

NAME OF SHOW

AL PEARCE SHOW

RANGE OF DATES

5/40 to 7/42

SOME WKS. MISSING

YES NO

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1940

3:30 - 4:00 P.M.
5:00 - 5:30 P.M.

PROGRAM #1

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

NEWSBOY: (TYPICAL NEWSBOY VOICE IN BACKGROUND) EXTRA!...EXTRA!!

WEN: FOR EXTRA FLAVOR --- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

WEN: FOR EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

WEN: FOR EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK, GET CAMELS -- THE CIGARETTE
 THAT GIVES YOU THE EXTRAS.

 And now the makers of Camel Cigarettes, bring you
 Al Pearce from Hollywood!

AL: Good evening, all! We're back on the air again for a new sponsor, Camel Cigarettes. It sure is nice to be back again, after a four week lay-o -- vacation. It's nice to take your vacation in April when all the presidential candidates are in bloom. I made a trip across the country by train and there were fifteen candidates in my sleeping car. I asked the conductor why we didn't have any porter and he said that a politician can always make up his own bunk. Well, at least I tried!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

AL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BILL G: Mr. Pearce?

AL: Yes, what is it, little boy?

BILL G: I've been following you all over the country, Mr. Pearce, and I'm sure that you will make thousands of new friends on your new Camel Cigarette program. I know that within a very short time you will be the most successful radio artist on the air.

AL: Thanks, boy!

BILL G: Mr. Pearce, NOW will you buy a copy of Liberty?

AL: Here's a nickel and I hope you win the bicycle.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM...DOOR OPENS

AL: Well, look who's here, of all people: CARL HOFF! Glad to see you, Carl. You're certainly looking fit -- rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. You must have had a wonderful vacation.

CARL: Yes, indeedy!
I spent my vacation in the saddle!
But not on the plain or mountain,
I'm at my best, in a loather vest
Riding stools at a soda fountain! Yipce!

AL: Oh, a drug store cowboy! Didn't you ever try to ride a real horse?

CARL: Yeah, I tried once. But I look like a cartoon strip on a horse.

AL: A cartoon strip?

CARL: Yeah, every time I got in the saddle the cowboys would yell: "There goes little Offon-Onnie!"

AL: Well, Carl Hoff is here, Wen Niles our announcer and all the other members of the cast are here, but there's nothing going on. We still haven't got an idea for our program.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

AL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

JOE: Good evening, Mr. Pearce. It is rumored around town that you still haven't got an idea for a program. I represent Camel Cigarettes. We have just completed a survey and according to the Movie and Radio Guide's poll the most successful comedian on the air is Jack Benny.

AL: Well, you can't expect me to get as many laughs as Jack Benny, I've got hair and I spend money.

JOE: Oh, come, come, Mr. Pearce, after all what has Jack Benny got that you haven't got?

AL: Fred Allen!

JOE: The secret of Mr. Benny's success lies in three things. First, he has a Maxwell. So we've bought you a Saxon. It's right out in front, I'll open the window.

SOUND: WINDOW OPENS...TERRIFIC RACKET

AL: Shut that window, the car's too noisy.

JOE: That's nothing, you should hear it when we start the motor. The second secret of Jack Benny's success is Carmichael, his polar bear. So we've bought for you, a timber wolf! That's him over there.

SOUND: HOWL OF WOLF

AL: He sounds more like a Twentieth Century-Fox! What's he howling about?

JOE: Things are very bad with him. Look at that fur on his back!

AL: What of it?

JOE: (CONFIDENTIALLY) Imitation! And last but not least, Mr. Pearce, Jack Benny has Rochester, a butler. So we've engaged a secretary for you. Here he is.

AL: How do you do, young man!

ARTHUR: Gweetings, Mr. Pearce! I'm your new secwetwary!

AL: You are? What's your name?

ARTHUR: Waymond W. Wadcliffe!

AL: What does the W stand for?

