the folks to buy a pack of Camels. If they do, I know you'll like 'em.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: A lot of people have been asking me the same question lately, "Whatever happened to that famous family that used to be on your program?" Well, tonight we solve the big mystery and it's a surprise too. We're very happy to welcome back Arlene, Harry, Junior and Maisie -- and here they are, all wrapped up in one cute little package: ARLENE HARRIS.

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

51459
1974

SOUND:

TELEPHONE DIAL

HARRIS:

(HUMMING) Jim...never brings me any pretty flowers...Hello, Maisie, how are you...What do you mean...Who is this? Where's your memory? It's Arlene....the poor man's Lana Turner....Arlene -- remember? Where have I been? Working in pictures...yeah. Moving pictures...and it's sure kept me on the jump...I've been doubling for the salted falcon...Sure I've been all wrapped up in old newspapers for weeks...Was I convincing? Not very -- people don't believe what they see in newspapers...No feeling I've been learning my way around the movie lots for my new picture with Al Pearce...."Marines on Parade"....Well since Harry joined the Marines or the Navy and I've become a Marine we really have some fights...Who wins? ...Well I win all the little arguments but I let him lose the big ones... What did you say Harry? You joined the Army? Well what's the difference the Army...Navy...what's the difference as long as you wear a uniform? Oh, you should see him, he looks divine Mais...You wouldn't know him in his uniform..when he escorted me down the aisle at church Sunday I wanted to ask what feature was on...Well, it's not as fancy as a head usher's but it's awfully cute...you thought he was too old for the Army...oh, no, he's helping keep the soldiers well. Sure he passed the examination.. what's that? Can you imagine Harry after all the physicals he's given that he would have to take one himself? This time the stethoscope was on the other chest..What did they hear? They heard plenty...the examining doctor said it sounded like a European round-up...and Maisie...you remember that toupe of Harry's...Well it's been on his head so long the

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

BOUND:TELEPHONE DIAL

HARRIS:

(HUMMING) Jim...never brings me any pretty flowers....Hello, Maisie, how are you...What do you mean...Who is this? Where's your memory? It's Arlene...the poor man's Lana Turner -- Arlene -- remember? Where have I been? Working in pictures..yeah. Moving pictures...and it's sure kept me on the jump...I've been doubling for the maltese falcon...Sure I've been all wrapped up in old newspapers for weeks...Was I convincing? Not very -- people don't believe what they see in newspapers....No feeling I've been learning my way around the movie lots for my new picture with Al Pearce at Republic....Gonna make a picture with Al -- "Marines on Parade"....Well since Harry joined the marines or the Navy and I've become a Marine we really have some fights...Who wins?...Well, I win all the little arguments but I let him lose the big ones..What did you say Harry You joined the Army? Well, what's the difference the Army...Navy... what's the difference as long as you wear a uniform? Oh, you should see him he looks divine Mais....You wouldn't know him in his uniform...when he escorted me down the aisle at church Sunday I wanted to ask what feature was on...Well, it's not as fancy as a head usher's but it's awfully cute...you thought he was too old for the Army...oh, no he's helping keep the soldiers well. Sure he passed the examination.... what's that? Can you imagine Harry after all the physicals he's given that he would have to take one himself? This time the stethoscope was on the other chest...What did they hear? They heard plenty...the examining doctor said it sounded like a truck changing gears....and Maisie..you remember that toupe of Harry's...Well it's been on his head so long the

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

HARRIS: (Cont'd)

darn thing's started to grow. He had it dyed black along with what little hair he has left...but for heaven's sake don't let him know I told you... Why? Because he wants to keep it dark....Maisie there's someone on this line....well, I can tell there is....makes me sick...I can't imagine why people do that...I've never listened to a conversation in my life when I heard anything of any account did you? Absolutely....Hold the line a minute Maisie....(JIGGLE THE HOOK) Hello...hello...this line is busy.... I beg pardon? No this is not the Happy Home Pet Shop....for crying out loud, doesn't he know we're too old to pet around here...well that reminds me, Maisie...our parrot's sick again...our parrot...Oh New Year's is coming and he dreads it I guess...Why? Well, last New Year's Eve Harry tried to open a bottle of ginger ale with her....By the way did I tell you we have a new car? Oh, it's run fine excepting the radio punched a hole right through the top....what do you mean -- how could I poke a hole through the top? Well since Harry joined the Navy I've gotten so patriotic when the radio played "The Star Spangled Banner" I forgot and stood up. What's that Harry? All right! Oh, he says he joined the Army and not the Navy...I don't know why he keeps repeating it....Harry's always been at sea, anyway. What's the difference...you'll always be at sea anyway...wait just a minute, Maisie...What is it Junior...I'm talking to Maisie and I can't be three places at once...who can be in three places at once that you know? Santa Claus?...Oh aren't you cute..... Maisie, I'll have to call you back...Oh it's the other officer in the family, Maisie, general nuisance. Well, I have to get him something to eat...Call me back in a few minutes...I want you to give me all the gossip that's been going around since I've been away....What? Since I've

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

HARRIS: (Cont'd)

been away there hasn't been any...Well call me right back...I've got some gossip for you about the new neighbors next door. (HOOK UP) What's the matter with you, dear.....what's the matter, honey...you're as pale as a sheet....Don't you feel well, Junior? Did you eat this whole lemon pie...for crying out loud...Here take this prescription to your father and tell him to fill you with it right away...Now don't cry...it tastes good with orange juice....(TELEPHONE RINGS)...That's Maisie...it didn't take her long...she certainly called back in a hurry...Hello Maisie? You didn't waste any time....I wanted to tell you about our new neighbor...My dear, have you seen her? She looks like a bundle for Britain that they sent back. And they've ruined the top of my dining room table...No, they haven't called but I have to stand on the table to see into their kitchen...and they keep their windows closed so tight, I can't see a darned thing. Maisie? What did you say? This is not Maisie -- this is the new neighbor next door....I'm sorry, Madame, you have the wrong number.

SOUND:BANG PHONE UP HARD

HARRIS:

Good night!....Junior, go and get Mother back the prescription...and never mind the orange juice...etc. etc. etc.

ORCHESTRA:(CHASER)

AL:

Well, it's kind of tough to see Arlene get trapped up that way, but it happens I guess if you gossip on the phone. SAY -- what's the matter, Ben Miles....you don't look very happy...why the long face?

BEN:

Why, er, I didn't think you noticed it Al, but I do feel a little downhearted. It's all because of a dream I had last night.

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

AL: Oh, it couldn't be as serious as all that.

WEN: It was to me. I dreamt that Santa Claus came down my chimney and he didn't have a single present with him.

AL: He didn't bring you even one?

WEN: No, he just stuck his head out of the fireplace and said, "Sorry,priorities you know.

AL: Well, Wen, I'm going to tell you something that'll cheer you up.... You can rest assured that there's ~~gonna~~ present that you're going to get... I'm going to give you the same thing I gave you last year.

WEN: That's swell, Al,.....Gee but what can I do with two electric bed warm-ers?

AL: Wendell -- that wasn't a bed warmer...that was an automatic toaster.

WEN: It was? No wonder it kept buttering me and throwing me out of bed.

AL: Well, don't worry about it, Wendell. I'm going to take you to the big Rose Bowl game New Year's Day -- and just wait until you hear the crowds yelling --

KITZEL: Hi Yi el Rancho Grande -- I play tackle and right endy....YAHOO

(CHUD APPLAUSE)

KITZEL: Block that kick, tackle the goal post, Rackety Rax --

AL: Just a second, Kitzel...why what's up today? Are you trying to be so collegiate? We all know that you didn't even go to college.

KITZEL: I didn't go to college! You see, you're going to hurt my feelings. You happen to be talking to a man who spent four years at Wellesley College.

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AL:

Wait a minute Kitzel.....

KITZEL:

Tut, tut -- don't apologise. I forgive you. I studied very hard, too. In fact, I locked myself in my room and I studied so hard I didn't even come out of my room for four years.

AL:

But wait a minute Kitzel -- don't you know that there are nothing but girls at Wellesley college?

KITZEL:

Well, anyway, I was the coach of a high society Park Avenue Football Team.

AL:

A society team, I'll bet that was something.

KITZEL:

You should see it, first they would call signals...the quarterback would grab the lemon and run down the line and I would follow with the hot water.

WEN:

Hot water and lemon?

KITZEL:

Yes, yes. Hot water and lemon.....that was our T formation.

AL:

Kitzel, I don't believe you know anything at all about football.

KITZEL:

Now you are going to say -- for your information, Mr. Pearce, you are looking at a real triple threat man.

AL:

Triple threat? You mean, pass, kick and run?

KITZEL:

No -- rumble, stumble and fumble.

WEN:

Kitzel, just where and on what team did you ever play?

KITZEL:

Who is that gentleman, --- Do I have to answer him? Who is that man?

AL:

You must answer him and you'll be doing all right.

KITZEL:

My dear man -- the team I played on had nothing but he-men. Everybody in the line weighed at least three hundred pounds.

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

AL: Three hundred pounds? Kitzel, that's some line.

KITZEL: No it isn't -- It's the truth....I'll never forget that wonderful team. One day, me and all those big men beat another team one hundred and eight to nothing.

WEN: A hundred and eight to nothing?

KITZEL: Yes -- my, but it was beautiful that day in Dey's Town.

AL: That's just what I thought. Who else was on this wonder team of yours Kitzel?

KITZEL: Who else? Andy Devine, of course.

AL: Andy Devine? So Andy played for you, eh?

KITZEL: To be sure.

AL: Well, tell me, Kitzel -- was he really a good football player?

KITZEL: Good? He was marvelous. Nobody could get around his end!

WEN: Kitzel, I don't doubt your word, but if you're the big football man you say you are, why did you have such a tough time getting tickets last year for the Rose Bowl game?

KITZEL: I had a tough time getting tickets! I'll leave it to Mr. Pearce...I even got him in, didn't I?

AL: Uh huh.

KITZEL: Mr. Pearce, please talk more certain. Tell the truth now. Didn't I get us both in the game by my influence, didn't I get us both in for nothing.

AL: Yeh, and I wish you wouldn't do it again. We were the only ones in the Stanford band playing combs and tissue paper.

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

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WEN: I also understand, Kitzel, that you caused a scene during the halves.

KITZEL: Fish posh, I caused a scene?

AL: Well, you did -- you would, too -- and I don't think it was very nice of you to treat those Stanford rooters the way you did.

WEN: What, exactly did he do, Al?

KITZEL: Now don't you tell, Mr. Pearce.

AL: Well, I am going to tell -- seven of the Stanford men were making themselves into the shapes of letters to spell "Stanford", and they asked Kitzel to be one of the letters.

KITZEL: And I wouldn't do it.

WEN: You wouldn't?

KITZEL: Certainly not. Why should I stand there and make an "S" of myself?

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

AL: Well friends, believe it or not, I used to sing over the radio, years ago, so I can understand how much Margaret Denhart appreciates the letters she's been getting. Of course, her fan letters aren't nearly as enthusiastic as mine used to be. On the other hand, Margaret's fans want her to continue singing. Which she does right now with a swell old number. "More Than You Know."

ORCHESTRA: ("MORE THAN YOU KNOW".....MARGARET LENDHART)

SOUND: AIRPLANE MOTOR FADES IN RAPIDLY...MOTOR SLOWS DOWN, IDLES, THEN COMES OUT

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

AL: Then, did you hear that? What's going on here!!

WEN: Yeah -- sounds like an airplane.

MAN: It's okay, it's okay! It's just something I whipped up for national defense!

AL: Oh, it's you again! First you bring an Indian into the studio and now you try to drag in an airplane -- AND we don't need any airplanes today.

MAN: This one's different, see. It's a highly intelligent airplane. With this little job, there can't be a pilot shortage. It doesn't need any pilot.

AL: No pilot?

VOICE: (BASSO) Nope, I just fly around by myself.

AL: Who said that?

VOICE: Dat was me -- P-Seventy-Five. De British call me Kitty-Cat. (SING-SONG)

 I got somepin' you sin't got.

AL: What?

VOICE: Retractable landing gears!

MAN: You can see the possibilities, Pearce. Kitty-Cat here has been hanging around with the army pilots lately, getting all kinds of ideas about air battles.

VOICE: Yeah! I got other ideas, too. You guys couldn't spare me a cool, slow-burning Camel, could you?

AL: Sure thing! I'm not surprised, either. Anybody who spends any time around men in uniform is likely to hear a lot about Camels. You know, actual sales records 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.

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

AL: (Cont'd)

Just like anyone else, Young America on the march goes for that Camel extra flavor -- and the famous Camel extra mildness that lets you enjoy it. They like the way Camels give them more for their money, too -- by burning more slowly -- giving extra smoking per cigarette per pack -- and cooler smoking, too! That's because Camels are made of costlier tobacco -- blended as only Camel knows how to blend. Less nicotine in the smoke, too!

ECHO:

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! Get a pack of mild, flavorful Camels tonight -- and you'll want to buy a whole carton tomorrow!

ORCHESTRA:(MUSICAL CURTAIN)ORCHESTRA:(CUCKOO THEME)

WEN:

The sound of the cuckoo introduces that All-American back -- doorbell ringer, Elmer Blurt. With the Christmas season approaching very rapidly, Elmer has formed a partnership with Andy Devine to sell their new idea in original Christmas cards. So tonight we find our super low pressure salesman and his new Junior partner starting out on a new venture.

SOUND:FOOTSTEPS

ELMER:

Geo whillikins, Andy was supposed to meet me here but he's late as usual. Maybe he's --

ANDY:

H'ya, Elmer!

(APPLAUSE)

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

ANDY: I'm sorry I'm late, Elmer, but it was all on account of Uncle Louie decoratin' the house for Christmas. He went out in the woods and got a whole armload of Holly but it turned out to be poison ivy.

ELMER: Oh, gee golly, that's terrible.

ANDY: Yeh --- all that work for nothin'. Now, I guess he'll just have to start from scratch! (LAUGHS)

ELMER: Well, Andy --- we gotta get started sellin' these here Christmas cards. They oughta sell like hot cakes cause this is a brand new idea, makin' up special poems to fit peoples' personalities.

ANDY: Yeh --- let's try this door right here, Elmer.

ELMER: Yep, yep. I guess I'll mangle the mahogany with my mitts.

~~SOUND:~~ DOOR KNOCK...DOOR OPENS

MEL: (BOOTHMAN) Whatever it is I'm not interested, unless it's free samples.

ELMER: Mister, we make up original Christmas cards.

MEL: Aye.

ELMER: And they all have pretty poetry.

MEL: Aye.

ELMER: And we're sellin' them for ten cents apiece.

MEL: Aye --- figured there was a catch in it.

ANDY: Well, Mister, have you got time for us to make up some poetry to show you how original these cards are?

MEL: I dinna trust you door to door salesmen.

ELMER: Oosh, why not, Mister?

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

MEL: Neel, last New Years a man came to my door and sold me ten thousand pieces of confetti for five cents.

ANDY: But that sounds like a bargain.

MEL: Aye, it woulda been but there were three pieces missin'!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Gosh, Andy, we gotta sell some of these cards on accounts I practised all last night makin' up Christmas poems.

ANDY: Me too. But, don't worry -- we're bound to get rid of some. Let's try this place. Hey, Elmer....

ELMER: Yep, what is it?

ANDY: I always wanted to try out that way you knock. Let me tap lightly on this door.

ELMER: Okay, Andy -- go ahead!

SOUND: VERY LOUD EXAGGERATED ELMER-KNOCK ENDING ON BERRY BOX CRASH

ANDY:TI-I-IMMMMMMMBERRRRRR!

WOMAN: Why, you Cracked brained, imbecilic, you -- you -- what do you want here anyway?

ANDY: (MEEPLY) We came to make you happy and bring Christmas cheer.

WOMAN: I don't care if you came to -- (CHANGES) Oh, well, I suppose I should observe the Christmas spirit -- I'm sorry if I seemed a little upset. You see, we've had this pine door in the family for years.

ELMER: I see the resemblance. I bet you're a knotty girl. (LAUGHS) Lady, we're introduc'in' a wonderful new idea in Christmas cards.

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

WOMAN:

I see. What is it?

ANDY:

You buy the cards and we make up a special poem for you to put on it.

WOMAN:

That sounds interesting. Could you give me a sort of sample of your work?

ELMER:

Oh, sure, sure, sure -- Here's one I've got right here -- I'll read it to you. "Greetings of the season bright -- We think of you both day and night. So do not stray away too far -- You owe a payment on your car!"..

Oh, pardon me -- that's a letter from my finance company. (LAUGHS)

ANDY:

Here, Lady, I've got some of the sample cards -- they're all ready to put the verses on.

WOMAN:

Let me see. My, that's a pretty card. Just look at those lovely red ribbons tied in a bow.

ANDY:

Yeh -- I made that one myself and I sure took an awful chance puttin' them red bows on it.

WOMAN:

I don't see why you took a chance?

ANDY:

Oh, no? Just wait till Aunt Sophie finds out she's only got one barter left! (LAUGHS)

ELMER:

Here's another very dandy card, Lady. See? There's Santa Claus all dressed up in his green suit.

WOMAN:

Green suit?

ELMER:

Yeh -- we wanted to be sure you could recognise him on accounts this year everybody else is in the red!

WOMAN:

I see. Well, I think I'd prefer one without Kris Kringle.

ELMER:

Golly, Lady -- who's that?

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

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1987

WOMAN: Why, haven't you heard of old Kris? He gets into his sled and flies right over all the rooftops.

ANDY: Gee!.....I ~~know~~ somebody would figure out how to get across Wilshire boulevard! (LAUGHS)

WOMAN: Well, let me see now -- as I understand it -- these cards are blank and you boys make up original poems to fit each person.

ELMER: Yep, that's right, sure -- we even got some made up for moving picture stars.

ANDY: Yeh -- Elmer, let's read her that one we make up to sell Lana Turner.

ELMER: That's a good idea. Here it is...I'll read it to ya....

"Merry, merry Christmas, Lana
Have you wroten a letter yet to Sanna?"

WOMAN:Could I have that last line again?

ELMER: Yep. "Have you wroten a letter to Sanna."

WOMAN: The word is not "wroten".

ELMER: Is it "rotten".

WOMAN: So far -- yes!

ANDY: Just listen to the next verse --

"Dancoer, Francoer, Dunder Blitsen,
You'd be prettier in the parlor or even in the kitsen".

WOMAN: A beautiful thought.

ANDY: Yeh -- "But I'll keep right on witsen and witsen....

WOMAN: Just a second. What's this "witsen"?

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

ELMER:

Oh, you know -- like "witsen can make it so"?

WOMAN:

I can see that you know very little about lyrical construction. Have you ever heard of John Greenleaf Whittier?

ANDY:

If he lives in Van Nuys he musta just moved in.

WOMAN:

Oh, dear...I hear my husband. He's the chief of police and he doesn't like peddlers. He must have been listening upstairs.

ELMER:

Don't worry, lady. We'll charm him with one of our poems!

MAN:

A couple of door to door salesman, eh. Just as I thought.

ELMER:

Oh, my oh my, o golly gee

We're only selling poetry --

ANDY:

Now, Elmer, don't be afraid of these policemen guys. After all, I'm the mayor of this here Van Nuys. (TURNS TO CHIEF) Now, Chief, who do you think you are?

ELMER:

Yeah, Andy, don't let him fool you with that star.

WILL:

Oh yeah? Don't get tough -- I've called the wagon.

ANDY:

Don't worry, Elmer -- He's just braggin'.

SOUND:

(POLICE PATROL BELL)

ELMER:

(BIG GULP)

ANDY:

Gosh, Elmer, I'm sorry -- I guess I appointed a lug.

ELMER:

Okay, Andy, (GULP) I'll meet you in the jug.

ORCHESTRA:

(BUMPER TO AL PEARCE)

AL:

Well, thanks, friends, for joining up with our little caravan of fun to-
 night -- and speaking of caravans, the Camel Caravan, -- six mobile units
 -- car, trailer and portable stage loaded down with entertainers, is
 rolling through the state of Texas, giving a performance tonight for the

RADIO
 WILLIAM ESTY
 AND COMPANY

AL: (Cont'd)

Air Corps at San Angelo. Tomorrow night they'll be at Brooks Field, and next Monday night at Kelly Field, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of next week at Fort Sam Houston, and one week from tonight at Randolph Field -- all in Texas.

Best wishes, Camel Caravan, and best wishes to all you friends...We'll be seeing you next Friday night. So long and good luck.

~~ORCHESTRA:~~~~(THEME TO PRINCE ALBERT)~~~~SOUND:~~~~(WHISTLE OF AMAZEMENT)~~

VOICE:

Oh, boy!

ANNOUNCER:

That's right, pipe-smokers! Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco certainly is surprising. P.A.'s friendly mildness and rich, mellow taste are worth writing home about any day in the week. There's P.A.'s cooler way of burning, too....no excess heat to blur taste, bite your tongue. What's more, P.A. is crisp cut, no-bite treated brand. Yes, you'd just naturally expect Prince Albert to be called the National Joy Smoker Pipe-smokers... try P.A. now

This is Wendell Niles...speaking.

This is the COLUMBIABROADCASTING SYSTEM.

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WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

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