

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

(NOTE TIME CHANGE)

FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1941
Program No. 53

3:30 - 4:00 P.M. PST
6:30 - 7:00 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)

51459 1681

THE AL PEARCE SHOW
5/2/41

*you had a speech for the
By golly, I haven't even
I had a speech for the*

AL:

Good evening, friends, and thank you. I had a speech all lined up here for the opening of the show, but by golly, I haven't even got time for that, we have so much to get on tonight, and besides I lost it. But Lou Bring has a surprise arrangement of "No Foolin'" that is a honey -- no foolin'! Go ahead, Lou. Have we got surprises, boy, oh boy --

ORCHESTRA:

"NO FOOLIN'"

AL: That was Lou Bring playing "No Foolin'," and *very well done!*
like yours ~~very well done~~
too, Lou. And now for our first ---

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

AL: *Al. please - do get in.*
Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MATHER: How do you do, Mr. Pearce. I understand you're interested in getting new talent for your show. I'm Marvin Partington, theatrical agent. Have you heard about my reputation?

AL: No, I haven't.

MATHER: Good. Then we can do business. I handle all the great radio talent. You've heard of the Jack Benny show, haven't you?

AL: Oh, do you handle him?

MATHER: No, but you remember that opening where they sing J-E-L-L-O?

AL: Yes.

MATHER: I'm the agent for the fellow who sings the second L.

AL: Well, I'm sorry, Mr. Partington, but we have plenty of singers.

MATHER: Of course you have. But I've got a great novelty for you. Ever hear of the Quiz Kids? Well, I've got a group of youngsters here who are smarter and younger than the Quiz Kids. They'll be great for this show. Come on in, kids

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...GIGGLING...CHATTERING...ETC.

AL: Now wait, I don't think I want any --

MATHER: (IGNORES AL) All right, kids, this is your big chance. Go ahead and introduce yourselves.

MEL: (DOPE) I am -- ah -- ah -- Quincey Van Schmeercase.

AL: Van Schmeercase? How do you spell it?

MEL: My mother helps me.

AL: *Oh, for Pete's sake.*

MEL: I am eight years old and I am a sophomore at Harvard.

AL: What? Eight years old and you're a sophomore at Harvard?

MEL: I woulda been a junior, but I'm stupid!

MATHER: All right, next.

KELLY: I am Veronica Snunk. I am two years old and I attend Pismo Beach Refinishing School,

AL: Oh, so you attend the Pismo Beach School, Veronica. What do you take up?

KELLY: Six seats.

AL: Well, what do you expect to do when you grow up?

KELLY: Take up two more seats.

AL: No, no -- I mean what is your ambition?

KELLY: I want to be a Quiz Kid.

MATHER: Okay. Next.

KRAMER: I am George Bernard Shawpero. I am a young genius of seven winters.

AL: And how many summers?

KRAMER: None, I was born in California.

AL: So you're a Quiz Kid, too, eh, George?

KRAMER: Yeah.

AL: When you grow up do you want to be a Doctor, Lawyer or a Banker?

KRAMER: No -- just a Quiz Kid. There's more dough in it.

MATHER: Well there they are, Mr. Pearce. Go ahead and ask them any question you want...any question at all. They know any language -- French, Russian, Latin --

AL: Latin? Okay, here's one. Kids, what is the definition of the Latin word "mater?"

51459 1685

MATHER: Come on, kids -- one of you must know what mater is?
How about you, Quincey -- do you know the answer?

MEL: Nope.

MATHER: Look, Quincey -- when you were a baby, who combed your
hair?

MEL: That's what I'd like to know -- the part ain't straight.

MATHER: No, no -- now listen. Who do you turn to when things
go wrong? Who is it that you tell all your troubles to?

KELLY: I got it.

MATHER: Who?

KELLY: Dear John.

MATHER: That's correct! Here's our little musical genius --
George Bernard Shawpero. He will identify any music
that you may play. Okay -- let's try him out. Lou,
play something.

PIANO: (ABOUT FOUR BARS)

KRAMER: Would you mind playing that again?

PIANO: (ANOTHER FOUR BARS)

KRAMER: I got it!

MATHER: Now, George -- what did he just play?

KRAMER: The piano!

MATHER: That's correct!

AL: Wait a minute -- Mr. Partington, I hate to say this, but your kid's don't know anything at all.

MATHER: Aw, give them one more chance -- remember they're just kiddies.

AL: All right -- I've got a good question. If they can answer this they get the job. Now listen, kids -- who won the Grand Prix sweepstake race in Paris in 1881.

MEL: (VERY FAST) Fox Hall first, Fitzroy second, and Ajax was third!

AL: That's right -- but how did you happen to remember who won a race in 1881?

MEL: That's easy. I was there.

AL: you were there?

MEL: That's right...Wasn't I, Pa?

KRAMER: He sure was...wasn't he, grandma?

KELLY: You said it, kid.

AL: Hey, Partington -- you and your quiz kids. You're a fake. Get out of here!

MEL: Easy there, Pearce -- you can't talk that way to my son!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

51459 1687

AL: Wait a minute -- Mr. Partington, I hate to say this, but your kids don't know anything at all.

MATHER: Now wait -- give them a fair trial. Remember, they're just kiddies.

AL: No, no -- I'm not interested in them.

MATHER: Aw, give one more chance -- ask them one more question.

AL: All right -- I've got a good one. If they can answer this they get the job. Now listen, kids -- who won the Grand Prix sweepstake race in Paris in 1881.

MEL: (VERY FAST) Fox Hall first, Fitzroy second, and Ajax was third!

AL: That's right -- but how did you happen to remember who won a race in 1881?

MEL: That's easy. I was there.

AL: You were there? How would you be there in '1881? Who are you?

MEL: I'm -- (NEIGHS) Foxhall.

AL: You and your quiz kids. You're a fake. Get out of here!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

5/2/41

PEARCE:

Speaking of Life
 You know, when I was a youngster I always wanted to be a sailor. Three square meals a day -- a girl in every port -- boy, that was the life for me! I don't know what made me change my mind, but today I'm still interested in life at sea, and every chance I get, I snoop around a ship.

Snooper-man Pearce -- that's me...A couple of days ago I was down looking at a big battleship -- talking with some of the officers, and they showed me something mighty interesting. It was a list of the things every United States Battleship must carry. Why, there was everything on that list that you could think of -- and many you couldn't. Let me read you a few I jotted down -- four sewing machines, one portable pulpit, one electrical bacteriological incubator (SAY THAT ONE FAST), a potato peeler, one soda fountain, printing presses, and -- and listen closely -- plenty of Camels. No -- I didn't put that one in myself. It's a fact -- the Navy men prefer Camels. For records show that in Navy canteens, Camels are the favorite. They're the Army man's smoke, too, for records from Army Post Exchanges show the preference there. Well, it just seems Camels click with almost everybody. Let me tell you why -- this slower-burning cigarette of costlier tobaccos is milder! And honestly -- you've never known mildness until you've smoked a Camel. And Camels give you this mildness with less nicotine in the smoke.

VOICE: 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.

PEARCE: You get plenty of flavor in Camels -- and coolness, too. Why, you even get more smoking, for their slower way of burning gives you extra smoking per cigarette per pack. So next time, friends, get Camels, and get them by the carton for economy -- for convenience -- for a swell smoke.

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

AL:

Now, for another surprise tonight, we bring you
someone who really is a Quiz Kid. We haven't heard
from this young lady very much during the last year.
She knows everything ^{she's} about her neighbors -- and
tells it. Arlene Harris! ^{Come on just Arlene} Here she is -- and she's
going to tell us about that time she went out and
bought her husband a new suit -- Arlene, tell
us about that time you and Harry
went looking for a new suit --
That is - for Harry.

ARLENE: For goodness sake, Harry, don't tell me you've dragged me all the way downtown and now you're getting cold feet, you don't want to buy a suit. Listen, I came downtown to help you pick out a suit, so you just come right along with me! Right up these stairs! I know it's six flights up, but every flight saves two dollars...and I'm saving up for a fur coat. And for goodness sake, Harry, I don't mind your wearing your old trousers today, but at least you could have worn suspenders. What's that? The job of the pants is just to cover your legs? Well, they're falling down on the job. And you ought to have those trousers pressed more often. Look at the knees, you look like you were getting ready to jump. What's that white spot on the trousers' leg? That's you? My goodness, you do need a new suit. Here's a clerk now. How do you do! My husband would like a new suit. Yes, one for every day -- he'll probably wear it every day for five years. No, he wouldn't care for that one, thanks. It's a little bit too loud. What's that, it isn't too loud? It looks like a California sunset with buttons. Good clothes should be seen and not heard...Harry, stop mumbling to yourself, I do not always choose your clothes for you, all I pick is the pockets. You can have any suit you like -- no, not that one, clerk, I don't like it at all. How about this one on the rack here? Try on the coat, Harry. No, I don't like it. What is it, clerk? The sleeves fit like a glove? I'll say they do, they come right down over his hands. Get

(CONTINUED)

51459 1692

ARLENE:
(Cont'd)

up off your knees, Harry. You're not on your knees? Then that coat is too long. You look like Baby Sandy in Wallace Beery's overcoat. No, I don't want him to have a blue serge suit, I don't care for your blue serges. Oh no, it isn't any reflection on the store -- the reflection is on the seat of the pants. I like this green suit, it's so different from your old one... Listen Harry, don't tell me it doesn't make a difference. Last week I met Mrs. Mackie downtown with her husband. You remember Mrs. Mackie, the window dresser -- she never pulls down her shades. Well, anyway I said, "My your husband looks nice, he has a new suit on hasn't he?" And she said, "No, that's not a new suit..." So I said, "There's something new about him." Imagine my embarrassment, it was a new husband. No, I don't like that one either, clerk. You say it's imported from England? The latest London cut? If you ask me, it looks like it was cut during a black-out. What's this, a Collegiate model? Try it on, Harry. Put the pants on too. Hurry up and get it on, and don't argue. How do those collegiate trousers feel? A little tight under the arms? Well, it looks stunning on you. Do you like it, Clerk? You do? All right, we'll take it. Don't be so unreasonable, Harry. I like it, the clerk likes it and I'm sure Junior will just be crazy about it. After all, Junior should have some say in the matter, he'll be wearing it in a couple of years. Well, now that you've decided which one to buy, Harry, I'll run along. And I want to compliment you, Harry, on your very excellent taste. I think for once you've made a very sensible choice. (FADES) Come on, they'll deliver it tomorrow, et cetera

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

I guess Helen can handle off about fifteen.
Kendrick would appreciate. Then we have
three boys and three girls who handle off
about more notes than that in a minute.

Our Sweetheart Sextette. They have
a surprise tune for you.

THE AL PEABCE SHOW -12-
5/2/41

Al:

You don't have to be a Quiz Kid to know that one and
one make two, and two and two make four, and here
are three and three that make some of the finest
music ever heard on the air. Three boys and three
girls, the Sweetheart Sextette. They're going to
sing a nice little surprise number for you:

"Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gives To Me."

ORCHESTRA AND SEXTETTE: "BLUES MY NAUGHTY SWEETIE GIVES TO ME"

5/2/41

*Our little one champion
Spe. of golf
I'd pay
Will we be tell you
All right*

AL: *Would* You want to know what makes a champion? All right, listen. Our scene takes place on a well-known golf course in Texas. A sleepy, slow-moving fellow in overalls is starting to roll a green.

FIRST MAN: (HUMMING TO HIMSELF)

SECOND MAN: (SCOTCH, FADING IN) Joseph, what in the devil's gotten into ya! Didna I tell ye to roll this 'ere green 'way back this mornin'?

FIRST MAN: (SLEEPY, DRAWN) You sure did, Mr. MacPherson.

SECOND MAN: And what a-stoppin' ye?

FIRST MAN: You can't roll a green with thirty-five or forty balls on it, can you, Boss?

SECOND MAN: Forty golf balls!

FIRST MAN: Yep...a little guy, name of Ben Hogan, has been practising here since seven thirty this morning.

SECOND MAN: Git away with ye, Joseph. No mon alive ud putt a golf ball for a full day. No mon has the patience.

FIRST MAN: Say...this guy Ben Hogan didn't even stop sinking putts long enough to eat lunch. He never stopped for anything...except to light a cigarette now and then. Why, do you know - (FADE)

AL: Practice -- that's what makes a champion. Day after day, month after month, Ben Hogan practiced his putts, his drives, his approach shots...reaching, always reaching for the perfection of a champion. And that long, never-wracking ordeal of practice brought results. It finally brought Hogan the title of most outstanding golfer of nineteen forty -- a champion. And you know, the champion of the golf greens has a good word for another champion. Ben Hogan says this about Camels, the cigarette of costlier tobaccos.

HOGAN: You bet I smoke Camels -- plenty of them. It's that extra mildness that clicks with me!

AL: Right, Mr. Hogan. Camels are extra mild -- extra mild with less nicotine in the smoke. Independent scientific tests show that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling brands tested -- less than any of them. And your own taste will tell you that Camels are cooler -- more flavorful. Why there's even an economy angle to America's favorite cigarette -- for Camel's slower way of burning means extra smoking per cigarette per pack. And just for an extra tip on economy -- buy your Camels by the carton. Buy them -- smoke them. You'll enjoy them.

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

AL: Tonight we have what I would say is a great surprise for you. Thousands of people every year visit the famous Gay's Lion Farm at El Monte, California.

Tonight we have with us the man who started this farm in 1924 *9 years ago but I haven't seen him before but I* Charlie Gay himself. Come on out, Charlie, and get acquainted with the Gang.

GAY: GREETINGS TO AL AND AUDIENCE - *Good evening friends -*

AL: When did you get the idea of having a lion farm in El Monte, Charlie?

Ray
1919. Al. That's when I started with
(THIRTY YEARS AGO. SIXTY EIGHT LIONS. WHEN FARM OPENED TO PUBLIC)
When I first got the idea and two years later

AL: How many lions have you got at the farm now?

Ray
(ONE HUNDRED FORTY SEVEN WHEN HE LEFT)
147
When I first got the idea and two years later

AL: When you left? Surely you're not worried about a burglar walking in and stealing one of them?

AL:

Just what is the actual diet of a lion?

(EAT AS MUCH AS YOU'LL GIVE THEM -- FIFTEEN HUNDRED POUNDS OF FRESH MEAT, ALSO GOAT'S MILK FOR THE BABY LIONS)

... you can't give them any other milk... you can't give them any other milk... you can't give them any other milk...

AL:

What is the average lion's span of life?

(SIXTEEN -- NINETEEN. ONE IN ENGLAND DIED AT FORTY FOUR)

... one in England died at forty four... you can't give them any other milk... you can't give them any other milk...

AL:

Well, I suppose you have them all ages out at your farm?

(YES FROM BABIES ON UP. BROUGHT ONE WITH HIM.

FEEDING TIME AND BABIES CAN'T BE KEPT WAITING WHEN IT'S TIME FOR DINNER. IF DON'T MIND WILL BRING HIM OUT)

51459 1698

AL: (AD LIB ABOUT BABY LION AND FEEDING)

THEN:

Charlie, do you sell the lions you raise at your farm? Is that your source of income?

(MAINLY ENTERTAIN VISITORS)

AL: Here's a question you should be able to answer better than anyone else. Tell us -- why is the lion called the King of Beasts?

AL: You have great respect and admiration for them, haven't you?

AL: I imagine it's awfully hard to get men to handle them -- do you have trouble getting good lion tamers?

(GOOD ONES ARE SCARCE)

AL: Gosh -- I wish I could help you out, but I'm afraid I don't know any good lion tamers.

KITZEL: Hi yi yo' , Rancho Grande, I'll help you out, my frandy!

AL: Well, Kitzel, you could be some help to Charlie Gay. Charlie's looking for someone to take care of lions.

KITZEL: Greetings, Gay, how much does it pay?

AL: You don't mean that you want the job, Kitzel?

KITZEL: No, not me...I've still got my job with the finance company.

AL: Finance company? You mean you lend money?

KITZEL: No, if you finance in the kitchen and finance in the parlor just call us and we get rid of them!

GAY: Well, Kitzel, if you don't want a job with me, who do you want the job for?

KITZEL:

Don't want a job for
Rhumboogie.

AL:

Who's Rhumboogie?

KITZEL:

He's a cannibal chief from Africa.

GAY:

Why, Kitzel, where did you ever meet a cannibal chief?

KITZEL: On my last trip to Africa. I went there to line up some Ubangi girls -- you know those girls with the big lips -- to work as waitresses in my Uncle's restaurant.

AL: Why did you want Ubangi's for waitresses?

KITZEL: With our expenses, we should spend money for trays?

AL: Well, how did you find Rhumboogie?

KITZEL: My oh my, will I ever forget it. There I was, pressing through one native village, then I pressed on through another native village, then another -- pressing on and on -- but I had to give it up.

GAY: Why?

KITZEL: There's no use pressing in Africa -- the natives don't wear pants. So on I went, through the jungle, and suddenly I came upon a lion. The lion started chasing me and I climbed up a tree. And when I looked around -- what do you think?

AL: What?

KITZEL: There was no tree there!

AL: Wait a minute -- there was no tree there? How could you climb it?

KITZEL: When I'm excited, do I know what I'm doing?

AL: But where did you meet Rhumboogie?

AL: I'd still like to meet this Rhumboogie fellow. (TO GAY)
Watch him try to squirm out of this now, Charlie.

KITZEL: Don't be such a believe it or not, He's right outside.
(CALLS) Come in, Rhumboogie!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

KITZEL: Gentlemen and skeptics -- meet Rhumboogie!

AL: I'll be darned. So you're Rhumboogie.

MEL: (GRUNTS) Uh.

AL: And you've come all the way from Africa?

MEL: (GRUNTS) Uh.

AL: Would you like to work for Charlie Gay and tame lions?

MEL: Uh-uh.

AL: You big sissy, do you mean to tell me that you're a brave
native chief from Africa and you're afraid of lions?

MEL: (ANGRY) Funga onglo, oola sula bogo funga, oola owlo
boola, beegle boogle moogo cho cho moko, sula bongo, congo
roko, foogle bok!

AL: Kitzel, what did he say?

KITZEL: Mnnnnnnnnnnnyeah, could be!

AL: Kitzel, I don't believe either you or Rhumboogie have
ever seen any wild animals.

KITZEL: Pish posh! Listen, my little man, I'll have you to
comprehend that we've hunted such wild animals like
Antelopes, cantaloupes
I got more, I hope, I hope
A kangaroo, a kinkajou,
Now, Rhumboogie, it's up to you.

MEL: Chungalow, fungalow
Beetle bom and Gungadow
Sklung, Mung, un boodle gung

KITZEL: Not to mention such carnivorous man eaters like:
Reptiles, crocodiles,
Old ones and juveniles
Armadillos, big gorillos,
Take it, Rhu, you killer, dillo.

MEL: Oobooto, WooBoo -- Gattle Goo Gupi how wod uble doo
Ug Jug ig pugle wug.

TOGETHER: (SING) And we look sweet upon the seat of an
elephant built for two!

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO AL PEARCE)

AL: Well, it's time to say goodnight. We hope we've brought you a few chuckles and snickers. We know you were interested in Mr. Gay's appearance tonight, and we have a great surprise for next week. We can't tell you who he is, but he has a voice that's like the bottom of a creek bed. Now can you guess who he is? It's fun to be kept guessing, isn't it? But when you go to your cigarette counter, don't look around and guess and wonder -- just walk right up and say, "a package of Camels, please." So long, and good smoking.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND OUT ON CUE)

ANNOUNCER: How's that new pipe of yours getting along -- a little on the hot, bitey side, maybe? Well, you know, men, if there's a tobacco that's made to order for the mellowing-down period in the life of a new pipe, it's Prince Albert. Prince Albert burns cooler! Naturally, it gives a milder, smoother smoke full of that good, rich taste that isn't marred by excess heat. Prince Albert is the crimp cut, no-bite treated brand. You'll like Prince Albert -- try it! There's no other tobacco like it!

This is Wendell Niles...speaking...

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.