

*As Broadcast.*

(SECOND DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1940  
PROGRAM #7

3:30 - 4:00 P.M.  
6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

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

MUSIC:            (THEME)

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

WENDELL:         FOR EXTRA FLAVOR -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY:         EXTRA!

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

NEWSBOY:         EXTRA!

WENDELL:         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 0481

AL: Good evening, all. Last week we presented our version of "Young Tom Edison," starring Elmer Blurt. And we've certainly had some marvelous reviews from all over the country. For example, "The Druggist's Weekly" gave it three aspirins for the biggest headache of the year! Here's another marvelous revue I'd like to read you. It says: (READS) THE ELMER BLURT VERSION OF "YOUNG TOM EDISON" LAST NIGHT WAS ABSOLUTELY THE \_\_\_\_\_ (STOPS) No, that isn't the one.

CARL: Egads, Al, I think they're grossly unfair. Me and my girl friend enjoyed your play very much.

AL: (PLEASED) Did you, Carl? Did you hear it here or at home?

CARL: No, I was over at my girl's house and when your play came on the air my girl's folks went into the next room to listen -- leavin' me and my girl all alone in the dark. Boy, did we enjoy it.

AL: I think I see what you mean!...I'm anxious to hear what Jimmy Fidler said about it. I sent my secretary, Raymond Radcliffe out to buy a paper; he should be back before this.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

ARTHUR: Greetings, Mr. Pearce.

AL: Greetings, Raymond. Did you buy me a paper?

ARTHUR: Yes, I did, Mr. Pearce, and here's the receipt.

AL: Receipt? What receipt?

ARTHUR: I'll read it to you. RECEIVED FROM MR. AL PEARCE TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR FULL OWNERSHIP OF THE POMONA DAILY BUGLE!

AL: (MAD) Oh, for Pete's sakes. I send you out to buy a newspaper and what do you do, you buy a newspaper. Does that make sense!! (CALM) Yes, I guess it does! But just a minute, Raymond, where did you get the two thousand dollars?

ARTHUR: Oh that? I went down to your bank at six o'clock this morning and got it out of your savings account.

AL: But the bank doesn't open until ten o'clock; how did you get in at six?

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

AL: Raymond, with a little cultivation you could have a one track mind. I want you to tell me you're sorry you're such a dope!

ARTHUR: I'm sorry you're such a dope!

CARL: Egads, what an insult. Raymond, that's no way for a secretary to talk to his employer.

ARTHUR: Mr. Hoff, have you ever been a secretary?

CARL: No!

ARTHUR: Then shut up!

AL: That settles it, Carl. Stick around and watch me. I'm going to fire this guy right now. (TO RAYMOND) Raymond, I've got a little matter I want to talk over with you. You haven't been very happy around here lately --

ARTHUR: Oh, thanks, Mr. Pearce, I can use ~~more~~ money.

AL: More money! .....Why you're not even a good stenographer.

ARTHUR: Well, I know I'm too heavy to sit on your knee!

AL: Look here, Raymond, I'll have to come right out and tell you. I'm going to have to hire another secretary!

ARTHUR: Oh thanks, there's certainly plenty of work around here for two of us!

AL: I give up.. You can stay. It's more work to get rid of you than it is to keep you around.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

AL: Carl, who could that be?

CARL: I don't know. I haven't read the script.

AL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

HANLEY: Good evening, Mr. Pearce, and congratulations. I'm Mr. Hanley, the former owner of the Pomona Daily Bugle, the newspaper that your agent just bought from me. I've brought with me one of my star reporters who wants to go to work for you.....this is Miss Peggy Wriggle.

BRAYTON: How do you do, Mr. Pearce. Mister Hanley tells me that you are looking for a good reporter and I'm so happy that I'm going to work for you because you need a good reporter and I'm a very good reporter and if I do get the job, which I'm sure I will get because you need me more than I need you and I need the money -- HOW MUCH SALARY WILL I GET?

AL: Well I -- (CHUCKLES) You get to the meat of the thing -- don't you? Well, tell me Miss Wriggle -- do you enjoy a terrific reputation as a reporter?

BRAYTON: Oh, yes -- today I ran into a very choice bit of scandal and it's good for a front page headline.

AL: All right -- let's have it. Raymond -- take her story down in shorthand!

ARTHUR: I can't, Mister Pearce, I'll have to write it in longhand because the pencil is too short.

AL: Can't you write Shorthand with a short pencil?

ARTHUR: I can write longhand with a short pencil, but longhand takes longer than shorthand.

AL: Never mind -- I'll take the story down myself. Go ahead Miss Wriggle!

BRAYTON: All right -- write this down. It seems that yesterday Miss Mary Jones was seen out riding with a man, and the man who saw her with this man, told the man that Mary used to go with before she went out with the man that this man saw her with, and the man that she used to go with got ahold of the man that saw her out with the other man, and this man identified the man she was out riding with and the man that she used to go with and the man she was seen with by the other man had a fight over her. Isn't that some story?

AL: It certainly is, Miss Wriggle, and I took down every word of it.

ARTHUR: Just a minute, Mister Pearce. Do you mean to say you took all that down!

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AL: Yes, I did.

ARTHUR: Did you get every word?

AL: I did.

ARTHUR: Gee, Mister Pearce -- how did you do it?

AL: Well, Mister Radcliffe -- IT WASN'T EASY!

(APPLAUSE)

51459 0487

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AL: Tonight, Carl Hoff and the band are going to play an unusual arrangement of Sarasate's famous Gypsy airs, featuring RAPHEAL MENDEZ who will play the difficult violin passages on the trumpet, which should really be something, Okay, Carl --

ORCHESTRA:

"ZIGUENERWEISEN"



AL: Tonight, ladies and gentlemen, I invited my old friend Darsie L. Darsie, golf editor of the Los Angeles Herald Express, to drop up and give us a few highlights on the United States Open Golf Championship which was played at the Canterbury Golf Club in Cleveland. That extra round play-off must have been a thriller to see. Tell us Mr. Darsie, what impressed you most about this match.

DARSIE: Well, Al, I would say that Lawson Little won the Championship on three beautifully played shots. They came at the fifth hole, the fourteenth and the fifteenth. The shot at the fifth was probably the most vital. Little's tee shot found a trap to the left. His opponent was down the middle on his drive and on the edge of the green with his second. The situation indicated a sure four against a scrambling five or even six for Little. Little walked into the trap and studied the shot for three or four minutes. Then he pulled out a five iron, took a powerful cut at the ball, one of those do or die things, and it sat down twelve feet from the hole. It was one of the finest shots we have ever seen in any championship.

AL: Well, thank you Mr. Darsie. I guess everybody will agree that Lawson Little had a lot of extra stuff on the ball last Sunday.

ANNOUNCER: You know, Al, that's just what I was going to say. It was the "extras" that helped Lawson Little win the United States Open Golf Championship. That extra knack of stroking the ball just right in the touch spots, and that extra touch on the ball in a difficult putt. And incidentally, while we're on the subject of "extras," Lawson Little prefers the cigarette with the "extras"... Camels. Here's what he says"

VOICE: I've smoked slower-burning Camels for a good many years now...smoked them steadily. And smoking as much as I do, I appreciate their mildness...their extra mildness. And I've discovered this...Camel is one brand that doesn't tire my taste. Camels have a full, rich flavor that is always welcome. "I'd walk a mile for the "extras" in a Camel."

ANNOUNCER: Friends, turn to slower-burning Camels.. the cigarette that gives you the "extras"...extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor, and extra smoking per cigarette per pack. Penny for penny, Camels are your best cigarette buy!

(MUSICAL CURTAIN)

ORCHESTRA: (ELMER INTRODUCTION)

WENDELL:        The Cuckoo means Elmer Blurt. This week we find Elmer Blurt, our famous low-pressure salesman working as an attendant in a filling station. Okay, fill 'em up Elmer!

SOUND:        USE AUTO HORN INSTEAD OF KNOCK...SAME RHYTHM

ELMER:        I hope somebody buys some gasoline today, I hope, I hope, I hope!

HANLEY:        ELMER! ELMER! ELMER! Quit playing with that auto horn and wait on that customer that just came in!

JOE:         Hey you, I want some service, and I'm in a hurry.

ELMER:        You mean you haven't got time for a quick game o' checkers?

JOE:         No, I haven't got time for a quick game of checkers! Put some air in that left front tire. And hurry up.

ELMER:        How many pounds?

JOE:         Thirty! And be careful, don't put in any more than thirty'

ELMER:        Don't worry, Mister, I've been trained to put air in tires!

SOUND:        ESCAPING AIR...THEN EXPLOSION BALLOON

ELMER:        Gosh, I guess I over-trained!

JOE:         You fool, you've blown out a tire Now what am I going to do!

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ELMER: I'll let the air out of the other front tire.

JOE: What for?

ELMER: Well, if both your front tires are flat, that'll save you money on gas.

JOE: How will I save on gasoline by having my two front tires flat?

ELMER: That makes your rear tires higher and you'll always be coastin' down hill! (LAUGHS)

JOE: Forget the tire, I'll drive it like it is.

ELMER: Well, while the tire was gettin' fixed we could play some checkers --

JOE: No, no, I told you. Give me some water and ten gallons of gas!

ELMER: Okay.

SOUND: GAS RUSHING...TEN BELLS

ELMER: There you are, ten gallons

JOE: Did you put in the ten cent gas or the twenty cent gas?

ELMER: (TO HIMSELF) Let's see, ten gallons at ten cents is one dollar. (TO MAN) Have you got two dollars?

JOE: Yes.

ELMER: Then I put in the twenty cent gas.

JOE: Here's your money, I got to get out of here.

SOUND ENGINE FAILS TO START THREE TIMES

JOE: Confound this engine, it won't start! by the way, did you put in the water?

ELMER: Yeah, yeah, yeah, sure, sure!

JOE: I didn't see you put in any water.

ELMER: Well, you was in such a hurry, I put the water right in with the gas!

JOE: Oh, you nit-wit! I'm late for my appointment and my car won't start. What can I do now!

ELMER: Well, you can play me that game o' checkers!

JOE: Oh!' Let me out of here!

HANLEY: Elmer, there's a lady just driving in, see what she wants right away.

SOUND: HORN, OLD CLUNK DRIVES UP AND COMES TO A STOP

ELMER: Oh, Gosh, some car!

LADY: Well don't just stand there. You're looking at my car like it was the first car you'd ever seen!

ELMER: Well, your car looks like the first car I ever seen!

LADY: Oh Pish Posh, don't be so Uppity Puppity! I'm having a little trouble, young man, my knee action seems a little stiff. What would you suggest?

ELMER: If you step inside I'll rub it with liniment!

LADY: Forget about that. Look at the engine, I think it needs a new spark plug.

ELMER: I got a wonderful plug here, lady, and it won't cost you a cent.

LADY: What is it?

ELMER: Penny for Penny, Camels are your best cigarette buy!

LADY: Oh, clean my windshield and let me get out of here.

ELMER: Okay.

LADY: (SCREAMS) Ohhhh! What are you squirting on the glass?

ELMER: Oh gosh, lady, I got the wrong can by mistake and put oil on it.

LADY: Oh, now I can't see a thing. How far do you expect me to go with this oil on my windshield!

ELMER: Well, it's guaranteed for a thousand miles.

LADY: You get busy and wipe that off.

EIMER: Okay. Can you see now?

LADY: No.

EIMER: I guess I'll have to scrape it off.

SOUND: SCRAPING ON GLASS

EIMER: Can you see now?

LADY: No, I can't see a thing!

EIMER: Well, I still got an ace up my sleeve.

SOUND: HAMMER GOING THROUGH GLASS

LADY: (SCREAMS)

EIMER: I'll bet you can see now!

LADY: Oh, let me out of here!

SOUND: IMPATIENT AUTO HORN

CARL: Young man, I'm Senator Plunkett. My engine seems to be missing -- get busy and check it over!



ELMER: Oh, I remember you Senator Plunkett. I heard you over the radio yesterday. You and me are in the same business!

CARL: What do you mean?

ELMER: We both peddle gas!

CARL: I have no time for your insolence, young man.  
Get busy and fix my car. I'll be back for it later.  
(FADING)

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- I guess I'd better drive the car around the block and see what's wrong with it!

SOUND: MOTOR STARTING UP...AND PULLING AWAY

ELMER: (SINGING...AJAX GAS AND PING REMOVER)

MUSIC: (COMES UP...TRANSITION...FADES TO HANLEY)

HANLEY: Elmer! Elmer! Elmer! Say, Murphy, where is Blurt?

WENDELL: Oh, Elmer -- he took Senator Plunkett's car around the block to see how it ran! That's Elmer walking in now!

HANLEY: Walking? Elmer -- what are you doing on foot? Where's Senator Plunkett's car!

ELMER: Well, ah -- Mister Hanley, I had a little trouble with the car. All four tires went flat!

HANLEY: Why that's ridiculous. Senator Plunkett always has new tires on his car!

ELMER: Well, you know how broken glass cuts into a tire!

HANLEY: Broken glass????? WHAT GLASS?

ELMER: The glass from the headlights and the windshield!

HANLEY: Elmer Blurt you idiot! Tell me what you did with Senator Plunkett's car!

ELMER: Well, ah -- do you know where they put up that new stop and go sign down by Second Avenue?

HANLEY: Yes, I saw them putting it together yesterday!

ELMER: Well, I dismantled it today!

HANLEY: Oh, this is going to cost me a pretty penny. Where is the car now?

ELMER: It's between Second and Fifth.

HANLEY: Is it closer to Second or to Fifth?

ELMER: Both! It's kind of loosely located!

HANLEY: Oh, this is terrible! Don't tell me that the Senator's car is a total wreck!

ELMER: We can't tell yet!

HANLEY: Waddya mean you can't tell yet????

ELMER: Well, when I left the Fire Department was just sifting the ashes!

HANLEY: If the Senator finds out one of my employee's wrecked his car it will ruin us! I know what we'll do -- we'll tell him someone else drove the car!

ELMER: That won't do any good Mister Hanley. He knows I was driving it!

HANLEY: Don't be silly...How could the Senator possibly know you were driving it!

ELMER: I ran over him!

ORCHESTRA: (ELMER CHASER)

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AL: Tonight Marie Greene and the Merry Men will show us how  
a modern coloratura would sing "Stompin' at the Savoy".  
Okay, Carl, start stomping.

"STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY" MARIE GREENE AND THE MERRY MEN AND ORCHELSTRA

NILES: When you get right down to it, you smokers, yourselves, are the final judges of cigarette quality. You're the ones who say: "I like this cigarette. It gives me what I want." And you probably know from your own observation that more smokers prefer Camels than any other cigarette. You see it's the "extras" in Camels that make them America's favorite cigarette. Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos. They are definitely slower-burning. And smokers know that this combination of costlier tobaccos and slower way of burning in Camels gives them extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor, and extra smoking per cigarette per pack.

MAN'S  
VOICE:

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. Now that means a smoking plus equal, on the average, to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK.

NILES: Yes, there's no question about it. Slower-burning Camels give smokers what they want...extra smoking pleasure... extra smoking value. Penny for penny, Camels are your best cigarette buy!

(MUSICAL CURTAIN)

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SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS...RECEIVER OFF HOOK

ARTHUR: Hello! This is the Pomona Daily Bugle, Raymond W.  
Radcliffe speaking.

WOMAN: (FILTER) Would you give me the weather report please?

ARTHUR: Weather report? Well, it's going to be fair Friday, cloudy  
Saturday, probably followed by Sunday. (HOOK)

AL: (MAD) Raymond, what kind of a newspaperman are you?

ARTHUR: Why, Mr Pearce, what have I done that's wrong?

AL: What have you done that's wrong? What's the idea of  
putting our names at the head of every news item?

ARTHUR: That shows we wrote the news item!

AL: Yes, but look at the way the headlines read. "TEN WOMEN  
DIVORCED YESTERDAY BY RAMOND RADCLIFFE!" AND HERE'S  
ANOTHER ONE! "THREE GROCERY STORES ROBBED LAST NIGHT BY  
AL PEARCE." And you ask me what you did that was wrong!

ARTHUR: Well, what did I do that was RIGHT?

AL: NOTHING!

ARTHUR: That's what I want -- FACTS!

AL: IF I COULD ONLY FIND A GOOD NEWSPAPER MAN SOME PLACE!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

51459 0502

AL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

KITZEL: Hi -- I -- oh, Rancho Grande, at writing I'm a Dandy.  
Yoo-hoo! Mister Pearce, it is rumored around town that  
you are looking for a newspaper man!

AL: Mister Kitzel, what newspaper did you work for?

KITZEL: Why my little man, I worked on newspapers all over the  
United States -- in Topeka, Kansas, Mobile, Alabama,  
Montreal, Michigan --

AL: Just a minute, Mister Kitzel, for your information,  
Montreal is in Canada!

KITZEL: How do you like that -- I worked in Canada, too! In all  
the world's greatest newspapers I am known as CORPUSCLE  
KITZEL!

AL: CORPUSCLE?

KITZEL: Yeh -- Circulation Department!

AL: Never mind the Circulation -- I'm looking for a man who can  
bring in the news. Have you got a Nose for News?

KITZEL: (LAUGHS) Have I got a NOSE --- Mmmmmmyeah -- COULD BE!



AL: Well, I tell you Kitzel, I'll have our managing editor look you over. Mr. Hanley, see what this man knows about a newspaper!

HANLEY: Okey, Mr Pearce. Kitzel are you a police reporter?

KITZEL: (SARCASTIC) Am I a police reporter? He's asking me am I a police reporter ---- Mmmmm AM I? If I'm not being too inquisital -- what is a police reporter?

HANLEY: A fine newspaperman you are! Here -- I'll paint a picture for you and show you just what you're supposed to do! Let's say you're standing on the corner of First and Main Streets -- it's eleven o'clock at night!

KITZEL: Am I with a beautiful lady?

HANLEY: No. You're not with a beautiful lady!

KITZEL: Then, what am I doing up so late?

HANLEY: You're a police reporter on duty! Suddenly a car comes whizzing around the corner. A girl leans out of the back seat and yells -- "HELP! HELP! I've been kidnapped!" Quickly you run and jump into your car --- You step on the starter!

KITZEL: Just a second -- just a second! Is it my car?

HANLEY: Of course it's your car!

KITZEL: Then here's the crank!

HANLEY: All right -- you crank the car -- the engine roars -- you pull away from the curb.

KITZEL: Right! I go whizzing down the street like mad!

HANLEY: Right!

KITZEL: I stop!

HANLEY: Why did you stop?

KITZEL: I'm out of gas!

HANLEY: How could you run out of gas at a time like this?

KITZEL: IT WASN'T EASY!

HANLEY: All right -- you're out of gas. QUICK! Pull into that filling station.

KITZEL: Oh, no -- not that one!

HANLEY: Why not?

ARTIE: Elmer Blurt works there!

HANLEY: That's right! Pull into the other one!  
You've got your gas now and away you go after the gangster's  
car! Suddenly you see them -- Look -- They're tearing up  
First Street, You go up Second!

KITZEL: I can't!

HANLEY: Why not?

KITZEL: The city's tearing up Second Street!

HANLEY: All right -- you tear up Third to cut them off! You jam  
the accelerator down -- Faster and faster you drive --  
SIXTY!

KITZEL: SEVENTY!

HANLEY: EIGHTY!

KITZEL: NINETY!

HANLEY: A HUNDRED!

KITZEL: A hundred and fifty. WHAT AM I SAYING? I'M DRIVING A  
MAXWELL!

HANLEY At this terrific speed you pull alongside the gangster's car  
-- you get ready to jump!

KITZEL: NOT ME!

HANLEY: Remember you're a reporter -- and a Reporter stops at  
Nothing.

KITZEL: A reporter stops at nothing!

HANLEY: You crawl out on your running-board -- you set yourself --  
and you make the jump. OOOOOOOPS!

KITZEL: What happened?

HANLEY: You slipped! You're hanging on by a hair!

KITZEL: Which hair?

HANLEY: What difference does it make which hair?

KITZEL: Some of them are falling out!

HANLEY: With a savage snarl the gangster reaches out and sticks a gun  
in your stomach --

KITZEL: (LAUGHS) The Gangster sticks a gun in my stomach. (LAUGHS)  
The Gangster sticks a gun in my stomach -- I DON'T LIKE IT!

HANLEY: What do you care about a little gun? A REPORTER STOPS AT  
NOTHING!

KITZEL: Oh, a Reporter stops at nothing! What do I do next,  
call for help?

HANLEY: NO -- You twist the gun from the gangster's hand! --  
YOU stop the car YOU tie the gangster to a tree. You  
SAVE THE GIRL!

KITZEL: Who am I -- YOU-HUDI?

HANLEY: With a look of gratitude the girl throws her arms around  
you and wants to kiss you.. but you say NO, Madame  
I've only done my duty!

KITZEL: OOOOOPS!

HANLEY: What happened?

KITZEL: I slipped again. I kissed her anyway!

HANLEY: But Kitzel -- remember you're a reporter!

KITZEL: Yes -- BUT A REPORTER STOPS AT NOTHING!

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO NEWSBOY)

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

ANNCR: CAMELS give you extra flavor.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

ANNCR: CAMELS give you extra mildness and extra coolness.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

ANNCR: CAMELS give you extra smoking per pack. Try CAMELS --  
the cigarette that gives you the extras!

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

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR WENDELL)

ANNOUNCER: Mothers! Sunday's Father's Day! If dad smokes a pipe, you or the children couldn't give him a better present than a big gift tin of Prince Albert smoking tobacco. Prince Albert, you know, is the cooler-burning tobacco. In recent impartial laboratory 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 comes in three sizes: The big, long-lasting one-pound tin, the generous half-pound tin, and the handy pocket-size tin. Yes, dad'll sure be pleased when he sees what you or the children have for him. So send out immediately, or better, go yourself for a big gift tin of Prince Albert...a perfect present for dad on Father's Day.

This is Wendell Niles speaking.

And this is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM!