

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1941  
Program No. 51

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

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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)

AL: Good evening, friends. Well, spring is definitely here...  
I know because everywhere you go you see mothers out in  
the backyard beating the rug, while the kids are in the  
front room cutting it.

Well, I'd better hurry up and get the show under way  
because we've got an awful lot to squeeze into these  
next thirty minutes.

So, Lou Bring, if you and the orchestra will start things  
off with a little rug cutting of your own, I'll go  
backstage and see who's joined up with the Gang tonight.

ORCHESTRA:

"THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE"

AL: Well, that winds up Lou Bring's band number and now we bring you, as one of our guests again tonight, someone who is always wound up -- Arlene Harris. I've asked Arlene tonight to do that story about the escapade she and her husband Harry had the last time they went dancing together.

HARRIS: Well, Harry, why aren't you dancing dear...Oh don't be silly you look perfectly all right. Well, I don't know how you feel but you look swell. Oh, Harry, what's the matter with you...Well don't blame me, dear. I didn't know this was to be a formal dance or I would have had you bring your dress clothes with you...Anyway what are you kicking about. I think it was swell of Mr. Munroe to loan you one of his...It isn't every man that has two dress suits...Well don't try to spoil my evening. If the damn suit is so uncomfortable what did you put it on for... Now, it can't be that tight it looks all right to me... You can't sit down. Well, this is a dance, you're not supposed to sit down for goodness sake...Come on, be more of a gitter and less of a sitter and you'll probably have fun...There are lots of important people here tonight. Now Harry, that collar is not too tight...Well whatever it is I like it on you. I have never seen you with so much color in your face...I always did say you wore your collars too big. Any one would think you were expecting a goiter. (MUSIC STARTS SOFTLY) (ARLENE HUMS) Come on, Harry, don't let's waste that gorgeous music. Come on, let's dance...doesn't this music go to your head... (Humming as we dance) (~~It should be the Campagne Waltz~~ *"Mary Widow"* ...dee dad adadee...) Stop jumping, dear, this is a waltz not a big apple...don't be silly you don't dance any better with other women than you do with me...They just try and make you think you do that's all...How do I know?....

(CONTINUED)

HARRIS:  
(Cont'd)

Say, I dance with a few other women's husbands don't I, and some of them are terrible...But I can't tell them, can I?....I say you're a wonderful dancer, Mister So-and-So. Be careful, Harry...Hello there...Yes, lovely music isn't it? (HUMMING) You know her, dear... Mrs. Gibbs...Well, you should, she is one of the guests of honor...She's a lovely lady...very popular. Oh, you know her. She's the one that shot her husband...He was a nice fellow?...How do you know?...Nobody ever heard of him until after she shot him...(CUE) Oh darling, I have dropped my compact. Get it dear, before someone steps on it. (SOUND OF RIPPING) Good night, Harry, don't tell me that was your trousers ripping...Oh gee...Well, keep your head...keep right on dancing in these dim lights no one will notice a thing...Keep on dancing...Dance over toward the powder room...(HUMMING) Keep cool, leave everything to me...Here right in here. Hurry...(MUSIC FADES) Take the trousers off...Hurry up, don't ask questions...Give me the pants before someone comes in, there's a needle here and thread. I'll fix it in a jiffy. Everybody is dancing...I can sew. What's the matter with you. Here step into this cupboard and stay there until I give you the cue to come out. Hurry up, here comes someone. Hello, Betty...Having a grand time? Yes, a wonderful crowd. Oh, I'm just resting a minute, Harry is dancing, I guess. He doesn't want to sit down at all...(SOUND OF KNOCKING) I think the ice water is outside, Betty....

(CONTINUED)

HARRIS:  
(Cont'd) Tell Fred to save me a dance, will you?...O.K. See you later...Harry, what was the idea, I told you I would tell you when the coast was clear...Well, you could have stayed in that cupboard a few minutes, couldn't you...What do you mean you weren't in a cupboard...Well, where were you for goodness sake...What?...That door leads into the ballroom...Oh, oh, oh, quick my smelling salts...You mean to say you were standing in the ballroom like that?...  
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha...(FADE LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY)

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

ORCHESTRA: (TIE IN CHASER TO PRECEDING ACT)

AL: Lou, you're getting to sound just like Carl Hoff. Did you write that?

LOU: No. That's one of the compositions Carl left here for me.

AL: I suppose you're dedicating it to Carl?

LOU: No, Carl asked me to dedicate it to the soldiers at Fort Ord.

AL: Well, by golly, that's interesting. I visited Fort Ord last week, and when I watched those boys march, I couldn't help but think how many of them smoke Camels!!!! And by golly plenty of them do, for records show that in Army Post Exchanges and in Navy Canteens, too, Camels are the favorite. And why not? They're mild -- oh, brother, they're extra mild! And there's less nicotine in the smoke, too. Let me read the actual scientific report: Independent scientific tests of the 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. So get in on all this pleasure, too -- flavor, coolness, mildness, and less nicotine in the smoke. Get slower-burning Camels! And get them by the carton <sup>because you'll like</sup> -- they're more economical that way.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW

4/18/41

8-A

*Revised*

AL: Friends, tonight as an additional surprise we are very happy to have as our guests that famous piano team of Fields and Fingerle. They are going to play Harry Fields' own arrangement of "The Minuet in G" and I know you'll like this because, believe me, they really go up and down those keyboards -- Okay, Lou - -

ORCHESTRA: AND TWO PIANOS

"MINUET IN G"

51459 1640



WENDELL: With spring cleaning in the air, this is the time of year when the housewife unearths odd-looking things that have been lost for a year...But here's an odd-looking thing that's been lost all his life -- Elmer Blurt. Today the world's super low pressure salesman has joined the sales force of the National Household Gadget Corporation, and we find him now in the office of the Sales Manager, receiving instructions...

GORDON: Now, Blurt, before I introduce you to our President, Mr. Gadget, I want to instruct you in -- Blurt, stand up when I'm talking to you!

ELMER: I am standing up...My pants are too big!

GORDON: Blurt, -- In business, a salesman must put up a good front.

ELMER: The front's all right -- it's the back that's drooping!

GORDON: Now first of all, you've got to understand how our sales force functions. Now let's look at this chart on the wall. The pins stuck in it indicate where our district managers are located. This pin head represents our Western manager. This pin head our Eastern manager. This pin head is our Northern manager. And this pin head --

ELMER: Just a minute...I don't think I'll take the job.

GORDON: Why not?

ELMER: I don't want to work for a bunch of pin heads!

GORDON: Now listen, Blurt -- Oh-oh, on your toes, Blurt!  
Here he comes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE ENDING ON SOUR NOTE)

ELMER: Who is that?

GORDON: That -- is our President!

ELMER: He doesn't play very well, does he?

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

BLANC: Good morning. Mr. Blurt, you are now a member of the National Household Gadget Corporation, but before you go out into the world to sell our marvelous product, let us rise and blend our voices in the old N.H.G.C. alma mater song!

GORDON: Psst, Blurt, take your baseball cap off.

ELMER: This ain't no baseball cap...Gramma just cuts my hair that way.

SOUND: PITCH PIPE

BLURT, GORDON AND BLANC SING: (TUNE..."OLD BLACK JOE")

Gone are the days when housework is a drudge,  
Our stuff works good in attic and gar-udge;  
We're loyal to our firm and we're always on the go,  
Dear old National Household Gadget Corporation, with  
offices in San Diego, Seattle and San Luis Obispo!

BLURT: But not Azuzu!

ALL THREE: Just Seattle, San Diego and San Luis Obispo! Wow!

GORDON: (GETS PRETTY DRAMATIC) And now, Blurt my boy, go out in the world and sell our wonderful, marvelous new household product! Think what this will do for the housewives! It's the turning point in their dull, drab lives! And you, Blurt, you have been appointed to bring sunshine into their dreary existence!

ELMER: Oh gosh -- if Grandma could only see me now.

GORDON: Into every home you must carry our magnificent product! The housewives' friend! The labor saver! The money saver! And you, my boy, have been chosen to do this errand of mercy.

ELMER: Oh, golly, I'm gettin' all full of goose pimples.

GORDON: Now go, my boy -- go, and no matter what happens, get your whole message over to the housewife -- don't let them stop you! Sell! Sell! SELL!

ORCHESTRA: (FIFE AND DRUM)

ELMER: (SINGING TO HIMSELF) "Gone are the days when housework is a drudge" -- Oh, golly, I'm sure workin' for a swell company. I guess I'll lean my scooter against this fence and try this door here.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

ELMER: By golly, nobody's gonna stop me from gettin' my sales talk over today I'll betcha, I'll betcha, I'll betcha --

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS

ELMER: Howjado lady.

BLANCHE: What do you want?

ELMER: I am here to bring sunshine into your dull, drab life. I am selling a magnificent product! The labor saver!

BLANCHE: That sounds wonderful; I'll take one.

ELMER: Oh, no, you don't -- I ain't through with my speech yet. It is the housewife's friend, and let no home be without it!

BLANCHE: That's wonderful -- marvelous -- quick, let me have one!

ELMER: How can I sell this stuff if you keep interrupting me? This money saver is the turning point of your dreary existence and --

BLANCHE: For goodness sakes -- I'LL TAKE ONE! How much is it?

ELMER: It's -- ah -- oh gee, they didn't say.

BLANCHE: Well, what is it you're selling?

ELMER: Oh -- uh -- oh golly, they didn't tell me.

BLANCHE: Well, let's see what it looks like.

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- they didn't give me one.

BLANCHE: Look, young man, you go right back to your company and  
tell them what I think of them!

ELMER: Oh golly, I can't do that, lady.

BLANCHE: Why not?

ELMER: They didn't tell me where they are at!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

AL: Poor old Elmer didn't know what he was doing, but here are three boys and three girls who certainly do know what they're doing -- and they have plenty of enthusiasm. -- The Sweetheart Sextet singing "Let's Get Away From It All."

ORCHESTRA AND SWEETHEART SEXTET: "LET'S GET AWAY FROM IT ALL"

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL SKYROCKET...FADE TO AL PEARCE)

AL: Friends, for thrills and excitement I wish you all could know Lyle Bagnard -- the big, and I mean big, game fisherman. One of his most thrilling adventures happened off Sidney Heads, Australia, a couple of years ago. Lyle hooked into a tremendous tiger shark -- had been battling it for three hours. He was tired, hungry -- a squall was coming up.

SOUND: OCEAN NOISE THROUGHOUT BACKGROUND...PUTTER OF MOTOR BOAT UP AND FADE OUT TO:

FIRST MAN: (EXCITED) Hey, Lyle, you can't land that baby in this sea. If you don't head for port, we're swamped.

LYLE: Not on your life. I'm not going to lose this baby.

FIRST MAN: Lyle, he's weakening! If we only have time before this storm really breaks.

LYLE: I'm bringing him in!

FIRST MAN: Okay, Lyle. (SLOW AND DELIBERATE) I'm ready. (GROANS)  
Missed him!

LYLE: Come on -- we can't lose him now.

FIRST MAN: (WITH EFFORT) Okay!

LYLE: All right, we get him this time!

SOUND: WAVES...MOTOR, GENERAL NOISE AND AD LIB, UP AND INTO MUSIC BRIDGE

AL: And they did! That tiger shark, bagged by Bagnard, was a world's record. One thousand, three hundred and eighty-two pounds -- and that ain't sardine! But the part of the story I like best of all is what Lyle Bagnard says about Camels. Quote --

WENDELL: "I've traveled thousands of miles -- been all over, and I've never been without Camels. They're one cigarette I can always count on for more flavor and coolness... and believe me, there's no fishing for mildness...it's all there and plenty of it." --

AL: Unquote. I'll say there is, Lyle -- 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. So light up that slower-burning Camel right now, and smoke out these facts for yourself. Smoke out those extra puffs, too, for slower-burning means extra smoking per cigarette per pack. The smoke's the thing!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)



AL: Now, friends, to continue with our surprises, we have --

SOUND: PHONE RING

AL: Pardon me just a minute, please --

SOUND: PHONE OFF HOOK

AL: Hello.

MEL: Hello, Mr. Pearce. This is Clarence, the boy you hired to take care of that saddle horse you bought. You'd better do something to restrain that horse.

AL: What's he doing?

MEL: He's running around your garden like wild, and he just chased me up a ten-foot pole!

AL: What ten-foot pole?

MEL: The one I wouldn't touch him with! Mr. Pearce, henceforth you may consider our association as de-severed!

SOUND: BANGS PHONE UP

AL: Doggone, I knew I shouldn't have bought a horse, but what else can you do when you win a bale of hay at a barn dance? Suppose I'll have to get a bigger place -- probably have to get a ranch --

KITZEL: Hi yi yo Rancho Grande, my legs are getting bandy!  
Pardon me, Pahdner, I understand you need a ranch.  
I'll sell you mine -- the famous Bar-0 Ranch.

AL: The Bar-0 Ranch?

KITZEL: Yep, to get it I had to borrow plenty.  
My little buckeroo, you can steal this ranch for five  
thousand dollars, and you can't go wrong when you're  
dealing with old Saddle Kitzel!

AL: Your name is Saddle Kitzel?

KITZEL: Yip-e-yi-yo-ki-yi! If you don't want to pay five  
thousand, I'll saddle for half!

AL: No, Kitzel, it doesn't sound like it's worth anything.

KITZEL: What, with all that cattle I bought?

AL: Oh -- you got stock?

KITZEL: I certainly did!

AL: Kitzel, exactly how many head have you got!

KITZEL: How many heads? Not many -- just one to a cow!  
Mr. Pearce, it's a beautiful place, a regular Shangralox!  
My oh my, such a gorgeous hacienda! Out in the distance,  
you see the rolling hills...Down below are the rolling  
plains...And up above -- guess what's above.

AL: What?

KITZEL: The sky.

AL: The place can't be that beautiful, Kitzel. It must be a mirage.

KITZEL: Mirage? What's a mirage?

AL: What do you always see out on the desert?

KITZEL: Gary Cooper.

AL: No, Kitzel, a mirage is something that you see in the distance, but when you get close to it, it's gone.

KITZEL: You mean like the Vine Street bus?

AL: No, Kitzel, a mirage doesn't really exist. It's nothing.

KITZEL: My oh my, aren't we silly -- standing here arguing over nothing. Let's argue over something -- like say buying my ranch. Would you believe it, Mr. Pearce, it even has a golf course.

AL: A golf course? How many holes has it got?

KITZEL: None, it's brand new! And what wild game is there! Rabbits, hares, bunnies, and cotton-tails.

AL: Ah-ah-ah, Kitzel -- just a minute -- rabbits, hares, bunnies, cotton-tails -- for your information, those are all the same thing.

KITZEL: Look at him -- a quiz kid! Believe me, Mr. Pearce, just last week on the ranch I shot a bear --

AL: Cinnamon?

KITZEL: Who tasted it?

AL: Wait a minute, Kitzel, stop wasting my time. I don't think you've got a ranch, and I don't think you can even handle a gun.

KITZEL: Now don't get so uppity puppy! Listen, my little coyote, I am the world's greatest trick shot! And I'd prove it to you if only I had a gun and mirror with me.

AL: Well that's fine...The sound man has a gun, and I'll borrow a mirror from Blanche Stewart. There we are -- Thanks, Blanche --

KITZEL: Huh? I'm sorry, Mr. Pearce, I'd love to do some trick shots for you, but I've got to go see my brother who's riding in the six day bike race.

AL: Wait a minute -- the six day bike race has been over for two months.

KITZEL: I know -- I got to tell him. Au revooo!

AL: Come back here, Kitzel. You made a boast and you've got to live up to it. Here, take the gun...and the mirror.

KITZEL: All right, so stand back everybody -- me included. Now I hold the mirror in front of my face, and I put the shoots-pistol over my left shoulder, and -- here's the shot!

SOUND: GUN SHOT

KITZEL: My oh my, did I prove it! -- did I prove it!  
Why -- if I wasn't an expert marksman, I'd have blown off my ear!

AL: You'd have blown off what?

KITZEL: (DEAF) EH? How's that? *I can't hear you - help!*

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO AL PEARCE)

4/18/41

*Arrived*

AL: Friends, the way things have been going the last few weeks, I'll bet you're wondering who's going to join up with the Gang next Friday. I don't want to tell you right now, because I want it to be a surprise that will add to your radio enjoyment.

In the meantime, I hope that all you folks listening remember there's a lot more enjoyment in the cigarette that brings us to you.

Do me a favor, will you -- try Camels tonight if you don't happen to be smoking them already. Good night, and good smoking!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME "A" UP AND OUT ON CUE)

WENDELL: There's one thing you pipe-smokers depend upon. It's this: No part of smoking joy is ever omitted from even a single tin of Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. P.A. is made by pipe-smokers for pipe-smokers. It's the tobacco with all the big features that smokers want -- long-aged for famous mellowness, cooler burning for special mildness, delightful taste -- no-bite treated for smooth comfort -- crimp cut for easier packing, even drawing...AND -- fifty fragrant pipefuls to the handy pocket tin. Try Prince Albert!

This is Wendell Niles...speaking...

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