

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**

Walter

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

Program Number 5
Thursday, July 31, 1947

Produced by Don Bernard

Directed by Cal Kuhl

Original story "Nobody Loves Me"

Written by Herbert Clyde Lewis

CAST

Joe Reeze.....	Peter Lorre
The Voice.....	Henry Morgan
Peggy.....	Lurene Tuttle
Sgt. Holt.....	Frank Nelson
Capt. Kelly.....	Cyrus Kendall
Aunt Ella.....	Ruth Perrott
Joe Reeze (as a child).....	Conrad Binyon
Alex.....	Irvin Lee
Horace.....	Horace Willard

Michael Roy
Bob Anderson
Ed Chandler
Lynn Whitney
Paul Baron
Lynn Allen
Floyd Caton

SOUND EFFECTS:

Door
Chair
Footsteps
Slaps
Door Knocker
Strike match
Phone

ENGINEERING:

Filter Mike
Echo is needed
Isolation Booth

MUSIC: SHIMMER OF MYSTERY THEME (ENG: FADE IN - BUILD THEN TO B.G.)

MORGAN: /"Mystery in the Air" starring Peter Lorre...Presented by Camel Cigarettes. /

:15

:20

MUSIC: "MYSTERY IN THE AIR" THEME

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

LORRE: Hello. Are you guys in charge of this police station?

HOLT: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Well.....hello, bright eyes.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS TO KELLY SPEECH WHEN HE GETS ON MIKE

LORRE: Who's in charge here?

KELLY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Just a minute. How'd you get in here?

LORRE: I walked in. Who's the top man here?

KELLY: (FADES IN) This is the squad room, son. If you have a complaint, give it to the desk sergeant.

LORRE: No -- I don't want to bother him. He's sleeping.

KELLY: Jenkins sleeping! Wait'll I tell that....

LORRE: You better sit down.

HOLT: Look out, Kelly.....he's got a gun!

MUSIC: HITS - HOLD UNDER

LORRE: Yeah....I got a gun - so what?--And this is a police station - so what? So sit down you flatfoots. I got something to tell you! /

:16

MUSIC: SWELLS (BIG) THEN TO B.G.

1125

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.

MUSIC: OUT

MORGAN: Tonight -- "Nobody Loves Me" by Herbert Clyde Lewis

MUSIC: (GONG)

ROY: "Mystery in the Air"...brought to you by Camel Cigarettes!

~~MUSIC: THEME TO SHIMMER~~

(APPLAUSE)

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

2:02

How does your cigarette get along with your "T-Zone"? Your "T-Zone"...that's T for Taste and T for Throat... is your true proving ground for any cigarette. If you're not now a Camel smoker...try a Camel on your "T-Zone." Try Camel's rich, full flavor on your Taste... Camel's special cool mildness on your Throat. See if you don't say, like so many other smokers: "Camels suit my 'T-Zone' to a T!"

2:39

MUSIC: "MYSTERY IN THE AIR" THEME TO SHIMMER

KELLY: Now wait a minute mister ~~---you must~~...you must be
crazy coming into a police station and pulling a gun.

LORRE: Maybe I am crazy. But I think I know what I'm doing.

HOLT: You...you can't hold up a police station, Mister.

LORRE: Shut up! I don't want anything from you flatfoots.
And I don't want to make any complaints either...

KELLY: Look, son...

LORRE: Keep your hands up!

KELLY: I didn't move.

HOLT: Mister...this isn't funny.

LORRE: Shut up!--I'm talking--and I might even give you a
present.

HOLT: Now look....

LORRE: A present of ten thousand bucks just for sitting there
in all your lard and listening. (PAUSE) So which one
of you is boss?

HOLT: He...he is.

KELLY: Not me.

HOLT: He's Captain Kelly. I'm a Sergeant.

LORRE: Captain, huh? On night duty? What's the matter,
Captain? Burn your fingers. (PAUSE) Well, maybe
it's a good thing because after all I wouldn't want
to turn myself in to just any flatfoot.

KELLY: You turning yourself in?
where do you think

LORRE: ~~Sure. I'm telling you where~~ the dough comes
in. There's a ten thousand dollar reward for the
kidnapper of Peggy Stewart. Am I right?

HOLT: You did that?

KELLY: Where is she? Where's the girl?