ARTHUR: Wobert! I know I'm going to enjoy working for you, Mr. Pearce, because I'm cwazy about Camel Cigawettes!

AL: Oh yes, Camel Cigawettes are Weally Wemarkable!

ARTHUR: (LAUGHS) Oh, Mr. Pearce, don't you talk stwange!

AL: Tell me, Waymond, I mean Raymond. Who did you work for last?

ARTHUR: I was Secwetary for a wealthy Chinese. He manufactured winter underwear.

AL: What was his name?

ARTHUR: Hang Far Down!

AL: How much did you get a week?

ARTHUR: Well, wuffly I got seventy-five dollars a week!

AL: You did?

ARTHUR: That's wuffly -- stwaightened out it was twelve dollars.

AL: I don't know whether to hire you or not.

JOE: He's already hired, Mr. Pearce. We took the liberty of putting him on your payroll while you were away on your vacation. In fact, Waymond -- Raymond is already running your household. I decided you were to pay him two hundred dollars per week!

AL: You decided!

JOE: Mr. Pearce, I want you to understand that I have no interest in this man here, other than to provide you with a good secretary! This man is a total stranger to me. Isn't that right, young man!

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ARTHUR: Yes, Uncle Walf!

AL: Well, that's different.

ARTHUR: I'll be a marvelous secretary to you, Mr. Pearce, you won't be sorry you hired me.

AL: Well, since you're taking care of things, Raymond, how are things going at the house?

ARTHUR: Oh, fine, Mr. Pearce, to cut down expenses I rented the house to a couple with fourteen children. They'll keep the house nice and clean.

AL: Fourteen children will keep the house clean?

ARTHUR: Yes, they run around the house so fast all day the dust doesn't get a chance to settle!

AL: But they'll ruin my expensive grand piano!

ARTHUR: No, they won't. Before they moved in I put the piano in the wall safe!

AL: The wall safe? How could you get the piano in the wall safe?

AL PEARCE AND HIS GANG -8-
5/3/40

ARTHUR: Mr. Pearce, it wasn't easy!

AL: For goodness sakes, Carl, play something. I'm going to call my house and see what's going on out there.

CARL: Okay, Al. The boys in the band want to show you musically where they went on their vacations.

ORCHESTRA: " " "

AL: Well, here's Wen Niles. Welcome back on the air with us.

WEN: Thanks, Al.

AL: Well after that swell vacation Wen, you certainly ought to have an interesting message for our audience.

WEN: Yes, I have. I had an extra fine vacation. The meals were extra fine, the beds were extra fine, the fishing was extra fine --

AL: Wait a minute, Wen --

WEN: The weather was extra fine --

AL: Wen, we're not on sustaining now, you know -- we have a sponsor, a company paying our salaries --

WEN: The service was extra fine --

AL: I know, but what about our sponsor?

WEN: His products are extra fine, too, Al. The "extras" in smoking pleasure go with slow-burning Camels! Yes, extra mildness is one. And there's extra coolness, too. It's easy to see that the slower a cigarette burns, the cooler and milder the smoking. There's extra flavor in every puff, too. Nothing interferes with cigarette flavor and aroma like too much heat from too-fast burning. But with Camels -- slow burning preserves the flavor of Camel's costlier tobaccos and let it come through in the

(CONTINUED)

WEN: .
(Cont'd) smoking. So there are three definite advantages in favor of slow-burning Camels...Extra mildness, extra coolness, and extra flavor. There's also extra smoking. In recent impartial laboratory tests, Camels burned twenty-five per cent slower than the average of the fifteen other of the largest-selling brands tested...slower than any of them. That means Camels give a smoking plus equal, on the average, to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. So get the extras. Take your smoking on the slow-burning side. Penny for penny slow-burning Camels are your best cigarette buy!

