

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1940

4:30 - 5:00 P.M., PST.
7:30 - 8:00 P.M., PST.

Program No. 26

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

NEWSBOY: (TYPICAL NEWSBOY VOICE IN BACKGROUND) EXTRA! EXTRA!

WENDELL: FOR EXTRA FLAVOR -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

WENDELL: FOR EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

WENDELL: FOR EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK, GET CAMELS -- THE CIGARETTE
THAT GIVES YOU THE EXTRAS.

And now the makers of CAMEL CIGARETTES bring you
Al Pearce and his Gang!

MUSIC: (THEME...FADE TO WENDELL NILES)

(APPLAUSE)

WENDELL: Ladies and gentlemen, this is Wendell Niles speaking -- in behalf of the ^{makers} ~~smokers~~ of Camel Cigarettes who tonight bring you another half hour of fun and music with Al Pearce and his Gang. The Duck Hunting season has just opened so the whole Gang took a trip down to Mexico. And here he is to tell you the whole truth and nothing but the truth about that trip...Al Pearce!

(APPLAUSE)

AL: Good evening all and thank you for that nice applause. Well, Wendell, we certainly did have a great Duck Hunting trip in Mexico...didn't we, Carl?

CARL: You said it See-nor. We sure had a Hasty Mannana.

WENDELL: Well, Carl, at least you learned how to speak Mexican!

CARL: Oh, you gotta! That country down there is full of them!

WENDELL: How was the hunting, Al? Did you get any ducks?

AL: Well, I shot a couple of Mooses...or, Meeses...Or Meese!
How do you say that, Carl?

CARL: You mean those two animals you brought back with you?

AL: Yeah!

CARL: Mice! .

WENDELL: This is beginning to sound interesting. How about giving us the low-down on the trip, Al.

AL: Well, it's a long story and before we get started -- I think we'd better have a number from Carl Hoff and the Band. How about it, Carl?

CARL: Sigh, Sigh, See-nor! Come Caballeros...grab your instrumentos and let's make with the musico!

ORCHESTRA: "STRIKE UP THE BAND"

SPORTSMEN QUARTET

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -4-
10/25/40

AL: Friends, that was See-nor Carl Hoff, major domo, his orchestra and the Sportsmen Quartet playing a very snappy arrangement of "Strike Up The Band" from the picture of the same name which, by the way, is doing landslide business all over the country.

AL: Raymond, what are you doing with all those letters?

RAYMOND: Look, Mr. Pearce -- look at all the mail you got.

AL: Gee -- lots of it this time.

RAYMOND: Yep -- and none of it in your own handwriting. Here, wead this one, Mr. Pwerce,

AL: Dear Al: Hey what is this? I can't read it. It's backwards or something.

WENDELL: Let me see it, Al -- oh I see! It's written backwards. Get me a mirror, Al.

BRAYTON: Here's one, Wendell.

AL: Well thank you, Margaret.

WENDELL: Al, it says: There's no other cigarette like a slower-burning Camel. Smokers the country over will tell you that. There's extra mildness, extra coolness, and extra flavor in every puff of a slower-burning Camel. And these "extras" are as easy to understand as they are to experience. You see, too-fast burning in a cigarette leaves you with a hot, dry smoke -- a flat, tasteless smoke, too -- for delicate elements of flavor and fragrance are lost in the excess heat. In Camels, on the other hand, slower burning lets the flavor and fragrance of Camel's costlier tobaccos come through in the smoking. And you get a cooler, milder smoke with a rich, full flavor that never wears out its welcome. So if you're not getting the "extras" in smoking pleasure, turn to slower-burning Camels!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

WENDELL: Come on now Al -- tell us about the hunting trip? Where did you go?

AL: Well first, Wendell, we went to a little Mexican town... We arrived there towards evening and went right to El Rancho de los Hunteros, where we received a warm welcome....(FADE SPEECH)

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

MEL: (MEXICAN) Ah, bienvenidos amigos! Welcome to El Rancho de los Hunteros! You are Senor Pearce, no?

AL: No. I'm Senor Pearce yes -- Let's see -- we'll need two rooms...One for Kitzel, Elmer, Carl and myself, and one for Raymond. How much are the rooms?

MEL: Ah -- ah -- excuse please one minute. (CALLS) Oh, Pedro! Quanto mucho el roomo?

VOICE: (OFF) Tambien porque del plaza caramba cuantos los caritos.

MEL: Como del rojos de la portos?

VOICE: (OFF) Que sombrero del burro palatos queritos.

AL: What did he say?

MEL: I don't know...I never could understand those Mexicans.

AL: Well, we'll pay you later....

KITZEL: Just a minute, Mr. Pearce...I don't think I like this broken-down place.

MEL: Hey look -- who are you to talk like dees?

KITZEL: I am Kitzel.

MEL: Kitzel? (LAUGHS) Oh, what a funny name!

KITZEL: What's yours?

MEL: Gonzales Olvera Toledo Ohio Pancho Juanipero del Corto
el Pedro Enrique Emanuel Fernando del Avacado Diego Carlos
Granada, Junior.

KITZEL: Junior...(LAUGHS)...I don't like it.

AL: Well, come on, fellows...let's get up to our rooms.

MEL: Wait, Senor -- first you must sign the register.

AL: Oh -- sure. Carl, he said sign it -- you don't have to
read every name in it...

CARL: Listen, I'm no fool -- I never sign anything without
reading it.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

(LANE ENTERS)

LANE: Ah, good evening gentlemen...welcome to Mexico. I am
Dick Lane, The Club Manager. Are you all going hunting
in the morning?

RAYMOND: First -- I want to get a wicense.

LANE: A wicense?

RAYMOND: (ANGRY) Not wicense -- wicense!!! "L" like in
wowwapawooza!

LANE: Oh, I see -- you want a hunting license. Well, have you
filled out your form?

RAYMOND: Not compwetewy, but I'm doing pwetty well aound the waist.

LANE: No, no, I mean fill out this questionnaire...Here, just
write in the answers. You can read and write, can't you?

RAYMOND: I can wite but I can't wead.

LANE: Hmmm...Well, write your name down then.

RAYMOND: Okay.

SOUND: SCRATCH OF PEN

LANE: What's that you wrote?

RAYMOND: I don't know...I told you I can't wead.

LANE: Here, I'll fill it in for you. Name?

RAYMOND: Waymond Wadcwiff.

LANE: Name of parents?

RAYMOND: Mama and papa.

LANE: Mama and papa! Listen, before I issue you a license, I'd
better find out what you know about ducks. When the ducks
want to fly south, how do they know which direction to go?

RAYMOND: That's easy. They just fowwow the wobbins,

LANE: Follow the robbins! How do the robbins know?

RAYMOND: They just turn awound and see which way the ducks are going.

AL: Raymond, I don't think you know a duck from a decoy.

RAYMOND: Oh, yes, I do. I wote a poem about a decoy. Wissen.

Oh, wonewy wittle wooden duck
Fwoating on the wiver
Your head is just a piece of pine
Your tail is just a sliver
You can't spwead your downy wings and, when it's cold,
fly south
'Cause you don't have any downy wings
You're just down in the mouth
You never will be able
to swim where the weeds are wavy
But don't worry --
You'll never be on the table
Swimming around in the gravy.

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

AL: Well, before I continue with any more of the silly escapades this crazy gang of mine got me into on our hunting trip in Mexico -- I think right now would be a very good time to continue with the musical portion of our program. I am sure that our listeners will be glad to know that we have with us, as our guests again tonight, those two very clever harmonica players from WCCO, Minneapolis, Ed and Tim Phlehal. Several weeks ago we heard one of their recordings and brought them to Hollywood to make their first coast to coast broadcast. And they made such a hit we invited them to come back again. Here they are -- Minnesota's two champions of the Harmonicas, Ed and Tim Phlehal -- making their second transcontinental broadcast --

ORCHESTRA: "FLAPPERETTE"... "ST. LOUIS BLUES"... "POKEY POLKA"...