LORRE: Uh-uh. You forget ~~that~~^{my} gun. You also forget I'm doing the talking. Sit down, Captain.

HOLT: You mean you're confessing?

LORRE: You might call it that. Yeah, it's the story of my life. And it'll hand you plenty of thrills. You know why?

KELLY: Look, son...

LORRE: Plenty of thrills. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Because my name is Reeze.

HOLT: (PAUSE) (WHISPERS) Joe Reeze.

KELLY: Then you killed her. You killed the girl. You killed Peggy Stewart!

LORRE: So you've heard about me.

HOLT: Killer Reeze.

LORRE: ~~Yeah, Killer Reeze.~~ (PAUSE) Killer Reeze, Captain Kelly. Then you admit I got a story? Well, I'm going to tell it in my own way...first things first...last things last. Peggy Stewart comes last.

KELLY: Just tell us...did you kill her, Joe?

LORRE: Shut up - and don't move...just listen. I start at the beginning...The beginning when I was born...And don't interrupt.

HOLT: (REACTS) Okay...We won't interrupt.

MUSIC: (SNEAKS IN UNDER TO BACKGROUND)

LORRE: I think a lot about when I was born, see...Maybe my mother loved me. Or maybe she wished I was dead. She didn't live long enough for me to find out. But .after she died, I was shoved off on an aunt and uncle who had the meanest, grimiest, stinkingest souls even you guys have ever seen... Yes, Aunt Ella and Uncle Walter...they were a pair. Why, they even looked alike...faces like rotting cabbages, and their mean little mouths yapping away in the middle of them. But I was so little when I went there, I didn't even know what I was missing. When I was about nine years old, one day I found a kitten...(MUSIC OUT)...a dirty, sick little kitten...

AUNT ELLA: (SHARP) Joe! Joe Reeze! What you got there?

JOE: (CHILD) Just a little cat.

SOUND: SLAP

ELLA: How do you speak to me?

JOE: I mean, ma'am.

ALEX: (ABOUT FOURTEEN) He found it down the alley, mom. Backa the fish store.

ELLA: You get rid of it, Joe Reeze! You get rid of it quick.

ALEX: I told you, Joe.

JOE: Please, ma'am...it...

ELLA: You hear me!

JOE: It won't eat much. Please.

SOUND: SLAP

ELLA: You hear me! You get rid of it...dirty thing! And if I see it again, Uncle Walt will beat the stuffing outa you.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ALEX: Whatcha going to do with it, Joe?

JOE: I don't know. Nothing.

ALEX: We could have some fun, I bet. Tie something to its tail.

JOE: No, I don't want to.

ALEX: Might as well. We could have some fun.

JOE: No, I said. (PAUSE) Say...feel!

ALEX: Yeah? What about it?

JOE: It's buzzing inside...like machinery.

ALEX: Oh - that's purring.

JOE: Purring?

ALEX: Sure. Cats do that when they're glad.

JOE: It's glad? About what?

ALEX: Bet it thinks you're going to feed it.

JOE: Oh, yes. (PAUSE) What do cats eat, Cousin Alex?

ALEX: Hey, you better not! You better take that cat away from here.

JOE: I ask you, what do they eat?

ALEX: You heard Mom. You start trying to keep that cat... feeding it...you'll get plenty.

JOE: I don't care.

ALEX: You ain't going to? You ain't going to keep it?

JOE: Sure I'm going to keep it. I'm going to keep it somewheres she don't know.

ALEX: You're crazy.

JOE: I'm not. I'm going to keep it. It likes me...that's why.

ALEX: Likes you - a cat?

JOE: Then why is it buzzing...purring? Sure it likes me.

ALEX: Aw, it doesn't. It's hungry. It'll stop purring.
Look!

JOE: What you doing, Alex?

ALEX: Watch when I twist its tail.

JOE: No, don't -- Owwww!

ALEX: What'd it do, Joe?

JOE: (HALF CRYING) It clawed me! It clawed me, and now it's scared. Look at it! I'll...I'll...

ALEX: (YELLS) Joe! Joe...what you doing?

MUSIC: (HIT...SWELLS THEN TO BACKGROUND)

LORRE: You ever feel a kitten...what it's really like?
Why, it's nothing but fur...soft...~~and~~...and its backbone is like a thin string of beads...curled just so. When it's scared, its eyes stare...all one color...and its neck is thin...thinner than a match...like a string of beads...just nothing between your fingers...(MUSIC OUT) (SEMI-WHISPER) Just nothing...

MUSIC: (SWEEPS IN...SWELLS...THEN FADES)

LORRE: What's the matter with you. It never turned my stomach...killing. It was always easy.

MUSIC: BRIDGE...THEN TO BACKGROUND...UNDER:

LORRE: After that, one day I killed a toad. Next day a butterfly. Each day I killed one thing...it was only natural. And I always felt the same...I felt good... I liked to kill!

MUSIC: PUNCTUATES

HOLT: Now, Joe, don't get excited.

LORRE: Why don't you shut up! After I made the right connections I found there was room in the world for a bright young fellow like me. There was work to spare for a man who didn't mind killing. A hundred bucks a job, I could get...sometimes even more, Captain. How much do you make, sucker?

MUSIC: OUT

LORRE: Pick up that pencil, Fatty...you, Sergeant...I'll give you a list. Put these down: The Bresco brothers... all three of them. A guy named Lyons who was two-timing somebody's wife. Then that chorus babe - Daisy Mae Marks. She got her fingers in the wrong pie. Izzie Turnbull - The Weasel - an old codger named Haskett we called The Ear --

KELLY: That's enough of them, Joe. Please - where'd you leave Peggy Stewart?

LORRE: Will you shut up - or would you like to join the list?

KELLY: No! No, Joe.

HOLT: But where'd you kill her, Joe?

LORRE: I'll get around to her.

HOLT: Sure...sure...but --

LORRE: Look - who's talking here, huh? Sit down now
and listen to it!

MUSIC: SNEAKS IN

LORRE: Listen to what I have to say, because it all
happened different with Peggy Stewart!

MUSIC: SWELLS TO CLIMAX...CURTAIN —

(APPLAUSE)

10:48

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 -- "Nobody Loves Me." 11:01

MUSIC: (GONG) 11:11

ROY: / Ever hear of a yellow-bellied cobia? It's a fish...a great, big, sassy, fightin' fish that has given sporting fishermen more back talk than almost any other kind. Mrs. Dorothy Newstead has its number though...She landed a sixty-nine pound cobia and became holder of the International Women's All-Tackle Record for Cobia. Not on her first try, of course. No, Sir...Mrs. Newstead fished a long time before she became a champ. As she said: 11:13

WOMAN: Experience is the best teacher in deep-sea fishing...In cigarettes, too. After all the different brands I smoked during the wartime cigarette shortage, I really appreciate Camels.

ROY: Yes, people learned during the wartime cigarette shortage that experience is the best teacher. For it was then that folks smoked whatever cigarettes they could get... compared the brands...and, in so doing, became experts on judging the differences in cigarette quality. As a result of this experience...

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

ROY: Yes, thousands of people learned that they like Camel's rich, full flavor and cool mildness best! Experience is the best teacher. Try a Camel yourself! 12:28

MUSIC: "MYSTERY IN THE AIR" THEME - TO SHIMMER, THEN TO BG. 12:41

MORGAN: / At the precinct police station, Joe Reeze continues his story. A strange story to be told to such a strange audience. A Sergeant and a Captain of police listen... at the point of a gun!

MUSIC: OUT

HOLT: Now wait a minute Reeze...(NERVOUSLY) and be careful with that gun.

LORRE: I'm always...careful, Sergeant.

HOLT: (STILL NERVOUS) Did...did the gang send you over to kill this Peggy Stewart?

LORRE: You see, I wasn't supposed to kill her. The boys sent me around to case the Stewart house for the kidnapping. That was all I was supposed to do...find out who was in the house and when the girl was alone. It was a big job. Since old man Stewart owns half the state and holds a mortgage—on the rest, naturally we expected it to pay off plenty. So I went to the house...you know how it is...all white...covering I bet an acre... What a house! I stood at the back door and I never been so full of mean hate in my life...just looking at how clean and big and right that house is...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

HORACE: What do you want?

LORRE: I'm looking for work, sir...

HORACE: There's nothing here.

LORRE: I thought maybe raking the yard. Or I can drive.

HORACE: No...there isn't anything.

LORRE: Is there anyone else here I could ask? ...You see...

PEGGY: (CALLS) Horace..Horace..who are you talking to?

HORACE: It's a young fellow, Miss Peggy. Looking for work.

PEGGY: (FADE ON) Oh? What kind of work?

LORRE: Anything, ma'am. Anything at all. You see, I'm going to college and I just want work for the summer. And I have a bad back so I can't do anything heavy.

PEGGY: Oh, I see. Well, maybe we have something. I'll ask my father.

HORACE: Miss Peggy.....

PEGGY: Father isn't home, right now. But if you want to wait...

LORRE: Oh, sure. Sure -- I'll wait.

PEGGY: You can come inside, Mr...

LORRE: Uh...Sanders. Joe Sanders.

PEGGY: Well, come in, Joe. Horace was about to give me my lunch. Maybe you'd like to eat with me.

MUSIC: (SHORT BRIDGE...THEN TO BACKGROUND)

LORRE: So for more than an hour I was on the inside...looking out. Just for once. It did things to me. That room where we ate...all sunshiney... the blue dishes... the food cooked in little dabs, and so good. I was just boiling with hate. I couldn't look at her...at the girl. Or talk. But she didn't seem to notice what was happening to me. That's what really got me. She didn't once look scared. (PAUSE) You ever see Miss Peggy? She's little. All curved and little and bright and soft. Even her voice is soft. I'd never known anybody like her except people in books I'd read. I love to read, see? And I couldn't take it when she didn't once look scared. I wanted to force her to look like the other girls I'd known...(MUSIC OUT)...make her get that look in her eyes....

PEGGY: You're not eating, Joe.

LORRE: I been thinking.

PEGGY: Oh?

LORRE: Aren't you scared?

PEGGY: Scared?

LORRE: Being alone like this with a fellow you don't even know.

PEGGY: Scared of you?

LORRE: Lots of girls are.

PEGGY: (LAUGHS) Why? Are you dangerous?

LORRE: I don't know. Lots of girls think I am. There must be something in it.

PEGGY: Oh...you mean you're a wolf.

LORRE: Oh, no. No, I don't mean it that way.

PEGGY: Well, if you are, I think you're a nice wolf. The nicest I know.

LORRE: That's not what I mean. And anyway -- you just don't know me.

PEGGY: It's funny. I feel like I do. I feel I've known you for a long time.

SOUND: DROP FORK ON DISH

PEGGY: What's the matter, Joe?

LORRE: Nothing. Nothing's the matter. I guess I better be going.

PEGGY: But aren't you going to wait for father? He'll be here pretty soon.

LORRE: No, I guess I better not wait.

PEGGY: But...you said...

LORRE: You see...I just remembered...I....I got to be some place...at two o'clock.

PEGGY: (DISAPPOINTED) Oh. Well....if you come back tomorrow...

LORRE: That's it. I'll come back tomorrow.

PEGGY: Maybe that will be even better. I can talk to father tonight about you. Then I'm sure he'll give you a job.

LORRE: Sure. You do that. That'll be swell.

PEGGY: But you will come back? Promise?

LORRE: Oh sure...sure, I'll come back.

MUSIC: (HITS OMINOUS...THEN TO BACKGROUND)

LORRE: I couldn't figure it out...how a girl like her could be with me and not be scared. And after I practically warned her, too. You can see how I tried to warn her, can't you? But she looked at me...at my eyes...my eyes ...and hers stayed just the same...blue and soft like she was looking at anyone. There's killing in my eyes. Lots of killing. Anyone can see that. (PAUSE) But then it hit me. I had to make her scared. I had to get her to look at me in that beautiful glassy way from back deep in her head...her blue eyes all glazed over...all one color. And then I had to kill her.

MUSIC: (PUNCTUATES AND SWELLS, THEN TO BACKGROUND)

LORRE: Well, I got my car out and drove back to her house. It was night, already, and there were lights on and windows open...and this time I went right to the front door...

MUSIC: (OUT)

SOUND: DOOR KNOCKER

PEGGY: (CALLS, OFF) I'll go, father.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS ON

PEGGY: Why...Joe...

LORRE: Hello, Miss Peggy....

PEGGY: Did you...did you come to see father tonight? I haven't talked to him yet.

LORRE: No, I came to see you.

PEGGY: Why, that's nice, Joe....I....

LORRE: I came to get you.

PEGGY: Get me?

LORRE: Sure. Don't you remember? I came back like you said.
I'm going to take you away.

PEGGY: Like I said?

LORRE: That's it. Now you're getting the look. Now you're
beginning to look at me the right way.

PEGGY: Don't, Joe! Joe, please, you're hurting me.

LORRE: No, I'm not, Peggy...I'm not hurting you much. Just
enough so you look up at me like something in a trap.
And it won't hurt much more when I kill you.

PEGGY: When you....? Joe! Joe, please.

LORRE: That's what I said. When I kill you.

PEGGY: Oh, no! (SCREAMS) Father! Help! Help! (ANOTHER
SCREAM)

MUSIC: (WIPES SCREAM AND DOWN TO BACKGROUND)

LORRE:

She fought me when I was carrying her to the car. I dumped her in the front seat and piled in, and after I got the car in high she didn't move any more. She sat there with her big eyes staring at the road. Well, I didn't talk any more then. I thought fast and I drove fast. I thought how it was going to be...killing her... and I was still thinking when we got to the hideout. Huuh? Where is it? It's up in the mountains, and I like it there. There's nothing but a cabin...but someone had a house there once, and there are still lilac bushes -- roses -- lots of roses. When I stopped the car in front of the cabin, I could smell the lilacs.. (MUSIC: OUT) ...and there was just enough moon to see her face. I opened the door.

LORRE: Okay..inside. Walk straight ahead and stand still.

PEGGY: It...it's dark in here.

LORRE: I got a candle.

SOUND: MATCH

LORRE: There. Now, get over there and sit down.

PEGGY: On the floor.

LORRE: (VICIOUS) Sure, on the floor. What do you want?
All the comforts of home? Of your beautiful clean
bright wonderful home? Well, why don't you tell me
what you want?

PEGGY: Joe, what's the matter. What did I do to you?

LORRE: Nothing. You didn't do nothing to me.

PEGGY: Then why are you...why, Joe?

LORRE: Go on...say it. Why am I going to kill you?

PEGGY: Yes.

LORRE: That's a very foolish question. I got to kill you.

PEGGY: But why?

LORRE: I got to talk to you and watch your eyes..and tell you a
lot of things...a lot of things...

PEGGY: Please, Joe..

LORRE: I got to know how you feel before you die..hold you
like this. Do you love me, Peggy? Do you?

PEGGY: Love you?

LORRE: Sure. That's what I asked.

PEGGY: ~~of course~~ No. Of course I don't love you.

LORRE: I know. Nobody loves me. Nobody ever loved me...
except a cat once. Everyone hates me, Peggy.

PEGGY: But I don't hate you, either.

LORRE: Oh you don't? Say, it's funny..I just thought of something. You know what?

PEGGY: Joe, how can you...?

LORRE: No, this is important...Listen..it's this way. I used to live here in this shack...weeks sometimes. And I'd read books...good books. The Modern Library. Do you know about them?

PEGGY: Yes..I know...

LORRE: Well, you can get any book you want for less than a buck..the best..see?

PEGGY: Yes...

LORRE: So I read something by a man named Oscar Wilde...where he says that each man kills the thing he loves. It's in the Modern Library. Each man kills the thing he loves. Maybe that's what I'm doing.

PEGGY: No, Joe -- You don't love me!

LORRE: You don't get it. I'll tell you what I mean. Like I said, nobody loves me...but I get love anyway. I get something like love. Because when I start to kill you... Peggy...there won't be anyone else in the world for you but me. No one else will matter. And your eyes will glaze -- and the blue will spread out..and there won't be anything in them but me. Me. Joe. (SOFTLY) That's why I'm going to kill you, Peggy..it will be so easy.

MUSIC: SNEAKS IN UNDER AND BACKGROUND

LORRE: All I got to do is take your neck in my hands..like this

MUSIC: SWELLS ...AND OUT

LORRE: You heard me say it, Peggy..I'm going to kill you! You heard me say it. I'm going to kill you now. (PAUSE)

PEGGY: (WHISPERS) Poor Joe.

LORRE: What..what did you say.

PEGGY: You've been hurt. You've been terribly hurt.
Poor Joe..I'm sorry.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

LORRE: Well..that's it.

KELLY: But where did you leave the body, Joe?

LORRE: What are you talking about?

HOLT: After you killed her..

LORRE: Who said I killed her.

HOLT: Why you said...

LORRE: Listen, bonehead...that's what it's all about.
That's why I came in here to give myself up. Nobody ever loved me, except that cat..and when it got scared it clawed me and I had to kill it. But Miss Peggy wasn't scared.

KELLY: I don't get it..

LORRE: Miss Peggy looked at me and into me and through me.... and she knew what I was..rotten..but she said -- Poor Joe -- To me. Joe Reeze. I figured that was as close as I'd ever get to love. I figured it was enough.

OUND: PHONE RINGS

LORRE: Go ahead answer it, Sergeant. I guess that's her old man, saying she's home. And then you can lock me up, Captain..if you don't mind. I need sleep. I'm dead for sleep. ✓

26:14

MUSIC: SNEAKS ... QUICKLY..SWELL TO CURTAIN
(APPLAUSE)

COMMERCIAL

ROY: / Peter Lorre will be back in just a moment for
Camel Cigarettes. 26:30

/ Each week, the makers of Camel Cigarettes send free 26:34
Camels to Servicemen's hospitals from coast to coast.
This week the Camels go to Veterans' Hospital, Tomah,
Wisconsin...U.S. AAF Station Hospital, Hamilton Field,
San Rafael, California...U.S. Naval Hospital,
Dublin, Georgia...U.S. Marine Hospital, Carville,
Louisiana...and Veterans' Hospital, Togus, Maine.

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

ANDERSON: Three leading independent research organizations
asked one hundred thirteen thousand, five hundred and
ninety-seven doctors: What cigarette do you smoke,
Doctor? The brand named most was Camel. — 27:10

27:10

MORGAN:

And now, here is Mr. Peter Lorre.

LORRE:

Ladies & gentlemen.

~~Good evening.~~ Should anyone think I don't love cats....

I really do.
please - I do. ~~I love their beauty, their independence,~~
~~their silky fur and feline softness.~~ *and this is true,* As a matter of fact,

Mrs. Lorre couldn't come to the broadcast tonight because

she's attending five new kittens sired by our fine

persian, Rochester. Yes - I love cats. *Sub - beg your pardon?* Why did I kill

one tonight? *Oh that was pardon me!* For money ~~_____~~. (PAUSE) If you

come around our way next week, and I hope you do - so

does our sponsor *you don't know who our sponsor is -- why come,* you'll hear a great story by my *of course.*

friend Ben Hecht. It's called "Between Good and Evil"

Goodnight. ✓

28:05

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC:

"MYSTERY IN THE AIR" THEME .. FADE UNDER TO BACKGROUND

MORGAN:

Next week, "Mystery in the Air", starring Mr. Peter 28:11

Lorre brings you Ben Hecht's gripping story, "Between

Good and Evil" with a special musical score composed

and conducted by Paul Baron. — 28:21

MUSIC:

COMMERCIAL LEAD-IN .. FADE OUT ON CUE

51454 8803

HITCHHIKE

CHANDLER: More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco, ^{28:27}
and there's a reason for such popularity. It's because
so many men prefer the extra-rich, full flavor and the
cool mildness of Prince Albert in their pipes.
Prince Albert is specially treated to insure against
tongue bite, crimp cut to burn slow, smoke cool. See
if Prince Albert doesn't give you more pipe enjoyment
too. Try P.A., the tobacco specially made for smoking
pleasure. ✓ ^{28:53}

And don't forget to tune in Saturday night to
Prince Albert's "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 Albert's "Grand Ole Opry"
Saturday night over NBC...And Red's special guest -
Bill Monroe. ✓ ^{29:10}

MUSIC: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

ROY: Listen again next week at this same time when the ^{29:11}
makers of Camel Cigarettes present Mr. Peter Lorre
in "Mystery In The Air." (Next week's play will be
"The Black Parchment" by Balzac.)

The artists supporting Mr. Lorre were:

~~Henry Morganas "The Voice of Mystery"
Lurene Tuttleas Peggy Stewart
Conrad Binyonas Joe Reeze, the boy
Ruth Perrottas Aunt Ella
Frank Nelsonas Sergeant Holt
Cyrus Kendallas Captain Kelly
Horace Willardas Horace
and Irvin Leeas Alex~~

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

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME TO FINISH

N.B.C.
ANNCR: THIS IS N.B.C. - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY. ^{29:30}