(MUSICAL CURTAIN)

ORCHESTRA: (ELMER INTRODUCTION)

WEN: (ON CUCKOO) The cuckoo signifies Elmer Blurt!
Elmer has obtained a job as an instructor for the Ajax
school of Modern Dancing, an institution that sells
dancing lessons to the house-wife right in her own home.
We find the crew-manager, escorting the new dance
instructor Elmer Blurt from door to door.

JOE: Elmer Blurt, get up off the curb. What are you doin' there?

ELMER: I'm jest settin'.

JOE: Settin'? Do you want to wear out the seat of your pants?

ELMER: I did, that's why I'm settin'! (LAUGHS)

JOE: You're awfully lazy to be a dancing teacher.

ELMER: Yeah, laziness runs in my family. My uncle Charlie is
too lazy to make his coffee in the mornin'.

JOE: What does he do?

ELMER: He just puts the coffee in his mustache and drinks hot
water.

JOE: Oh, come on -- get up on your feet. Let's knock on this
first door here and see what happens!

ELMER: Okay! (KNOCKS) 'Fraid they's nobody wants to take dancing
lessons here, I hope, I hope, I hope!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BLANCHE: Good morning!

ELMER: How 'ja do, lady! How'd you like tuh shake a leg
with me? (LAUGHS)

JOE: Blurt!-

BLANCHE: How dare you speak to me! Do you know who I am?

ELMER: No! Do you know who I am?

BLANCHE: No!

ELMER: Howdy, stranger!

JOE: Quiet, Blurt! Madame, we represent the Ajax School of
Modern Dancing. We teach all the dances from Nijinski to
Minski! Mr. Blurt here is one of our best instructors.

ELMER: Yeah, I learned all the steps from my father.

BLANCHE: Is that all your father taught you -- dance steps?

ELMER: What do you expect, he was jest my step-father!
(LAUGHS)

BLANCHE: Well -- I'll try one lesson!

ELMER: All right, lady, first we'll try the bank teller's
waltz...

BLANCHE: How do you do the bank teller's waltz?

ELMER: You take one step and then skip!

BLANCHE: Well, I'm an old-fashioned girl. Could I learn to do the square dance?

ELMER: Lady, you got jost the head for it. Now jost put your arms around me and I'll show you the new dance that's sweepin' the country called the "Y" dance.

BLANCHE: The "Y" dance?

ELMER: Yeah, you put your arms around me first --

BLANCHE: Like this?

ELMER: Yeah, only tighter. That's right. Now I put my arms around you! Now you put your cheek next to mine --

BLANCHE: Like this?

ELMER: Yeah, like this. That's all!

BLANCHE: That's all?

ELMER: Yeah -- "Y" dance?? (LAUGHS)

JOE: Blurt! Cut out that foolishness! We're here on business. Dance with the lady. And count the time!

ELMER: Okay!

JOE: (HUMS SKATER'S WALTZ...TO START ELMER OFF)

ELMER: Two to the right, four to the left; six to the right,
eight to the left -- fourteen to the right,
twenty-six to the left --

JOE: Two to right -- fourteen to left -- Blurt, what kind of
counting is that? Are you counting the steps?

ELMER: No, I'm countin' the freckles on her nose.

JOE: Is that any way to talk to a customer? Her skin is
beautiful and soft.

BLANCHE: Yes, my face is satin!

ELMER: Yes -- it looks like somebody sat in it! (LAUGHS) Now
I'll teach you how to do 'peckin'."

BLANCHE: "Peckin'. I'm not interested in "Peckin!" I'm no
chicken.

ELMER: You're tellin' me!

JOE: Here's the way it goes, Blurt, look; One and Two;
One and **Two**; One and Two. Now, have you got it?

ELMER: Yeah.

JOE: What is it?

ELMER: Three.

BLANCHE: This step is a little difficult for me because I'm laced up so tight.

ELMER: Yeah, I can see you're bustle-bound!

JOE: Now comes the most difficult step of all, the Adagio! Lady, you step back ten paces, run and jump into Mr. Blurt's arms.

BLANCHE: Oh, I've always wanted to do the Adagio -- I love it. Is this far enough back? (OFF MIKE)

JOE: Yes --

ELMER: Oh gosh, here's my big chance!

BLANCHE: (OFF MIKE) All right, here I come! Catch me!

SOUND: PATTTER OF FEET...WIND WHISTLE...CRASH

BLANCHE: (SCREAMS JUST BEFORE THE CRASH) (GROANS)

JOE: Blurt, Blurt! You were supposed to catch her. Why did you step aside?

ELMER: I always step aside to let a lady go by!

ORCHESTRA: (CHORD OR CHASER)

AL: I'm sure you'll all be glad to know that Marie Greene and her Merry Men are with us on this new Camel series. Marie, did you enjoy your vacation?

MARIE: Oh, yes, Al, it was marvelous! There were no mosquitos, no sand-fleas, no crowds, no sun-burn --

AL: My goodness, where did you go?

MARIE: I stayed home.

AL: You stayed home? Why? Economy?

MARIE: No -- I figured it was a great time to do a lot of of good practicing -- Tonight I'm going to try to hit an "F" sharp above high "C", in our special arrangement of "Dixie."

AL: Well, be careful you don't hit "F" flat. All right Carl, the music.

"DIXIE"

MARIE GREENE AND HER MERRY MEN

NILES: If you want both luxury and thrift in your cigarette smoking, pick your cigarette for slower-burning. Slower-burning Camels give a cooler, milder smoke. And because slow burning lets the flavor come through, Camels give you more flavor...the matchless flavor of finer, more expensive tobaccos. And there's also an economy side to Camel's slower way of burning. On the basis of twenty-five per cent slower burning in the tests explained before, Camels give a smoking plus equal, on the average, to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. If you live in a community where certain state cigarette taxes are in effect, you can save the cost of the tax through smoking Camels. If there are no added taxes where you live, the savings are all yours. So turn to Camels...the slower-burning cigarette of costlier tobaccos. Penny for penny, Camels are your best cigarette buy!

(MUSICAL CURTAIN)

WEN: Say, Al, did you go over and see what happened to your house after your new secretary leased it out to the man with fourteen kids?

AL: I'll say I did. Boy, that place looked like a "hurricane" had dropped in for a week-end!

WEN: Tell us all about it, Al.

AL: Well, Carl and I walked up to the door and knocked, and a man answered ---

SOUND: FADE IN OVER TALK TO KNOCK (BOB CUE GOULD ON KNOCK)

ARTIE: Hi Yi Rancho Grande, hello my little frandy! Yipee!

AL: Mr. Kitzel! Are you the man that rented my house?

ARTIE: Yes, could be! Come in, gentlemen! Mr, Hoff, can I take your hat and coat?

CARL: Yes.

AL: Why don't you take my hat and coat?

ARTIE: Yours won't fit me! Mr. Pearce, you'll find the house in perfect condition! Even to the picture on the wall of Whistler's Father!

AL: Whistler's Father? You mean Whistler's Mother!

ARTIE: No, Father. My little boy painted a mustache on it!

AL: Carl, just look at this place. Mr. Kitzel, what's this broken glass doing all over the floor?

ARTIE: It's my fault, I forgot to sweep it under the rug. That's a vase.

AL: You mean vahse!

ARTIE: As I was saying, that's a vase.

AL: I said vahse!

ARTIE: It vahse a vase, now it's nothing! Mr. Pearce, I've kept your place in beautiful organization. Every morning at eight o'clock one of my sons takes the lawn-cutter and chops off the top of the grass.

AL: You mean mow!

ARTIE: No, Sammy, Moe doesn't get up till eleven. You see, Moe opened up in this house a clinic.

AL: You've got a clinic in my house? Dental clinic or medical clinic?

ARTIE: No, dry clinic and pressing! Sammy over here is a dancer.

CARL: That overgrown horse is a dancer?

ARTIE: What do you mean, overgrown? He's as light as a feather. Sammy!

JOE: Yes, papa!

ARTIE: Jump up in the air and click your heels together!

JOE: Okay, Papa, here I go!

SOUND: TWO CLICKS

ARTIE: Very good, Sammy, you can come down now!

AL: How does he stay up in the air like that?

ARTIE: He forces himself! Maybe you gentlemen would like a bite to eat here. A nice cold snack?

AL: We'd love it.

ARTIE: I'll call my wife! Heddy! Oh, Heddy!

BLANCHE: Yes, Tyrone!

ARTIE: What's on the ice?

BLANCHE: Sonja Henie!

CARL: Not a bad dish!

ARTIE: (LAUGHS) I don't like it.

AL: Mr. Kitzel, don't tell me that woman is your wife!

ARTIE: Say -- it could happen to anybody!

AL: It's a shame, what you've done to my house. This place certainly looks like a shambles.

ARTIE: Don't be so uppity puppy! The service in this joint ain't so good! Every time I want breakfast in bed I got to yell my lungs out!

AL: You don't have to do that, why don't you pull the cord by the bed.

ARTIE: I did.

AL: What happened?

ARTIE: My pajamas fell down!

AL: Well, I know one thing. You and your whole family are going to get out of here right away. But before you go I want to take inventory. Let's check over everything in the house.

ARTIE: Oh, -- let's check everything over in the house, --
We got here:

Zippers, clippers, we cut the carpet up for slippers
Spades, shades and old razor blades
Flowers, towers, comes the revolution they'll be ours
Spice, rice and assorted mice

And also in A-Number One condition we got here:

Over-alls, tennis balls, termites marching in the walls
Cars, jars, give the man a box of Mars Candy Bars
Fire-place, parking space, and a nursery just in case
Doors, floors and a chifonier that's lost its drawers
(SINGS) And the storm comes up like thunder from the
plumbing 'cross the hall!

MUSIC: (MUSICAL BUMPER...FADE TO NEWSBOY ON CUE)

AL PEARCE AND HIS GANG . -22-
5/3/40

NEWSBOY: (TYPICAL NEWSBOY VOICE IN BACKGROUND) EXTRA!...EXTRA!...

ANNOUNCER: CAMELS give you extra flavor.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

ANNOUNCER: CAMELS give you extra mildness and extra coolness.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

ANNOUNCER: CAMELS give you extra smoking per pack. Try CAMELS -- the cigarette that gives you the extras. CAMELS bring you three other great shows each week.

AL: Yes, Wen, and I'm happy to be a new member of the Camel family of Programs -- which includes "Luncheon at the Waldorf" with Ilka Chase on Saturday. And incidentally it's a very smart show, a new high in daytime entertainment. On Saturday night there's Bob Crosby and Mildred Bailey featuring music with a "heart-beat". And on Monday night it's the radio version of the famous comic strip "Blondie". And by the way, don't miss Blondie next week, she's starting to make home movies. That's for your radio enjoyment.

WEN: And for your smoking enjoyment -- try Camels, the cigarette that gives you the extras! And brings you AL PEARCE every Friday.

AL: Good night folks, we'll be seein' you next Friday.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR WEN)

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WEN: When it comes to a cooler-smoking pipe tobacco, here's a settled fact: In recent laboratory "smoking bowl" tests, Prince Albert burned eighty-six degrees cooler than the average of the thirty other of the largest-selling brands tested...coolest of all! Prince Albert is the world's largest-selling smoking tobacco. It's "crimp cut" and "no-bite" treated to give you supreme comfort and enjoyment right down to the last puff. Try cooler-smoking Prince Albert...the National Joy Smoke. There's no other tobacco like it.

(CUE) This is Wendell Niles speaking, And
This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM!