

WM. ESTY AND CO. INC.  
1537 North Vine Street  
Hollywood, California

(2ND REVISION)

"MYSTERY IN THE AIR"

Starring

PETER LORRE

for

CAMEL CIGARETTES

**AS  
BROADCAST**

*M. L.*

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

Program Number 12  
Thursday, September 18, 1947

Produced by Don Bernard

Directed by Cal Kuhl

Original story, "The Black Cat", written by Edgar Allen Poe

Adapted by Tom McKnight

CAST

PETER LORRE

The Voice.....	Henry Morgan
Wife.....	Lurene Tuttle
Judge.....	Howard Culver
Innkeeper.....	Russell Thorson
Sergeant.....	Howard Culver
Constable.....	Jack Edwards Jr.
Voice 1.....	Russell Thorson
Voice 2.....	Jack Edwards Jr.
1st Man.....	Jerry Hausner
2nd Man.....	Henry Morgan
Cat.....	Jerry Hausner
Woman.....	Lurene Tuttle

Michael Roy  
Bob Andersen  
Ed Chandler  
Floyd Caton  
Paul Barton

SOUND EFFECTS

Door  
Saucer  
Pour milk  
Gavel  
Stairs  
Crowd  
Running footsteps  
Crackle of flames  
Roof falls in  
Footsteps on gravel  
Body fall  
Clink of glasses  
Clank of metal crowbar  
Tap cane on brick  
Crash of falling masonry  
Chair  
Move boxes, etc.

ENGINEERING

Filter mike  
Echo is needed  
Isolation booth

51454 8952

<sup>143</sup>  
MUSIC: SHIMMER OF "MYSTERY THEME"...ENGINEER: FADE IN - BUILD -  
THEN FADE TO BACKGROUND

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

157

MUSIC: "MYSTERY IN THE AIR" THEME

CROWD: (ON ECHO - MURMUR)

SOUND: GAVEL - THREE MEASURED BEATS

JUDGE: (OFF, ON ECHO) (COUGHS)...and it is the sentence of  
this Court that you be hanged by the neck until you are  
dead - and may God have mercy on your soul! (COUGH)

SOUND: GAVEL BEAT

CROWD: (REACTION, OFF - FADE OUT)

MUSIC: STRINGS - SHIMMER - PICK UP AT END OF JUDGE'S SPEECH -  
DOWN - OUT

LORRE: No, no, no - I neither expect nor solicit belief for  
this wild story - I would be mad to expect it. Yet mad  
I'm not and very surely do I not dream. But while  
there is still time, I don't know why - I feel compelled  
to report a series of mere household events. In their  
consequences, these events have terrified - have  
tortured - have destroyed me. Perhaps someone more calm,  
more logical, but certainly far less excitable than I,  
will be able to explain them. I can not. I can only  
tell you the facts - and that I have to do today -  
because tomorrow - I die!! /

1120

MUSIC: "MYSTERY THEME" - SWELLS BIG - THEN TO B.G.

51454 8953

FIRST COMMERCIAL

MORGAN: Each week at this time, Camel cigarettes bring you Peter <sup>2:23</sup>  
Lorre in 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... ~~"The Black Cat"~~ by Edgar Allan Poe's *immortal*  
*American Classic - "The Black Cat"*

MUSIC: GONG..THEN SNEAK IN CURTAIN

ROY: "Mystery in the Air"...starring Peter Lorre, brought  
to you by Camel Cigarettes. — <sup>3:04</sup>

MUSIC: CURTAIN UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

ROY: Experience is the best teacher! Try a Camel--let your <sup>3:14</sup>  
own experience tell you why more people are smoking  
Camels than ever before!  
Give your "T-Zone" the experience of enjoying a Camel...  
and see if you don't join the millions of other smokers  
who say..."Camels suit my 'T-Zone' to a T!" Your "T-  
Zone"...that's T for Taste and T for Throat...is your  
true proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camel's  
rich, full flavor isn't a delightful experience for your  
Taste...if Camel's cool mildness isn't more than welcome  
to your Throat! Try a Camel! — <sup>3:51</sup>

MUSIC: "MYSTERY IN THE AIR" THEME TO SHIMMER..THEN UNDER AND OUT

51454 8954

4:04

LORRE: Believe me, there was nothing - absolutely nothing in my childhood which forecast the terrible events that were to come. As a child, I was very gentle - I got along very well with everyone - but most I liked animals - animals of all kinds. Then I married quite young, and I was very happy to find that my wife shared my feelings. Very soon we had quite a collection: - we had birds, goldfish - we had a dog, some rabbits, and we had a cat. I will never forget the day my wife brought him home ---

SOUND: (OFF) DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES

LORRE: (FADING IN) Hello, sweet - home so early?

WIFE: Look, Charles, what I've brought.

CAT: (KITTEN NEWS)

LORRE: Oh, look at the little kitty. Where did you get it, darling?

WIFE: The poor little thing - some dogs were chasing it, and I just rescued it in time. It was so frightened.

LORRE: Look - now it's not frightened any more.

WIFE: It seems to love you, Charles. But then that's not strange - all animals do.

LORRE: Yes - nobody is going to hurt you, little kitty. How about a little milk, huh?

CAT: (KITTEN NEWS)

SOUND: CLATTER OF SAUCER, POURING MILK

51454 8955

LORRE: Yes - there, you see - he must have been very hungry. *what is your name?*

WIFE: I don't suppose he has a name. He is so young -  
I don't think he belongs to anybody.

LORRE: Well then we have to give him a name.

WIFE: Oh, you mean we can keep him?

LORRE: (SURPRISED) Keep him? If he has no home we can't  
turn him out in the streets, can we?

WIFE: Oh, Charles, I was hoping you'd let him stay.

LORRE: Of course. But he must have a name. Let's see - he is  
black - yes, all black - there is not a single white mark  
on him. Ah, I have it - he is as black as the devil.  
Let's call him Pluto.

CAT: (KITTEN MEWS)

LORRE: Yes, we'll call you Pluto.

MUSIC: BRIDGE FADES AND CONTINUES UNDER

LORRE: Pluto grew up to be a remarkably beautiful cat and  
of all the animals in our house he became my favorite  
and my playmate...until it all changed. Yes, as the  
years went on, my character suffered a radical change...  
everything changed. Why? Well, I'm ashamed...I hate to  
admit it...but - through - through intemperance - yes,  
through intemperance...and then, as drink became more  
and more necessary to me, I became more and more moody  
and irritable.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

WIFE: Charles - where are you going?

LORRE: (SULLEN) I don't have to tell you where I'm going!

WIFE: Oh, Charles - what's happening to you?

LORRE: What do you mean, what's happening to me?

WIFE: You never used to go out every night, to those vile places --

LORRE: Will you please stop nagging - stop it! I go out because I can't stand listening to you nag - nag - nag! all day long.

WIFE: (NEAR TEARS) I don't know what's come over you...

CAT: (MEWS)

LORRE: Oh, there -- there, see? (TO WIFE) Why don't you learn from Pluto? He doesn't ask me where I'm going...

CAT: (MEWS)

LORRE: Yes, that's right, <sup>you never do, no, --</sup> come here, Pluto, come here.

CAT: (CRIES)

WIFE: Be careful, Charles! Don't pick him up like that - you're hurting him!

LORRE: (THICKLY) I'm not hurting him, I-- OUCH! He bit me!

Wife: You devil - I'll show you --!

MUSIC: BRIDGE, FADES AND CONTINUES UNDER

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LORRE:

Yes - I hate to admit it, but I was so furious I kicked Pluto and I kicked him again and hard. And the next morning I saw that his ear was torn and I was filled with remorse for what I had done. And from then on, Pluto ran away in terror whenever I approached. That in turn made me more and more irritated - And in the end it was sheer perverseness - nothing else! Yes, sheer and unexplainable perverseness that made me do what I did. Yes - I blush to admit it - but one morning I strangled the poor animal. And I killed it only because I knew that it had loved me, and because ~~I felt~~ it had given me no reason for offense. No - I am offering no excuse - I am only recounting what happened. Well, in the evening I went to the inn as usual - and I came home very late and I fell fast asleep with my clothes on. Then I was awakened suddenly --

MUSIC: UP TO CLIMAX, OUT

SOUND: FLAMES, OFF

VOICE: (OFF...) Fire! Fire!

CROWD: MURMUR, OFF.

WIFE: (ALARMED) What? Charles -- Charles -- Wake up!!!

LORRE: (WAKING) Huh? What's the matter?

WIFE: There must be a fire -- I smell smoke --

VOICES: (OFF) Fire -- fire -- get the people out -- etc.

LORRE: (AWAKE NOW) Good heavens -- look -- it's our house -- our own house is burning -- hurry, we'll be trapped --

SOUND: DOOR WRENCHED OPEN

LORRE: Quick -- the stairs are on fire --

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS DOWNSTAIRS -- FIRE LOUDER

WIFE: (GASPING) I can't -- I --

LORRE: Don't talk -- Perhaps I can get through the flames -- don't breathe! (GASPS) *oh - here's the front door.*

SOUND: DOOR OPENS, FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL, SLOW DOWN, STOP

CROWD: REACTIONS, CONTINUE UNDER SCENE

LORRE: (PANTING) We -- we made it -- we're safe --

WIFE: Oh, Charles -- look -- our house -- (CRIES)

MAN 1: (COMING UP) Anybody else in there?

LORRE: No -- nobody else..

MAN 1: Just as well -- never could get them out now. Are you the owner?

LORRE: (HEAVILY) Yes, -- that was our house.

MAN 1: Well, you haven't got much left then. We can't save it now --



MAN 11: (RUSHING UP) Stand back -- stand back everybody!!!  
The roof's going to fall in!!!! ~~(FADING)~~ Stand back!

SOUND: FLAMES UP

CROWD: REACTION

MAN 1: (YELLING) There it goes!!!

SOUND: CRASH AS ROOF FALLS IN...NOISE OF FLAMES DOWN

CROWD: BIG REACTION, FADES SOMEWHAT

MAN 1: Well, it's down now!

MAN 11: Funny, nothing is left but that one wall in the middle.

WOMAN: Look at it!!!!

VOICE 1: What about it?

WOMAN: Well look at it...on the wall.

VOICE 1: Say that is strange.

MAN 1: What are you talking about? - What's strange

VOICE 1: There - on the wall that's still standing.

WOMAN: The marks on the plaster!!

MAN 1: Marks? What marks?

VOICE 1: What's the matter, are you blind!!!? Right up there on  
the wall -- that black figure!!

WOMAN: (AMUSED DISCOVERY) Why, it looks like a cat!!

MAN 11: Yeah it does - the smoke must have done it -- (ALSO AMUSED)  
but it certainly does look like a cat.

LORRE: What looks like a cat?

MAN 11: There - and it's got one floppy ear!! That's funny -

Woman: that's really funny.

CAST: LAUGHS

LORRE: (HYSTERICAL) Funny? No -- it's not funny!! Not funny  
at all. I know what it is --- it's Pluto -- <sup>I recognize him.</sup> I know it  
is -- his ear is torn, see? <sup>Oh you beast that kills a beast.</sup> -- he's come back to haunt  
me -- I can't stand it ---- I can't ----- (MOANS)

SOUND: BODY FALL

MAN 1: Get some water, somebody. This fellow's fainted!! - 11/42

MUSIC: CURTAIN

(APPLAUSE)

12:00

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 Black Cat".

MUSIC: GONG

ROY: / Ask a champion the secret of his success...and no doubt 12:11  
you'll get the same answer every time: "Experience is the best teacher!" Take Rose Gould, for instance-- featured aerialist of Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus. Miss Gould says it took experience to teach her that famous seventy-five-foot dive into space. Mildred O'Donnell, diving champion, thanks experience for her crown. Yes, they all learned from experience, just as smokers everywhere learned from experience about cigarettes. Back in the days of the wartime cigarette shortage, millions of smokers tried brand after brand-- smoked whatever they could get. And that experience made people experts in judging the differences in cigarette quality. That was when so many people discovered that Camels suit their "T-Zones" to a T...that Camels give them the rich, full flavor and the cool mildness they have always wanted. As a result;

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

ROY: Experience is the best teacher! Try a Camel yourself! - 1344

MUSIC: "MYSTERY" THEME TO SHIMMER - THEN UNDER AND OUT

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MORGAN: / The black cat is dead -- killed by its master. The house <sup>13:30</sup> is burned to the ground, with everything in it completely destroyed. Now the scene is the almost deserted, candle-lit tap room of a local inn.

INKEEPER: Don't you think you'd better go on home, sir? It's late.

LORRE: (DEPTHS OF DEPRESSION) Home? You should see the terrible place where my wife and I are living now.

INKEEPER: (SYMPATHETICALLY) I heard you lost everything in the fire.

LORRE: Yes - I lost my house -- lost everything --

INKEEPER: How about the black cat of yours you used to talk about all the time? What was its name ---?

LORRE: Pluto? Yes -- Pluto's gone, too. And I tell you I miss him --- I miss him very much....

INKEEPER: If you miss him that much, why don't you get another cat?

LORRE: Bring me a drink!

INKEEPER: It's pretty late sir -- I mean, won't your wife be expecting you?

LORRE: Bring me a drink!

INKEEPER: Yes sir. (FADING) But I'll have to fetch another bottle.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

LORRE: (TO HIMSELF) Why don't I get another cat, he said. Well -- why don't I? No reason I shouldn't -- No reason to be in the depths of despair, just because of a cat. Yes - yes - if I get another cat, then perhaps I'll be able to forget ----

CAT : MEWS, OFF

LORRE: What's that!!!? Why -- why there's a cat now, sitting on top of the table!! A black cat. That's strange -- I've been staring at that table for five minutes, and I could swear there was no cat on it before. Where did it come from? My, you are a beautiful cat -- just as black as Pluto, except you've got a splotch of white on your chest ----

CAT : MEWS, CLOSER

LORRE: That's right -- come sit on my lap. You are so friendly --- such a nice cat. I'd like to --

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...CLICK OF GLASS

INKEEPER: (COMING ON) Here you are sir.

LORRE: Never mind the drink --- where did this cat come from?

INKEEPER: Cat? Oh, big one, isn't it? I don't know where it came from. Or how it got in either, for that matter. I've never seen it around here before.

LORRE: You don't know who it belongs to?

INKEEPER: No. Far as I'm concerned it belongs to you, if you want it. I can't keep it here -- my wife doesn't like cats -- especially black ones!

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LORRE: Doesn't like cats? How stupid. (SUDDEN RESOLVE) Yes --  
I want it. I want it very much! I'll take it home with  
me, right now!!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

WIFE: Charles -- this is such a wonderful cat --

CAT: MEWS

WIFE: Just since last week it's made itself so much at home.  
Why, you'd think it had lived here always.

LORRE: (NERVOUS) Yes -- yes -- I noticed that.

WIFE: It reminds me so much of Pluto.

LORRE: (HASTILY) But this one has the patch of white on its  
chest -- don't forget that.

WIFE: That's right. But I can't help wondering ---- I wonder  
what ever became of Pluto? He disappeared the day of  
the fire ---

LORRE: (INTERRUPTING) I know, I know! <sup>- he disappeared</sup> (TRYING TO LAUGH IT OFF)  
Maybe he knew the house was going to burn down....

CAT: MEWS

WIFE: Oh, see how it loves you? It's rubbing against your leg,  
just the way Pluto used to ----

LORRE: (FLARING UP) Stop talking about Pluto!!!!

WIFE: (HURT) Why --- I didn't mean ---

LORRE: (GETTING HOLD OF HIMSELF) I -- I'm sorry, dear. But all this talk about how much this new cat resembles Pluto -- it makes me nervous! (THEN DESPERATELY) Look, there's hardly any resemblance at all, really.... Except that they're both black. This one has that white patch on his chest, and ---

WIFE: (INTERRUPTING) Oh, the poor thing! Charles, look -- his ear is torn.

LORRE: What!?!?

WIFE: See? Here, under the fur. I never noticed that before.

LORRE: (FEVERISHLY) Neither did I!

WIFE: Why, it's just the way --(STAMMERS AS SHE STOPS HERSELF FROM REFERRING TO PLUTO) --- I mean --

LORRE: Go ahead, say it!!! It's torn just the way Pluto's ear was torn when I kicked him. That's it, isn't it???

WIFE: (PACIFICALLY) He must have been in a fight, or something. But it's curious we didn't notice it ---

LORRE: Curious!? You have no idea how curious it is...!!! Get that cat out of my sight!!!!

WIFE: You're mad!! How can you act that way about a poor dumb animal -- especially one that loves you so much?

LORRE: Take it out of here!!!

WIFE: Now you've frightened it -- the poor thing.

LORRE: (MUTTERING) Get it away from me!!!

WIFE: The way you talk, anybody'd think you don't even like the poor cat.

LORRE: Like it?! I hate it, I tell you -- hate it -- hate it -- hate it!!!

MUSIC: BRIDGE, FADES AND CONTINUES UNDER

LORRE: Yes, in the short time the cat had been with us, I had come to look upon it with unutterable loathing. Why, I do not know.

Yet the more I hated it, the more affectionate it acted toward me. Wherever I went, it followed. Whenever I sat down, it would spring upon my knees and cover me with its loathesome caresses. As if this were not enough, the white patch on its chest, which originally had been very indefinite in shape, gradually assumed a definite outline --- the unmistakable and ghastly shape of the gallows -- that terrible engine of Horror, of Agony, and of Death. I longed to destroy the beast, but I was prevented by an absolute, unreasoning dread. I was sure I was going out of my mind.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

WIFE: Charles, are -- are you going out again?

LORRE: (SNARLS) Yes -- I'm going out! And I don't know when I'll be back --

WIFE: Oh. Before you go, do you suppose --?



LORRE: Well, what is it?

WIFE: Will you help me bring up some wood from the cellar?

LORRE: Why do you always want more wood!

WIFE: The house is cold - and you know I haven't been feeling well - I'm not strong enough to carry it myself.

LORRE: Oh, all right. Come on, I'll help you.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS START TO DESCEND WOODEN

STAIRS

LORRE: You might have thought of this before...

WIFE: Look out!!

SOUND: SUDDEN STUMBLE

CAT: MEWS WITH STUMBLE

LORRE: (LOSING CONTROL) That cat!! It's always under my feet!  
It tried to trip me on the stairs....

WIFE: Oh, no...I'm sure it...

LORRE: (FEVERISH) I'll get rid of that beast, once and for all!

SOUND: METAL CLANK OF CROWBAR

WIFE: (SCREAMS) Charles, put down that crowbar!!

LORRE: Get out of the way.

WIFE: No no...stop...

LORRE: Let go my arm!

WIFE: You don't know what you're doing!

LORRE: (IN FURY) Are you going to let go!?!?

WIFE: Oh, please!

LORRE: I said let go!

SOUND: BLOW..BODY FALL

LORRE: (PAUSE) Well - why didn't you let me go??

MUSIC: BRIDGE, FADE AND CONTINUE UNDER NARRATION

LORRE: Yes, she had fallen dead without a groan. In my blind rage against the cat, I had struck my wife and killed her. Well - nothing I can do about it now - all I could do was set myself to the task of concealing the body. I thought and I deliberated - and then it occurred to me that in the Middle Ages they used to wall up their victims, and I determined to do the same thing, behind the wall in the cellar. I managed to dislodge a section of bricks near the chimney, and in the hole behind them I propped the body. Then I carefully laid the bricks back in their original position. When I had finished, no one could have told that the wall had been disturbed at all. Well I could say to myself triumphantly "here at least, my labor has not been in vain." My next step then was to look for the beast that had been the cause of so much misery, but then I became aware that it had completely disappeared. Three days passed, and still my tormenter did not appear. It is impossible to describe or to imagine the deep sense of my relief. For the first time in months I slept - yes, slept, even with the burden of murder on my soul. Some few inquiries were made about my wife's whereabouts - a search of the house was conducted, but nothing was discovered. I looked upon my future as secure.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

SOUND: KNOCK - DOOR OPEN

LORRE: Yes?

CONSTABLE: Good day, sir -

SERGEANT: Sorry to disturb you again.

LORRE: Oh, it's you, Sergeant. Is there anything I can do for you.

SERGEANT: Well, they're still puzzled about your wife's disappearance.

LORRE: Well so am I.

SERGEANT: Some of her friends have been around to the police station--

LORRE: What's that got to do with me? You've already searched the house twice - what do you want?

SERGEANT: (APOLOGETIC) I know. But the Captain sent me and the constable here to look around just once more - to be sure there's no clue been overlooked. This will be the last time, sir - only a matter of routine. We won't bother you again.

LORRE: (GRUDGINGLY) Oh, all right - come in.

SERGEANT: Thank you, sir. Come on, Joe.

CONSTABLE: Right.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD

LORRE: Where would you like to look first?

SERGEANT: Well, we might as well begin with the cellar--

LORRE: The cellar? Oh, yes--

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

LORRE: Right down those steps...I'll come with you--

SOUND: THREE MEN GOING DOWN WOODEN STAIRS

SERGEANT: (EXPANISVELY)(OVER THIS) Yes, I always say searching a house is like getting ahead in the world - you start at the bottom. (LAUGHS)

LORRE: (VERY NERVOUS) Yes, yes, I see. Very funny.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ONTO LEVEL CEMENT, STOP

SERGEANT: Well, come on, Constable -- get to work.

CONSTABLE: Right.

SOUND: MOVE CHAIRS AND BOXES - SEARCHING SOUNDS UNDER

LORRE: While they searched, I folded my arms and watched. As before, they discovered nothing. As they were about to depart, the glee in my heart was too strong to be restrained. I burned to say but one word, by way of triumph. As they started up the steps---

SOUND: TWO STEPS

LORRE: I said, "Have you noticed ~~noticed~~ this is a very well-constructed house - gentlemen, you're not going --

SOUND: STEPS STOP

LORRE: An excellently constructed house." In the frenzy of my bravado, upon that very portion of the brickwork behind which stood the corpse of my wife, I rapped with my cane --

SOUND: RAPPING OF CANE CONTINUES UNDER

LORRE: But may heaven deliver me from the Arch Fiend, <sup>(Cane Rap)</sup> -- what was that?

SOUND: Four Cane Raps.

CAT: SUDDEN BANSHEE SCREECH FROM CAT, MUFFLED

LORRE: (GASPS)

SERGEANT: Mother of mercy, what was that!?

LORRE: The - the wind, probably.

mb

SERGEANT: Wind, *That's not the wind!*  
~~your grandmother?~~ It came when you hit this wall here!

SOUND: RAPPING ON BRICK AGAIN

CAT: ANOTHER WAIL

CONSTABLE: Whatever it is, it's behind these bricks, Sarge.

SERGEANT: Here, take this crowbar and knock the wall down.

CONSTABLE: Right.

LORRE: Wait a minute, you can't---

SERGEANT: Keep quiet, you!

SOUND: CROWBAR ON MASONRY, CONTINUES UNDER FOLLOWING

SERGEANT: (OVER ABOVE) Wait a minute, where are you going?

LORRE: Upstairs -- I --

SERGEANT: You stay right here!

SOUND: CROWBAR STOPS

CONSTABLE: This is new plaster - hasn't had time to set yet.

SERGEANT: Ah!! Pull it down!

SOUND: MORE WORK WITH CROWBAR

CONSTABLE: Here she comes - look out!!

SOUND: BIG CRASH OF FALLING MASONRY

ALL: HORRIFIED EXCLAMATIONS

SERGEANT: Well, there's what we're looking for, all right - his wife's body!

CONSTABLE: *What's that horrible looking thing sitting on her head?*  
~~looks like she's got company.~~

*News*  
CAT:  
LORRE: (HYSTERICALLY) It's the cat!!

SERGEANT: How did that cat get in there?

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LORRE: (HYSTERICAL) I know how it got in there - I must have walled it up in the tomb - and I never knew it!! Look at that red mouth - those burning eyes - you hideous beast - you monster - you devil!! You made me a murderer, and now for three days you've been in there, waiting - waiting to send me to the gallows. Well, the hangman will get me, and I hope you're satisfied -- I hope you're satisfied.!! ~~(WILD LAUGHTER)~~ - 27:34

MUSIC: BUILDS UP BIG FOR CURTAIN

(APPLAUSE)

COMMERCIAL

ROY:

Each week, the makers of Camel Cigarettes send free *27:51*  
Camels to servicemen's hospitals from coast to coast.  
This week the Camels go to Veterans' Hospital,  
Tuscaloosa, Alabama...U.S. Army McCornack General  
Hospital, Pasadena, California...U.S. Naval Hospital,  
Houston, Texas....U.S. Marine Hospital, Baltimore,  
Maryland....and Veterans' Hospital, Dayton, Ohio.

ANDERSEN:

When three leading independent research organizations  
asked one hundred thirteen thousand, five hundred and  
ninety-seven doctors...doctors living in every state  
of the Union -- What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?  
The brand named most was Camel.

CHANDLER:

(FILTER) According to a nationwide survey, more doctors  
smoke Camels than any other cigarette. *28:28*

MUSIC:

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

MORGAN:

Next week, "Mystery In The Air", starring Mr. Peter *28:33*  
Lorre, brings you an adaptation of one of our star's  
greatest motion pictures, *held on the back by Foster Rattensky*  
"Crime and Punishment", with  
a special musical score composed and conducted by  
Paul Baron. *28:49*

MUSIC:

COMMERCIAL LEAD IN...FADE OUT ON CUE

HITCHHIKE

CHANDLER: Mister Pipe Smoker! Here's proof for you - proof that <sup>28:53</sup>  
Prince Albert is a satisfying smoke! More pipes smoke  
Prince Albert than any other tobacco! Naturally!  
Prince Albert is a mellow, mild tobacco with a rich,  
full flavor - choice tobacco specially made for  
smoking pleasure. Specially treated to insure against  
tongue bite - crimp cut to burn slow, smoke cool.  
See if one pipeful of P.A. doesn't convince you that  
Prince Albert is your favorite, too. <sup>29:28</sup>  
Beginning two weeks from tonight - Thursday, October  
second - Camel's comedy-quiz, "The Bob Hawk Show",  
will be heard at this time over these same NBC stations. <sup>29:27</sup>  
~~Don't miss it - it's fun and it's funny. Laugh and  
learn with Camel's faster quipmaster, Bob Hawk ..  
Thursday, October second.~~

~~MUSIC: "MYSTERY" THEME UP...FADE TO BG FOR.~~

51454 8975



~~ROY: Listen again next week at this same time when the makers of Camel Cigarettes present Mr. Peter Lorre in "Myster In The Air."~~

~~The artists supporting Mr. Lorre tonight were:~~

~~Henry Morgan.....as "The Voice of Mystery"~~

~~Lurene Tuttle.....as "The Wife"~~

~~Jerry Hausner.....as "The Cat"~~

~~Howard Culver.....as "The Sergeant"~~

~~Russell Thorson.....as "The Innkeeper"~~

~~and Jack Edwards, Jr....as "The Constable"~~

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

~~(APPLAUSE)~~

~~MUSIC: THEME TO FINISH~~

NBC  
ANNCR: THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY. - 29:30