

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1941
Program No. 41

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

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

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

WENDELL: Ladies and gentlemen -- CAMEL -- the slower-burning
cigarette that gives you more flavor -- (MUSIC) --
more mildness -- (MUSIC) -- more coolness, and less
nicotine in the smoke -- (MUSIC) -- twenty-eight
per cent less nicotine than the average of four other
largest-selling brands tested....

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

WENDELL: Bring you, from Hollywood -- AL PEARCE and his Gang!

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

AL: Good evening, all. That mighty burst of applause makes us all feel very, very happy. Tonight, in addition to our regular gang, we have with us again as our special guest Miss Judy Canova. This is Judy's third week with the gang -- so tonight, -- in her honor and just to be a little different we're going to present a hillbilly play, -- but before we get into that -- Carl Hoff and his Camel Orchestra are going to get the show underway with a snappy new arrangement of an old spiritual -- "Oh, Dem Golden Slippers" -- Okay Hoffie --

ORCHESTRA:

"OH, DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS"

AL: Thanks, Carl -- that was very well done. Hey, gang -- gather round here and we'll have Dick Lane give us a synopsis of the play we're doing tonight.

GANG: ~~OKAY, SWELL... (AD LIBS, ETC.)~~

ad lib first show

AL: Dick Lane --

DICK: Yes, sir.

AL: Have you got your play written yet?

DICK: Yep -- I'll read it to you.

AL: We haven't got time --

DICK:

Oh, it'll only take a second -- Listen to this.

(FAST) Once upon a time there were two families, the Canovas and the Hatfields, living up in the hills. They couldn't live down on the plains because they lived up on the hills. The plains are down like this and the hills are up like this so how could they live down on the plains when the hills are up like this? Everything was peaceful and quiet in the hills. The birds would go chirp, chirp, chirp and the squirrels would go chatter, chatter, chatter and the ducks would go quack, quack, quack and the cows would go moo, moo, moo. One day the Canovas got mad at the Hatfields and the Hatfields got mad at the Canovas and the Canovas and the Hatfields were mad as hatters. So they started a feud. Not feud like munch, munch, munch but feud like bang, bang, bang, so they started running through the hills, hiding behind the trees, and they'd yell "Peekaboo x-- I see you!" and the Canovas would shoot -- bang, bang, bang -- boom, boom, boom -- and the Hatfields would go "OUCH," and the Hatfields would shoot -- bang, bang, bang -- boom, boom, boom, and the Canovas would go "OUCH" and they fit and fit and fit till they weren't fit to fight any more because the Canovas got all the Hatfields and the Hatfields got all the Canovas so there isn't any more.

(APPLAUSE)

DICK:

Well there you are, Mr. Pearce -- how do you like that for a tale?

AL: Well it was a nice tale -- but I thought you wagged it too fast. Wendell, come here a minute. Will you take over for a few minutes while I read over this story and figure out how we're going to cast it.

WENDELL: I'd be glad to, Al. As a matter of fact, I've got a story I'd like to tell.

AL: Well, go right ahead, Wendell -- the stage is all yours.

WENDELL: Thanks, Al!

The professional tennis matches are in town! There's a big crowd in the stadium waiting to see the tennis champions play.

SOUND: CROWD NOISE IN BACKGROUND

VOICE: (FADING IN) Programs...get your programs. Know tennis when you see it. Programs...(FADE)

WENDELL: The lights are dimming around the stadium -- the floods are coming up over the court.

VOICE: (FADING IN) Programs...get your programs. You can't tell one ~~ball~~ ^{player} from another without a program. Program, Mister?

MAN: Yes, thanks. Here, Marge.

WOMAN: Thanks. Let's see the player's pictures. Oh, wait a minute! Look at this ad. (READING) Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine in the smoke of Camels!

MAN: Is that right? Lemme see. (READING) "The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself." Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine -- why, Marge -- that's wonderful!

WENDELL: Right! Less nicotine in the smoke of your cigarette is worth looking into right away. And so are the other advantages you get in slower-burning Camels -- the extra mildness, the extra coolness and the extra flavor. But smoke out these facts for yourself. Light up a slower-burning Camel and enjoy every one of these extra pleasures. The smoke's the thing! By the way, dealers everywhere feature Camels by the carton. For convenience and economy -- get your Camels by the carton.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

ad lib

AL: Friends, our radio guest tonight is a very clever young radio entertainer who is featured regularly on radio station WBT, Charlotte, North Carolina -- Dave Lane. Dave has been on the staff of WBT in Charlotte for three years and, believe me, they really gave this boy a send-off for his trip to Hollywood and his first transcontinental broadcast which he's making tonight on our show. In fact, the whole town turned out to see him off and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if the whole town is tuned in tonight to see if their local boy makes good and I'm sure he will.

Dave Lane, from WBT, Charlotte, North Carolina, playing his own piano accompaniment and singing "I Can't Remember to Forget"

ORCHESTRA AND DAVE LANE:

"I CAN'T REMEMBER TO FORGET"

AL: And now, ladies and gentlemen, we are going to present our play written by Dick Lane. It is entitled "Ozark Story" or "She Couldn't Afford to go to Philadelphia." Will you please set the scene, Wendell?

WENDELL: Okay, Al. The opening scene of our play is laid in the hills and it's too bad we have to dig it up. As the scene opens, we find our hero Carl Hoff trudging down a dusty road

CARL: Egads! You mean I'm going to be in the play!

AL: Yes, Carl -- you're the hero and for heaven's sakes throw yourself into the part. Let's go now -- you're walking down the road! CURTAIN!

CARL: Ah, what is this I see before me. It's a fork in the road. Which, oh which way shall I turn -- to the right, or to the left?

WENDELL: Fortunately our hero took the wrong road and was never heard from again. Now -- on with the play! Exactly five minutes later trudging down the same road we find a man who is not our hero, but a better actor. Curtain!

KITZEL: Hi-Yi-O Rancho Grande. This Ozark air is dandy! Ya-Hoo! Ah, how peaceful it is up here in the ozarks. I remember the days when the people up here used to shoot at each other every minute. Now it's all changed!

SOUND: SHOT AND WHIZZING OF BULLET RICOCHET

KITZEL: Now it's every two minutes!

JUDY: (FADES IN LAUGHING) Howdy stranger!

KITZEL: Just a second my little cucumber, what's the idea of shooting at me?

JUDY: Well, that's just my way of saying hello.

KITZEL: Well, when I leave don't bother to say goodbye. What is your name my little sharp shooter?

JUDY: I ain't a sayin'.

KITZEL: Is that your first or your last name?

JUDY: I ain't a sayin'.

KITZEL: Where do you live?

JUDY: I ain't a sayin'.

KITZEL: You ain't as sane as you could be. Are there any more children at home like you?

JUDY: Twelve.

KITZEL: All girls?

JUDY: All but the boys! Listen stranger -- who are you?

KITZEL: (COYLY) I ain't a sayin'.

JUDY: I reckon you'd better tell me your name.

KITZEL: (COYLY) I reckon I won't.

JUDY: I reckon as how I can make you talk.

KITZEL: (COYLY) I reckon as how you can't.

JUDY: I reckon I'll make you talk if I send for my brothers and
my pappy! *I reckon*

KITZEL: Oh, the reckon crew! For your information, young lady, I'm
Sheriff Kitzel. See -- look at my badge. Wait a minute --
where is my badge? I can't find my badge!

JUDY: Well, you sit down here while I call my pappy!

KITZEL: Okay, OUCH!

JUDY: What's the matter?

KITZEL: I found my badge!

JUDY: Pappy! Pappy! Come a runnin'. The Sheriff is here!

AL: (AS EB) (FADING IN) Howdy, Sheriff.

KITZEL: Pappy Canova -- You've got to cut out this feudin' up here or I'll have to take you to the jug.

AL: Take me to the what --

MEL: (HICCUP)

KITZEL: It's too late. You've been there already!

AL: Sheriff Kitzel. The man who started this foud is Zeke Hatfield -- the toughest man in the Ozarks. He's killed eighty-three people in the last month!

KITZEL: Eighty-three people? Why, -- I'll tear him to pioces. I'll mow him down. I'll smash him into little bits and jump on him and squash him into the ground. Where is this Zeke Hatfield?

SOUND: SEVERAL GUN SHOTS

DICK: Here I am Sheriff -- I'm Zeke!

KITZEL: I don't feel so good myself.

AL: Run for your life, Judy -- Come on, Sheriff --

SOUND: GUN SHOTS

DICK: Dag-nab it they got away -- why didn't you run, Sheriff?

KITZEL: Ha, ha! Not me. Why should I run?

DICK: You're braver than I thought you were. You didn't move an inch!

KITZEL: That's right, my little man. I didn't move an inch!

DICK: I thought sure you'd run with the rest of them!

KITZEL: Well, it's purely a coincidence but I'm standing in a bear trap.

DICK: Sheriff -- I'm glad I ran into you. I'm gettin' tired of feudin' with the Canovas! I'm lookin' for a man who will shoot it out with me. There ain't room in these hills for both of us. Sheriff, we're going to shoot this out man to man!

KITZEL: Just a second -- just a second! Before we shoot this out you've gotta prove to me you're a good shot!

DICK: I'll show you what kind of a shot I am! See that buzzard sitting up in the tree? Watch this!

SOUND: SHOT

BUZZARD: "OUCH!"

DICK: Doggone, I wish my grandpappy would quit roostin' in them trees!

KITZEL: Oh, pish posh -- give me that gun.

DICK: Why you couldn't hit the broad side of a barn.

KITZEL: Listen to the little man. Who couldn't hit the broad side of a barn. See that barn right there.

DICK: Yes.

KITZEL: Okay, watch me hit it!

SOUND: SHOT

(PAUSE)

DICK: (LAUGHS) I didn't hear anything.

KITZEL: How do you like that -- I shot right through a knothole!

DICK: Give me that gun.

KITZEL: Just a second. Now, just one more thing before we shoot this out man to man -- Zeke do you think you could hit a man running across that hill way -- way over there.

DICK: No, Sheriff, I don't think I could. Besides, there ain't no man running across that hill.

KITZEL: Just a second.

SOUND: QUICK RUN AND WINDWHISTLE

KITZEL: (WAY OFF MIKE) Yoo-Hoo! Zeke!

DICK: Sheriff! That looks like you!

KITZEL: (WAY OFF MIKE) Mmmmmmmmm yeah! COULD BE!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -15-
2/7/41

AL: Well, Judy -- I think after that play -- right now would
be a mighty good time for a song.

JUDY: Okay, Al!

AL: What's it going to be this week?

JUDY: Well, I sorta thought I'd like to do "Ciribiribin" --

AL: That'll be swell, Judy. Okay, HOFFIE.

ORCHESTRA AND JUDY CANOVA:

"CIRIBIRIBIN"

ANNOUNCER: (CONVERSATIONALLY) It's Sunday in the Park! The Smiths, the Browns, and the Joneses are all out for an airing. There's a lover's quarrel going on in front of the General's statue. Up the way a little, the chestnut vendor is yelling for customers. But over in a quiet corner, two gentlemen in white, sacks on shoulders, pointed sticks in hand, are talking. Two outdoor boys -- two tycoons from the "keep-the-~~city~~^{Park}-clean" department are discussing the affairs of the world.

SOUND: CLINK OF STEEL ON PAVEMENT THROUGHOUT DIALOGUE

FIRST MAN: (DEAD PAN VOICE -- TAKE IT SLOW) Hi ya Joe. Plenty of papers to be picked up, ^{in the park} today, eh?

SECOND MAN: Yeah.

FIRST MAN: Happy in your work?

SECOND MAN: Yeah!

FIRST MAN: Only trouble is you don't get to see the sights around the city.

SECOND MAN: I don't have to! I married one!

FIRST MAN: Say, Joe -- look at all those empty cigarette packages.

SECOND MAN: Yeah.

FIRST MAN: More Camel empties than anything else, eh?

SECOND MAN: Yeah -- the place is full of them. Wonder what's goin' on?

ANNOUNCER: I'll tell you what's going on! Science has just confirmed another big advantage in slower-burning Camels, less nicotine in the smoke!

VOICE: Independent scientific tests 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 than any of them

ANNOUNCER: And the millions of folks who have turned to Camels are getting every one of the extra pleasures in the slower-burning cigarette: Extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor. Big pleasure extras that only slower-burning Camels can give. Why don't you enjoy a Camel right now? Get that extra pleasure yourself and don't forget -- you get less nicotine in the smoke!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC CURTAIN)

ad lib

WENDELL: About this same time every week we find Elmer Blurt, the world's super low-pressure salesman, going from house to house trying to make a sale. It seems that tonight Elmer is trying to sell a book on Household Hints. Just for the fun of it, let's check up on him and see how he's doing. Good luck, Elmer.

SOUND: ELMER KNOCK

ELMER: Oh, golly -- I hope I can sell my Book of Household Hints here in this house I hope, I hope, I hope!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ELMER: How ja do, lady...my name's Blurt...I have here....

BRAYTON: Now see here, Blurt, I have no time to talk. All you salesmen are alike. You come to a person's house and stand in the door and gab, gab, gab. A woman has plenty to do around the house, cleaning, cooking, mending and taking care of the baby and a thousand and one other things but you salesmen seem to think that all we have to do is stand in the door and talk, talk, talk! Well, I'm saying nothing!

ELMER: Gosh, it took you long enough to say it!..

BRAYTON: Well, if you must talk, talk to my husband. I've got to run to the store. *Raymond*
Henry! Don't forget to feed Baby Lamb while I'm gone! And see what this man Blurt at the door wants.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER:

How ja do, ~~Henry~~ *Raymond*

RAYMOND:

Greetings, Mr. Blurt!

ELMER:

I'm sellin' a Book of Household Hints. It lightens the burdens of housekeeping!

RAYMOND:

Say is there anything in that book about feeding babies? I've got to fix Baby Lamb's dinner!

ELMER:

Feeding babies? -- Lemme see now -- (RUSTLE OF PAGES)
Oh, gosh -- look at this. Grandma wrote this book and she must of known your baby.

RAYMOND:

She knew our baby?

ELMER:

Yup -- yup. It says right here. "How to prepare Baby Lamb for Dinner -- or Making Baby Lamb Frisky!" It says -- first wash Baby Lamb in cold water -- and then strip it!

RAYMOND:

Wash Baby Lamb with the clothes on?

ELMER:

That's what it says in the book! Grandma knows. Here, I'll turn on the cold water and you put the baby under it!

SOUND: WATER RUNNING

ROSETTI:

(YELLS LIKE HELL) (CRIES)

RAYMOND: Okay, what does it say to do now!

ELMER: It says: Place the lamb on the table and strip it!
Do you know how to do that?

RAYMOND: Do I know how to do it? I do it FOURTEEN TIMES A DAY!

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- fourteen times a day. Then this won't be
much of a change for you!

RAYMOND: Okay, the clothes are off. Now what do we do?

ROSETTI: (YELLS MORE LIKE HELL)

ELMER: Now it says -- "Roll the lamb in flour."

RAYMOND: Flour? Say they've got something there. It's a lot
cheaper than that talcum powder my wife buys!

ELMER: Yup, yup -- these women sure don't know how to economize!

RAYMOND: How soon do we start feeding the kid?

ELMER: Here it is -- it's coming up right now on page five.
It says onion goes well with Baby Lamb.

RAYMOND: Onion?

ELMER: Yup, yup. It says take the onion and slice it and then
rub it over the pan!

RAYMOND: That's ridiculous -- rubbing an onion on a baby's face. Why can't we just put the onion in his mouth?

ELMER: Well, he's too small to chew it. They're probably supposed to inhale it! Now we're all ready to feed the baby!

RAYMOND: What does it say next?

ELMER: It says here. "Place the Baby Lamb in a large pan -- surround it with raw potatoes, raw carrots, a few small tomatoes and some sweet green peppers!

RAYMOND: Boy -- is this kid going to eat tonight. My wife's been starving him -- nothing but milk!

ROSETTI: (YELLS AGAIN)

ELMER: Don't cry Baby Lamb -- you're going to eat in a minute!

RAYMOND: I wonder why the baby is crying? He seems to be plenty mad!

ELMER: I'll see what it says here. "If the lamb is inclined to be tough -- you may have to give it a good basting!

RAYMOND: Are you sure that's what it says?

ELMER: Yup -- yup -- you're going to have to give him a lambasting!

RAYMOND: I'm not going to hit my kid. Read some more -- what else does it say!

ELMER: We're coming to the end now. When you have everything ready -- finally pour in a cup of water and place the lamb in a cold oven and let it soak for fifteen minutes.

RAYMOND: I'll swear this isn't the way my wife feeds the baby!
But here goes!

SOUND: PAN GOING INTO OVEN

SOUND: BABY LAUGHING AND GURGLING

RAYMOND: By gosh -- Baby Lamb likes it. Listen to him laugh!

*Cut
Pearce
show*
ELMER: Yup -- yup -- he's splashing in the water!

RAYMOND: Pull up a chair -- we'll sit here and watch him eat!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

BRAYTON: Yoo-Hoo, dear. I'm back from the store. Is the baby fed yet?

RAYMOND: He's eating now!

BRAYTON: That's fine dear. And now I'll get our dinner! Will you light the oven?

ELMER: Oh, golly, lady -- you can't light the oven!

*Cut
Pearce
show*
BRAYTON: Can't light the oven? Why not?

ELMER: Baby Lamb won't like it!

BRAYTON: What has Baby Lamb got to do with our oven?

ELMER: He's in it!

BRAYTON: Baby Lamb -- in the oven! (SCREAMS) You idiots --
what have you been doing. He's covered with flour?

ROSETTI: (GURGLES AND COOS AND LAUGHS)

BRAYTON: Thank heaven's he's not hurt! What did you fools think
you were doing?

RAYMOND: We were just feeding him like it says in the book.

ELMER: Yup, lady -- that's right. It says -- right here.
How to prepare Baby Lamb for dinner, or Making Baby
Lamb Frisky!

BRAYTON: Let me see that book!

ELMER: Oh, golly -- wait a minute. I made a slight mistake!

RAYMOND: You made a mistake.

ELMER: Yup -- yup -- it doesn't say Frisky.

BRAYTON: What does it say?

ELMER: Fricassee!

BRAYTON AND
RAYMOND TOGETHER: GET OUT OF HERE!

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO AL PEARCE)

AL: Our friends and neighbors in Canada will be interested in knowing that we have invited Patricia Bailey, popular entertainer from radio station CFRB, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, to be our guest 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, don't forget to tune in ^{with the gang} next Friday night. ~~We'll have lots of fun with Judy Canova and the rest of the Gang.~~ Until then, so long, and good luck, and remember to smoke Camels.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME TO WENDELL NILES)

WENDELL:

America's biggest bombing plane weighs eighty-two tons loaded, yet its controls respond to the touch of a finger. And here's another curious fact. A smoker's whole viewpoint on smoking joy can be changed by a few sounds from his mouth. Say Prince Albert and let the full, rounded pleasure of milder, mellow, better-tasting tobacco come into your life. Prince Albert starts with choice, first-grade tobacco, and gives it the famous no-bite treatment and the crimp cut. P.A. is cooler-burning too -- easier on the tongue. Let your tongue do itself a favor -- let it say Prince Albert! This is Wendell Niles...speaking... This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.