

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1941
Program No. 42

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 the 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)

ad lib

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -2-
2/14/41

AL: Tonight, we bring you Valentine greetings from the entire gang. We've got a lot of surprises to get into these next thirty minutes so let's get the show rolling with a number from Carl Hoff and his Camel Orchestra.

CARL: Wait a minute, Al -- on account of whom this is Valentine's Day -- I wrote a little poem in your honor. It's sort of a Tribune.

AL: Tribune, eh -- well, all right let's Examiner. Go ahead and read it.

CARL: Okay -- Here it is.

"A little Val for my pal, Al."

I send to you this Valentine,

And when you answer don't be lax.

I don't want praise, I want a raise,

So I can pay my income tax!

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AL: That's very nice, Carl. I thought you might have
 something like that **up your sleeve** tonight, so I
 prepared one for you! Listen to this!
 We've worked together four long years,
 Though trials and troubles smote us!
 Let not my Valentine to you,
 Say, "Here is two weeks notice."
 (PAUSE)
 And now -- Carl -- let's have some music!

CARL: Egads...LET'S!

ORCHESTRA: (OPENING NUMBER)

51459 1400

(NOTE TO PRODUCER AND ACTORS: Mr. Esty requests that the first and second voices in this commercial have a disembodied quality. They must not sound like the voices of human beings. Each actor's own distinctive interpretation may do the trick.)

SOUND: FADE IN FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT...STREET NOISES

WENDELL: Scene...the window of a well-known clothing store on New York's fashionable Madison Avenue. A group of passers-by has stopped to look at two army uniforms. One is the old style worn during the last war. The other is the new type now being used. Listen -- to the conversation behind the plate glass window. Those two uniforms are actually talking to each other.

FIRST VOICE: (YOUNG...SMART-ALECKY) Well, old-timer...big crowd out front. For a couple of Army officers' uniforms in a store window we're doing fine.

SECOND VOICE: (LATE FORTIES...POMPOUS) Don't overestimate your importance, young man. You're just the new style Army uniform. Most people look at me. They want to see how smartly the boys dressed twenty years or so ago.

FIRST VOICE: Say, people are interested in me. They like my shiny brass buttons.

SECOND VOICE: My dark buttons had their points.

FIRST VOICE: Well, my new V-neck collar is lots more comfortable.

SECOND VOICE: Standing collars were more dignified.

FIRST VOICE: Yeah! And besides, my new long pants are better. No headaches over breeches and puttees in today's Army. My pockets are good and roomy, too.

SECOND VOICE: (ON FILTER) So are mine. At least, they were good enough to carry many a package of Camels.

FIRST VOICE: Camels!

SECOND VOICE: (ON FILTER) Such youth! Why Camels were by far the favorite in the A.E.F.

FIRST VOICE: (SOBER...MORE FRIENDLY) Well, at least we can agree on Camels. As a uniform I may have a lot of new wrinkles...if you'll pardon the pun...but the Army men I know carry Camels, too.

WENDELL: Camel is right! The slower-burning cigarette still gets first call in the Army...and out of it, too. For the smoke of slower-burning Camels gives you extra flavor, extra mildness, extra coolness and less nicotine.

SECOND VOICE: (FILTER) Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling brands tested...less than any of them...according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

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WENDELL: So next time, try slower-burning Camels.

The smoke's the thing!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: Ladies and gentlemen, we have a big surprise for you tonight. In that you have all received your Valentines by now -- nothing could be more appropriate on this occasion than to introduce to our radio audience for the first time -- the head man of Valentine's Day -- that chubby little gentleman with the bow, the arrows and the quiver -- Dan Cupid himself, in person!

RAYMOND: GWEETINGS WOVERS AND SWEETHEARTS!

(APPLAUSE)

AL: Tell us, Dan Cupid, how is the sweetheart business? Are there more sweethearts today than there used to be -- or is it just about the same?

RAYMOND: It's just about the same, Mr. Pearwuss. The sweetheart business is always neck 'n' neck!

AL: I suppose Valentine's day is a very busy day for you.

RAYMOND: Every day is a busy day for Dan Cupid!

AL: Yes, I imagine love is a very embracing business!

RAYMOND: That's twue...ha...ah...a...ha...ha! It's developed into quite a holding company!

AL: That's a beautiful bow and arrow you have there. Where did you get it?

RAYMOND: I got the bow from Venus, the Goddess of Wove and the arrow fwom Diana the Goddess of the Hunt!

AL: And where did you get that quiver?

RAYMOND: I don't wear enough cwothes!

AL: Would you mind giving us a demonstration of how you impress lovers with your bow and arrow?

RAYMOND: I'd be gwad, too. Do you see that young couple in the fwont wow? See how bashful he wooks?

AL: Yes, he does look very bashful!

RAYMOND: Well, wait and see what happens when I shoot him! Wisten!

BRAYTON: Henry -- won't you please say those three little words that make every girl happy?

MEL: (RUBE) Oh -- shucks -- I feel so silly!

BRAYTON: Go ahead -- say them -- just three little words!

MEL: Okay, Mabel -- I -- I ah -- I -- I --

SOUND: PING OF ARROW AND THUD

MEL: (HOLLERS LIKE HELL) I LOVE YOU!

RAYMOND: Well, Mister Pearwuss, I've got to be going now!

AL: Do you have to chase some more lovers?

RAYMOND: No -- there's somebody chasing me -- oh, darn it --
here he comes!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...LOUD FLAPPING OF WINGS

MEL: (MECHANICAL VOICE) Mister Cupid! Oh, Mister Cupid!
I'm here again!

RAYMOND: (VERY MAD) Get away from me! Get away! SCAT! I told
you there was nothing for you today!

MEL: Okay -- but I'll be back! (GOON LAUGH)

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

RAYMOND: Sometimes I get so mad. That guy is always following
me around working for prospects!

AL: Who is it?

RAYMOND: The Stork!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -10-
2/14/41

AL: If you remember that little swing group called
"The Four Down Beats" we had on the show a few weeks
ago -- you'll be glad to know they're back with us
again tonight to do a little jivin' with "Ida" --
Okay kids, start jivin'.

SWING GROUP:

"IDA"

WENDELL: Once again we pick up the trail of that super, low-pressure salesman, ELMER BLURT! Today we find Elmer going from house to house selling his own preparation, BLURT'S DOG BISCUITS! Good luck, Elmer!

SOUND: ELMER KNOCK

ELMER: Oh, golly, I hope I can sell something in this house today, I hope, etc.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ELMER: How ja do, lady. I'm sellin' Blurt's Dog Biscuits -- guaranteed to give your dog a nice shiny coat -- and with it you get our special free offer for only ten cents!

VERNA: Oh, come right in. I have a little chow in the house.

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- I haven't got time to eat!

VERNA: No-no, you silly boy. The chow is our dog. We call him Chow-Chow. We're just getting ready to take him away on a trip and I'm worried. We can never get him to eat on a train!

ELMER: Then you sure need my dog biscuits. You'll find that they'll make your Chow-Chow chaw chaw on the choo-choo!

VERNA: But are you sure they'll work!

ELMER: Yup-yup, sure, sure. Bette Davis eats them all the time!

VERNA: Bette Davis eats them?

ELMER: Yup-yup. You see, Grandma and me named our dog in honor of Bette Davis!

VERNA: How did you happen to give your dog such a name?

ELMER: Well, it was on account of she was the star of
"THE LITTER."

VERNA: Oh, you fool!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- I should have talked to the dog. You can always get more sense out of tailwagger than you can out of a tongue-wagger! I'll try this door right here!

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK...OPENS

MEL: Greeting, laddie!

ELMER: Oh, golly -- hello, Mr. MacTavish -- How would you like to buy some dog biscuits for your dog?

MEL: Oh, I'm sorry, laddie -- but I'm getting rid of the dog.

ELMER: What's the matter -- does he bite people?

MEL: Not since I taught him how to smoke a pipe! You see he smokes Prince Albert and it's no-bite treated!

ELMER: Then why are you getting rid of your dog?

MEL: He's getting too speedy and crafty for me, laddie.

ELMER: How is he getting too speedy and crafty?

MEL: Every time the butcher throws him a bone -- he beats me to it. Good day, laddie! ~~Better luck next time!~~
(Pass Close)

ELMER: Mr. McTavish sure must have a bad temper. Imagine him picking a bone with his dog! Gosh -- it's almost lunch time. Shall I eat now? -- no -- maybe somebody will buy these dog biscuits and I'll eat something else. I hope they have a dog at this next house, I hope, I hope, I hope!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS

MEL: (DOES VERY MAD DOG BARKING, THEN SOUNDS AS THOUGH BITING INTO SOMETHING FOLLOWED BY A LONG RIP OF CLOTH)

ELMER: Oh, golly --

LADY: Be careful of that dog. He's an airedale!

ELMER: I know -- I can feel the air!

LADY: I suppose that I should have a muzzle.

ELMER: Why? Do you bite, too?

LADY: Oh, you silly boy. You are the one!

ELMER: Lady, I'm selling these lovely dog biscuits. They're only ten cents. They'll give your dog a nice shiny coat and besides that you get our special free offer!

LADY: A free offer -- well, that does sound good. Here's your money. Now I'll see how the dog likes the biscuits. Here, Llewylle!

MEL: (MUNCHING A LITTLE...THEN HICCUP...THEN YELLS "YIPEE"
AND GOES INTO VERY HEAVY AND LABORED PANTING)

LADY: Good heaven's listen to my dog. What did you put in those dog biscuits?

ELMER: Well, ahh -- I put in red pepper to make him peppy -- and ah -- some furniture polish to give him a nice new shiny coat.

LADY: Well, I want him to have a nice, new coat -- but why is he breathing so hard?

MEL: (DOG PANTING)

ELMER: Well, that's the special free offer!

LADY: What do you mean?

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ELMER: Well, ah -- you pay ten cents for the coat --

LADY: Yes, that's what you said before.

ELMER: But -- ah -- but -- ah -- the pants are free!

LADY: GET OUT OF HERE!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

51459 1412

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -16-
2/14/41

AL: Friends -- tonight we brought Miss Patricia Bailey to Hollywood from Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Pat Bailey is featured regularly on Station CFRB in Toronto and I can assure our good neighbors north of the border that we're happy to have a guest from Canada on our show tonight. Pat is a very charming little bundle of Canadian personality -- and believe you me, she should be a great bet for some network show or motion picture studio.

Here she is -- Pat Bailey, from Toronto, Canada, singing "I Give You My Word."

ORCHESTRA AND PAT BAILEY:

"I GIVE YOU MY WORD"

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL SKYROCKET)

(FADE TO WENDELL NILES)

51459 1413

WENDELL: Say, Al, this being Valentine's Day, and you having lived a little longer than I have, maybe you can answer this question: Tell me -- what is love?

AL: Oh, now, Wendell -- just because it's Valentine's Day -- don't get mushy!

WENDELL: No, Al -- I'm serious -- What is love?

AL: Wendell, I'm surprised at you. Anybody knows what love is. Why love is something -- well, for instance -- Now, you take a man -- you see, the word "love" is taken from the Latin. "L - o" means lo, and "v - e", of course, means vee. Oh, I don't know -- maybe it's Spanish. Wendell, I think you better ask somebody else. Women know more about love, anyway. There's a woman over there, Wendell. Ask her!

WENDELL: Pardon me, lady -- could you define love?

LADY: Yes, love is -- ah -- (SILLY LAUGH)

AL: It's what?

LADY: Well, love is -- (SILLY LAUGH)

AL: Anybody knows that, but what is it? Maybe we'd better ask Dan Cupid. Dan, will you come in here, please?

RAYMOND: What is it, Mr. Pearce?

AL: It seems that Wendell Niles, here, has forgotten what love is. You certainly ought to be able to help us out.

WENDELL: Yes, Dan, I've forgotten all about love.

RAYMOND: Well, Mr. Pearce, this is easy.

SOUND: ARROW ZING...HIT HARD BOARD

WENDELL: OUCH!! "It All Comes Back to Me Now." I know what love is.

AL: All right -- what is it?

WENDELL: It's salesmanship!

AL: I don't get the point.

WENDELL: Well, I did. Now here's what I mean. Love is getting yourself over to somebody else to make them like you. In fact, everything in this world -- no matter what you do -- is salesmanship.

AL: What do you mean?

WENDELL: Well, for instance -- if you had to sell a certain article, and you knew once folks tried it -- they'd like it -- what would you do?

AL: Why -- I'd just say -- ladies and gentlemen, smoke slower-burning Camels! Get extra mildness, extra coolness, and extra flavor.

WENDELL: And then would you say: "And just recently, science has confirmed a new extra in Camels -- the extra advantage of less nicotine in the smoke. Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling brands tested -- less than any of them -- according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself."

AL: I certainly would say it that way --

WENDELL: And, of course, you'd end it like this: "So light up a slower-burning Camel, and smoke out these pleasures for yourself."

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -20-
2/14/41

AL: No, Niles, I wouldn't. I'd include it, of course,
but I'd end it this way! Dealers everywhere feature
Camels by the carton. For convenience, and economy --
buy Camels by the carton.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: Well, now that our Canadian friends have sent us such a wonderful guest star, I wish we could do something for them in return!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

AL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

MACDONALD: Good evening, Mister Pearce -- it is rumored around town that you'd like to do something for Canada. Now I'm Mister MacDonald, a recruiting officer from the Northwest Mounted. How soon can you leave?

AL: Now, wait a minute. I'm afraid I'm not your man. But you might talk to some of the other boys!

KITZEL: Hi-Yi-o -- Rancho Grande! I always come in handy. Yahooo!

AL: Kitzel -- you're just the man we're looking for. Mr. MacDonald here -- wants you to go to Canada with the Northwest Mounted.

KITZEL: Just a second -- just a second -- why should I leave my native California now that the smudge pots are in bloom!

MACDONALD: You mean you don't like cold weather?

KITZEL: You said it, my little man. In cold weather even my red flannels turn blue!

AL: But, Kitzel, you don't know what you're passing up.

MACDONALD: Mister Pearce is right, Mister Kitzel. Let me paint you a picture! I can see you now -- Kitzel of the Northwest Mounted! You're on the trail of Pierre Peru, the pelt pilferer!

KITZEL: Who?

MACDONALD: Pierre Peru, he pilfers pelts from poor people!

KITZEL: Any relation to the guy who picked a peck of pickled peppers!

MACDONALD: Preposterous!

KITZEL: Pish-posh -- trous!

MACDONALD: As a Northwest Mountie you've got to get your man!
You run out the door. Your Bob is waiting!

KITZEL: Bob who?

MACDONALD: Bob sled!

KITZEL: Never heard of him!

MACDONALD: All right, all right -- it's a dog sled!

KITZEL: What happened to Bob?

AL: Kitzel, your dogs are waiting. Forget Bob!

KITZEL: Okay. Goodbye, Bob. I'm going to the dogs!

MACDONALD: Kitzel, will you be serious. Your dogs are waiting to
take up the trail!

KITZEL: Okay, we're off!

MACDONALD: Wait a minute. It's bitter cold. You put on a Parka!

KITZEL: Okay, I put on a Parka and we're off!

MACDONALD: Wait! It's very, very cold. You'd better put on
another Parka!

KITZEL: Now I gotta go!

AL: Why?

KITZEL: I'm double parka-ed!

MACDONALD: Okay -- away you go across the snow. You crack your whip and yell to your dogs. Mush ahead!

KITZEL: Mush ahead -- three hundred feet -- ten cents a bowl with cream!

MACDONALD: Quiet! As you tear across the blinding snow -- suddenly you hear a piercing howl. From behind a tree up bobs a wolf!

KITZEL: Oh, Bob's a wolf! Come on, Bob, I've got you covered!

MACDONALD: Yes, Bob -- we've got you -- No! No! Forget about Bob!

KITZEL: Make up your mind.

MACDONALD: You're after your man, On and on you go, hour after hour across the frozen wastes! You're dying of thirst. Suddenly you come across an Igloo -- a man dressed in fur steps out with a smile on his face,

KITZEL: Those Good Humor men are every place!

MACDONALD: No-no. He's an Eskimo. You say to him Glug-Glug!
Glug-Glug!

KITZEL: Glug, glug, glug, glug???

MACDONALD: Yes. That's Eskimo for water!

KITZEL: Sizzle...sizzle, Arf, Arf!

MACDONALD: What's what?

KITZEL: I want a hot dog, too. What a peculiar language they talk.

MACDONALD: Yes, it is rather silly -- Glug-Glug, sizzle-sizzle, arf, arf! Some day we'll teach them our language -- ENGLISH!

KITZEL: Oh, yes -- English, that is a language to be proud of -- Boogie Woogie -- smash me Daddy eight to the floy! Floy!

MACDONALD: But enough of that -- we still haven't caught our man -- Pierre Peru! You jump back on your sled.

KITZEL: Bob?

MACDONALD: Bob who?

KITZEL: I don't know, you started it!

AL: Kitzel!

MACDONALD: You jump on your sled and away you go refreshed and determined. You come upon a clearing. There sits Pierre! You point your gun at him and yell. Hands up, Pierre, you jackal! Give me those hides!

KITZEL: And where did they come from?

MACDONALD: Who?

KITZEL: Jekyll and Hyde!

MACDONALD: Pierre whirls and glares at you. With his hands outstretched he comes at you with a lunge. What do you do?

KITZEL: I refuse!

MACDONALD: Refuse what?

KITZEL: The lunch. I just ate at the corner Igloo!

MACDONALD: I said lunge! After a fierce struggle...you finally subdue him. You're a hero, Kitzel -- you got your man!

KITZEL: I really did?

MACDONALD: Yesiree Bob!

KITZEL: YESIREE BOB???? How do you like that? After all that trouble. I got the wrong man!

MACDONALD: I GIVE UP!

AL: So do I -- Carl, give us some music and get us out of this mess!

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO AL PEARCE)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -27-28
2/14/41

AL: Our friends in Seattle, Washington will be interested in knowing that we have invited Phil and Mildred Crane, popular entertainers from radio station KIRO, to be our guests 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 next Friday night. So long, good luck, and remember to smoke Camels.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME TO WENDELL NILES)

WENDELL:

The amazing tools used in turning out modern auto parts measure down to one ten-thousandth of an inch. But you won't need a fine gauge like that to measure the difference in Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. From the first puff you'll be surprised at how much milder, mellower, and better-tasting Prince Albert is -- how much easier on the tongue. Prince Albert is the cooler-burning brand that lets through more of the delightful taste and aroma for true smoking joy. For economy, too -- try Prince Albert. Fifty fragrant pipefuls to the P.A. pocket tin. This is Wendell Niles speaking. This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

(Second show)

AL: Well, now that our Canadian friends have sent us such a wonderful guest star, I wish we could do something for them in return!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

AL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

JOE: Good evening, Mister Pearce -- it is rumored around town that you'd like to do something for Canada. Now I'm Mister Forte, a recruiting officer from the Northwest Mounted. How soon can you leave?

AL: Now wait a minute. I'm afraid I'm not your man. But you might talk to some of the other boys!

KITZEL: Hi-Yi-o -- Rancho Grande! I always come in handy. Yahoooo!

AL: Kitzel -- you're just the man we're looking for. Mr. Forte here -- wants you to go to Canada with the Northwest Mounted.

KITZEL: Just a second -- just a second -- why should I leave my native California now that the smudge pots are in bloom?

JOE: You mean you don't like cold weather?

KITZEL: You said it, my little man. In cold weather even my red flannels turn blue!

AL: But, Kitzel, you don't know what you're passing up.

JOE: Mister Pearce is right, Mister Kitzel. Let me paint you a picture! I can see you now -- Kitzel of the Northwest Mounted! You're on the trail of Pierre Peru, the pelt pilferer!

KITZEL: Who?

JOE: Pierre Peru, he pilfers pelts from poor people!

KITZEL: Any relation to the guy who picked a peck of pickled peppers!

JOE: Preposterous!

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JOE: As a Northwest Mountie you've got to get your man!
You run out the door. Your Bob is waiting!

KITZEL: Bob who?

JOE: Bob sled!

KITZEL: Never heard of him!

JOE: All right, all right -- it's a dog sled!

KITZEL: What happened to Bob?

JOE: Kitzel, your dogs are waiting. Forget Bob!

KITZEL: Okay. Goodbye, Bob. I'm going to the dogs!

JOE: Kitzel, will you be serious. Your dogs are waiting to
take up the trail!

KITZEL: Okay, we're off!

JOE: Wait a minute. It's bitter cold. You put on a Parka!

KITZEL: Okay, I put on a Parka and we're off!

JOE: Wait! It's very, very cold. You'd better put on
another Parka!

KITZEL: Now I gotta go!

JOE: Why?

KITZEL: I'm double parka-ed!

JOE: Okay -- away you go across the snow. You crack your whip and yell to your dogs. Mush ahead!

KITZEL: Mush ahead -- three hundred feet -- ten cents a bowl with cream!

JOE: Quiet! As you tear across the blinding snow -- suddenly you hear a piercing howl. From behind a tree up bobs a wolf!

KITZEL: Oh, Bob's a wolf! Come on, Bob, I've got you covered!

JOE: Yes, Bob -- we've got you -- No! No! Forget about Bob!

KITZEL: Make up your mind.

JOE: You're after your man. On and on you go, hour after hour across the frozen wastes! You're dying of thirst. Suddenly you come across an Igloo -- a man dressed in fur steps out with a smile on his face.

KITZEL: Those Good Humor men are every place!

JOE: No-no. He's an Eskimo. You say to him Glug-Glug!
Glug-Glug!

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JOE: But enough of that -- we still haven't caught our man -- Pierre Peru! You jump back on your sled.

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JOE: Bob who?

KITZEL: I don't know, you started it!

JOE: Listen, Kitzel, you jump on your sled and away you go refreshed and determined. You come upon a clearing. There sits Pierre! You point your gun at him and yell. Hands up, Pierre, you jackal! Give me those hides!

KITZEL: And where did they come from?

JOE: Who?

KITZEL: Jekyll and Hyde!

JOE: Pierre whirls and glares at you. With his hands outstretched he comes at you with a lunge. What do you do?

KITZEL: I refuse!

JOE: Refuse what?

KITZEL: The lunch. I just ate at the corner Igloo!

JOE: I said lunge! After a fierce struggle...you finally subdue him. You're a hero, Kitzel -- you got your man!

KITZEL: I really did?

JOE: Yesiree Bob!

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JOE: I GIVE UP!

AL: So do I -- Carl, give us some music and get us out of this mess!

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO AL PEARCE)

AL: Our friends in Seattle, Washington will be interested in knowing that we have invited Phil and Mildred Crane, popular entertainers from radio station KIRO, Seattle, to be our guests next Friday night.

WENDELL: And, Al, along with the appearance of Phil and Mildred Crane I want to announce that Mayor John E. Carroll of Seattle has invited you to act as remote control mayor of the city for that day, next Friday.

AL: Remote control mayor of Seattle? Gee, that'll be swell.

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 next Friday night. Gee, imagine me being remote control mayor of Seattle for a day. Well, so long, good luck and remember to smoke Camels.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME TO WENDELL)