

As broadcast

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1940

3:50 - 4:00 P.M.
5:00 - 5:30 P.M.

PROGRAM #3

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!

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

51459 0372

AL: Good evening, all. Well, friends, it looks like all we've been reading in the papers about censorship of the movies is true. I saw a sign on a theatre marquee that read: TODAY! HEDY LAMARR! FIFTEEN DEGRESS COOLER! Of course when I got inside I found that they had just turned on the cooling system. It was so cold in there that even the married couples were holding hands.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DICK: Stop! Stop, Mister Pearce! Stop I say!

AL: Just a minute! Who are you and what's the idea of coming in here and interrupting this program?

DICK: Mister Pearce -- I'm a radio critic! I've been listening to your program week after week and what do I hear -- LAUGHS, LAUGHS, NOTHING BUT LAUGHS!

AL: Are you sure it was this program?

DICK: What radio needs is a drastic shake-up -- a change. I twist the knob on my radio all day and what do I hear?

AL: I don't know. What do you hear from the knob?

DICK: I'm serious, Mister Pearce. You listen all day to the radio and what do you hear on every station?

AL: Aunt Jenny says My Way is the Spry Way!

DICK: No-no-no -- you don't understand. There's too much laughter, gaiety and nonsense. What radio needs is stark, gripping drama. Like this -- I'll turn on this radio...Listen!

SOUND: RADIO SWITCH TURNED ON

WEN: Ah, Mildred darling, you are ravishing, beautiful, glamorous, exquisite! What makes your eyes sparkle so brightly tonight?

VERNA: Henry, my darling -- do you really want to know?

WEN: Yes, my sweet -- I've got to know!

VERNA: This morning I started taking Mother Quill's Little Pills!

WEN: Not the pills that come in the handy package for ten and twenty-five cents at your neighborhood druggist?

VERNA: Yes, dear! Shall we dance?

DICK: There you are, Mister Pearce! That's what radio needs. More drama -- stark, gripping drama.

AL: But wait a minute. I'm no Orson Welles. I can't write that kind of stuff!

DICK: That's where I come in! I have brought with me the greatest playwright in the world! Come in, Genius!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

KITZEL: Hi, yi-o-Rancho Grande. I write my plays Short Handy!

AL: Now wait a minute! I know you! Aren't you my old friend,
Mister Kitzel?

KITZEL: Mmmmmmyah! Could be! And Mister Pearce -- you are lucky
to see me. I have written a play for you that just won the
No-Bell Prize!

AL: Your play won the No-Bell Prize?

KITZEL: Sure.: Jimmy Fidler saw it and gave it No-Bell!

AL: Just as I thought, Mister Kitzel...why you couldn't even
write your own name!

KITZEL: Oh, tut-tut-tut, I can to write my own name!

AL: All right -- let me see you do it!

KITZEL: What? From memory?

DICK: Mister Kitzel, here, gets all his ideas for plays from real
life.

KITZEL: That's right, my little man! Not long ago my daughter eloped
with our apartment house janitor -- and what did I write --

AL: What?

KITZEL: Gone with the Window Cleaner! And then a few months ago my wife presented me with twin boys -- I took one look at those two baby boys -- and what did I write?

AL: What?

KITZEL: My Son! My Son!

AL: Well, come, come, Mister Kitzel. What kind of a play have you written for me?

KITZEL: Oh, my, oh, my, have I written a play for you. I'm the leading man and it starts off with me kissing the leading lady for twenty minutes!

AL: You kiss the leading lady for twenty minutes? Then what happens?

KITZEL: The curtain goes up and the play begins!

AL: Wait a minute, what part do I play in this production?

KITZEL: Well, in the second scene you join the Foreign Legion and go away to Africa to forget.

AL: What about my acting in the first scene?

KITZEL: That's what you go away to forget... You leave the Legion and obtain for yourself a position selling knock-knicks to the Arabs. You are traveling across the desert with the boss --

AL: Boss? You mean my employer?

KITZEL: No, the Greyhound Boss!

AL: Listen, I don't like that part at all.

KITZEL: Oh, tut, tut, tut! He doesn't like that part at all!
Don't be so uppity-puppity! I've written plays for such
people as:

Rooney, Paul Muni, and one Looney Tuney,

Peter Lorre, Victor Jory, they threw out my story
Rathbone, Franchot Tone, I got more so hold the phone
Flynn, Wynn, and Rin Tin Tin.

Not to mention some slightly colossal sketches that I've
written for:

Benny, Sonya Henny, even Prudence Penny

Laughton, Everett Haughton, for them I worked for
naughton

Taylor, Ruby Kaylor, and Pop-eye the Sailor

Mix, Dix, the show closed in two weeks,
So let's turn out the lights and save the bills! Yeah!

AL: I still don't believe you're a playwright, Mr. Kitzel.
You haven't suffered enough!

KITZEL: I haven't suffered enough! tell him about my life's
story!

DICK: (STORY)
(KEEP TWENTY SECONDS IF POSSIBLE)

AL PEARCE AND HIS GANG
5/17/40

6-A

DICK:

Once upon a time there was a young man by the name of Kitzel. His name had to be Kitzel because his father's name was Kitzel, so how could it be anything but Kitzel. Every day he would cross the tracks and go to school. The school was on the other side of the tracks so he had to cross the tracks because he couldn't get to school without crossing the tracks. Everytime he crossed the tracks the train would go chug-chug-chug and the engine would go psss-psss-psss-psss and the bell would go ding-ding-ding and the whistle would go bam-bam-whoo-whoo and when the train went puff-puffing by with a clackety-rackety-psss-psss-bam-bam-whoo-whoo and little Kitzel would cross the tracks and go to school. When he started out he was a little boy way down here. He had to be a little boy way down here because if he was way up here he'd be a big boy and he was a little boy -- but now he's a big boy and he's way up here. And he grew and he grew and he grew and he grew and he grew and so, Mister Pearce, that is the story of Kitzel's life.

51459 0378

AL PEARCE AND HIS GANG
5/17/40

-7-

AL: He certainly led a fast life!

KITZEL: (LAUGHS) He certainly led a fast life! I don't like it!

AL: Well, I didn't think much of it myself but I'm sure
you'll all like Carl Hoff's arrangement of that popular
hit of the day: "The Woodpecker Song." All right,
Carl, start peckin' --

"THE WOODPECKER SONG"

ORCHESTRA

51459 0379

NILES: It's the extras that make Camels America's favorite cigarette...the extra mildness, extra coolness, and extra flavor that come from Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos and slower way of burning. That unique slower way of burning also means 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 a smoking plus equal, on the average, to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. So turn to slower-burning Camels, the cigarette that gives you the "extras." Penny for penny Camels are your best cigarette buy!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

ORCHESTRA: (ELMER INTRODUCTION)

WEN: (ON CUCKOO) The cuckoo stands for Elmer Blurt, America's super-low-pressure salesman. Last week Elmer lost his job in the drug store, but did that discourage him? It did not! He is just as full of fight and ambition as ever, and we find him at home, dreaming about his future!

ELMER: (SNORES) (WITH WHISTLE REFRAIN)

GRANDMA: Elmer! Elmer! Wake up!

ELMER: Oh Gosh. What is it, Grandma?

GRANDMA: Get out of that bed. Do you know it's three o'clock in the afternoon!

ELMER: What day?

GRANDMA: Elmer, I'm disappointed in you. What are you going to do about getting a job?

ELMER: Don't worry, Grandma, one o' these days I'll have an income of one hundred dollars per month.

GRANDMA: Oh, that will be fine because I have an income of ninety-five dollars a month.

ELMER: I included that in. (LAUGHS)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

ELMER: Maybe that's a job for me now, I hope, I hope, I hope.

SOUND: PHONE OFF HOOK

ELMER: Hello!

DICK: (FILTER) Elmer Blurt?

ELMER: How do you do, Mr. Blurt!

DICK: No, no, you're Blurt! I'm Mr. Adams of the Adams Window Display Company, and I'm looking for a bright young man with experience. Are you a window dresser?

ELMER: No, I always pull down the shades.

DICK: Well, if you'll do for the job, I'll pay you fifteen dollars a week. Meet me in ten minutes at the corner of Fifth and Mozart Street.

ELMER: Fifth and what street?

DICK: MOZART! MOZART! M like in Mayonnaise!

ELMER: May who?

DICK: Mayonnaise! Have you got it?

ELMER: Just a minute. Grandma, have we got any mayonnaise?

DICK: No, no! Forget the mayonnaise! M as in anything, make it mustard.

ELMER: Grandma, cancel the mayonnaise and make it mustard!

DICK: No, no, no! Listen, have you got a pencil?

ELMER: Yeah.

DICK: Then write this down. Mozart Street! M like in Marshmellow!

ELMER: What happened to mustard?

DICK: No, no, you dumb-bell! M! M! Just the letter M! What comes after L!

ELMER: L like in what?

DICK: Oh, forget about Mozart! Meet me at the corner of Fifth and Cherry, and if you're not there in ten minutes you don't get the job! Goodbye!

SOUND: PHONE CLICK

ELMER: Gosh, I sure gotta get down there in a hurry.

ORCHESTRA: (SHORT MUSICAL BRIDGE FADES INTO STREET SOUNDS)

SOUND: STREET SOUNDS...FADES INTO LIGHT BACKGROUND FOR SPEECH

ELMER: Gosh, I don't see the man that's gonna give me that job here on this corner. He must be over there across the street.

JOE: (TOUGH COP) Hey you! Get back on the curb! What's the idea of crossin' the street against traffic! Don't you know what red and green lights are for?

ELMER: For Christmas trees!

JOE: Oh, a wise guy, eh! The green light means GO! The red light means STOP! Now what does the yellow light mean?

ELMER: You got to run like the dickens to beat the red light!

JOE: You stay there on that curb until I whistle twice. Two whistles mean go, one whistle means stop!

SOUND: TWO WHISTLES

JOE: All right, you can go now!

ELMER: Thanks, officer!

WEN: Elmer, -- Elmer Blurt?

ELMER: Yes sir!

WEN: I'm a G-man and I've been following you for eight blocks. I want to question you.

ELMER: What about?

WEN: (AFFECTED) Who makes your clothes.

SOUND: ONE BLAST ON WHISTLE

ELMER: Oh, gosh, there's the whistle, I gotta hurry!

SOUND: BUNCH OF SHORT BLASTS ON WHISTLE

JOE: Hey you! So you're crossing the street against the red light again!

ELMER: Again? I'm tryin' to get over jest once!

JOE: I told you to wait on the curb for the green light and two whistles!

ELMER: Okay, officer!

SOUND: TWO WHISTLES

JOE: All right, you can go now.

ELMER: Thanks, officer!

CARL: Just a minute, young man --

ELMER: Mister, I'm in a hurry --

CARL: I'm from the RECRUITING OFFICE, how would you like to join the navy?

ELMER: I can't talk to you right now --

CARL: But don't you like to travel?

ELMER: Yup-yup -- I like to travel!

CARL: Then wouldn't you like to join the navy and go across to China?

ELMER: No. I just want to join the crowd and go across the ~~street~~ street.

CARL: But just think -- the Navy also goes to Bali. Wouldn't you like to go to Bali and see those beautiful women walking around with baskets of fruit on their heads?

ELMER: No, not for me.

CARL: Why not?

ELMER: I don't like fruit!

SOUND: ONE WHISTLE

*Cut on
2nd show.*

ELMER: So long! I gotta make this green light!

SOUND: BUNCH OF SHORT BLASTS ON WHISTLE

JOE: GET BACK THERE! GET BACK ON THE CURB!

ELMER: But, officer --

JOE: None of your back talk! If I have to tell you about those lights once more, I'm going to take you to the police station!

ELMER: Where is the police station?

JOE: Across the street!

ELMER: Well, that's one way of getting there -- let's go!

JOE: You stay right on that curb till I blow the whistle!

SOUND: TWO BLASTS ON WHISTLE

JOE: Okay -- now you can make it!

ELMER: I got to get over there and meet Mister Adams and get that job. Nobody's going to stop me this time!

WOMAN: Help! Help! Young man, I've lost my little boy! Will you help me find him?

ELMER: But, lady -- I haven't got time!

WOMAN: But it will only take a second. You'll recognize him right away. He has my hair and my teeth!

ELMER: Gosh. I hope he doesn't lost 'em!

WOMAN: I can't imagine where he is. Do you think he might have gone across the street?

ELMER: No. He'd never make it! Well, I gotta run now, lady!

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

SOUND: ONE BLAST ON WHISTLE

JOE: HEY -- COME BACK HERE!

SOUND: SERIES OF SHORT BLASTS

JOE: I SAID COME BACK HERE!

ELMER: Not me -- I'm across now!

JOE: Oh, you're across, eh? BUT JUST WAIT TILL YOU HAVE TO
CROSS THIS STREET AGAIN!

ELMER: Don't worry -- I won't! Now, where is Mister Adams?
He should be over here on this corner some place!

DICK: (CALLING, OFF MIKE) Elmer! Elmer! (WHISTLE THROUGH
FINGERS) ELMER!

ELMER: (CALLING) Where are you Mister Adams?

DICK: Here I am!

ELMER: Where?

DICK: On the other side of the street!

ELMER: (CRIES) Oh, gosh -- oh, gosh!

MUSIC: (ELMER CHASER)

AL PEARCE AND HIS GANG 16-A
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AL: I'm sure that you'll all want to give Marie Greene
an orchid tonight for the way she sings: "Who'll Buy
My Violets." As always, she'll be assisted by the
Merry Men and Carl Hoff's Orchestra. All right,
Carl, lead off!

"WHO'LL BUY MY VIOLETS"

ORCHESTRA, MARIE GREENE AND MERRY MEN

NILES: Earlier in the program this evening I mentioned the fact that Camels are the cigarette that gives you the "extras." Extra mildness, extra coolness, and extra flavor. I also mentioned that Camels give you extra smoking per cigarette per pack, because they are slower burning. And science has confirmed this observation.

LAKE: 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.

NILES: That means a smoking plus equal, on the average, to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. Camel smokers -- and only Camel smokers -- enjoy that special ^{blind and} slow-burning economy.

JERRY: I live in a community where certain state cigarette taxes are in effect, and I save the cost of the tax, through smoking Camels:

NILES: If there are no added taxes where you live, the savings of Camel's extra smoking are all yours. Ladies and gentlemen, get the cigarette that gives you the extras... get Camels. Penny for penny slow-burning Camels are your best cigarette buy!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: Well, friends, after all the trouble we went through with Mr. Kitzel, we finally selected one of his plays to present for you tonight. It's a thrilling drama of the white man's struggle with the Indians, our version of Northwest Passage entitled: "Hitch-hiking up the River," or "Thumbs Along the Mohawk."
Set the scene, Wen.

WEN: Many years ago, when the Brooklyn Dodgers were in last place in the National League, the Indians were attacking white settlers in the Northwest country. As the scene opens, General Pearce is assembling his troops to move against the Red Men! Lights, camera, music!!

ORCHESTRA: (FEW BARS OF TOM-TOM INDIAN MUSIC...FADES)

AL: Bugler! Oh, Bugler!

CARL: Yes General!

AL: I wish to speak to the men, blow assembly!

TRUMPET: (STARTS ASSIMBLY,.SEGUES INTO HOT LICKS)

AL: That's enough, Corporal Louis Armstrong! Men -- I want you all to pay attention and obey me! After all, 'I, I'm the General, ain't I? I said, I'm the general, ain't I? (PLEADING WITH A SNIFFLE) Well, ain't I, fellows?

CHORUS: Oh, sure!

AL: Thanks! Men, I'm looking for a volunteer to lead our troops into the savage Indian country. Whoever wants to volunteer for this dangerous task, take one step forward!

SOUND: SOUND OF TWO STEPS

AL: Ah, so you're the one brave man in this company!

ARTHUR: Greetings, General Pearce!

AL: Did you volunteer to lead our attack against the Indians?

ARTHUR: No, General Pearce.

AL: Then why did you take one step forward?

ARTHUR: I didn't, all the others took one step back.

AL: If you're not a brave man, where did you get all those medals on your chest?

ARTHUR: This medal I got for saving a man's life, I jumped off a bridge one hundred feet high.

AL: Oh, you jumped off the bridge!

ARTHUR: Yes!

AL: And what did you do to get that second medal?

ARTHUR: I jumped back again!

AL: And what did you do to get that third medal?

ARTHUR: I jumped back again!

AL: That's twice you jumped back!

ARTHUR: I couldn't make it in one jump!

AL: Why did you join this band of Indian fighters?

ARTHUR: For revenge, General, the Indians killed my mother
and father?

AL: Orphan?

ARTHUR: No, just once!

AL: Major, we start for the Indian country at once.
Take command!

ARTHUR: Yes sir, General. All right men, line up along the
bank of the river.

SOUND: SCUFFLING

ARTHUR: Now, fall in!

SOUND: TERRIFIC SPLASH

ARTHUR: Don't take me so literally! All right men, wring out
your clothes and follow me. I will lead the way on
horseback. I'm off!

SOUND: HORSE GALLOP...THEN CRASH

ARTHUR: I'm off again!

AL: There's only one way to keep you in the saddle, Major,
and I do mean glue!

ARTHUR: All right, men, forward march!

SOUND: MARCHING MEN! (SEVERAL SECONDS)

ARTHUR: Company, halt!

SOUND: MEN STOP

ARTHUR: That's a thousand miles we've covered! Fall out and we'll all get some sleep!

SOUND: SNORE

ARTHUR: That's enough! Forward march!

SOUND: MARCHING MEN! (TEN SECONDS)

ARTHUR: Company halt!

SOUND: MEN STOP

ARTHUR: We've travelled another thousand miles! Now we'll all have a bowl of soup!

SOUND: THREE INHALATIONS

ARTHUR: That's enough! Forward march!

SOUND: MARCHING MEN... (FIVE SECONDS)

ARTHUR: Company, halt!

BILLY: Marching feet! Marching, marching, marching, I can't stand it, I tell you I can't stand it any longer!

AL: Who are you?

BILLY: The sound effect man!

ARTHUR: General, general! Here comes an Indian, staggering through the woods. He looks like he's been running for days!

AL: Halt; Indian, what tribe are you from?

KITZEL: Me hock-shop Indian!

AL: Hock-shop Indian?

KITZEL: Yes, Pawnee! My name Anaemic Sam!

AL: Anaemic Sam?

KITZEL: Yes, me half-bleed! I have a message from the Indians to Major Rogers!

ARTHUR: I'm Major Rogers, read it to me!

KITZEL: (STRING OF POLISH JARGON)

ARTHUR: What does that mean?

KITZEL: I just read it, I don't explain it.

AL: I know what it means. We're getting close to the Indians and it's very dangerous!

SOUND: ZING OF ARROW AND PLUNK

AL: They're shooting at us now!

SOUND: ZING OF ARROW AND PLUNK

AL: Look Major, that arrow wrapped itself around your neck!

ARTHUR: Goody -- Goody -- I'm the first one to wear an arrow collar!

SOUND: ZING OF ARROW AND PLUNK

CARL: Egads! They got me!

AL: Sergeant Hoff, where did they get you?

CARL: They shot me two inches above the head!

AL: How could they shoot you two inches above the head?

CARL: I jumped!

KITZEL: General, I will make the Indians stop fighting if I can smoke your pipe of peace!

AL: Leave that alone, that isn't a pipe, that's a gun.

KITZEL: Me smokem your pipe of peace.

AL: I tell you that's not a pipe, it's a gun!

KITZEL: Don't bother me, me smokem your pipe!

SOUND: EXPLOSION

KITZEL: Golly, you sure smokem extra strong tobacco!

WEN: For extra mildness smoke Camels.

AL: Major, how did that plug get in there!

ARTHUR: General -- it wasn't easy! Say, here comes one of our Scouts to report!

ELMER: Private Elmer Blurt reporting, I hope, I hope, I hope!

ARTHUR: Private Blurt, we're just about to cross into enemy territory. Do you think it's safe to go across here!

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ELMER: No Major, you'll never be able to get across here!

ARTHUR: But we've got to cross here!

ELMER: All right, but you'll never make it!

ARTHUR: Oh yes we will! All right men, forward march!

SOUND: MARCHING MEN FOR JUST A SECOND...POLICE WHISTLE...SERIES
OF SHORT BLASTS

JOE: Hey you, get back on that curb, you can't cross against
the red light.

ELMER: See, I told you you'd never make it!

MUSIC: (BUMPER...FADE TO NEWSBOY)

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: That's right, Wen. On Saturday, there's "Luncheon at the Waldorf" with Ilka Chase who will have as her guest Margaret Bourke White, famous photographer, just returned from the European War Zone! You'll find it a new high in daytime entertainment. On Saturday night tune in and hear Bob Crosby and Mildred Bailey, featuring music with a "heartbeat." And next Monday night it's the radio version of the famous comic strip "Blondie," with Dagwood taking up the manly art of self defense. That's for your radio enjoyment.

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

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

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR WEN)

AL PEARCE AND HIS GANG -26-
5/17/40

ANNOUNCER: Pipe smokers! Make Prince Albert your standby for smoking joy. Enjoy a smoke that's so much cooler. In recent impartial 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! That cool burning means special mildness, rich, smooth taste without harshness. Prince Albert is also "crimp cut" and "no-bite" treated. Men, try Prince Albert...the National Joy Smoke. There's no other tobacco like it!

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

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM!

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