

As broadcast

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1940

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

PROGRAM #4

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)

AL: Good evening, all! Last Friday night we presented our radio version of "Northwest Passage." And all week long, letters have been pouring in by the thousands. I wish you could have read some of the comments. I didn't know people could be so mean! Just to get even, tonight we're going to present a thrilling mystery play called "Murder in a Sweater Shop," or, "Much Ado About Knitting." It seems the victim was hit on the head by a ball of wool --

BILL: Say, Mr. Pearce, I realize that I'm just a lowly sound effect man, but I have worked out a "peachie" sound effect for our play. The villain and the girl are struggling on top of a high cliff above the ocean. She finally pushes him and he falls into the ocean with a loud splash!

AL: Well, let's hear it Billie!

BILL: Okay! (DEEP VOICE) (DIRTY LAUGH) Ha, ha, ha, ha!
At last I have you where I want you!
(GIRL'S VOICE) Unhand me, you villain!
(DEEP VOICE) Come to my arms!
(GIRL'S VOICE) (SCREAMS) Don't you touch me!
I'll push you over the cliff!
(DEEP VOICE) Oh no you won't.
(GIRL'S VOICE) Oh, yes I will!
(DEEP VOICE) Oh, no you won't!
(GIRL'S VOICE) Oh, yes I will!
(DEEP VOICE) Curses! She pushed me! I'm falling!

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE AND CLUNK

AL: Wait a minute, he was supposed to fall off the cliff
into the ocean, but there wasn't any splash.

BILL: Can I help it if the tide was out!

AL: Billie, how do you think of things like that?

BILL: I don't know, Mr. Pearce, I guess I'm just stupid!

AL: Well, Billy, we'll see if there's a part for you as soon as my Secretary Raymond rRadcliffe gets here with the script. Oh, hello, Raymond.

ARTHUR: Greetings, Mr. Pearce!

AL: What made you so late?

ARTHUR: I couldn't find my twousers, so I had to wear a pair of yours.

AL: You're wearing my pants? Raymond, you're three times as big as I am! How could you get into my pants?

ARTHUR: Mr. Pearce, it wasn't easy!...I had to struggle for two hours to get them on.

AL: Two hours? You must be all in!

ARTHUR: Gracious I hope so...You see, Mr. Pearce, I want to play the leading role in our play tonight!

AL: But you don't know anything about romantic roles. For instance, if you wanted to make love to Carole Lombard, what would you do?

ARTHUR: I'd wait 'til Clark Gable was out of town, qk -- qk!

AL: ~~What I mean is~~, you don't know how to talk properly.
Suppose you have the girl of your dreams in your
arms, what would you say?

ARTHUR: Darling, I love you, I love you, I love you!

AL: (MIMICS HIM) I wove you, I wove you, I wove you!
The audience would get up and leave.

ARTHUR: That's all right, when I make love I want to be alone!

AL: Raymond, you'll never be an actor until you stop
pronouncing your "R's" like "W's."

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

AL: Come in!

JOE: (ROLLING HIS "R'S") Good evening, Mr. Pearce. It is
rumored around town that your Secretary,
Raymond W. Radcliffe pronounces his "R's" like "W's."

AL: That's R-r-r-r-right!

JOE: I am professor Randolph Rickenbacker, and I can teach your secretary how to read and recite correctly.

AL: Did you know you had a "ping" in your motor?

ARTHUR: Professor, I would be very happy to have you teach me. What do I do first?

JOE: First, take a very deep breath.

ARTHUR: All right. (BREATHES IN DEEPLY)

SOUND: RIPPING OF CLOTH

ARTHUR: My goodness!

AL: My pants!

JOE: Now Raymond, repeat this sentence after me: "THE RUTHLESS, RUGGED, RENEGADE RAN RECKLESSLY 'ROUND THE RHUBARB."

ARTHUR: Professor, would you mind repeating that again?

JOE: "THE RUTHLESS, RUGGED, RENEGADE RAN RECKLESSLY 'ROUND THE RHUBARB."

ARTHUR: Would you mind repeating that again?

AL: What's the matter, Raymond, can't you hear him?

ARTHUR: Yes, but I just love to see his Adam's apple bob up and down ~~when he talks~~.

AL: Listen, Raymond, if you want to be in my play, you do what the Professor says. Now repeat that.

ARTHUR: Listen, Raymond, if you want to be in my play --

AL: No, no, repeat what the professor says. The rrruthless, rrrugged, rrr -- professor, you tell him.

JOE: "THE RUTHLESS, RUGGED, RENEGADE RAN RECKLESSLY 'ROUND THE RHUBARB."

ARTHUR: "The wuthless, wugged, wenogade, wan wecklessly wound the wubarb."

JOE: No, no, no! Rrrrrr, Rrrrrr, Rrrrrr!

ARTHUR: Professor you should wear a muzzle!

AL: Listen, Raymond -- can you say cigarettes?

ARTHUR: CAMELS.

AL: Well, that's close enough!

JOE: Mr. Pearce, now let me try one. Raymond! Say after me
the word: Rrrright!

ARTHUR: Wight!

JOE: No, wight is wrong!

ARTHUR: Wight is wong? Do you feel all right, Daddy?

JOE: Yes, I feel all right, but you said wong! Say Wrong!
Say Wrong!

ARTHUR: Dorothy Lamour!

JOE: That's the wrong sarong!

AL: Look, Raymond, it's wrong, wrong -- there is no Wong!

ARTHUR: There is no Wong?

AL: No.

ARTHUR: Then who does my laundry?

JOE: Ohhhh, he makes me so mad. I'll give you one more chance.
For the last time, repeat this sentence after me: "THE
RUTHLESS, RUGGED, RENEGADE RAN RECKLESSLY 'ROUND THE
RHUBARB."

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ARTHUR: (CORRECTLY) The ruthless, rugged, renegade ran
recklessly 'round the rhubarb! Gosh, did that come out of
me?

AL: That's marvelous, marvelous! Raymond, you're cured!
Aren't you happy?

ARTHUR: No!

AL: You're not happy? Why not?

ARTHUR: Who can go around saying that scwewey thing all day wong!

AL: Oh, wats everything has gone wong tonight, pway
something, Carl!

CARL: Okay, in answer to several requests, Al, we'll swing
into the "National Emblem March!"

"NATIONAL EMBLEM MARCH"

ORCHESTRA

NILES:

When you go out to buy cigarettes tonight or tomorrow, just remember this: The big "extras" in smoking are on the slow-burning side. And the slower-burning cigarette is Camel. Here are the scientific facts: In a series of impartial laboratory tests covering sixteen of the largest-selling cigarette brands -- no other cigarette burned as slow as Camels! Camels burned twenty-five per cent slower than the average of the other brands tested. That means not only extra mildness, extra coolness, and extra flavor -- it means extra smoking, too -- per cigarette and per pack. So keep your smoking on the slow-burning side...the side that gives you the "extras." Smoke Camels. Penny for penny, Camels are your best cigarette buy!

(MUSICAL CURTAIN)

ORCHESTRA: (ELMER INTRODUCTION)

WEN: (ON CUCKOO) The cuckoo stands for Elmer Blurt,
America's great, door-to-door, low-pressure salesman!
This week he is a member of the sales-force of Ajax
Baby Supplies. We find him with the other salesmen,
listening to the crew manager's morning Pep Talk!

DICK: Salesmen of the Ajax Baby Supplies Company. You are
about to start out on your daily rounds, selling little
things for little people. Now before you leave to
call upon the little mothers, let's all get in the mood
by singing our Ajax Baby Supply Song.

SOUND: PITCH PIPE

CHORUS: (TUNE: "ROCK-A-BYE BABY")

We outfit babies, from buggies to cribs
We also sell booties, rattles and bibs
When baby gets cranky
Starts in to cry
Didey di didey, didey di di!

51459 0410

DICK: All right men, you all know your districts, let's get going. I'm going out with Elmer Blurt, I think he needs some help, he just started this morning.

CHORUS: (CONFUSION OF GROUP BREAKING UP)

DICK: Now, Blurt, what does our line consist of?

ELMER: Well, we sell everything from "bottles for little tottles" to "nipples for little pipples." (LAUGHS)

DICK: Yes, and we also sell caps, booties, sweaties, and shirties, everything to make baby happy. Ah, there's nothing cuter than a little baby's girgle!

ELMER: That's silly!

DICK: What's silly?

ELMER: Little babies don't wear girgles!

DICK: Just a minute, Blurt, are you sure you know anything about babies?

ELMER: Yeah, yeah, yeah, sure, sure! I was a baby once myself. And would you believe it, the day I was born I only weighed sixteen ounces.

DICK: Sixteen ounces! How did you live?

ELMER: I sold newspapers!

DICK: That's amazing!

DICK: Here's a house here. I'll find out how much you know about selling baby things. Go on up there and knock and try and make a sale.

ELMER: Okay! (KNOCKS) 'Fraid there's no babies to home, here, I hope, I hope, I hope!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

WEN: Well, whad'dya want?

ELMER: Have you got a beautiful little baby in your house?

WEN: I haven't got any babies, but I got some little rabbits!

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- tell me about the rabbits, George!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DICK: (CALLS OFF MIKE) Elmer! Come away from there! Can't you tell there's no babies in that house?

ELMER: No, I can't see the clothes line from here!

DICK: Well, this next house has babies. I'll go with you and we'll demonstrate our Super-Special for today, the Ajax Baby Carriage, it follows the stork! Go ahead and knock.

ELMER: (KNOCKS) 'Fraid we're gonna knock off a sale here, I hope, I hope, I hope!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ELMER: How 'ja do, sir, have you got a baby here?

CARL: Yes, I've got a brand new baby boy! And is he a darling!
But I'm keeping it a secret -- I haven't told anybody!

ELMER: Not even your wife?

DICK: Now's your chance, Elmer, tell him about the size of the
carriage,

ELMER: This is a very large carriage, Mr! It's Dionne size.

CARL: Dionne size? What's that?

ELMER: Five -- by two!

CARL: Well, I don't know much about baby carriages myself, and my
wife has gone shopping, but my sister-in-law is upstairs.
I'll send her down to look at it.

DICK: Blurt, you should give the carriage a big build-up. Say
it's all metal. It has chrome wheels, chrome body and
chrome top.

ELMER: Yup, you -- it sure is chrome!

DICK: No, no, Blurt. You should tell the customer it's very sturdy! Just to demonstrate how strong it is, you get in the carriage.

ELMER: Me? Oh, gosh. (LAUGHS)

DICK: Get in that carriage and act like a baby -- here comes the lady.

ELMER: Well, okay, just for this once!

DICK: Now pull up the covers! And put on that baby's bonnet and don't forget to act like a baby!

LADY: How do you do, Chauncey said you wanted to see me --
Oh, what a darling baby! Cuchey, cuchey, cuchey, cuchey!

ELMER: (LAUGHS)

LADY: What's your name, little baby?

ELMER: Uzzle, bluggle, guggle!

LADY: What's your name?

ELMER: Uggie, bluggle, guggle!

LADY: I said, what's your name?

ELMER: I told you. three times, it's uggie, bluggle, guggle!

LADY: Oh my, he talks, too! How old is he?

DICK: He's just two!

LADY: My, he looks older!

ELMER: I forgot to shave this morning. (LAUGHS)

LADY: Isn't he cute! Be nice to Auntie Ruthie, look I have a rattle in my hand.

ELMER: You also got a squeak in your joints.

LADY: Listen to the rattle!

SOUND: BABY RATTLE, LIKE GOURD...RATTLES IT IN RUMBA RHYTHM

ELMER: Do you wanta rumba, Babe?

DICK: Now if you think your sister would like to buy this carriage, we'll fill out the order. What is your name?

LADY: Ruth Ditmars.

DICK: Your address?

ELMER: And what's your phone number?

DICK: Quiet, baby!

ELMER: Quiet yourself, Daddy, I saw her first!

LADY: He's the sweetest baby, I must take him out of the carriage and hold him on my lap.

DICK: I wouldn't do that, lady.

ELMER: You keep out of this, Daddy!

LADY: Now! Up you come! That's it. Now sit on my lap. My goodness, baby, but you're heavy!

ELMER: Maybe you'd better sit on my lap.

LADY: Now give Ruthie a great big kiss!

(KISS CONTINUING)

DICK: Elmer!

(KISS CONTINUES)

DICK: Elmer!

(KISS CONTINUES)

DICK: Elmer!

(KISS CONTINUES)

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DICK: Elmer! Remember what we came here for. We came here on
business!

ELMER: That's what I'm doing!

DICK: What do you mean?

ELMER: Boy, am I getting the business!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

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AL: Tonight Marie Green and her Merry Men bring us their own special interpretation of "Mood Indigo." All right, Marie, get us in the mood.

ORCHESTRA, MARIE GREENE AND HER MERRY MEN: "MOOD INDIGO"

(AFTER APPLAUSE)

AL: That was fine Marie -- and now ladies and gentlemen a message from our sponsor --

ARTHUR: The wuthless -- wugged -- wenegade -- wan wecklessly wound the wubarb.

AL: No, no, Arthur. I mean our announcer Wendell Niles.

ARTHUR: Oh, you mean the man who talks about Camel Cigarettes --

AL: Yes, Camel Cigaretts -- take it, Wen!

Put on 2nd Show

- NILES: Wherever you go, wherever people gather to enjoy each other's company you'll find Camel cigarettes...for more smokers prefer Camels than any other cigarette. Behind that nationwide preference are these simple facts:
- JERRY: Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos...a matchless blend that has never been equalled.
- TOMMY: Camels are definitely slower burning.
- JERRY: Camel cigarettes give you the "extras!"
- NILES: Extra mildness...extra coolness...extra flavor...yes, and extra smoking per cigarette per pack because...
- TOMMY: 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: It may never have occurred to you to notice whether your cigarette burned fast or whether it was slow burning. But if you want extra mildness, **extra** coolness, and extra flavor in your smoking, make slow-burning Camels your cigarette. You'll enjoy extra pleasure and extra smoking, too. For Camels with their twenty-five per cent slower way of burning, last longer and give a smoking plus equal on the average to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. That's why millions agree that: "Penny for penny Camels are your best cigarette buy!"

(MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: And now as we threatened at the beginning of the program, we will present our super-detective-drama entitled: THE MAN WHOSE FEET WERE KILLING HIM, or, THE CASE OF THE HOWLING DOGS! All right, Wen, set the scene!

WEN: (A LA MARCH OF TIME) The opening scene takes place in the third degree room at police headquarters, where we find the famous racket-buster, the hard-bitten iron man of the force who is feared by all criminals, Captain Pearce. The tough police captain is speaking.

AL: So you won't talk, eh! So, you won't talk, eh!
SO YOU WON'T TALK, EH! SERGEANT!

CARL: Yes, Captain!

AL: Return this parrot to the pet shop and get my money back!

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS

AL: I'll take it.

SOUND: OFF HOOK

AL: Hello, Police Headquarters! What's that? There's a man kissing a girl in a parked car at the corner of Hollywood and Vine? I'll take care of that. Hand me that police microphone. CALLING ALL CARS. CALLING ALL CARS. CALLING CAR SIXTY-FIVE, OFFICE O'BRIEN...CUT IT OUT!

CARL: Captain, this city is over-run with crime. The gangsters have knocked the cops flat on their feet. Do you realize that every two minutes a murder is committed?

SOUND: SHOTS...TWO

WEN: (GROANS) They got me!

CARL: And right on time!.....What are you going to do, Captain?

AL: Well, I've been in touch with Hoover --

CARL: Is he going to run again?

AL: No, Edgar Hoover, he's sending us a G man! He should be here any minute.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

AL: That must be him now. Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

KITZEL: Hi Yi Rancho Grande, I'm tough as chocolate candy!

AL: Why, Mr. Kitzel, so you're the G man from Washington!

KITZEL: Yeah, could be! Sorry I'm late, Captain Pearce, on the way down here I came across a store keeper that was stuck up.

AL: A store keeper that was stuck up. What did you do?

KITZEL: I didn't speak to him, the conceited thing.

AL: Oh, neglecting your duty, eh?

KITZEL: Look at him, neglecting my duty! I'll have you to comprehend that I am the man who, single-handed, personally, all alone, blindfolded without looking, captured public enemy number 6½ B, Louie the Lug. He's the man who used to have the numbers racket!

AL: Who has the numbers racket now?

KITZEL: The telephone company.

AL: You'd better be on your toes, Kitzel, the gangsters in this town have sworn to get you. We can look for trouble any minute.

SOUND: GLASS CRASH OF STONE COMING THROUGH WINDOW

DICK: Somebody just threw a rock through the window.

KITZEL: Look, there's a note on it!

AL: What does the note say?

KITZEL: WE FIX WINDOWS, AJAX GLASS COMPANY!

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS

KITZEL: I'll take it.

SOUND: OFF HOOK

KITZEL: Hello! G. Man Kitzel speaking!

WEN: (FILTER) Hello, this is Wrinkle Meyer's Department Store. We've just discovered a dead body in the store.

KITZEL: A dead body, eh, we'll come right over for it!

WEN: We deliver, you know!

KITZEL: No, hide the body some place and don'tt leave any clues.
I want to find it the hard way!

SOUND: HOOK

AL: All right, men, let's go! No, wait a minute, where's
my badge?

DICK: It's in the hock-shop, Captain!

AL: Then I'll wear the pawn ticket. Everybody follow
Mr. Kitzel.

KITZEL: Where's the Strong Arm Squad?

CHORUS: We're the strong arm squad!

KITZEL: Line up behind my car!

CHORUS: Okay!

KITZEL: Now push!

SOUND: SIREN

ORCHESTRA: (TRANSITIONAL MUSIC)

SOUND: CAR STOP

AL: All right, here we are at the Department Store. You two men go around to the rear. Two men on each side!

KITZEL: Where will you go Captain Pearce?

AL: I'm going to stay out in front.

KITZEL: What for?

AL: I want to do some window shopping!

KITZEL: (LAUGHS) I want to do some window shopping. I don't like it. Follow me, Captain Pearce!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

KITZEL: I want to question this sales-girl near the door. How do you do, Miss I'm looking for a body!

GIRL: (BROOKLYNESE) What size please?

KITZEL: You don't understand, we're looking for a body with a hole in it.

GIRL: You'll find all second hand merchandise in the basement!

KITZEL: Listen to me, my pretty little dark-eyed beauty, I've got a warrant for you...

GIRL: A warrant?

KITZEL: Yes, warrant you a blonde last week?

DICK: Pardon me, sir, but aren't you G. Man Kitzel?

KITZEL: You hit the nail right on the finger, my little man.

DICK: I'm Mr. Wrinklemeier, owner of the store. Step over here, I have something important to show you.

KITZEL: What is it?

DICK: Try on this coat, only \$8.95!

KITZEL: Mr. Wrinklemeier, do you realize that I'm a Government Detective, a servant of the public, sent out here to apprehend a killer and bring him to justice? I'll give you six and a quarter!

AL: Mr. Kitzel, Mr. Kitzel! We chased the killer all through the Department Store, and we trapped him on the Fifth Floor. He's in women's corsets!

KITZEL: Then he's in a tight fix!

DICK: Follow me, we'll take the elevator to the Fifth Floor!

KITZEL: Okay, and I'll run the elevator. All aboard, going up!
First Floor, we got here :
Tooth-picks, candle-sticks and all kinds o' knock-knicks
Freezers, tweezers and powder for your beezers
Door-knobs, corn cobs and rubber plugs for bath tobs
Shirts, skirts and assorted nertz
And on the Second Floor we got:
Sickles, pickles, woolen underwear that tickles
Salamis, pastramis, and second hand pajamis
Slacks, tacks and bustles in the back
Sheets, meats and shoes for the feets --
(SINGS) In a five and ten cent store ! Yeah!
All out, Fifth Floor!

SOUND: ELEVATOR DOORS

DICK: Stand back, everybody -- stand back -- there he is, there he is! -- There's the killer there, right under that counter! He's mad, he's stark raving mad!

KITZEL: My goodness, look at him! He's frothing at the mouth, he's tearing his hair, his eyes have a glassy stare. He's raving like a maniac, listen!

ARTHUR: "THE WUTHLESS, WUGGED, WENEGADE, WAN WECKLESSLY 'WOUND THE WUBARB" (SCREAMS) I can't get it wight, I can't get it wight! "THE WUTHLESS --

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC...BUMPER...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, which by the way, is a grand show that has set a new style in daytime entertainment. This week Ilka Chase will have as her guest Walter Hoving, noted Department Store executive, who will discuss a practical method of achieving a business career. On Saturday night tune in and hear Bob Crosby and Mildred Bailey, featuring music with a "heartbeat." And on Monday night it's the radio version of the famous comic strip "Blondie." This week Blondie tames the wild man at the carnival. 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)

ANNOUNCER: Any pipe-smoker knows that a tobacco that smokes too hot is likely to bite the tongue and ruin the flavor of the smoke. If you want really cool smoking, then smoke Prince Albert. 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! Try Prince Albert, men. There's no other tobacco like it.

Head on this broadcast - How High the Moon was fine.
This is Wendell Niles speaking...and... *Two for the show*

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM!