

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1940

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

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

as usual

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 tonight, folks, there's news of another advantage in Camels. We'll tell you all about it a little later.

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

MUSIC: (THEME...FADE TO AL PEARCE)

51459 1102

AL: Well, good evening, all -- and we want you to know that it really makes us feel good to have that nice round of applause to start off our little show tonight. We were planning on doing a big Thanksgiving Dinner Show tonight -- but it's so late in the week that the only thing left of the turkey is hash -- and the only turkey jokes we could do would be a RE-HASH -- so instead ---

RAYMOND: (INTERRUPTING) Greetings, Mister Peawuss ---

AL: Raymond, what's the idea of interrupting me?

RAYMOND: Did I hear you say we weren't going to do a Thanksgiving Show tonight?

AL: That's right, Raymond!

RAYMOND: That's a fine kettow of fish -- after I went and wote a beautifuw STORY about the Pilgrims.

AL: Well, what's the title of your Thanksgiving story, Raymond?

RAYMOND: It's entitled "The PILGWIMS had no dwekking for their turkey, so they had to kick the stuffing out of the Indians."

AL: Well, I'm afraid if your story is any longer than the title, we won't have time for it.

RAYMOND: Then how about a poem about a turkey. I write poems too!

AL: All right, Raymond -- this is the season when we must all show a friendly spirit -- so go ahead and read your poem!

RAYMOND: Gee, thanks, Mr. Peawuss!

I have often heard that the turkey's a bird
Who formality always is stressing,
At least when he goes to a Thanksgiving table,
He never goes without dressing.
From Banker to Cobbler, they call him a Gobbler,
But I think their description is bobbled
'Cause he's got a new Label, when he's on the table,
He's not a gobbler -- he's gobbled!
I wish I were fast, when the turkey is passed
'Cause the only part I get my mitts on!
Isn't the end with the best of the breast,
It's the end that the turkey - sits on!

AL: Carl, let's have a band number quick before Raymond writes another Poem.

ORCHESTRA:

"IF YOU WORE A TULIP"

AL: Thank you, Carl, for that snappy arrangement of an old favorite. And now friends, a word from Wendell Niles.

WENDELL: Last week, we announced for the first time on this program important scientific findings about Camel cigarettes. Laboratory research has revealed that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains less nicotine than any of the four other of the largest-selling brands tested. These are the facts:

MAN: Independent scientific tests of the smoke of five of the largest-selling cigarettes show that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains TWENTY-EIGHT PER CENT LESS NICOTINE than the average of the other brands tested... LESS NICOTINE THAN ANY OF THEM.

WENDELL: Yes, when you smoke the slower-burning cigarette...when you smoke Camels...you get extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor and less nicotine in the smoke. Friends, those are advantages worth looking into right now. So next time try the slower-burning cigarette...try Camels. You'll know they have the flavor -- extra flavor. You'll know they smoke cooler, milder. And you'll know -- by the assurance of modern laboratory science -- that you're getting less nicotine in the smoke. The smoke's the thing!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

51459 1105

AL: That was very well done, Wendell. By the way, did you have a good time over the Thanksgiving Holidays?

WENDELL: I certainly did, Al. And how about you?

AL: *cut
and
fused
phase* I had a wonderful time. You know, Wendell, a lot of people miss the real spirit of Thanksgiving -- so this year I decided to be a real pioneer -- so I went hunting to get some wild turkey, pheasant, or quail for my dinner.

WENDELL: Say -- that does sound good. What did you finally have -- wild turkey, pheasant or quail?

AL: I had pork chops! But we did have a lot of fun. Raymond Radcliffe, Elmer Blurt, Could-Be Kitzel and I, left here early Wednesday afternoon in Kitzel's old car -- headed for a ranch in Northern California...We were riding along --

SOUND: LOUSY MOTOR UP

KITZEL: Hi-yi-o Rancho Grande -- My car is running dandy! Yahoo! My, oh, my -- isn't it wonderful to be driving along looking at the wide open spaces -- between the billboards!

SOUND: MOTOR COUGHS AND DIES

AL: Kitzel, what's the matter with this car -- the engine just died!

KITZEL: Don't look now, but I think we're out of gas!

AL: This is a fine time to run out of gas!

KITZEL: Oh, pish-posh -- don't be so uppity-puppity! Here comes a gentlemen. Maybe he can help us! How do you do, my good man! Can you tell me how far it is to the next gasoline station?

MEL: It's about ten miles as the crow flies!

KITZEL: Hmmm -- as the crow flies! How far is it if the crow is walking and carrying an empty gasoline can?

AL: Never mind, Kitzel. I'll ask the waitress in this hamburger stand! How do you do, lady -- are you open for business or shut up?

PASQUALE: Shut up -- I'm open for business! What do you want, kiddo -- something to eats?

AL: No -- we're going hunting and we want to get there before the game is all shot up!

PASQUALE: Don't tell me to shot up -- shot upa yourself!

AL: You don't understand, lady -- what I'm trying to say is we'd like to borrow some gas from your car?

PASQUALE: I no gotta car. Last week me and my husban' we bust up de autsmobile on the Baldheaded Mountains!

AL: You mean Mount Baldy.

cut on first show -

cut across the corn field
PASQUALE: That'sa what I say -- Baldheaded Mountains -- shut up!
Say -- Kid -- you know -- your face she looks family to
me -- What's your names?

AL: Well, it doesn't matter, but it's Al Pearce!

PASQUALE: Oh, Al Pearces -- Say you know, you got a funny show --
That's a funny fellows you got on your show -- that
Fibber McGooses.

AL: Look -- just tell me -- how do we get to the nearest
gas station?

PASQUALE: Well -- if you go down this road and walk to the red school
house and if you turn to the right -- and go five miles --

AL: Yes?

PASQUALE: Thata will be the wrong way. | But on the other hands if you
cut across the corn field cut across the corn field and climb over the hills and
cross the railroads tracks --

AL: Yes?

PASQUALE: You'll never get there! But I tella you what to do -- you
go east five miles till you get to the river --

AL: Five miles east till I get to the river?

PASQUALE: Then you come backa five miles.

AL: Just a minute. Why should I walk five miles to the river
and then turn around and come back?

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PASQUALE: Because the bridge she is washed out! *cut out / et show*

AL: Look, lady -- all I want is gas!

PASQUALE: Gas? Why didn't you say so --- (YELLS) Hey Tony!
One hamburger with onions!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

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AL: Friends, headline news today in the columns of the Buffalo Evening News and Buffalo Courier-Express states that a product of station WGR, Buffalo, New York -- Elvera Ruppel will be heard tonight from Hollywood in her first transcontinental commercial broadcast. That headline news is absolutely correct for Elvera is right here in the studio with us tonight. Elvera has been on WGR for eight years. We hope her appearance tonight will be the start of a nation-wide career, because she's mighty pretty and so is her singing.

ORCHESTRA: "WE THREE"

ELVERA RUPPEL

51459 1110

WENDELL: Say, Al how about that hunting trip -- did you finally get some gas and get on your way?

AL: Yes, Wen, we dug up some gasoline all right and started out again, but we lost Elmer Blurt.

WENDELL: What was the matter with Elmer -- didn't he want to go hunting?

AL: Well, you know Elmer, Wendell, we passed a few farmhouses and he said he just couldn't resist knocking on those purty doors because he had some kind of treatment for bee stings that he wanted to sell, so the last we saw of him he was knocking on the door and (FADING)

SOUND: ELMER KNOCKING

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- I hope I can sell somethin' here, I hope, I hope, I hope...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BRAYTON: What is it, young man?

ELMER: How ja do, lady...I notice you people have bees here.

BRAYTON: Yes, we have. Are you a bee man?

ELMER: Well, I ain't a Bee Girl. Lady, I'm sellin' Blurt's No-Sting Bee Salve. Would you care to buy a box of it?

BRAYTON: Well, you'll have to talk to Henry, my husband. He handles the bees. I think he's out there in the back with them now.

WRIGHT: (YELLS LIKE HELL OFF MIKE) OUCH!

BRAYTON: Yes -- he's out there! You'll find him by the orange blossom honey!

ELMER: Okay, I'll look for him by the orange blossom, darling.

BRAYTON: FRESH!

SOUND: DCOR SLAM

ELMER: (OVER FOOTSTEPS) Well, I'll go out in back and see if I can't give Henry the beezness!

WRIGHT: Well, young feller, what are you doin' trespassin' on my property.

ELMER: Your wife just sent me out to see ya. My, but that's a big watermelon you're holding there.

WRIGHT: Watermelon nothing. That's my arm -- a bee just stung me!

ELMER: Oh, golly, Then I got here just in time. Henry -- I'm sellin' Blurt's No-Sting Bee Salve. It paralyzes the bee's brain!

WRIGHT: Well, for Heaven' sakes hurry up and rub some on my other arm before that gets stung. Hurry up, here comes another bee!

ELMER: Okay -- there you are! Watch the bee now!

MEL: (TO THE TUNE OF "I GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN") BUZZ, BUZZ -- BUZZ -- ZZUNDER YOUR SKIN -- ZZZZZARRWAK!

WRIGHT: (STRAINING HIS MILK) OUCH!!! YOU IDIOT! I thought you said the bees wouldn't sting me. Now look at my other arm! Look at that big welt!

ELMER: Well, ah -- well, ah -- remember -- all's welt that ends welt!

WRIGHT: Look you fool -- both of my arms are swollen clear up to the elbow! What will people think?

ELMER: Just tatoo an anchor on your arms and they'll think you're Popeye. But don't worry mister -- that bee won't sting you again!

WRIGHT: Oh yeah? What makes you think he won't?

ELMER: Well, you see after that bee stung you he flew right into the hive. He went in there to tell the other bees about the awful taste of the salve. From now on they'll leave you alone!

WRIGHT: Waddya trying to hand me? You say that bee is talking to the other bees????

ELMER: Yup, yup -- sure, sure -- lift up the lid of the hive and listen!

SOUND: LID OFF

CAST: (AD LIB BEE CONVERSATION)

SOUND: FILL IN A FEW MORE CONVERSATIONAL BUZZES FROM BLANC, NILES AND REST OF GANG

WRIGHT: Well, I guess you're right...they are talking it over!

ELMER: Yup -- yup -- that stuff paralyzes their brain! But it takes a little time to work!

WRIGHT: You'd better be right!

ELMER: You just watch now.. Come here, little bee, come here, little bee.. Now, Mister, hold your hand right up here..

MEL: (TO THE TUNE OF "I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN") BUZZ, BUZZ
-- BUZZ -- ZUNDER YOUR SKIN -- ZZZZZZZZARRWAK!

WRIGHT: OUCH! OUCH! You idiot! I thought you said that stuff
would paralyze the bee's brain?

ELMER: Oh...gosh, oh golly -- I can see it all now. Grandma
and me made a big mistake!

WRIGHT: What do you mean?

ELMER: We paralyzed the wrong end.

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

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AL: (AD LIBS)

ORCHESTRA: "I'VE GOT IT BAD BUT IT'S GOOD FOR ME" PINKY TOMLIN

51459 1116

AL: Now, here's Wendell Niles to remind you that the smoke's the thing.

WENDELL: Right you are, Al! For, after all, you don't get anything from a cigarette until you light it...until you smoke it. The smoke's the thing. And in the smoke of slower-burning Camels you get extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor and an extra margin of freedom from nicotine.

MAN: Independent scientific tests of the smoke of five of the largest-selling cigarettes show that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains TWENTY-EIGHT PER CENT LESS NICOTINE than the average of the other brands tested...LESS NICOTINE THAN ANY OF THEM!

WENDELL: And on top of all these definite pleasure advantages, Camel's slower way of burning also means smoking economy. Listen!

MAN: By burning twenty-five per cent slower than the average of the four other of the largest-selling brands tested... slower than any of them...Camels also give you a smoking plus equal, on the average, to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK.

WENDELL: Try Camels. See what a difference slower burning can make in the day-by-day pleasure you get out of smoking. Smoke out the facts for yourself. The smoke's the thing!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

WENDELL: Al, tell us -- did you finally get to do some hunting?

AL: Well, Wendell, after we dropped Elmer Blurt off, we drove on up to the foothills and pulled into a camp where we were greeted by the Game Warden, Lotis Sniffen.

SOUND: CAR COMING TO STOP

MEL: Ah, goody-good morning, gentlemen! I'm the Game Warden!

AL: Glad to know you, Warden!

BUNCH: (AD LIBS HELLOS)

MEL: Now, gentlemen...get your guns and shells ready and prepare to follow me. But first a few pointers. Wild turkey, pheasant and quail are easily frightened so we must be very, very quiet! Shhh! Shh! Some foolish hunters scare the birds away by yelling...(SCREAMS)
"LOOK PETE, THERE'S A PHEASANT."

SOUND: WHIRRING WINGS...CACKLES, BIRDS FLYING UP AND AWAY

MEL: You see...there they go! We mustn't do that -- must we, or we'll scare all the birds away -- won't we?

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KITZEL: (MOCKING HIM) Yes, we mustn't do that -- must we, or we'll scare all the birds away...DIDN'T YOU?

MEL: Just a minute Kitzel, you can't use that gun of yours for hunting pheasant.

AL: What's the matter with Kitzel's gun?

MEL: Why it's a heavy caliber, full-loading automatic. It would blow a pheasant to pieces,

KITZEL: How about using a twenty-two?

MEL: Oh, no-no-no -- a twenty-two makes a big hole in the bird.

KITZEL: I've got a Bee-Bee gun!

MEL: That makes too small a hole.

KITZEL: How about my slingshot?

