

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1941
Program No. 46

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 of costlier tobaccos -- bring you, from
 Hollywood -- AL PEARCE and his Gang!

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

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AL: Good evening, all and welcome! Well, friends -- the rains in California are all over -- ALL OVER CALIFORNIA! The weather bureau is giving us a good soaking today -- and the Income Tax Bureau is taking over tomorrow! But these are all sure signs of approaching spring. In fact, they say that the wild flowers out in the desert are all in bloom and positively gorgeous -- through the bottom of a glass bottom boat!

Well, friends, we have a lot of surprises on the show tonight, so while we round up the Gang, we'll start things rolling with a number by Carl Hoff and his Camel Orchestra.

ORCHESTRA:

"Why Cry Baby"

AL:

Thank you, HOFFIE, for that nice opening band number. Friends, surprise number one on the show tonight is really a surprise. You remember, a couple of weeks ago I mentioned the fact that Arlene Harris, who was with the Gang for many years, was in the audience. The mere mention of her name brought a deluge of letters asking to hear Arlene on the air again real soon. So, in answer to those requests, we invited Arlene to be a guest of the Gang tonight and have asked her to do one of her most famous monologues about buying a spring hat.

And speaking of spring hats, believe me, the new spring hats are something. I saw one yesterday on Hollywood and Vine with a cluster of avocados and grapefruit nestled coyly in a smudge pot.

Friends, introducing an old favorite, Arlene "Chatter box" Harris! Come on in, Arlene! -

(ARLENE HARRIS MONOLOGUE)

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AL: (AD LIBBING SOMETHING ABOUT SHOW) Hey, wait a minute, Wendell -- don't take that mike away.

WENDELL: (PLEADING) Please, Al -- I've got a message to broadcast. It's important.

AL: Now, wait a minute, Wendell -- we've got a show...

WENDELL: (INTERRUPTING AND EXCITED) No, Al -- I've got to broadcast this message.

AL: Oh -- all right -- go ahead.

WENDELL: (RELIEVED) Oh, thanks. (PAUSE) Amscray! Amscray!

AL: Why you're talking in pig Latin!

WENDELL: Why, yes -- I'm broadcasting a warning to road hogs! I'm telling them to get off the road!

AL: Why?

WENDELL: Why? The gentleman asks why! So the roads will be clear for folks to drive to their nearest store for a carton of Camels! The slower-burning cigarette that gives you extra flavor, extra coolness, extra mildness, and less nicotine in the smoke! 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. And, P.S. -- if you haven't a car to drive to your nearest cigarette store -- remember the line forms on the right for smokers who are always willing to walk a mile for a Camel!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: Tonight our Sweetheart Sextette -- three boys and
three girls, sing "Essential to Me" and believe me,
this is something different in novel arrangements --
Okay, kids.....

ORCHESTRA AND SEXTETTE:

"ESSENTIAL TO ME"

WENDELL: Once again we take up the trail of that super, low-pressure salesman, Elmer Blurt. Today Elmer is going from door-to-door selling another one of Doctor Gringo's great medical discoveries. It's called "THE SILENT SNOOZER SYSTEM -- IT CONQUERS SNORING!" Good luck, Elmer!

ELMER: Oh, golly, I hope somebody snores in this house here, I hope, I hope, I hope!

SOUND: ELMER KNOCKS...DOOR OPENS

ELMER: How ja do, lady. I'm sellin' Dr. Gringo's Silent Snoozer System -- it conquers snoring.

VERNA: (VERY MAD) How dare you mention the word snore to me? Only people with crooked noses, snore. Look at my nose! Look at that perfect bridge! Doesn't it have a lovely CONTOUR?

ELMER: Yup, yup, it sure does. But after you cross the bridge there's a horrible detour!

VERNA: Get out, you fool!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Gosh, women are as sensitive as people.

SOUND: LOUD SNORING SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE

ELMER: Oh, golly -- listen to that snoring coming from this next house.

SOUND: ELMER'S KNOCK

ELMER: Here's where I make a sale if I just use my head!

SOUND: SNORING STOPS SUDDENLY AND DOOR OPENS

MAN: (VERY ANGRY) What in the blazes do you want?

ELMER: Mister. I have something here in my hand that makes people sleep quietly!

MEL: So have I!

SOUND: LOUD CLUNK ON ELMER'S HEAD AND DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Well, that's using my head! I wish people wouldn't hit me there. It doesn't hurt but it breaks my shoelaces. Oh, gosh -- Mrs. Newbride lives in this next house and there's smoke coming out of the windows! Either the house is on fire or she's cooking again!

SOUND: KNOCK AND DOOR OPENS

NEWBRIDE: Oh, It's Mister Blurt. I'm so glad you dropped by. I've been roasting a goose for three days now and I can't tell if it's done!

ELMER: Three days? Well, you can tell if it's done if the skin is brown!

NEWBRIDE: Well, there's the goose right there in the oven. But I can't tell if the skin is brown or not!

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- it is kind of hard to see through all those feathers!

NEWBRIDE: Here, I'll cut you off a leg and you can try it!

ELMER: I better not eat any if it's got feathers on it. I've got work to do!

NEWBRIDE: I don't understand!

ELMER: Well, it's too early in the day to get down in the mouth! You just feed all that goose to Henry, your husband!

NEWBRIDE: But maybe he won't like it either with all the feathers on it!

ELMER: Oh, he'll be tickled to death with it! Good day, Mrs. Newbride!

NEWBRIDE: Wait a minute. Aren't you going to try to sell me something!

ELMER: Nope-nope. You can't afford it with those doctor bills to pay!

NEWBRIDE: We haven't had any doctor bills yet!

ELMER: You haven't eaten that goose, yet. Good day, Mrs. Newbride.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

ELMER: Oh, golly -- there's Mister McTavish standing out in front of his house.

MEL: Greetings, laddie!

ELMER: What are you doing standing out here on the curb with that basket of laundry?

MEL: I'm trying to cut down on my water bill. My wife is getting ready to iron these clothes and I have to dampen them. I'm waiting for the street sprinkler to go by.

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- wait till I tell Grandma about this. She always wanted to try out one of those new-fangled shower-baths!

MEL: What are you sellin' today, laddie!

ELMER: I'm sellin' Doctor Gringo's SILENT SNOOZER SYSTEM. IT CONQUERS SNORING! Do you snore?

MEL: Yes, I do, laddie. And it keeps my wife awake and she just paces up and down the house all night long.

ELMER: Oh, golly -- this is where I make a sale!

MEL: Oh, no you don't, laddie!

ELMER: But you said your snoring keeps your wife awake.

MEL: That's right, laddie, and it's economical! I taught her how to bark and it saves me the price of a watchdog!
Good day, laddie!

ELMER: Oh, me -- it's a doggone shame the way he hounds his poor wife. Well, I'll try one more door!

SOUND: KNOCK AND DOOR OPENS

VERNA: Something???

ELMER: What?

VERNA: I said SOMETHING?

ELMER: Say it again, I didn't hear it?

VERNA: What do you want?

ELMER: I'm sellin' Doctor Gringo's Silent Snoozer System. It Conquers Snoring! Is there anyone that snores in your house?

VERNA: Is there? You should hear my mother-in-law. Just open that bedroom door. It sounds like she's sawing a log!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MEL: (A LONG LOUD SNORE...WITH A LOUD BUZZ AT THE END)

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Yup, yup, she just went through a knot!

VERNA: And that isn't the worst of it. My husband keeps jumping out of bed all night and yelling -- TIMBER!

ELMER: Gee, lady -- then you sure could use this Silent Snoozer System. It really conquers snoring! And it's only twenty-five cents!

VERNA: I'll take it, here's your money!

ELMER: Thanks, lady and here's your Silent Snoozer. Good day!

VERNA: Wait a minute, you fool. This is nothing but a
baseball bat.

ELMER: Yup, yup!

VERNA: But you can't conquer snoring with that!

ELMER: Oh, yes, you can. The next time she starts you just reach
over with that and CONK HER!

VERNA: GET OUT OF HERE!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

ad lib

AL:

For tonight's local radio guest star, we have chosen a young man who is heard regularly on another network station in Los Angeles. This boy does a lot of sustaining programs coast-to-coast yet he has never appeared on a commercial broadcast. There is an amazing fact about this chap which I am sure you would like to hear about. In a recent poll conducted by Radio Guide, this boy surprised all of our leading vocalists by ending up with 469,000 votes passing many big national stars in popularity. In other words, he was a dark horse.

Anyone who has never done a transcontinental commercial broadcast and yet is voted one of the most popular singers on the air by the radio public has really got something! Now let's hear from you program directors and talent scouts. I'd like you to meet Johnny Johnston -- singing "Here's My Heart."

*cut
2nd
show*

ORCHESTRA: "HERE'S MY HEART"

JOHNNY JOHNSTON

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL SKYROCKET FADE TO AL PEARCE)

AL: Friends, we don't often think of a cigarette as being especially dramatic in itself, but something happened recently that to me packs real drama. The scene is a skyscraper -- dark except for one brilliantly lighted room up in the tower. A group of men in white are standing against a backdrop of the queerest-looking instruments, test tubes, scientific machines you ever saw. (FADE)

FIRST MAN: It does seem almost unbelievable! We've made this test time and time again and our findings check. They're correct.

SECOND MAN: When I think of the millions of smokers --

FIRST MAN: What about ourselves? I smoke -- plenty. And when tests like these show that the smoke of one brand of cigarettes contains twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other best-sellers tested -- believe me, I'm changing to that brand right now.

AL: That one cigarette, ladies and gentlemen, is Camel!

WENDELL: And that extra freedom from nicotine in the smoke of Camels -- Camel's extra mildness -- is important to any smoker -- all the more important if you're smoking more these days. So light up a slower-burning Camel and enjoy the cooler, more flavorful smoke with the knowledge that in Camels you're getting extra mildness -- and less nicotine in the smoke.

AL: And folks, when you go to get your Camels you'll find your dealer is featuring Camels by the carton. Get your Camels by the carton -- for convenience -- for economy.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: You know, folks, there's nothing quite so beautiful in the Spring of the year in California as our great Western Deserts with the beautiful wild flowers. Thousands of people drive many miles every year to get a glimpse of this beautiful sight. In fact, I'm planning on making a trip out to the desert myself over the week-end.

WENDELL: You mean just you and a donkey?

AL: Yes, or just you and me. I wonder where we could get a guide -- Wendell, somebody who really knows the desert country?

KITZEL: Hi-yi-o Rancho Grande. As a Desert Rat I'm handy! Yahoo! Pack Train leaving on track five!

AL: Oh, for Pete's sakes, Kitzel -- don't tell me you're an expert on desert life!

KITZEL: My little man, you are talking to a child of the desert! The original Baby Sandy!

AL: Kitzel, I don't believe you've ever seen the Desert!

KITZEL: Would you believe it, my friend, if I told you that on two hundred thousand acres of Desert Land -- I have all the squatter's rights!

AL: Then why don't you exercise them!

KITZEL: Who wants to squat in that much cactus!

AL: Look, Kitzel -- I'm in no mood for your tall stories tonight!

KITZEL: Oh, don't be so uppity-puppity! You're always holding me up to ridicule. You never give me credit for anything. All you ever do is knock, knock!

AL: Who's there?

KITZEL: Kitzel!

AL: Kitzel who?

KITZEL: Kitzel long road that has no turning! -- FOR GOODNESS SAKE -- WHAT AM I SAYING! Mister Pearce, maybe you have never heard the story of Sheriff Kitzel of Dead Man's Gulch?

AL: No, I've been lucky so far!

KITZEL: Well, your luck is changing because I'm going to tell it to you. It was back in the year Ninety-Eight -- I was kneeling by the side of a creek, minding my own business and skinning a pair of muskrats!

AL: Skinning a pair of muskrats?

KITZEL: Yes, I was going to a dance that night and I wanted to wear tails! Suddenly my Yaqui Indian Guide came running up with a message! Mister Pearce -- you can be the Yaqui Indian! Go ahead -- read the part!

AL: Okay -- here I come with the message! (AL DOES A STRING OF JAPANESE JARGON) Oh, so Mister Seriff Kitzel, please. You are in so great a danger please to come with me, oh so! Just a minute, Kitzel -- do you call this Yaqui? It sounds like Japanese?

KITZEL: All right -- so it's Suki Yaqui! So I jumped on my horse and raced out across the desert. I rode with a gun in each hand!

AL: A gun in each hand? What did you do about the reins?

KITZEL: I was wearing a slicker! Out across the desert I rode a hundred miles an hour.

AL: Now wait a minute, Kitzel. Travel through the sand is slow!

KITZEL: As I was saying, I was going a hundred miles an hour and sudden --

AL: And I said TRAVEL THROUGH THE SAND IS SLOW!

KITZEL: This was QUICK SAND! Suddenly I caught sight of him -- I stopped my horse. WHOA!

SOUND: GALLOPING HORSE COMES TO STOP -- SLIDE WHISTLE AND BODY FALLING

KITZEL: There must be an easier way to get off a horse! Quickly I jumped to my feet -- both guns blazing.

SOUND: SEVERAL SHOTS

KITZEL: Then I grabbed him by the throat -- I smashed him up and down and rubbed his nose in the sand -- then I rolled him over and looked down into his ugly face. AND GUESS WHO IT WAS?

AL: Who?

KITZEL: All right -- so it's Suki Yaqui! So I jumped on my horse and raced across the desert. In fact I rode a hundred miles an hour.

AL: Now wait a minute, Kitzel. Travel through the sand is slow.

KITZEL: As I was saying, I was going a hundred miles an hour and sudden --

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AL: Who?

KITZEL: Me!

AL: Kitzel, how could it be you?

KITZEL: It used to get so lonesome in the Desert I used to go
chase myself!

AL: Kitzel, are you asking us to believe that that is a true
story!

KITZEL: So help me Hannah. That all took place in Dead Man's
Gulch -- where the SCORCHING DESERT winds are a hundred and
seventy-five degrees!

AL: That's a lot of Hot Air!

KITZEL: Mmmnyeah -- COULD BE!

ORCHESTRA: (BUMBER TO AL PEARCE)

AL: Friends, our guest of honor next Friday will be Mrs. Belle J. Benchley, manager of the famous San Diego Zoo. Mrs. Benchley is the only woman in the world to be in charge of an important zoo, and I know you will enjoy hearing some of her interesting experiences next week.

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)

SOUND: BACKGROUND...X-RAY MACHINE

ANNOUNCER: Just imagine an x-ray camera powered by a million volts. This amazing machine only needs a few minutes to take pictures right through four inches of steel. That's seeing through in a hurry all right -- but yet even that can't compare to how America's smokers thread their way through the maze of smoking tobaccos to make Prince Albert the world's largest-selling brand. Prince Albert is the cooler-burning brand -- crimp cut and no-bite treated. You, too, will find Prince Albert the standout value for mildness, mellowness, downright ease-on-the-tongue, delightful taste and fragrance -- and economy -- fifty fragrant pipefuls to the handy P.A. pocket tin. Try Prince Albert!

This is Wendell Niles...speaking --

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.