ED AND TOM PHLEHAL

CARL: Say, Al.

AL: What is it, Carl?

CARL: Why don't you tell Wendell what Elmer Blurt did on the
hunting trip!

AL: Oh gosh yes -- I'm glad you mentioned that, Carl. Wendell --
you should have seen Elmer. The minute we got to Mexico,
Elmer went to the Hotel Manager and got himself a job. He
had to go around to all the rooms and wake up people who
wanted to go duck hunting! So early in the morning --
(FADE SPEECH)

LANE: (YELLING) ELMER! ELMER! ELMER!

ELMER: Yup, yup -- here I am, Mister Lane!

LANE: Elmer -- don't forget you have to wake up all the hunters
this morning.

ELMER: Okay, Mister Lane. Where do I start first?

LANE: First wake yourself up. Okay that's better. Now wake up
the men in the dormitory!

ELMER: I don't know what the dormitory is!

LANE: (SARCASTIC) You don't know what a dormitory is! What did
you sleep in last night?

ELMER: My underwear!

LANE: What a dope! All right -- get started on those doors!

ELMER: Oh, golly -- this is going to be fun -

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

MEL: (HICCUPING) Who's there? What do you want?

ELMER: This is Elmer Blurt's Time To Get Up and Go Duck Hunting Service!

MEL: Just a (HICCUP) minute!

SOUND: DOOR OPENING

MEL: (HICCUP) What did you say?

ELMER: It's time to get up!

MEL: Get what?

ELMER: Up-up-up-up-up!

MEL: (HICCUP) I know just how you feel!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Well, there's no sense in trying to get that hick up. I'll try the next door! I hope I have better luck here, I hope, I hope, I hope!

SOUND: KNOCKING...DOOR OPENS

BRAYTON: Well, what do you want?

ELMER: Ah, good morning, lady. It's time to get up and go duck hunting!

BRAYTON: You idiot! Get away from our door! We haven't slept a wink all night. The baby has kept us awake. I wish I knew how to make that child go to sleep!

ELMER: Why don't you just move him over to the edge of the bed and pretty soon he'll drop off!

BRAYTON: Get out of here!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Oh, golly -- I'd better find that dormitory --

SOUND: ENTIRE CAST SNORING

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- here it is. No wonder they call this Sonora County!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR... THEN HARD KNOCK

ELMER: Time to get up and go duck hunting!

SOUND: COMMOTION

CROWD: (AS LIES: "GET UP, JACK"... "WAKE UP, HERMAN!")

AL: Wake up, Carl! GET UP, KITZEL!

KITZEL: My, oh my, doesn't it get early, early!

ELMER: Well -- I guess they're all up now -- there's just one more thing I gotta do!

SOUND: THREE HELLISH LOUD SHOTS FROM SHOTGUN

LANE: (FADING IN) ELMER! What's the idea of firing that gun?

ELMER: Well, seeing that -- the hunters are all up...ah -- I thought I better wake up the ducks!

ORCHESTRA: (ELMER CHASER)

AL: Leaving Mexico for the moment, we bring you two boys who have been making a big hit north of the border, up Hollywood way -- Bill Jordan and George Kent, and their two pianos. Tonight they are going to play a musical novelty -- "Three Blind Mice." We ask you to suppose, for the moment, that the man who wrote "Three Blind Mice," didn't write it, and Bill Jordan and George Kent will play it as it would have sounded, had it been written by five of the world's great composers -- Bach -- Mozart -- Chopin -- Strauss -- and Gershwin. First, as it was originally written --

BACH

MOTZART

CHOPIN

STRAUSS

GERSHWIN

TWO PIANOS; BILL JORDAN AND GEORGE KENT:

"THREE BLIND MICE"

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL SKYROCKET...FADE TO WENDELL:)

WENDELL: Mildness, coolness, flavor -- these are the qualities every smoker appreciates in a cigarette. And these are the qualities you get in Camel cigarettes with this important difference! In slower-burning Camels, you get them all in an extra measure. Yes -- Camels give you "extras" in smoking pleasure and "extras" in smoking, too.

MAN'S VOICE: In recent impartial laboratory tests, Camels burned twenty-five per cent slower than the average of the fifteen other of the largest-selling brands tested... slower than any of them.

WENDELL: Now that means Camels give you a smoking plus, equal on the average, to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. Extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor, and extra smoking are yours in slower-burning Camels. Get Camels and enjoy the "extras."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

WENDELL: Well, Al, I'm still waiting to hear how many ducks you got?

AL: I'm coming to that. It was exactly five o'clock in the morning when we arrived at the duck blinds and the guide proceeded to assign us to our positions! (FADE SPEECH)

LANE: All right now men. Take your places! Mister Pearce and Mister Hoff -- get behind a tree! Raymond Radcliffe!

RAYMOND: Yes, Mister Wane!

LANE: You get behind two trees! And you Mister Kitzel -- hey, just a minute. What kind of a gun is that you've got there?

KITZEL: This is a sawed-off shotgun!

LANE: But there's no handle on it!

KITZEL: How do you like that? I sawed off the wrong end!

LANE: Well, it will have to do! Now look, Kitzel. Right over in that clump of weeds there's a solid bank to stand on! Just leap across that patch of water and you'll land right on it!

KITZEL: Okay, Okay! You hold my gun while I jump!

SOUND: BODY FALLING IN THE WATER

KITZEL: Help! Glub-glub! Help! Help!

LANE: Kitzel, I'm sorry. I could have sworn there was a bank there!

KITZEL: If there was the bank's liquidated! Help, Mister Pearce,
I'm going down for the fifth time!

AL: The fifth time? Three times is the limit.

KITZEL: Then I just set a new record!

RAYMOND: Here Mister Kitzel, I'll help you. Gwab ahold of my
wist! There upsadaisy!

SOUND: SPLASHING

KITZEL: Well, gentlemen...I've had enough. I'm going home!

AL: But, Kitzel. Don't you want a duck?

KITZEL: No thanks, I just had one!

LANE: SHHHHHHHH! Quiet everybody! Get down behind these weeds!
The Ducks will start flying any minute! Shhh!

KITZEL: (SLAPS HIMSELF) OUCH!

AL: Kitzel -- what's eating you now?

KITZEL: Mosquitoes!

AL: Mosquitoes! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Here we
are on a hunting trip and you complain about a simple
thing like mosquitoes!

KITZEL: I'm sorry I mentioned them!

LANE: Surely after coming all the way down to Mexico you're not
going to let a little mosquito stand in your way!

KITZEL: I should never have brought it up!

AL: After all, Kitzel, what are mosquitoes? Little, tiny, insignificant insects. I'm surprised that you would give them a second thought!

KITZEL: I'm really a cad!

LANE: We don't want to hear you mention mosquitoes again --- understand? There are no more mosquitoes--understand --- THERE ARE NO MORE MOSQUITOES!

KITZEL: Okay. There are no more mosquitoes!

AL: That's better!

KITZEL: BUT DID YOU EVER SEE SO MANY GNATS!

LANE: Hey...get down everybody--here comes a duck!!

HARRY LANG: QUACK-QUACK! QUACK...QUACK-QUACK-QUACK!

LANE: All right...everybody take aim!!

KITZEL: Just a second -- just a second. Mister Pearce -- are you going to shoot where you're aiming!

AL: Why yes!

KITZEL: How are you going to cook me -- medium or rare!

AL: Oh, pardon me Kitzel. I hope you'll overlook it!

KITZEL: Oh, that's all right, Mister Pearce. And please overlook me, too!

HARRY: QUACK-QUACK! QUACK-QUACK-QUACK!

LANE: All right -- ready -- aim -- fire!

SOUND: THREE CLICKS

HARRY: Quack-Quack -- Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha- !

MEL: (DUCK LAUGH) You missed me!

HARRY: QUACK-QUACK-QUACK.

AL: Raymond -- didn't you load these guns?

RAYMOND: No, I didn't Mister Pearce. I thought I'd save you a lot of trouble that way.

AL: What do you mean save us trouble?

RAYMOND: Well, it's a terrible job picking buckshot out of a duck!

KITZEL: What a stupid man. Shoot the cartridge to me my little partridge!

LANE: Everybody load up -- here comes that duck again!

HARRY: (TO THE TUNE OF "BLUE DANUBE") Quack-Quack-Quack-Quack-Quack!

SOUND: IN RHYTHM BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

HARRY: Quack-Quack-quack-quack-quack!

SOUND: GUN AGAIN BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

HARRY: (INTO THE LAST EIGHT BARS) Quack-quack-quack-quack

SOUND: BANG!

HARRY: Quack-quack!

SOUND: BANG!

HARRY: Quack-quack-quack, quack-quack, quack --

SOUND: BANG

HARRY: (YELLS) QUUAACCOCKKKKKKKKKKK! (THEN INTO DUCK RAVE WHICH
TAPERS OFF INTO)

SOUND: PLOP

GANG: (AD LIBS:.. "I GOT HIM" "HE'S MINE" "I GOT HIM!")

KITZEL: Just a second -- just a second. Aren't you ashamed! Five
grown men fighting over one little duck!

ORCHESTRA: "HEARTS AND FLOWERS"

AL: Kitzel is right. Just look at the poor little thing.

HARRY: Quack-quack!

AL: Say -- he's alive -- he's all right. His feathers are just
a little ruffled -- that's all!

KITZEL: Oh, thank: Heaven's! Look at him -- he's soaking wet. I'll take him home and dry him off and I'll put him in a nice warm pen!

LANE: Good for you, Kitzel!

CARL: Yeh -- he's all right!

RAYMOND: Kitzel's weally wegular!

AL: But wait a minute, Kitzel! You haven't got a warm pen to put a duck in!

KITZEL: I haven't? A FRYING-PEN IS COLD?????????

HARRY: (QUACKS LOUDLY)

SOUND: WINGS AS DUCK TAKES OFF

LANE: Hey, look out he's flying away --

KITZEL: Just a second -- come back little duck -- come back!

AL: There's goes your duck dinner, Kitzel!

KITZEL: Mmmneah -- COULD BE!

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO NEWSBOY)

NEWSBOY: (TYPICAL NEWSBOY VOICE IN BACKGROUND) EXTRA!...EXTRA!

WENDELL: CAMELS give you extra flavor.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

WENDELL: CAMELS give you extra mildness and extra coolness.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

WENDELL: CAMELS give you extra smoking per pack. Try CAMELS...
the cigarette that gives you the extras.

AL: Next Friday night we add another name to our nationwide
show window of local radio favorites, by bringing
Tony Roberts to Hollywood, to make his first coast to coast
commercial broadcast. Tony Roberts hails from New Jersey,
where he is featured on Radio Station W.A.A.T., Jersey City,
and after listening to a recording of this young man's
voice, I know you will all enjoy hearing him sing next
Friday night.

WENDELL: And in the meantime, for your smoking enjoyment -- try
CAMELS, the cigarette that gives you the extras! And
brings you extra fun with AL PEARCE every Friday!

AL: Good night, friends...we'll be seeing you next Friday
night...so long and good luck!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME TO WENDELL)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -25-
10/25/40

WENDELL: This is the golden age for millions of pipe and "makin's" smokers, thanks to Prince Albert, the choice tobacco that gives you the principle of cooler burning. That means a richer, tastier, and milder smoke! In recent laboratory "smoking bowl" tests, Prince Albert burned eighty-six degrees cooler than the average of the thirty other of the largest-selling brands tested, coolest of all! See how much better Prince Albert's "crimp cut" packs and draws in a pipe, and how much easier, faster, and neater P.A. rolls in a cigarette. You'll say that, from every angle, there's no other tobacco like Prince Albert.

This is Wendell Niles -- speaking --

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

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