

AL PEARCE SHOW

CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1941

4:30 - 5:00 P.M., PST

7:30 - 8:00 P.M., PST

PROGRAM NUMBER 62

ELMER: (KNOCKS) S'pose you're all smoking Camel Cigarettes, I hope, I hope,  
I hope....

MUSIC: ~~(THEME.....C-A-M-E-L-S.....VOCAL BOYS IN BAND...THEN MUSIC UP FULL AND  
FADE TO WENDELL SILES)~~

WENDELL: Ladies and gentlemen -- CAMEL -- the cigarette of costlier tobaccos --  
bring you -- THE AL PEARCE SHOW -- from Hollywood!

MUSIC: ~~(THEME.....UP FOR APPLAUSE TO AL PEARCE)~~

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

AL: Thank you friends, thank you, for that very enthusiastic reception. Boy, that's really the spirit. You know that is fitting and appropriate tonight, for we're going to have a real western round up. Well, by golly, next Thursday's Christmas and back east have your snow and you have a lot of fun. In fact, tonight we're going to have a real Western Christmas in good old cowboy style. Our special guest for this occasion is that famous two-gun hero of Republic's Western pictures -- that handsome six-footer, with the six-shooter, Roy Rogers. Come on out, Roy, and get acquainted right fast.

(APPLAUSE)

CAST: (HOOTING AND YELLING)

SOUND: (FOUR REVOLVER SHOTS)

ROY: Thanks, Al, and howdy everybody. It was mighty nice of you to shoot off those guns, for me pardner. It makes me feel right to home.

AL: Roy, we're mighty glad to have you and welcome you to the Gang.

ROY: Well, swell, pardner. I'm mighty glad to join up with you all because I heard this was a hard riding, two fisted outfit.

AL: Why sure, pardner. By the way, Alkali Roy, what trail did you use to get here tonight?

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

51459 2013

WEST COAST ONLY

2.

AL:

Thanks very much friends for that very enthusiastic reception. That's really the spirit. Well, tonight the whole Gang's going Western and as our special guest for this occasion we have with us in person that famous two-gun hero of Republic's western pictures -- that handsome six-footer with the six shooter -- Roy Rogers. Come on out Roy and get acquainted with the Gang.

(APPLAUSE)

~~CAT:~~

~~(HOOTING AND YELLING)~~

~~BOUND:~~

~~FOUR REVOLVER SHOTS~~

ROY:

Thanks, Al -- it was mighty nice of you to shoot off those guns, pardner. It makes me feel right at home.

AL:

Why sure, pardner. By the way Alkalai Roy, what trail did you use to get here tonight?

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

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ROY: Well, I'll tell you. When it came time to mosey along, I put on my Stetson and my chaps and yelled for my faithful Palomino. How did you get here, Al?

AL: Oh, I just slipped on my beret and my short pants and whistled for the Glendale bus.

ROY: Being that you and I are neighbors hereabouts, I'd kinda like to have you come out to my ranch tonight for a little Xmas party.

AL: Out to your ranch? Gee --- that would be swell.

ROY: You know what we've got out there?

AL: What --- horses?

ROY: We've got a mountain there with an echo.

AL: You have?

ROY: Yeah --- you stand there and yell at that big mountain and it answers back ---

AL: A mountain with an echo? You have? Well, I'd like to have something like that --- answer right back.

ANDY: Hi ya, Al ---

(APPLAUSE)

AL: I pity the poor horse that has to ride that. Well, if it isn't Andy Devine.....Sure has some western outfit....Andy, I want you to meet our guest tonight.

ROY: Greetings, stranger, I'm Roy Rogers, the THE GUN MAN.

ANDY: Well, howdy, pard. Glad to know you, I'm Andy Devine, that THE ION MAN.

(LAUGHS)

Andy, you look kinda mussed up tonight. Where you been?

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY  
AL  
AND COMPANY

ROY: Well, I'll tell you. When it came time to mosey along, I put on my Stetson and my chaps and yelled for my faithful Palomino. How did you get here, Al?

AL: Oh, I just slipped on my beret and my short pants and whistled for the Glendale bus.

ROY: Being that you and I are neighbors hereabouts, I'd like to have you and the Gang come out to my ranch tonight for a party.

AL: Gee --- that would be swell.

ROY: We've got a mountain there with an echo.

AL: You have?

ROY: Yeah --- you stand there and yell at that big mountain and it answers back...

ANDY: Hi ya, Al ---  
(APPLAUSE)

AL: Well, if it isn't Andy Devine...Andy, I want you to meet our guest tonight.

ROY: Greetings, stranger, I'm Roy Rogers, the two gun man.

ANDY: Well, howdy, pard. Glad to know you, I'm Andy Devine, the two ton man.  
(LAUGHS)

AL: Andy, you look kinda mussed up tonight. Where have you been?

ANDY: Well, I've been dancing, Al...Somebody started a Christmas dance down on Selma Avenue.

ROY: Dancin' in the street?

ANDY: Yeah,..and did I learn how to do the Conga...First that line would take three steps and stop, and then they'd take three more steps and stop.

AL: Andy, that wasn't a dance on Selma Avenue -- that long line was trying to get into the post-office.

ANDY: Well, I was having more fun -- (TAKE) -- it was? Gosh, no wonder I was dancin' with a mail man.

AL: Well, with all this hustle and bustle, Andy, I can understand how you got mixed up. By the way, have you finished all your Christmas shopping?

ANDY: Yeah, and boy I sure gotta hand it to them stores, they're sure trying to make shopping easier for everybody.

ROY: That's right, Andy. Yesterday in a store I saw an automatic package wrapper. What a thing' that was! It grabbed up the packages and wrapped them in no time at all.

ANDY: Yeah...Kitsel and I seen that machine and we had a little trouble with it.

AL: You and Kitsel had a little trouble....What do you mean?

ANDY: Well, Kitsel got too close to it and the next thing he knew he was headed for Minnesota with a label on his pants that said: THIS END UP.

AL: Gosh, when I see all this Christmas spending it makes me remember the days when we were so poor we just couldn't give any presents to each other at all in our family.

ANDY: If you think you were poor, Al, you should have come from where I did. It was a little desert town called Destitute, Arizona.

ANDY: RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

AL: That's next door to the town of Step Lightly isn't it? That sounds pretty bad, Andy.

ANDY: Bad, you ain't got no idea. He was so poor we couldn't even afford a Christmas tree like other folks --

ROY: Not even a Christmas tree?

ANDY: No, we just took a tumble-weed and hung a tomato on it...The first one down on Christmas morning got the tomato. (LAUGHS)

AL: Well, at this time of year everything is in the spirit of fun.

ANDY: That's right, and you know, Al, I think my Uncle Louis has more fun around Christmas time than anybody else.....

AL: Uncle Louis, eh?

ANDY: Uh huh.... Every year at this time, he puts on a Santa Claus suit, and goes down and smiles through the window at the girls at the YMCA.

AL: Wait a minute, -- but Andy, the YMCA has nothing but men,

ANDY: I know, but Uncle Louis is near sighted and well, we just ain't got the heart to tell him.

(APPLAUSE)

MEL: Pardon me, bud --

AL: Pardon me, but who are you?

MEL: Well, I heard youse talking about Christmas and Santa Claus and all that sort of thing. You know who I am?

AL: I certainly don't. Who are you?

MEL: I'm Santa Claus.

AL: RADIO If you're Santa Claus, where are your whiskers?

WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

MEL: Where are de whiskers? (SURPRISE) Yeah, where are dey? Gee, how do you like dat? An' all I asked for was a shampoof Dis is gonna ruin my business!

AL: Well, now, look -- I've got something here that'll prove you're not Santa Claus. Here's a picture of the real article. See, there he is, the old gentleman with the big saile, holding the package of Camel cigarettes.

MEL: Yeah. Dat looks like a million bucks!

AL: Well, it should! That's one of the Camel holiday packages, and inside's a full carton of Camels! Now, this little job here --

MEL: Gee, a reg'lar house, wit' snow on de roof!

AL: Yep, and inside mind you, the Camel (said "Christmas" on West Coast Show) House are four Camel "Flat Fifties." Now, if you really were Santa Claus, my smooth-shaven friend, I'd recommend passing these dandy packages around liberally -- because more smokers prefer Camels than any other cigarette. And, of course, in each of those gift packages are two hundred Camels -- think of that -- every one júst full of that famous Camel flavor -- every one milder, cooler, and slower-burning, to give you extra smoking per cigarette per pack -- and every one superbly blended of Camel's postlier tobaccos. Yes, sires, indeedy those Camel holiday packages make mighty fine presents -- specially for men in the service. So friends, get several packages now, while the supply lasts!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

Looking around me ---- Say, when you ride a fanfare don't fool me like that -- where's your western clothes -- well, get in and earn your salaries -- here's that refinement in mytha playing that grand



AL: (Cont'd)

tune "I Want To Be Happy".

ORCHESTRA:

"I WANT TO BE HAPPY"

AL:

Swell arrangement for Lon -- that's a swell band, and we're proud of it. Can I confide in you, Nan? You know I've been thinking Roy Rogers invited us over to his ranch tonight, and we're going to look pretty silly over there with all those cowboys cause we're a bunch of tender-feet -- none of us have ever roughed it.

NAN:

Oh, I don't know about that, Al. I've roughed it a lot. Sure, why once for two whole weeks I went without my garters.

AL:

I didn't know you ever had any ----- I don't mean that. How can we make an impression on those westerners? That is what we've got to do. There isn't one of us that's a red blooded he-man like....our little friend... look who's coming?

KITZEL:

Hi Yi oh Rancho Grande, I'm just an old Cow Hande.

(APPLAUSE)

AL:

Well, remove the bur from under my saddle blanket -- if it isn't our little playmate Kitzel.

KITZEL:

Why I'm roosting tooting wild and wooley, bad man, bang, bang, bang, bang.

AL:

Hold on a minute Kitzel, you're some bad man...don't blow your brains out.

KITZEL:

Oh, I'm a nasty man. Bang! Bang!

AL:

Come here, Kitzel -- come here -- A fine impression you're going to make over at Roy Rogers' ranch.

KITZEL:

Why don't you think so? Why don't you think so?

AL: RADIO

You know you've never seen a cowboy. Now Kitzel look at me right in the face.

WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

KITZEL:

Must I?

AL:

Yes you do.

WKN:

Why, Kitzel -- you can't ever be a cowpuncher. You're not the type. Why you haven't even got bow legs.

KITZEL:

Who hasn't got bow legs? For your information my dear man, I'm so bow-legged that the government wants me to be the Q in U.S. O. -- And you know, I am also a terrific cow puncher. Bang. Bang.

AL:

Wait a minute -- hold it -- wait a minute and control yourself -- quiet down. Kitzel -- now tell the truth -- did you ever really punch any cows?

KITZEL:

Certainly not. No gentleman would punch a lady.

AL:

Kitzel, you know that you don't know anything about a ranch.

KITZEL:

Listen to him -- why I'll have you to know I have been a big rancher for years. In fact I used to own twenty-five cattles, but Uncle Sam took them away from me.

AL:

Why did he do that?

KITZEL:

They were aluminum cattles. Bang. Bang.

AL:

Get out of here Kitzel before I bang you.

(APPLAUSE)

KITZEL:

Must I?

AL:

Yes.

WEN:

Why, Kitzel -- you can't ever be a cowpuncher. You're not the type. Why you haven't even got bow legs.

KITZEL:

Who hasn't? For your information my dear man, I'm so bowlegged that the government wants me to be the Q in U.S.O. -- I am also a terrific cow puncher. Bang. Bang.

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Kitzel -- now tell the truth -- did you ever really punch any cows?

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AL:

Kitzel, I don't think you know anything about a ranch.

KITZEL:

Listen to him -- why I'll have you to know I have been a big rancher for years. In fact, I used to own twenty-five cattles, but Uncle Sam took them away from me.

AL:

Why did he do that?

KITZEL:

These were aluminum cattles...Mr. Pearce, my experience in ranching is unbelievable.

WEN:

That's the word for it.

KITZEL:

Huh hummmmm, don't be so skeptical, I am the only man who could ever milk four cows in a barn two feet long.

AL:

That's a pretty small place to milk four cows.

KITZEL:

Yes, it was a pretty tight squeeze -- Bang! Bang!

AL:

Get out of here, Kitzel, before I bang you!

(APPLAUSE)

(ORCHESTRA: CHASER)

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

AL: It's time to get rid of him. I'm glad I chased Kitzel out of here before he disgraced us in front of Roy Rogers. Let's have a real cowboy take over. Incidentally, Roy Rogers as a cowboy on the screen has an exceptionally fine voice. Mr. Rogers are you prepared to announce your own number?

ROY: Mr. Pearce, for my first and last number, I should choose to do that old cowboy tune -- "Sweethearts or Strangers."

ORCHESTRA: "SWEETHEARTS OR STRANGERS" ROY ROGERS

AL: Well, Roy, that's a nice thought too -- Wen, have you got anything that you can contribute to this Western program?

WEN: Well, Al, I've got a message here that is of interest not only to the West but to the whole country. Folks, picture this -- the Army's new heavy tank -- M-1 -- stands motionless, its nose touching a stout telegraph pole. Suddenly it starts up -- and --

SOUND: ROAR OF TANK -- SHARP CRACK OF POLE

WEN: -- the thick pole snaps like a match-stick! Yes, M-1 is the Army's newest weapon, fifty-seven tons of artillery and armor-plate -- proof that the Army changes every day. But one thing hasn't changed. In the Post Exchanges, you can still hear --

VOICE: Pack o' Camels, please?

WEN: Actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens show that with men in the Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps, Camel is the favorite.

AL: Why's that? Well, the same reason anybody likes Camels! Flavor -- ~~extra~~ flavor, extra flavor -- and the smooth extra mildness that lets you enjoy it! Camels are slow-burning, too, and that of course means cooler smoking

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

AL: (Cont'd)

and extra smoking per cigarette per pack. That's because Camels are made of costlier tobaccos, blended expertly and matchlessly, as only Camel knows how to blend. And of course, there's less nicotine in the smoke!

ECHO:

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.

AL:

And the smoke's the thing! So friends, get a pack of Camels tonight -- you'll want to buy a whole carton tomorrow -- I hope, I hope!

ORCHESTRA:(MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL:

You know, one of the finest cowboy singing organizations in the West is the Sons of the Pioneers. This is a great group. They're here with us tonight and Roy Rogers and the Sons of the Pioneers are going to sing "Chant of the Wanderer" from the picture, "Red River Valley," which they have just completed. You will want to see this picture and this yodling in here is done by Roy Rogers -- Okay -- I'm glad I thought of that okay.

ORCHESTRA:"CHANT OF THE WANDERER" ROY ROGERS AND SONS OF THE PIONEERS

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

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WEN:

Now folks, let's use our imagination a little bit -- Come along with us and the gang out to Roy Rogers' ranch for a real Western party. They're all sitting around a big camp fire, so let's move in on them and see what's happening.

CAST:(AD LIBS) COWBOY YELLS ET CETERA

AL:

Oce, Roy I want to thank you for inviting us out here to your ranch. Isn't it fun, Andy?

ANDY:

It sure is, Al....Gosh, I sure enjoyed singing with these cowhands...I sounded pretty good too. Roy, did you ever hear a voice like mine before?

ROY:

Well, when we do, Andy, we shoot them and collect two dollars for their hides.

ANDY:

(LAUGHS)

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

51459 2025

WEN:

Well friends let's use our imagination a little bit. Come along with u and the gang out to Roy Rogers' ranch for a Western party. The gang's sitting around a big camp fire, so let's move in on them, shall we, and see what's going on.

CAST:

(AD LIBS) CONBOY YELLS ETC.

AL:

Gee, Roy, I want to thank you for inviting us out here to your ranch. Isn't it fun, Andy?

ANDY:

It sure is Al...Gosh I sure enjoyed singing with those cowhands, I sounded pretty good too. Roy, did you ever hear a voice like mine before?

ROY:

Well, when we do, we shoot them and get two dollars for their hides.

ANDY:

You'd get four dollars for mine. (LAUGHS)

ROY: Say, Al, I'd like to have you meet my foreman.

AL: Gled to know you.

MAN: I'm glad to know you. (WHHEEE TO BE EXPLAINED) Partner it's mighty nice to have you all (WHHEEE) folks out here.

AL: Wait a minute -- what's his name?

ROY: Bronchial Bill.

ANDY: Say, Roy...who's that Indian sitting over there with the blanket around him?

ROY: That's my Indian guide, Andy, Navajo Pete....Come on over here, Pete. I want you to meet a friend of mine. This is Al Pearce.

WEL: Ugh. No Indian Brave.

AL: I have always wanted to meet an Indian Brave. Sit down, Pete and I'll tell you one of my jokes.

INDIAN: He not that brave.

ROY: You know, Al, Pete's really one of the greatest guides in this part of the country, Al...He can find the shortest way to get to any place.

AL: Oh boy, that's great. Gee, that's great. I heard of a swell place for duck shooting called Madera Flats....Can you tell me the quickest way to get there, Pete.

INDIAN: Madera Flats.

AL: Yes, Madera Flats.

INDIAN: Ugh...walk straight ahead one mile north, then go one mile east, then go one mile south, then go one mile west.

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

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AL: If I do that, I'll be right back here....

INDIAN: Ugh...This Madera Flats.

MEL: (HOWL LIKE COYOTE IN DISTANCE)

AL: Say, what's that Roy?

MEL: (ANOTHER HOWL)

ROY: Don't worry about that Al, it's just a wolf.

ANDY: (LAUGH) That wasn't no wolf. That animal out there is a wild dog.

AL: You sure it's a wild dog.

ANDY: Yeah. It's gonna take my gun and shoot him right between the eyes.  
Look.

SOUND: SHORT FOLLOWED BY AUTOMOBILE HORN

ANDY: It musta been a grey-hound. (LAUGHS)

AL: By the way, Roy, I'd like to hear about that echo that you told us you had out there.

ROY: All right, Al, I'll give you a little demonstration.

AL: Yes, a demonstration.

ROY: Listen: (SINGS) I'm an old cow-hand.

ECHO: (SINGS) I'm an old cow-hand.

AL: Gee, that's wonderful.

ROY: I'll try another. (SINGS) Take me back to my boots and saddles.

ECHO: (SINGS) Take me back to my boots and saddles.

ROY: There's nothing to it -- I'll try one more --- Rose O'Day, Rose O'Day,  
you're my fil la gu du sha sinanaroosha, bald a rol da boom to de ay --

ECHO: (SINGS) Rose O'Day, Rose O'Day, you're my -- (CLEARS THROAT AND HESITATES) I give up!

ECHO: RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

AL: That's the first canyon I ever heard with a hiccough. Well it's a lot of -  
- We're sure enjoying ourselves out here away from the hustle and bustle.  
Boy, this fresh air makes you sleepy. This is a nice, quiet Christmas,  
I can hardly keep my eyes open. How do you keep awake?

ANDY: Well, Al, the best way I know to keep a fake is to station a bunch of United States Marines there. (LAUGHS)

ROY: Well, listen boys, nobody is going to sleep around this place tonight. As the highlight of the evening I've arranged a sensational Mexican bull-fight for you.

AL: You have -- that's great!

~~CAST: (AD LIBS A BULL FIGHT.....OH, BOY, THAT'S SWELL.....ETC.....ETC.)~~

~~SOUND: HORSES HOOFB APPROACHING~~

MFL: (FOREMAN) It looks like your famous bull-fighter is arrivin' now, Roy.

~~SOUND: HORSE COMES TO A STOP~~

ROY: (OVER SOUND OF HOOFB) Yes, it's the great Pedro Frijoles from New Mexico.

KITZEL: Whoa, whoa Hart Shaffner and Marx. Whoa Hart Shaffner and Marx.

AL: You've got one horse and you call him Hart Shaffner and Marx.

KITZEL: Yep. He's a Pinto with two pairs o' pants!

AL: Roy, did this man tell you he was a bull-fighter? Why do you know who he is --

KITZEL: Now, now, now, Mr. Pearce. He didn't ask you.

AL: I'm going to tell the truth. Roy, look at him, you can tell by the way he rides that he's a fake.....Look at -- why he's got his equipment on all wrong.

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

ANDY: Yeah, Kitzel, you're supposed to spur the horse and not yourself.

KITZEL: I am?

AL: Why sure.

KITZEL: No wonder I had to keep waiting for the horse to catch up with me.

ROY: Say, if you're going to fight that bull, you better get down off that horse.

KITZEL: Of course, of course. Just show me the bull, I want to get at him. Bang! Bang! Bang! Phfft! Who put that blank in here?

ROY: I think I should warn you what to expect. This bull is ferocious.

KITZEL: Woo, woo, woo.

ROY: He's also a killer.

KITZEL: Woo, woo, woo.

AL: Kitzel, are you afraid?

KITZEL: No -- I got my chaps on inside out and they tickle me. Woo, woo, woo.

CAST: (AD LIBS "IS HE GONNA FIGHT THAT BULL OR NOT...LET'S GET AT IT...IS THE GUY SCARED?...ETC...ETC")

KITZEL: Now gentlemen, gentlemen, don't get excited everybody. I'm going to fight him with my bare hands.

MEL: (FOREMAN) Stranger, as a friend I think I ought to tell you the truth about my best bull. He's the wildest, deadliest critter in these here parts.

KITZEL: Mmm, mmm, so he's wild and deadly --

MEL: Not only that but he's killed twenty-eight men --

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

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WEST COAST ONLY

ANDY: Yeah, Kitzel, you're supposed to spur the horse and not yourself.

KITZEL: I am?

AL: Why sure.

KITZEL: No wonder I had to keep waiting for the horse to catch up with me.

ROY: Well, if you're going to fight that bull for us, get down off that horse.

KITZEL: Of course, of course. Just show me the bull. I want to get at him.

BANG! BANG! BANG! PHFFT! Who put that blank in there?

AL: Listen here Kitzel -- just when and where did you ever fight a bull?

KITZEL: My dear man -- once I fought the toughest bull in all Mexico. I can see it now -- the bull came rushing at me and stuck a dart in my back. Then he rushed at me again and stuck me with another dart.

AL: Kitzel -- you're supposed to stick the darts in the bull.

KITZEL: ~~He's~~ He's telling me.

ROY: I think I should warn you what to expect. This bull is ferocious.

KITZEL: Woo, woo, woo.

ROY: He's also a killer.

KITZEL: Woo, woo, woo.

AL: Kitzel -- are you afraid?

KITZEL: No -- I got my chaps on inside out and they tickle me. Woo, woo, woo.

CAST: ~~(AD LIBS: "IS HE GONNA FIGHT THAT BULL OR NOT...LET'S GET AT IT...IS THE~~

DUK SCAREDY ....ETC..")

KITZEL: Don't get excited everybody -- I'll fight him with my bare hands.

MEL: (FORKMAN) Stranger, as a friend I think I ought to tell you the truth about my best bull. He's the wildest, deadliest critter in these parts.

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
KITZEL:  
AND COMPANY  
MEL: Mmmm, mmmm. So he's wild and deadly --

Not only that, but he's killed twenty-eight men --

**KITZEL:** Pish posh, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~, so he's killed twenty-eight. (TAKE) He has!

**ROY:** He's right inside this barn. Listen to him!

**MEL:** ~~FEROCEOUS SNORTING OF BULL~~

**KITZEL:** Oh my goodness!

**AL:** Go on in, Kitzel. Go on in Kitzel -- Go on in, Kitzel -----

**KITZEL:** Mr. Pearce -- stop pushing me. What am I -- a carpet sweeper?

**ANDY:** Go on Kitzel -- Kitzel's a'fraidy cat. Kitzel's a 'fraidy cat.

**KITZEL:** No, I'm not -- no, I'm not -- I'm going right in that barn and meet that bull face to face -- I just want to catch my breath -- and only one of us is coming out -- you understand me? Step aside everybody.

**SOUND:** ~~SLIDE WHISTLE...QUICK LOUD DOOR SLAM~~

**ROY:** Gosh -- that's a dangerous animal in there -- I hope Kitzel don't get hurt.

**SOUND:** ~~WILD SNORTING OF BULL AND KICKING FOLLOWED BY BIG CRASH~~

**AL:** Kitzel! Kitzel! For gosh sakes -- SPEAK TO ME -- Say something! Did the bull get the best of you?

**MEL:** (IN BULL'S VOICE) MOOOOOOO -- COULD BE!

**ORCHESTRA:** ~~BUMPER TO AL PEARCE~~

**AL:** Well friends thanks for joining up with the old Gang tonight. Listen in next week to us on Friday night. We have some old friends joining us Friday night -- Remember Ed and Zeb? They're going to be back next Friday night.....in person. So until then, so long and the best wish I know how to make -- best wishes and Merry Christmas to you all. Thank you.

**ORCHESTRA:** ~~(THENE TO P.A.)~~

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

ANNOUNCER:

Still wondering what to give that fellow who smokes a pipe? What he really wants is a long-lasting pound of Prince Albert --- the smoking tobacco that's no-bite treated, cooler-smoking, mild and rich-tasting! Prince Albert comes in two special holiday packages --- the pound tin and the glass humidor jar --- both done up in Christmas wrappings! Get several pounds of Prince Albert! Your friends in camp or out will really enjoy it!

THIS IS WENDELL NILES...SPEAKING.

This is the COLUMBIA.....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

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