

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1941  
Program No. 56

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 -- brings you, from  
Hollywood -- AL PEARCE and his Gang!

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

THE AL PEARCE SHOW  
5/23/41

-2-

AL:

Good evening, friends, and thank you for that mighty enthusiastic welcome. It sure makes a fellow feel good. The Gang's really raring to go and with an audience like you, and Andy Devine as our guest tonight, we're sure going to have plenty of fun. Lou Bring, it's your job to get the show underway with the orchestra, so while I go backstage and make sure that Andy Devine is in the right studio, let's hear that fancy arrangement of "There'll Be Some Changes Made."

ORCHESTRA:

"THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE"

51459 1759

WENDELL: Say, Al, there's a man on radio shows today that I think should be given more credit because he's mighty important -- and that's the sound effects man.

AL: That guy's important to any show.

WENDELL: We've got one on our show that's a genius. In fact, our sound man's perfected a scarecrow with sound effects for farmers.

AL: You mean Billy Gould has done this?

WENDELL: That's right.

AL: By golly -- has he got it here?

WENDELL: Yeah -- sure has -- you oughta see it. It makes a noise something like a screech owl and an old rusty pump combined.

AL: Well, for Pete's sake, let's hear it.

WENDELL: Okay, Billy, turn her loose. Hold your ears everybody.

TIZZIE: (COMES DASHING IN) Hello, folksies! Yes, this is your little white swan allrighty. My, I'm so excited tonight -- as a young girl will, of course. I've been so in demand lately. Why just yesterday a gentleman called me and said, "Do you go out much nights?" So I said, "No, I hold up pretty good!" I said, "Why do you ask?" So he said, "I'd like to take you to Griffith Park." I said, "Do I know you?" So he said, "Why, yes, you were my nurse in the Civil W --- in the City Hospital." Of course, mama told me to give these propositions lots o thought, so I counted up to two -- and went. My, what fun we had, though. I'd stop and pick a rose, and he'd stop and pick up a piece of paper on a cane he had. And I had on some of my favorite perfume. My, he was just overcome. Finally he said, "My that perfume brings back fond memories." I said, "I'll bet it reminds you of gardenia," so he said, "No, I used to drive a bus, and it smells like the exhaust." You can see I was cooking with gas. But finally, what do you think? He proposed to me -- uh -- huh. He said, "Let's take a walk up the bridal path." I found out later it was for horses. And speaking of horses, of course I had on my riding habit -- well, it was more than a habit -- it was sort of an obsession. So he said, "let's get some horses and ride." Of course, I'm right at home on a horse -- in fact, just two years ago, when I graduated from reform - from high school, I practically lived in the stables. That's where my room was. So we got two horses --

(CONTINUED)

TIZZIE:  
(Cont'd)

every time mine looked at me he would jump in the air. So they blindfolded him and I got on. I guess the sun was pretty bright, though, because even the stable boy put on a blindfold. I think that's the reason, don't you think -- or don't you? Finally, away we went -- in fact, it was the way we went that bothered me. We galloped along and spring was in the air -- finally I was in the air. I made what they call a two-point landing. In fact, I landed right on my two good points. Tonight we're going to have a recipe to take on camping trips. It's a Chinese dish called Egg Foo Goo. Are you ready? All righty! First take a gallon of water, which is H<sub>2</sub>O of course, and get a spoon and baste it for two hours -- in other words baste the H out of it. Now take one pound Limburger cheese and open the window and hold it in the breeze, so it blows into the room. I'll wait for you -- (SING) It All Comes Back to Me Now. Now open two jars of jam and put one hand in each jar. Are you in a jam? That's what we call a jam session. Now add five tubes of library paste. Then add five sticks of Chinese punk. Of course, you don't really need that -- it will be punk enough. When guests arrive, pour this over some scrambled eggs and serve. When they say, "What is this?" Just say, "Egg Foo Goo," and I do mean Goo." WOW!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

51459 1762

~~(NOTE: AL PEARCE PLAYS ALL THE PARTS EXCEPT ANNOUNCER)~~

MUSIC: (THUMPING TYA-TA-TA MINSTREL PARADE MOTIF)

ANNCR: (OLD TIME MINSTREL-MAN STYLE) And here we are right in the middle of that guh-reat and world-famous tuh-riumph of the entertainment world -- AL PEARCE AND HIS MINSTREL MEN.

WENDELL: Mister Interlocutor.

AL: Yes, Mr. Bones.

WENDELL: Mister Interlocutor, which is the mos' correctest...if you had a hen in youah chicken yard, 'n' I was to ask you...Is that hen sittin' or settin'?

AL: That question, Mister Bones, wouldn't interest me at all. What I want to know when I hear a hen cackle is whether she's laying or lyin'!

CAST: Yuk, yuk, yuk.

AL: Now you answer this question, Mr. Bones. Which is kerect...There is twenty Camel cigarettes in a package, or there are twenty Camels in a package?

ANNCR: Now that's a question I want to answer. If you count them, there are twenty. But when you smoke them you're getting the equivalent in smoking of more than twenty cigarettes. -- because by burning twenty-five per cent slower than the average of the four other largest-selling brands

(CONTINUED)

ANNCR:  
(Cont'd)

tested -- slower than any of them -- Camels give you a smoking plus equal, on the average, to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK! But this is only one small reason for smoking Camels. That full, rich, mellow flavor!..where else could you find that combined with Camel's mildness? Camel's extra mildness. And then -- science tells us incontrovertibly that in the smoke of slower-burning Camels there is 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 -- the smoke's the thing!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW  
5/23/41

-8-

AL:

It looks like we made a real discovery in Frances Hunt...You heard her last week on our program and, by popular demand and request, we're happy to bring her to you again tonight, and if her hubby, Lou Bring, will show that good old family cooperation, and give your ittle ifey wifey a musical introduction, we'll get some results here. ...We'd like you to meet Frances Hunt!

ORCHESTRA AND FRANCES HUNT: "JUST A LITTLE SOUTH OF NORTH CAROLINA"

51459 1765



AL: And now, friends, to get on with our show, tonight we  
have --

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

AL: Pardon me. Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ANDY: Hi ya, Al!

AL: Well, well -- look who's here! -- the Mayor of Van Nuys  
-- Andy Devine!

(APPLAUSE)

AL: What in the world are you doin' here, Mayor.

ANDY: Oh, I just dropped in to see you on a little business  
matter, Al. But I can't stay long because I've got to  
get to a city council meeting with the street  
commissioner, the fire chief and the police chief.

AL: Well, can't they start the meeting without you?

ANDY: Not very well -- I'm all of them.

AL: What's the meeting about, Andy?

ANDY: We've just finished an important piece of roadwork out  
there, and we're making plans for the big ceremony  
tomorrow.

AL: What ceremony?

ANDY: We're opening up a new detour!

AL: Well, Andy, Van Nuys is lucky to have a guy like you for a Mayor -- and I think you're a pretty lucky guy to be the Mayor of a town like Van Nuys.

ANDY: Oh, I don't know...It ain't no bed of roses. I gotta go around kissing all those babies with chocolate ice cream smeared all over their faces.

AL: Yeah, that is a little tough.

ANDY: It sure it! Everybody knows I like pistachio! But what I really came up here for, Al, was this. I know you're interested in horses, and...well, I got a dandy horse I'd like to sell you

AL: Andy, I'm sorry to tell you, but I don't need any more horses. I've got three now. What do you want to sell your horse for, anyway?

ANDY: I got to sell him, Al. Father's Day is coming and I want to get Paw a threshing machine.

AL: A threshing machine for the farm?

ANDY: No, for us kids...Paw's getting too lazy to thrash us with his hand...

AL: Mmmmmmmhmmmmmm. Yeah, I see. Well, Andy, why don't you sell your horse to your old radio boss?

ANDY: You mean Buck Benny?

AL: Sure...By the way, Andy, when did you start calling Jack Benny "Buck?"

ANDY: Right after I got a look at my first salary check.

AL: You mean he gives you a dollar for every broadcast?

ANDY: Sure!

AL: Only a dollar! You should have an agent!

ANDY: I got one!

AL: Who?

ANDY: Jack Bonny. (PAUSE) Jack says that way I cut out the middle man.

AL: Well, I'm sorry -- I'm not in the market for your horse, And. But say we've got a fellow here on the show who CAN help you out. Boy, this fellow's a crackerjack! He can sell anything...best salesman I ever saw!...Kitzel! Come on out, will you, Kitzel?

KITZEL: Hi yi yo Rancho Grande, I can sell clothes to Sally Randy!

AL: Kitzel, this is Devine.

KITZEL: My, oh my. Isn't it wonderful!

AL: No -- I mean this is Andy Devine!

ANDY: Hi ya, Kitzel...I've got a little business proposition for you. How about a little horse talk?

KITZEL: Go ahead...you're just the man who can do it.

AL: Kitzel, Andy wants you to help him sell a horse. He needs the money because he lives on a ranch and he's very poor. Isn't that right, Andy?

ANDY: You said it...I haven't even got a station wagon.

KITZEL: No station wagon? Oh my, oh my...that touches a soft spot in my head. Andy boy, don't worry, sonny. I'll sell your horse for you. What does the horse look like.

ANDY: Well, it's eighteen years old but it's got a nice shiny coat.

KITZEL: Oh, blue serge, eh?

AL: No, Kitzel, Andy means the horse has a nice shiny coat because he curries him every day.

KITZEL: He curries him? You mean he can't walk by himself?

AL: Look, Kitzel. I told Andy you could sell anything. Now get going and sell his horse, you're so clever at that stuff!

KITZEL: All right! All right! Stop pushing me. What am I -- an exit? So you want action! All right, I'll hold an auction. Get on your marks, get set, go, go, go, go, go! (BURNS) What am I saying? For goodness sake, come back here! Ladies and gentlemen, I have for sale one beautiful horse in a blue serge suit. What am I bid? Do I hear a bid? I don't think so. No? Going, going, gone. Sold for nothing! Good night, gentlemen!

AL: Wait a minute, Kitzel...who would sell a horse for nothing?

KITZEL: Bing crosby!

ANDY: Aw, Al, this guy's a phoney.

KITZEL: (LAUGHS) Listen to the little man! He says I'm nothing but a phoney! (LAUGHS) I don't like it! I'll sell your horse. I'll force 'em to make bids...Auction Kitzel's in action again! Hey, Mr. Niles, what's your first name?

WENDELL: Wen.

KITZEL: What?

WENDELL: Wen! Wen!

KITZEL: Wen dollar is bid by Mr. Niles. Who'll make it two? Do I hear two? Mr. Pearce, what do you say?

AL: I don't know...I'm up a tree.

KITZEL: Up a what?

AL: Tree! Tree!

KITZEL: Tree dollars is bid by Mr. Pearce.

AL: What for?

KITZEL: Four dollars by Mr. Pearce! Lou Bring, what's that new instrument you got in the band?

LOU: A fife.

KITZEL: Fife dollars is bid by Mr. Bring. Gentlemen, shame on you! We can't let that beautiful horse go for only five dollars. How about something from this big gentleman with the make-up on his face?

ANDY: That ain't make-up -- that's a tan.

KITZEL: That's what?

ANDY: Tan! Tan!

KITZEL: Tan dollars is bid by Mr. Devine! Do I hear eleven?

AL: Kitzel -- stop this...You're making a fool of our honored guest?

KITZEL: Our what guest?

ANDY: Honored! Honored!

KITZEL: A honored dollars is bid by Mr. Devine. A hundred dollars once, a hundred dollars twice --

ANDY: Wait a minute, Kitzel, you can't sell me my own horse! I'll break you in pieces!

KITZEL: Going to break me in pieces? I'll break you in pieces! I'm strong like muscles! Would you believe it, I'm a regular Tarzan!

ANDAY: You're a regular what?

KITZEL: Tarzan! Tarzan!

ANDY: Sold to Mr. Kitzel for a tarzan dollars!

KITZEL: ~~(BURNS) Just a second! Just a second! Gentlemen, you're double crossing me. I don't need a horse! Do you think I'm a silly man? You think I'm a fool? You think I don't know what I'm doing? Mmmmmmmmmmyeah!~~  
~~--- COULD BE! ---~~

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

WENDELL: Al, I've got the most colossal idea for a radio program that ever....

AL: Sorry, Wen, we've got a show.

WENDELL: Aw, come on, Al, this will revolutionize the radio business! I can do it in one minute flat!

AL: Sounds good, but...

WENDELL: Let me put it on, Al?

AL: Well...

WENDELL: Come on, pal!

AL: All right, sixty seconds.

WENDELL: Here we go -- first a tremendous fanfare.

(ORCHESTRA: BIG FANFARE) Then, of course, I've got to announce who's brought this show to the air -- and why. Like this...all right, Mr. Sound Effects Man!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...MEASURED BEAT

WENDELL: (MARCH OF TIME DICTION) A man walks. Walks. Tramp... tramp...tramp...marching up and down again...marching... hey!...sound!

SOUND: TINKLE OF COINS

WENDELL: Money. Money. The clink of coins. The man speaks!

VOICE: Camels please.

MUSIC: (VERY BRIEF FANFARE...A LITTLE COMIC)

WENDELL: Again a dramatization of those famous words..."I'D WALK  
A MILE FOR A CAMEL." (RETURNS TO NORMAL VOICE)  
Mildness -- extra mildness. And in the smoke of  
slower-burning Camels you get 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.  
The smoke's the thing!

ORCHESTRA: (FANFARE)

WENDELL: Oh, darn it!

AL: Well? What about the terrific, marvelous program?

WENDELL: I've used up my sixty seconds and now I can't put on my  
show! (VERY MUCH CONCERNED) I guess I'm just a misfit!  
One of life's problems! (FADING) How can I ever look  
you in the face again, etc.....

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)



AL: Speaking of drama, here are three boys and three girls who represent one of life's greatest dramas -- romance! The Sweetheart Sextet. Tonight they're going to sing "Everything Happens to Me". Okay, kids, take it away!

ORCHESTRA: ("EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME" SWEETHEART SEXTET)

WENDELL: With home building booming everywhere, Elmer Blurt, ever quick to take advantage of business trends, has taken a job with a home loan and finance company. And so today we find the super low pressure salesman knocking on doors of trailers in auto camps, soliciting prospects for his home loan company. Good luck, Elmer.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR OF TRAILER

ELMER: Gosh, the people who live in these trailers are liable to get tickets...their cars are always parked right in front of their houses.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MARY: Hello, kid.

ELMER: Oh gosh -- you're sure cute, lady. If you are thinking of building a home, come to us. I represent the Sign-Up Finance Comapny. Our finance company loans you any amount of money, and no questions asked.

MARY: Well, if I borrow some money, how long do I have to pay?

ELMER: That's one of the questions you shouldn't ask.

MARY: Well, we are sort of interested in building a house. How does your plan work?

ELMER: First, we lend you the money to build your house, Then you start making payments on the house, and then you keep making payments on the house for years and years and years, and just when you begin to hate the place...it's yours!

MARY: You're IMPOSSIBLE.

SOUND: TRAILER DOOR SLAMS

ELMER: Oh gosh, I guess trailer people ain't such good prospects after all...it's just like the boss said: People what drive cars is always prompt with their payments, but them what live in trailers are always behind.

SOUND: BUGLE...OFF MIKE

ELMER: Oh golly, look over there -- look at all them tents! I bet the people living in them tents would like to build homes, I hope, I hope, I hope...But gee, it looks like maybe they don't like salesmen...they've got a cannon in front of every tent. I guess I better knock at this gate where it says here, Art-tillery.

SOUND: KNOCK

FORTE: Halt! What do you want?

ELMER: Is Mr. Art Tillery in?

FORTE: Who are you?

ELMER: I'm -- uh -- Elmer Blurts.

FORTE: Blurts, eh? Can you identify yourself?

ELMER: Wait till I look in my mirror. Here it is...HMMMMMM...  
yup, yup, that's me all right.

FORTE: Listen, Bud, just exactly what do you want?

ELMER: Well, I was sent here to make the world a better place to live in --

FORTE: Oh -- I know what you mean. Just go into that door there and the recruiting officer will take care of you.

ELMER: Gee, thanks...They sure are nice to salesmen here.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN...CLOSE

ELMER: How ja do, Mister...are you interested in --

MATHER: All right, all right, Buddy. I ask the questions here. Name.

ELMER: Elmer Blurt.

MATHER: Weight.

ELMER: I can't -- I'm in a hurry.

MATHER: I mean, how much do you weigh?

ELMER: Well -- uh -- the last time I weighed myself I weighed a hunnert and nineteen pounds.

MATHER: Stripped?

ELMER: Nope...the drug store was too crowded. I didn't want to do it right there. Mister, if you're interested in building homes...

MATHER: We don't build homes here...we build men!

ELMER: You do, huh? Gosh, I can give you an order right now... My Aunt Minnie wants one.

MATHER: All right, wise guy...we'll soon take that out of you.  
Just sign here...this contract is for seven years.

ELMER: Oh no you don't. This contract is for twenty years.

MATHER: All right -- twenty years.

ELMER: That's better. They don't put nothin' over on me...Gee,  
this is the fastest sale I ever made.

MATHER: Well, hurry up -- put your John Hancock on this paper.

ELMER: Okay. (SOUND: SCRATCHING OF PEN) (PAUSE) Say, how do  
you spell Hancock?

MATHER: No, no...write your own name down...yeah, that's it.  
Well, congratulations...now you're in the Army!

ELMER: Yup, yup, I'm in...(DOUBLE TAKE) WHAT? I'm in the Army?

MATHER: Yes, sir, and you set yourself up for twenty years!

ELMER: Oh golly, twenty years! I better call grandma and tell  
her I'll be late for supper.

MATHER: Come on...Hurry up...Here's your uniform, go out and put  
it on in one of the tents.

ELMER: Okay.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN...CLOSE

MATHER: Boy, Out of four hundred thousand rookies, I had to get  
a guy like him.

SOUND: TERRIFIC EXPLOSION

MATHER: (YELLS) Hey! What in blazes was that?

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE TO BERRY BOX CRASH THEN THUD OF BODY

ELMER: Private Blurt reporting, Sir.

MATHER: BLURT!!!!!!! What's the idea of crashing through the  
roof?

ELMER: I just thought I'd drop in on you. Now you'll have to build  
a home...that tent I was just in has a gas leak in it.

MATHER: A gas leak in a tent? What are you talking about?

ELMER: Well, it was so dark in the tent, I had to light a match  
and the whole thing exploded.

MATHER: Exploded? Are you sure it was a tent?

ELMER: Yeah, yeah,...sure, sure...it said right on the front of it  
in big red letters..."tent"...T.N.T.!

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO AL PEARCE)

AL: Friends, I want to thank Universal Studios for making it possible for Andy Devine to join up with the Gang tonight and have some fun. Andy sure is a swell fellow and believe me, we enjoyed having him with us tonight. Next Friday night will be our last program in this series. We're coming back on the air again in the Fall for Camel Cigarettes, so join up with the Gang for our farewell party next week. We'll have Raymond Radcliffe, Arlene Harris, Dick Lane, *and Al Pearce*. In fact, everybody that we can possibly get on in thirty minutes. So until next Friday night, so long, good night, and good smoking...

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

ANNCR: Say, are you smoking a pipe right now? Are you getting all the mildness, delightful taste and mellowness you're looking for? Well...next time you load up, try Prince Albert...the National Joy Smoke. P.A. is the better-tasting smoke...the milder smoke...the cooler smoke. Prince Albert is no-bite treated, too. What's more, mild, mellow P.A. comes to you crimp cut for easy packing. Next time, try Prince Albert!

This is Wendell Niles...speaking.....

This is the COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.