MEL: That would be too cruel! You can't use an automatic -- no twenty-two! No Bee-Bee gun...and you can't use a slingshot!

KITZEL: Do you mind if I just give him a dirty look?

AL: Okay Warden -- let's get started with our hunting!

RAYMOND: Oh -- Look, Mister Peawuss -- there's a wild turkey --
I'll get him!

KITZEL: Just a second -- Raymond. Look out where you're
pointing that gun!

RAYMOND: You don't have to wowwy about this gun, Mister Kitzel
-- it's unwoaded...See!

SOUND: SHOTGUN GOES OFF

KITZEL: Help -- Murder!

AL: Kitzel, cut that out. He didn't even come near you!

KITZEL: (MOCKING) Kitzel, cut that out. He didn't come near
you. Do you see this SNOOD I'm wearing?
That used to be my hat.

MEL: Now, gentlemen -- this looks like pretty good bird country. Let's all spread out now. Mister Pearce you stand over there to the right. Mister Radcliffe you stand over to the left. And Mister Kitzel -- you stand in the middle!

KITZEL: Did you say -- in the middle?

AL: That's right, Kitzel. I'll take the high birds!

RAYMOND: And I'll take the low birds!

KITZEL: And I'll be in the hospital before you!

MEL: Now -- men -- one final word or warning. There are certain times when it's illegal to shoot. At those times I will blow this little whistle -- like this!

SOUND: TRAFFIC COP WHISTLE

AL: All right, Kitzel -- here comes a wild turkey -- get him!

SOUND: GOBBLE -- GOBBLE -- GOBBLE

KITZEL: I'll get him -- READY -- AIM --

SOUND: WHISTLE BLOWN FURIOUSLY

MEL: Ah, ah, ah, -- Shame, shame, shame!

KITZEL: What's the matter?

MEL: The turkey's back was toward you. We don't want to shoot a bird in the back do we?

KITZEL: No -- no -- not that! If I shot him in the back I could never look him in the face!

AL: Don't worry, Kitzel -- here comes a pheasant -- and
he's a beauty!

KITZEL: Okay -- okay -- ready -- aim --

SOUND: WHISTLE AGAIN

MEL: Ah, ah, ah --

KITZEL: Wait a minute. What's wrong now?

MEL: Why he's looking right at you. We mustn't let them
know what's going to happen -- must we?

KITZEL: My, oh, my -- you're right -- I'd hate myself in the
morning!

SOUND: LOUD FLUTTERING OF WINGS

AL: Oh, oh, -- here's your chance, Kitzel -- IT'S A COVEY
OF QUAIL!

KITZEL: Yeah man -- watch this shot!

SOUND: WHISTLE

MEL: No -- no -- Kitzel -- not that one! Mother Quail!

KITZEL: Oh, mother quail! I'll get the next one! Ready --
aim!

SOUND: WHISTLE

MEL: No -- not yet. Father Quail!

KITZEL: We mustn't shoot papa. I'll take the others!

SOUND: WHISTLE

MEL: Ah, ah -- baby quail -- little kiddies!

KITZEL: JUST A SECOND! JUST A SECOND!

AL: What's the matter, Kitzel? Don't get excited!

KITZEL: (SARCASTIC) What's the matter Kitzel -- don't get excited...

You can't shoot the fathers, you can't shoot the mothers, you can't shoot the sisters, you can't shoot the brothers, you can't shoot turkey -- you can't shoot the quail! You can't shoot the front and you can't shoot the tail! There's only one thing left to shoot -- I can see!

AL: KITZEL -- not the Warden?

KITZEL: Mmmmyeah -- COULD BE!

SOUND: GUN SHOT

MEL: HELP! MURDER POLICE! (FADING)

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: Friends, next week we are bringing to Hollywood from
radio station KRNT, Des Moines, Iowa, a young man by the
name of Bert Henderson, to make his first
transcontinental broadcast. This young man is one of the
cleverest impersonators I have ever heard and I know you
will all agree with me when you hear him next Friday
night that, with a talent like his, he should have been on
a transcontinental program long before this.

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)

WOMAN: Easy, dear -- baked potatoes hold their heat,

MAN: (CLATTER) Ouch! Hold it? They sure can pass it
out, too.

WENDELL: Excess heat has no place in pipe-smoking, either.
Tobacco that burns too hot -- smokes raw and bitey.
Get Prince Albert for that delightful, tasty, mellowly
mild smoking that comes from cooler burning. 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! P.A. has the easy-packing,
easy-drawing "crimp cut," and the famous "no-bite"
treatment. No wonder P.A. is the world's
largest-selling tobacco.
This is Wendell Niles...speaking...
This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM