

WM. ESTY AND CO., INC.
1537 No. Vine Street
Hollywood, Calif.

2ND REVISION

"MYSTERY IN THE AIR"

Starring

PETER LORRE

For

CAMEL CIGARETTES

**AS
BROADCAST**

NBC - Studio A
6:00 - 6:30 PM, PST

Program Number 4
Thursday, July 24, 194

Produced by Don Bernard

Directed by Cal Kuhl

Adaptation of W. W. Jacobs "The Interruption"

Written by Frank Wilson

CAST

Goddard.....Peter Lorre
The Voice.....Henry Morgan
Hannah.....Agnes Moorehead
Milly.....Mary Lansing
Doctor.....Russell Thorson
Man.....Herb Vigran
Michael Roy
Bob Andersen
Lyle Bond
Ed Chandler
Paul Baron

SOUND EFFECT:

Birds Chirping
Breakfast Dishes
Wind
Heavy Sleet Storm
Phone
Door
Several Door Buzzers
Footsteps
Clock Strikes
Winds Blows Window Open
Crash
Car
Chair

ENGINEERING:

Filter Mike
Echo is needed
Isolation Booth

WOMAN: (OFF) GROANS

SOUND: (OFF) RAPPING-OPEN DOOR-RUNS A LITTLE, THEN STOPS

LORRE: Who's there?

MUSIC: IN

~~LORRE: Somebody in her room something in Maude's room!~~

~~SOUND: WALKS SLOWLY~~

~~LORRE: What's in there? (PAUSE) It couldn't be--I don't believe
in superstition--or ghosts--or noises--who's there?~~

WOMAN: LOW GROANS

SOUND: RAPPING

LORRE: I'm not afraid---I'M not--I'm not!

SOUND: WIND BLOWS WINDOW OPEN WITH A BANG AND THERE IS A CRASH

LORRE: SCREAMS

SOUND: RUNS DOWN STAIRS

LORRE: No--No----NO! Maude---~~Maude~~---let me alone--let me alone!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

MORGAN: "Mystery in the Air" -- starring Peter Lorre!

MUSIC: "MYSTERY IN THE AIR" THEME...20 SECONDS FULL-THEN B.G.

MORGAN: Each week at this hour, Peter Lorre brings us the excitement of the great stories of the strange and unusual -- of dark and compelling masterpieces culled from the four corners of world literature. Tonight, W. W. Jacobs' story -- "The Interruption".

MUSIC: GONG

ROY: "Mystery In The Air"...brought to you by Camel Cigarettes!

MUSIC: UP TO CLIMAX

(APPLAUSE)

COMMERCIAL

ROY: Experience is the Best Teacher! Try a Camel -- let your own experience tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!

It's your "T-Zone" that decides what cigarette you like best...Yes, your "T-Zone"...that's T for Taste and T for Throat...your true proving ground for any cigarette. Try a Camel on your "T-Zone". See if your Taste doesn't decide, "Mm'mmm...this rich, full Camel flavor is for me!" See if your Throat doesn't add..."And this cool mildness of Camels is for me!" See if you don't say, like millions of other smokers: "Camels suit my 'T-Zone' to a T!"

MUSIC: "MYSTERY OF THE AIR" THEME

HANNAH: (OFF A LITTLE) Good evening, sir - I hope I'm not disturbing you?....I know you'd rather be alone so soon after the funeral.

LORRE: (SOLEMNLY) No, Hannah - come in, please.

HANNAH: (SNIFFLES A BIT) I brought you this photograph, sir. A picture of Miss Maude. Milly and me come upon it today when we were straightening out her things. I thought you'd like to have it, sir - to remind you.

LORRE: That's very kind of you, Hannah. We'll keep it right here on the piano, shall we?

HANNAH: It's quite a good likeness of your wife, sir - till she whas taken ill, I mean. I never in all my days saw anyone change so sudden.

LORRE: The nature of her disease.

HANNAH: Yes, a terrible way to go - just terrible.

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

LORRE: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) Was there - anything else you wanted?

HANNAH: (LOW) You know sir - I just can't believe she's dead. Every now and then I get a queer feeling that she's still here - come right into the kitchen - behind me - just standing there looking at me - and wanting to tell me something.

LORRE: (A TRIFLE SHARPLY) It's your nerves, Hannah. (MORE GENTLY) Perhaps you ought to have a little holiday. These last few weeks have been a great strain on you.

HANNAH: (RESPECTFULLY) You too, sir. Waiting on her hand and foot the way you did, I don't know how you stood it. If you'd only had a nurse, sir.

LORRE: I preferred to do it myself, Hannah. A nurse might have alarmed her.

HANNAH: Yes, I know...Of course. (INNOCENTLY) Is that what the doctor said, sir?

LORRE: (STIFFLY) I don't believe we discussed it.

HANNAH: Oh -

LORRE: (EVENLY) She couldn't have had a better doctor, no man could have done more for her.

HANNAH: And nobody could have done more for her than you, sir. There's not many husbands would have done what you did - or done it so well.

LORRE: Hannah, please! (MORE QUIETLY) I'm sure your intentions are good, but at the moment I would rather not discuss it.

HANNAH: Sure I'm sorry, sir. Forgive me for running on like this. (OFF A LITTLE) Good night, sir.

~~LORRE: Good night.~~

~~SOMEONE: [unclear]~~

~~LORRE: What did she mean by that? "Not many husbands would have done what you did"... no, that's silly.~~

~~MUSIC: IN AND BUILD--THEN DOWN AND FADE OUT~~

~~SOUND: BREAKFAST DISHES~~

HANNAH: Good morning, Mr. Goddard! You just sit right down, and I'll have your coffee as fast as a pot can boil.

LORRE: Thank you, Hannah. (HE IS MUCH BRIGHTER)

HANNAH: (CALLS) Milly, mind that coffee.

MILLY: (OFF MIKE) I'm watching it.

~~SOUND: KNIFE AND FORK ON PLATE~~

HANNAH: (TO GODDARD - CONVERSATIONALLY) You seem a bit more cheerful this morning, sir.

LORRE: Life goes on, Hannah. We must bear up as well as we can.

HANNAH: That we must, sir. Is the bacon to your taste?

LORRE: The bacon is excellent - but then your bacon always is. How do you manage it, Hannah?

~~HANNAH: The pig does the work, sir. - I just fry it.~~

LORRE: ~~(CHECKS COFFER)~~ ^{Sey,} by the way, Hannah, I was going through some of Mrs. Goddard's effects this morning. Do you know if she ever locked up any of her things?

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LORRE: (WITH AN EXPRESSION OF EXASPERATION HE ANSWERS) Hello --
I don't think she's in or she would have answered this
herself. Yes, I'll tell her (SMACKS IT UP) (TO HIMSELF)
Now -- I have to answer the phone, too. (CALLS) Hannah!
Hannah! Where are you?

HANNAH: (OFF) Right here, Sir --in the library.

SOUND: QUICK STEPS

LORRE: (TO HIMSELF) In the library, eh?

SOUND: STEPS CONTINUE BRIEFLY...THEN STOP

LORRE: (PAUSE) Didn't you hear the phone ring?

HANNAH: Yes, sir.

LORRE: Look here, Hannah. I don't understand you...what has
come over you lately? You've been acting strange.

HANNAH: Strange, Sir?

LORRE: Yes.... Strange.

HANNAH: Oh.

LORRE: I realize that without a lady in the house you lack
instruction. But --this sort of thing you've been doing--
sitting around here in the library in my chair --reading
my paper. Do you realize I haven't even seen that paper
yet myself?

HANNAH: There's nothing much in it, Sir.

LORRE: Look here, Hannah --I've been patient and after all I
really haven't been myself since ---

HANNAH: Since the funeral?

LORRE: Yes -- but frankly, I don't like your attitude.

HANNAH: I'm sorry you don't, Sir.

MUSIC: (PIANO - "FLOW GENTLY SWEET AFTON")

HANNAH: (WITH PIANO) HUMS "FLOW GENTLY"

LORRE: Stop that -- ^{don't you to} ~~how dare you~~ touch that piano?

MUSIC: (PIANO TAKES ITS TIME ABOUT STOPPING)

HANNAH: Oh, very well.

LORRE: I'll not have anyone touch that instrument. Do you hear!
~~I think that's only deception~~ memory of my dear wife.

HANNAH: Come, Mr. Goddard -- let's not change the subject -- you wanted to talk to me about other matters -- didn't you?

LORRE: Yes. -- Where is Milly? -- I haven't seen her about lately.

HANNAH: Milly? Oh, didn't I tell you -- I had to let her go.

LORRE: (PAUSE) You let Milly go? Without asking me? Why?

HANNAH: She wasn't satisfactory - not to my way of thinking. It was either her or me, Mr. Goddard - and I thought I knew what your choice would be.

LORRE: Yes, I - I should be sorry to lose you, Hannah.

HANNAH: Thank you, sir, I'm sure I've tried my best. I've been with you some time now -- and I know all your little ways. That's always an advantage, sir.

LORRE: Yes -- of course.

HANNAH: Now what was it you wanted?

LORRE: Why - it seems to have slipped my mind.

HANNAH: Oh. Now, if you have a minute, sir, there's a little something I wanted to see you about.

LORRE: (TIGHT LIPPED) Yes?

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HANNAH: My wages, sir. I'd like a little raise - seeing as how with Milly gone, I'll be doing all the work now.

LORRE: That seems only fair. Let me see, you're getting a hundred and fifty now -- suppose we make it a hundred and seventy-five. (PAUSE) Isn't that satisfactory?

HANNAH: Well - I was thinking of - say - three hundred, sir.

LORRE: Hannah - isn't that a rather big jump?

HANNAH: Well, I figured I was worth it - to you, sir. After all, a big jump is better than - well - better than a big drop. (SHE TITTERS)

LORRE: You're very gay tonight, aren't you.

HANNAH: Short life and a merry one, I always say, sir.

LORRE: Well, if - if I give you three hundred that ought to make your life quite merry.

HANNAH: Merry and long, perhaps. I'm careful, you know, sir - very careful.

LORRE: I'm sure of it.

HANNAH: Careful what I eat and drink, I mean.

LORRE: That - is very wise.

HANNAH: And I'm wise in other ways, too. Like that letter I left with my sister last week ^{LORRE: What letter? HANNAH: a letter} to be opened after my death.

LORRE: A letter? And - what would such a letter say?

HANNAH: Oh, it's very short. Just that if I should die I'm to be carefully examined by the coroner. And then I suggest that something else be examined - a poor soul laid away three weeks ago come Wednesday.

LORRE: ~~How do you know?~~ ^{you!} - how did you know?

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HANNAH: That you'd poisoned your wife? Well, to tell the truth
I wasn't sure at first. It was you yourself who told me.

LORRE: I? ~~How?~~ *When?*

HANNAH: When you let me keep her jewels.

LORRE: I see.

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER RINGS OFF MIKE. REPEAT

LORRE: There - there seems to be someone at the back door.

HANNAH: The delivery boy from town I imagine. I took the liberty
of ordering some more of that old brandy. It's all gone
and I do enjoy a little nip occasionally. You've no
objection, Mr. Goddard?

(PAUSE)

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER RINGS AGAIN

LORRE: (IN A DEAD VOICE) Did you hear? -- It's the door.

HANNAH: (APPROGANTLY) Well?

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER AGAIN

(ENGINEER BUILD BUZZERS)

LORRE: ~~Yes, yes, I hear it...~~ *all right* ...Never mind - I'll answer it! I'll
answer it myself.

SOUND: RE-ITERANT BUZZERS

MUSIC: SWEEPS IN FOR FINISH OF FIRST ACT

(APPLAUSE)

MORGAN: In a few moments, Mr. Peter Lorre will bring us the climax of tonight's "Mystery in the Air" when Camels present Act Two of - "The Interruption".

MUSIC: (GONG)

ROY: You know it was...I think...Aesop, who once said:

CHANDLER: (FILTER) Experience is the best teacher.

ROY: Well, what happened to cigarette smokers during the wartime shortage just proves that the old boy was right, as usual. Remember how we all smoked whatever brands of cigarettes we could get then? That experience of comparing brand after brand made smokers experts on judging the differences in cigarette quality. This man is typical...

MAN: (PERHAPS STARTING WITH A SLIGHT LAUGH) I guess I know all there is to know about cigarettes, after that wartime shortage. Name a brand...any brand...and I'll give you my opinion. Name Camels...and I'll say..."That's my brand." Yes...since I tried 'em all, I know I'm happiest with Camel's rich, full flavor and cool mildness.

ROY: Yes, the experience of smoking all the cigarette brands during the wartime shortage convinced a host of people that Camels suit them best. As a result...

CHANDLER: (FILTER) More people are smoking Camels than ever before.

ROY: Experience is the best teacher. Try a Camel.

MUSIC: THEME...ESTABLISH THEN FADE UNDER FOR:

MORGAN: We continue the story of a man who gambled with fate . . . and a woman. He was trapped--but there must be a way out and he must find it soon, before gossip began - before the changed position of master and servant lent color to her story when that story became known. He realized his nerves were going--he looked ill and he was ill. Then one day he found the door to his dead wife's room ajar and on her bed lay the servant Hannah.

LORRE: (IN RAGE) You-what are you doing here?

HANNAH: So you're going around on tip toe now--I didn't hear you.

LORRE: This room was locked.

HANNAH: I had a key.

LORRE: What are you doing in there?

HANNAH: I'm using the room now for myself. (PAUSE) No--don't you dare touch me--don't--don't.

LORRE: No--I wouldn't use my hands on that skimmy neck of yours.

HANNAH: I'm not scared of you--I'm not. Not with my letter.

LORRE: You are brighter than I thought--but I'm sure no one will have reason to open that letter for fifty years to come.

HANNAH: I don't take up my troubles before they come.

LORRE: You ought to live to be ninety years old ~~if you're fortunate~~ *if you're fortunate*.

HANNAH: You're not fooling me -- I know you'd like to kill me.

LORRE: One can't always do what one wants. (SIGHS) Well, now you're completely the boss---would you mind if I keep at least my own room.

HANNAH: Well--now that you're looking at everything reasonable like---sure---go ahead---You can keep your room--mope in it as long as you like. (LAUGHS)

LORRE: Oh, you laugh! Well----laugh while you can, ~~my friend,~~ ^{Hannah?}

HANNAH: What do you mean?

LORRE: You're sitting pretty--you think--riding high, eh? But you'd better be careful--you may not always have the advantage in this little game. I'll be thinking, Hannah--thinking at night when you're asleep - thinking while---- you're parading yourself in ~~Maude's~~ ^{my wife's} finery and playing the great lady...I'll be thinking, Hannah--and planning and sooner or later--I'll find a way - Yes--I think I'll find a way.

MUSIC: TRANSITION

DOC: When you called me, I didn't expect to find you in bed. Now, when did you first notice these stomach pains?

LORRE: Oh--around the time Maude died.

DOC: Oh.

LORRE: Doctor--you've known me long enough - I'm not paranoid but lying here...and having these symptoms....

DOC: This is really puzzling, Goddard. You'd better go to the hospital tomorrow morning for a complete check up.

MUSIC: (OFF) OFF STAGE PIANO PLAYS "FLOW GENTLY SWEET AFTON"

HANNAH: (OFF) (AT OFFSTAGE PIANO SINGING)

DOCTOR: Good Lord -- what's that?

LORRE: My housekeeper, Hannah - she enjoys certain priveleges, you see.

DOCTOR: I see. Certainly an unusual servant. Come Goddard, I've known you too long to beat around the bush this way. What are you driving at?

LORRE: Doctor - my food--it has a funny taste lately. Everything I eat--even the medicine you gave me. Doctor--I know it's not imagination or nerves. I'm almost afraid to say it, but I believe she--I believe that she is trying to poison me.

DOCTOR: Poison you!

LORRE: Yes--and now, I'm sure Doctor, I believe that my wife was poisoned, too.

DOCTOR: Mr. Goddard--this is incredible.

LORRE: I know - but look on the shelf in the bathroom--there is some of the medicine you gave me--Please take it and have it examined---and then we'll know.

DOC: Very well. But don't say anything about this to anyone.

LORRE: No, of course not.

DOC: I'm leaving you another bottle of the pink medicine. I'll put in on the shelf in your bathroom and take the other with me. She'll not know the difference. If you feel badly tonight call me--Don't worry if its late-- I'll come right over - in the meantime we'll see about all this. I'll take the bottle over to the lab first thing in the morning. Now--try to rest and--don't worry, Mr. Goddard--try to forget the whole thing.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

LORRE: Thank you--~~thank you very much.~~ *I'll try.*

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: SLEET STORM KICKS UP OUTSIDE-CLOCK STRIKES ONE INSIDE

LORRE: Hannah! Hannah! HANNAH!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS ANGRILY

HANNAH: What's the matter with you - screaming like that in the dead of night--you and the storm are enough to scare a person out of their wits.

LORRE: Hannah--I'm sick--very sick.

HANNAH: You weren't so sick this afternoon.

LORRE: Please get the doctor--please go bring him quickly.

HANNAH: Bring him? And what's the telephone for I want to know.

LORRE: I tried it---the lines must be down. Hannah--please
--don't let me suffer---get him---get him.

HANNAH: On a night like this--I'd catch my death.

LORRE: Hannah - don't be a fool--I'm--I may be dying. What would
I be worth to you dead?

HANNAH: Nothing.

LORRE: Go-----I--please---get the doctor.

HANNAH: Oh--all right. I'll go over and get my brother in law
to drive me---but I think it's all a lot of nonsense
and you could wait till morning.

LORRE: I can't - no-- I can't.

HANNAH: All right--all right--I'm going.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS...THE STORM IN

MUSIC: TRANSITION

SOUND: THE STORM AS BEFORE...CLOCK STRIKES TWO

LORRE: (MORE ALIVE) She's taking her own time about it--but the
doctor may have been out. Well, I'm ready for them.
There's enough poison in the new bottle of medicine to
kill a horse. That ought to cinch it--when he has that *new bottle*
~~tested~~ *analyzed.* Then we'll both demand an autopsy on my wife.

(LAUGHS) Poor Hannah--I feel sorry for her now (PAUSE)

WOMAN: (OFF) GROANS

SOUND: (OFF) RAPPING

LORRE: What's that? My nerves certainly are shot. They say you develop a tolerance for this poison in the system-- but I only took enough to show up in examination--ugh --what awful-tasting stuff. It's a wonder my wife never caught on--poor soul.

WOMAN: (OFF) GROANS

SOUND: (OFF) RAPPING-OPEN DOOR-RUNS A LITTLE..THEN STOPS

LORRE: Who's there?

MUSIC: IN

LORRE: Somebody in her room--something in Maude's room!

SOUND: WALKS SLOWLY

LORRE: What's in there? (PAUSE) It couldn't be--I don't believe in superstition--or ghosts---or noises---who's there?

WOMAN: LOW GROANS

SOUND: RAPPING

LORRE: I'm not afraid---I'M not ^{afraid}---I'm not!

SOUND: WIND BLOWS WINDOW OPEN WITH A BANG AND THERE IS A CRASH

LORRE: SCREAMS

SOUND: RUNS DOWN STAIRS

LORRE: No--No----NO! Maude---~~let me alone~~---let me alone--let me alone!

SOUND: TEAR OPEN FRONT DOOR AND SLAM IT. STORM ON AS DOOR OPENS

LORRE: (BREATHING HEAVILY) My nerves--that's all---it couldn't have been anything but the wind. (SHUDDERS) I'm cold---wet thro---I've got to get in and change before--before they come.

SOUND: SHAKE KNOB

LORRE: Locked--I'm locked out---I'M LOCKED OUT! (SHAKES KNOB AND POUNDS HYSTERICALLY) Let me in--let me in--let me in!

MUSIC: SWELLS INTO STORM...THEN OUT

SOUND: STORM AS BEFORE

SOUND: CAR STOPS ON GRAVEL...CAR DOOR OPENS...THEY GET OUT

MAN: *As a fine thing dragging meat on a night like this.*
Look, Hannah--look there on the ground.

HANNAH: Oh--it's him--It's Mr. Goddard.

MAN: What's he doing out here lying in the snow.

HANNAH: All this in one night--first the doctor *is killed at the gate crossing* and now him----
help me get him upstairs--quick.

MAN: Sure----come on.

MUSIC: TRANSITION INTO CHORD FOR CLOCK

SOUND: (OFF) STORM ABATES

SOUND: CLOCK STRIKES THREE

HANNAH: You better go now---I'll take care of him. A fine mess this is. I'll get him some of the medicine the doctor left this afternoon.

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MAN: Okay -- see you in the morning. If he's bad you'll have
to get a new doctor ^{what with} ~~at~~ Poor Doctor Phillips ^{has killed} ~~is gone for~~
~~good.~~

SOUND: SHUT DOOR

HANNAH: (COMING BACK FAST) Here --- here take this --- open your
mouth now --- here

LORRE: Yes --- thank you --- thank you

HANNAH: That's it --- that will fix you up. My -- you're nothing
but trouble

LORRE: Thank you --- I ~~at~~ ^{HANNAH: What's the matter?} what have you given me? Where did
you get that bottle --- You've killed me----you've killed
me

HANNAH: What are you talking about

LORRE: You've killed me --- that's poison --- the bottle was full
of poison

HANNAH: Poison!

LORRE: Yes -- I've fixed you, Hannah. I'm dying --- but you're
going to die, too -- the doctor knows -- he has the other
bottle and there's poison in that too---

HANNAH: You tried to fix me!

LORRE: The rope's around your neck now -- the rope's around your
neck

HANNAH: You fool -- you fool -- you fool --- you've cheated me --
cheated me out of the days and the years of watching you
squirm and suffer -- you deserved to suffer and now you've
cheated me. Oh, you fool -- don't you know the doctor is
dead (LAUGHS) The doctor is dead! ~~is~~ ^{Oh you fool --- oh,} I could have
made his life so miserable.

MUSIC: CURTAIN

(APPLAUSE)

COMMERCIAL

ROY: Peter Lorre will be back in just a moment for Camel cigarettes.

Each week, the makers of Camel cigarettes send free Camels to servicemen's hospitals from coast to coast. This week the Camels go to Veterans' Hospital, Springfield, Missouri...U.S. Army Brooke General Hospital, Ft. Sam Houston, Texas...U.S. Naval Hospital, Parris Island, South Carolina...U.S. Marine Hospital, Seattle, Washington...and Veterans' Hospital, Batavia, New York.

CHANDLER: (FILTER) According to a recent nationwide survey, more doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette.

ANDERSON: Three leading independent research organizations questioned one hundred thirteen thousand, five hundred and ninety-seven doctors...doctors in every state of the Union...on their cigarette preferences. What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor? was asked. The brand named most was Camel.

MORGAN: And now, here is Mr. Peter Lorre.

LORRE: Ladies and gentlemen---tonight I have realized an ambition. ~~It is an ambition common to most face makers, masculine gender, who have their mail addressed to picture studios in Hollywood.~~ That is to play a role opposite one of the most gifted actresses of our time. Most of you, perhaps indentified her immediately in tonight's play, for she is very well known in radio. I have saved the pleasure of expressing my admiration for her until now. Miss Agnes Morehead.

(APPLAUSE)

Wait for me, Aggie, and we'll have supper together someplace where we can both trust the chef. Next week ladies and gentlemen--our play will be ^{a classic story} "Evening Primrose" ~~a story of a department store.~~ I hope you will be *here*. ~~here in our department.~~ Thank you. Good-night.

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: "MYSTERY IN THE AIR" THEME...FADE UNDER TO B.G.

MORGAN: Next week, "Mystery in the Air", starring Mr. Peter Lorre, brings you John Collier's great story, "Evening Primrose", adapted by Frank Wilson with a special musical score composed and conducted by Paul Baron.

MUSIC: COMMERCIAL LEAD IN...FADE OUT ON CUE

HITCHHIKE:

CHANDLER: More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco! What could tell you better that P. A. is extra rich and full flavored...extra cool and mild! Try a pipeful of Prince Albert! It's specially made for smoking pleasure -- crimp cut to burn slow, smoke cool -- specially treated to insure against tongue bite. Now's the time for you to say -- "Today's the day I try P.A." And remember folks...Saturday night is the time to listen to Prince Alberts' "Grand Ole Opry"...folk songs by Red Foley and his Cumberland Valley boys...laughter by Minnie Pearl and Rod Brasfield...and the rest of the Opry gang. That's Prince Alberts' "Grand Ole Opry" Saturday night over NBC. (and Red's special guest - Rosalie Allen)

MUSIC: COMMERCIAL LEAD IN....FADE OUT UNDER

ROY: What careers offer the most opportunity for advancement to a young woman? The profession of nursing is certainly one of them. Young women under thirty-five, with a high-school education or better, are qualified to take a nursing course. If you have been a WAC, WAVE, MARINE, or SPAR, the entire cost of your nursing education may be covered by your allowance under the G. I. Bill of Rights. Ask now at your nearest hospital about how you can join the fall nursing course.

MUSIC: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

ROY: Listen again next week at this same time when the makers of Camel Cigarettes present Mr. Peter Lorre in "Mystery In The Air". (Next week's play will be "Evening Primrose" by John Collier.)

The artists supporting Mr. Lorre were

Henry Morgan.....as "The Voice Of Mystery"
Agnes Moorehead.....as Hannah
Mary Lansing.....as Milly
Russell Thorson.....as The Doctor
Herb Vigran.....as The Man

This is Michael Roy in Hollywood wishing you all a pleasant--good night--for Camels.

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME TO FINISH

NBC
ANNCR: THIS IS N.B.C....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY