

As broadcast -

(THIRD DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1940
PROGRAM NO. 11

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

ELMER: (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)

AL: Good evening, all! Well, friends, this is the night! As we announced last week, tonight we are presenting our version of the great motion picture, "Rebecca," and right now we're busy selling tickets to the big production.

CARL: Just a minute, Al, I been listening to this Rebecca talk for three weeks. Who was she, anyway?

AL: Well, Carl, Rebecca was a woman who was every place at the same time. Wherever you went, there was Rebecca.

CARL: Oh, you mean like Mrs. Roosevelt!

AL: No, no, it was just her spirit that was every place. Nobody ever saw her.

CARL: For the last time, how about lettin' me play the lead.

AL: For the last time, no! Elmer Blurt is playing the lead and besides you're not an actor.

CARL: Oh no? I'm good enough to play opposite ~~Hedy Lamarr~~.

AL: Don't be silly, ~~Hedy Lamarr~~ would make a fool out of you in thirty minutes.

CARL: I know, but think of those thirty minutes.

AL: Oh, I can't be bothered with you. I've got to get rid of some tickets for the show. Raymond! Raymond Radcliffe!

ARTHUR: Greetings, Mr. Pearce.

AL: Did you mail out those thousand tickets?

ARTHUR: Yes, Mr. Pearce!

AL: Where did you get the money for the stamps?

ARTHUR: I didn't use any stamps.

AL: How could you mail them without any stamps?

ARTHUR: I dropped them in the box when the mail man wasn't looking!

AL: Raymond, it's all right to be dumb, but you're making a career out of it. Is there anybody outside waiting to buy tickets?

ARTHUR: Well, there's a very important looking man out there with a black brief case.

AL: Oh, that's probably a big Hollywood producer to see how the tickets are going for our show. We've got to make him believe we're doing a rushing business. Send him in and then tell me I'm wanted on the phone!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ARTHUR: Step right in here, sir. Mr. Pearce will see you!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

JOE: Mr. Pearce, I came here --

ARTHUR: Telephone, Mr. Pearce.

AL: Pardon me, I'm a very busy man. Hello! You say you want a thousand tickets for our play tonight?
Sorry, we're all out.

JOE: Mr. Pearce, I came here --

AL: Just a moment. There's another call on the line. Hello!
You say you want five hundred tickets? Sorry, we only
have one ticket left in the gallery!

SOUND: PHONE ON HOOK

AL: I've been pestered with calls for tickets all week long.
Now what is it, my good man!

JOE: I'm from the telephone company. I came here to connect
up your phone.

AL: Raymond, did you know this phone wasn't connected?

ARTHUR: Yes, I did.

AL: Raymond, how could you keep such a thing from me?

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

AL: Well, go ahead, Mr. Telephone Man, hurry up and
connect up the phone.

JOE: Okay, I'll have this phone connected up before you can
say: "Camels are your best cigarette buy."

AL: Camels --

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS

AL: By golly, he did it.

JOE: Sure, all it needed was a plug!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

AL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DICK: Hello, Al!

AL: Why, it's Dick Lane, our director. Have you been over to the theater? How's the rehearsal coming?

DICK: Everything's all right -- except we're short one member in the cast.

ARTHUR: How about me, Mister Lane?

DICK: Well, maybe, Raymond. It's the part of a radio announcer -- it doesn't require any brains!

ARTHUR: Oh, thanks, Mister Lane. You can depend on me for the crystal clearness of my voice and the correct pronunciation of every syllable! Just what do I have to do in the play?

DICK: I'll give you a word picture of what you have to do. In our play, "Rebecca," there's an old mansion that is the seat of an old ancestral estate! As the special events announcer you are standing on the estate as the old ancestral seat catches on fire!

ARTHUR: Whose seat?

DICK: No-no-no -- The house catches on fire. With a loud roar the structure bursts into flames. Suddenly a man is seen running toward the burning building. He enters the roasting inferno with something under his arms...what is it?

ARTHUR: A box of marshmallows!

DICK: No, no, it's a microphone -- the special events announcer! With you announcing from the burning building you'll be the toast of the town!

ARTHUR: I'll make an ash of myself!

DICK: Just picture yourself -- you're in the middle of the burning, raging holocaust -- the fire is crackling all around you -- the flames are licking at your feet!

ARTHUR: Haven't I got any shoes on?

DICK: No -- they've been burned away!

ARTHUR: Oh, somebody gave me the hot foot!

DICK: You grab your microphone -- and you say -- Ladies and gentlemen -- this is Raymond Radcliffe, the first man to describe a fire from inside a burning building...Here I am on the second floor...OUCH!

ARTHUR: What happened?

DICK: A red hot spark lands in your hair. You reach up and pull it out!

ARTHUR: My hair?

DICK: No -- the spark. But on and on you talk. Ladies and gentlemen -- the flames are getting hotter and hotter here on the roof!

ARTHUR: Hold everything. I thought I was on the second floor!

DICK: The roof just fell into the basement! Finally clouds of smoke pour over you -- blinding and choking you -- you reach for your handkerchief!

ARTHUR: My green one?

DICK: Yes -- yes -- your green one!

ARTHUR: My green one's in the laundry!

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DICK: All right -- take any handkerchief. Take mine!

ARTHUR: Hmm -- this one ought to be in the laundry, too!

DICK: With the handkerchief over your face you finish your description -- then you stagger toward the exit. The firemen grab you and carry you out on a stretcher! What a scene! What an exit! Can't you just hear what the audience is saying!

ARTHUR: Yes -- I can hear what they're saying!

DICK: What?

ARTHUR: Take him back -- he's only done on one side!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

(APPLAUSE)

AL: Carl Hoff's musical treat for us tonight features Rapheal Mendez playing "Dark Eyes" on the trumpet -- a number that was originally written for piano. And believe you me, Rapheal really does something to this number! Okay, Dark Eyes -- I mean, Hoffie, how about the down boat!

ORCHESTRA AND RAPHEAL MENDEZ:

"DARK EYES"

SOUND: (FILTER MIKE IN AN ECHO CHAMBER)

JERRY: Attention, please: Transcontinental and Western Air Super Sky Chief Stratoliner service departing for Los Angeles, now loading at Gate Number Ten. All aboard, please.

SOUND: (AIRPLANE TAKE OFF...FADE INTO DISTANCE)

WENDELL: Last Tuesday evening, July ninth America's first stratoliners took the air in regular passenger service. Flying over the weather -- these big thirty-three passenger high altitude planes clipped minutes -- even hours -- from existing time schedules from coast to coast. One of the pioneers in this "over weather flying" is T.W.A.'s vice-president and chief engineer D.W. (Tommy) Tomlinson. Little or nothing was known of high altitude flying five years ago when Tomlinson first bundled himself into a fur-lined jacket, adjusted an oxygen mask over his face and took off in an experimental "flying test tube" to visit the sub-stratosphere. In snow, rain, hail and sleet, Tomlinson asked for trouble to get his precious facts to prove that high altitude flying is faster and safer. Tomlinson is the number one high altitude flyer of commercial aviation...having flown fifty hours at thirty thousand foot levels.
(CONTINUED)

WENDELL:
(Cont'd)

More than a pilot, Tommy Tomlinson has those "extras" of a flying pioneer...and he likes the "extras" in his smoking. He prefers slower-burning Camels. He says:

TOMMY:

Why do I prefer Camels? Well, in the first place I like mildness in my smoking. Camels are slower burning, and I know from experience that a slower-burning cigarette gives me that extra mildness far more than a fast-burning smoke, so I keep my smoking on the slow side with Camels.

WENDELL:

Yes, Tommy Tomlinson, like millions of other smokers, knows that the "extras" in smoking value and pleasure go with slow-burning Camels...extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor, and extra smoking, too. So get the cigarette that gives you the "extras." Penny for penny, Camels are your best cigarette buy!

(MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: Well Dick, we're all ready for the play now except for the costumes. I've sent for a tailor and he should be here any minute.

DICK: I wonder who he could be?

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

AL: That must be the tailor now. Now we'll see who he is.
Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

KITZEL: Hi yi Rancho Grande, with a needle I am handy!

AL: Well for goodness sakes, if it isn't Mr. Kitzel, I had no idea that you were a tailor. How's business?

KITZEL: Business is looking up!

AL: Looking up?

KITZEL: It has to look up, it's flat on its back!...In Hollywood business is pretty bad when I have to lay off my own son-in-law!

AL: Mr. Kitzel, we're doing a play tonight. Have you ever made any clothes for actors?

KITZEL: Have I made clothes for actors! Right here over my arm I got a coat I just made for Fibber McGee.

AL: You just made it? It looks shiney!

KITZEL: It's a self-polishing glo-coat!

AL: Kitzel, you floor me!

KITZEL: I've taken on a new veneer, I'm waxing brilliant, I'm a polished gentleman -- (LAUGHS) -- somebody stop me before I become the varnishing American! (LAUGHS)
I don't like it.

AL: Mr. Kitzel, what kind of clothes do you sell, anyway?

KITZEL: All my clothes are custom clothes!

AL: Custom clothes? You mean you make them yourself?

KITZEL: No, everybody who ever wore 'em, cussed-em!...Now Mr. Pearce, if you will stand perfectly still I'll measure you. Kitzel makes everything to order, none of your cheap knock-me-downs! Now let me see. Waist small, hips narrow, chest full, shoulders broad, --

AL: Boy, am I well developed!

KITZEL: Head big!

AL: Wait a minute, Mr. Kitzel, I won't be able to pay for this suit for three months.

KITZEL: Oh tut, tut, my little customer, think nothing of it!

AL: When will it be ready?

KITZEL: In three months!

AL: But I have to have a suit for the play tonight!

KITZEL: Then I've got just the garment for you, already made up. Here, slip on this coat...My, oh my, what a beautiful garment! Every seam I stitched myself, am I a little sew and sew! Let me see, in the coat, Mr. Pearce, do you want two sleeves or three sleeves?

AL: Three sleeves? I want two sleeves, of course!

KITZEL: All right, all right, I'll take one out!...I'll show you what a marvelous coat it is. First I'll button it up. Now take a deep breath!

AL: Okay! (BREATHES DEEPLY)

SOUND: RIPPING CLOTH

AL: Mr. Kitzel, it ripped up the back!

KITZEL: Yes, but notice how the buttons hold!

AL: What would I do with a garment like this.

KITZEL: Do you play bridge?

AL: Not very well.

KITZEL: Fine! This is just the garment for a poor bridge player --

AL: What do you mean?

KITZEL: It's my weakest suit!

AL: Look here, Mr. Kitzel, as a tailor I think you're a fake!

KITZEL: (LAUGHS) He says as a tailor I'm a fake! (LAUGHS)
As a tailor I'm a fake! Mmmmyeah, could be!

AL: Mr. Kitzel, I repeat what I said. If you're a tailor I'm
a bathing beauty!

KITZEL: Well listen to me, Miss Laguna Beach! I've made such
fancy clothes as:

East suits, West suits, gravy on the vest suits,

Long knickers, sere-sickers, all wool from cotton-pickers,

Plain backs, pinch backs, twenty bucks without the tax,

For Sam or Mable with the Union label.

Not to mention such creations as:

Waders, Gaters, sacks without potatoes

Hip pocket, patch pocket, I make it good so you can hock it

Slippers, zippers, herringbone with kippers

Hats, spats, will you be the cats,

On a bicycle built for two! Yeah!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

(APPLAUSE)

AL: About four years ago, when we were broadcasting out of New York, we invited the Merry Macs from Chicago to join us. I remember I told my wife at the time that they were a marvelous singing group, and she agreed with me. Since then, of course, the whole country has come around to my way of thinking...And I believe that our little show then was their first network commercial program.

Tonight, I'm happy to announce, that the famous Merry Macs have come home to roost on our roster and will be a regular feature with us for some time to come -- so send in your requests. Here they are, Helen Carrol, and Ted, Jud and Joe McMichael; the Merry Macs!

ORCHESTRA AND MERRY MACS: "SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT"

(APPLAUSE)

AL: Thank you, that was swell. We'll be hearing some more of the Merry Macs next week. And speaking of next week, we're going to continue our policy of using a guest artist from a local station. If you have a local favorite, why don't you call your station now and who knows, maybe your favorite artists might be a guest on our program some time in the future!

Cut on 2 Show.

(2 Show only), And there couldnt be anything better than that.

WENDELL: For better smoking -- better value, there are millions of smokers who could tell you that nothing can compare to the matchless blend of costlier tobaccos in slower-burning Camels. Men and women smokers everywhere enjoy Camels for their mild, full, rich, flavor.

Women say:

WOMAN'S VOICE: I find Camels so much milder for steady smoking. To me, smoking a Camel is more than just smoking -- it's smoking pleasure at its best.

WENDELL: And from the men we hear:

MAN'S VOICE: Camels are my idea of a real smoke. There's a grand thrill in that extra flavor. Camel's slower way of burning means economy to me, too.

WENDELL: Extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor, too, because Camel's slower way of burning lets the flavor come through. And don't forget the extra smoking in every pack of Camels. Recent impartial laboratory tests show that by burning twenty-five per cent slower than the average of the fifteen other of the largest-selling brands tested -- slower than any of them -- Camels give a smoking plus equal, on the average, to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. So turn to Camels for smoking pleasure at its best -- and for extra value, too. Penny for penny, Camels are your best cigarette buy!

(MUSICAL CURTAIN)

WEN: .. And now, ladies and gentlemen, the time has come for our version of Rebecca, entitled: "ELMER BLURT IN A HAUNTED HOUSE", or, "BOY MEETS GHOUL".....

ORCHESTRA: (GHOST MUSIC...FEW BARS AND THEN FADES)

WEN: When Elmer Blurt's Aunt Rebecca died she left him the lovely old ancestral estate called "Mandalin." In the will it stated that ten thousand dollars was hidden behind a certain brick in the old fireplace. So tonight we find Elmer Blurt with his friend, Dick Lane, walking up the driveway of the dark and dismal mansion, prepared to dig for the treasure. Listen now, as Elmer approaches Mandalin with his pick.

SOUND: WIND WHISTLES AND MOANS

ELMER: Gosh, Mr. Lane, this old house of Aunt Rebecca's looks haunted. I don't wanna go in there.

DICK: Buck up Elmer, don't be a coward! Look at you, you're shaking all over. You don't see me shaking that way.

ELMER: Well, you can shake any way you want, but this is my way!

SOUND: WIND WHISTLES...SHUTTERS BANG

ELMER: Oh Gosh, what was that?

DICK: Those were just shutters -- they're on the house!

ELMER: (SHUDDERS LIKE HE WAS CRYING)

DICK: What's that?

ELMER: Another shudder!!

DICK: On the house?

ELMER: No, this one is on me!

DICK: Elmer, you're acting like a weak-kneed sniveling coward!
Go ahead and open that door!

ELMER: I jest happened to think of something. I gotta go home
and feed my horse.

DICK: You haven't got a horse.

ELMER: Yeah, but I know where I can borrow one.

DICK: Listen Elmer, there's ten thousand dollars in there and
we're going to get it, ghosts or no ghosts. Push that
door open!

SOUND: SLOW CREAK OF DOOR.

ELMER: Oh gosh it's dark in there.

DICK: There's nothing to be afraid of. You go on in and I'll
wait out here.

ELMER: Oh no, you got that backwards!

DICK: All right, I'll wait out here and you go on in!

ELMER: That's more like it. Wait a minute, what am I saying.

DICK: Don't be an idiot. Just because it's dark in there
doesn't mean anything. You're just looking for trouble.
Why don't you be like me, I see good in everything.

ELMER: You see good in everything?

DICK: Yes.

ELMER: Then you go first, maybe you can see good in the dark!

DICK: All right, you big baby, give me your hand, I'll lead the way. Wait a minute, I think I feel the fireplace here. Yes, I feel the bricks...Now we have to find the secret compartment. Get your hammer out and start tapping for the hollow brick.

ELMER: Okay.

SOUND: POUNDING ON BRICK

ELMER: That one is sure solid! There's nuthin' there.

DICK: I'll try one on this side.

SOUND: POUNDING ON BRICK

DICK: That's solid, there's nothing there! Your turn, Elmer.

SOUND: TAPPING ON GOURD

ELMER: That one is hollow!

DICK: That's my head.

ELMER: There's nothing there, either!

JOE: (DIRTY LAUGH)

ELMER: What's that?

JOE: (DIRTY LAUGH)

ELMER: That's what I thought it was Mr. Lane, did you hear that nasty laugh?

DICK: That laugh was nothing but an echo -- I'll prove it to you. Listen. Ha. Ha. Ha.

JOE: (MIMIC) Ha. Ha. Ha.

DICK: You see, Elmer -- just an echo. Now you try it!

ELMER: Ha. Ha. Ha.

ORCHESTRA: (LOUDLY AND TOGETHER) Ha. Ha. Ha.

ELMER: I hit the jackpot!

DICK: Oh, get busy and look for that money!

ELMER: Okay -- hey, wait a minute, I found a little compartment here with a leather case in it.

DICK: Okay, take it out. I'll light a match.

SOUND: SCRATCH OF MATCH

DICK: Why, it's full of money. Remember I'm your confederate in this and we split fifty-fifty.

ELMER: All right, here's fifty for you and fifty for me, fifty for you and fifty for me. There's a note in it, too.

DICK: What does it say?

ELMER: It says: DICK LANE. 1940 Buick Convertible Roadster.

DICK: You fool, you took my billfold out of my pocket!

SOUND: CREAKING DOOR

ELMER: Gosh, who's that?

SOUND: LIGHT SWITCH

DICK: Somebody turned on the lights.

JOE: Good evening, gentlemen, welcome to Mandalin! (DIRTY LAUGH)

ELMER: Oh Gosh, it's my uncle Heathcliffe!

JOE: Well, Elmer, I presume you have come for the money your Aunt Rebecca left you.

DICK: Yes, we have, and I'm his confederate, we're splitting fifty-fifty. Let's sit down and talk this over.

JOE: Oh no, no, no! Not in that chair! That was Rebecca's chair! And don't lean on that table, that was Rebecca's table! And Elmer, put down that pipe!

ELMER: Don't tell me this was Rebecca's pipe, she always smoked Camels!

JOE: I want you two gentlemen to stay the night. Oh, by the way Elmer, (WITH MENACE) do you believe in spirits?

ELMER: No, but I'm thirsty -- I'll take a lemon soda!

JOE: If you're thirsty, I'll get you some milk, it's good for your blood.

ELMER: Yeah, but I ain't blood-thirsty!

JOE: I'll have my house-keeper show you to your rooms, Druthers! Druthers!

MARGARET: (COMES IN ON WITCH'S CACKLE)

ELMER: Oh, gosh, Cinderella!

MARGARET: Did you call me, Heathcliffe?

JOE: Yes, Druthers! This is Drusilla Druthers, gentlemen!

MARGARET: Yes, Elmer, I am your uncle's half-sister!

ELMER: I'm glad the other half ain't here.

MARGARET: Follow me, I will show you to your room. No, no!
Not through that door, that's Rebecca's room!
She's probably in there now.

ELMER: But Rebecca is dead.

MARGARET: Yes, isn't she. Here's your room right here.
Now, before I leave you, is there anything else?
Oh yes! (SCREAMS)

ELMER: What's the matter?

MARGARET: I just happened to think, my fudge is boiling over.

ELMER: I'd hate to be here when you burnt your taffy!

MARGARET: Well, good night, and sleep tight.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

DICK: She's gone. Come on Elmer, let's sneak back downstairs and get that money out of the fireplace.

SOUND: DOOR CREAKING

DICK: Don't be scared, Elmer.

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE AND DOOR SLAM

BILL: Boo!

ELMER: Did somebody say Boo?

BILL: Yes, and I do mean Boo!

ELMER: Are you a ghost?

BILL: Yes! How about a little game of bridge?

ELMER: But there's only three of us!

BILL: Don't worry...Rigor Mortis will set in.

DICK: Elmer, I'm going down stairs and find the money. (FADES)
I'll meet you in front of the fireplace..

ELMER: Oh no you won't -- wait a minute, I'll go with you.

BILL: No, I want you to stay here and meet some of my friends.
Here comes one of them now.

SOUND: HORSE GALLOPS UP TO MIKE AND FADES WITH WHISTLE AND DOOR
SLAM BEFORE AND AFTER

ELMER: Who was that?

BILL: That's the ghost of the man who carried the message to Garcia!

SOUND: REPEAT PREVIOUS SOUND EFFECT

ELMER: There he goes with the answer!....

BILL: All night long he rides, rides, rides, continuously...

ELMER: Gosh, it must be awful hard on his ectoplasm!

DICK: (CALLS) Elmer! Elmer!! ELMER!

ELMER: I'm comin', Mr. Lane! What is it?

DICK: Elmer, I've found the money!

ELMER: Oh Gosh! Ten thousand dollars! Goody, goody, goody!

DICK: Yes, but remember, we split fifty-fifty.

ELMER: Let's see the money. Oh gosh Mr. Lane, you can take it all!

DICK: Take it all?

ELMER: Sure, ain't you my confederate?

DICK: Yes, but why should I take it all?

ELMER: Because it's confederate money!

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO NEWSBOY)

*Cut on
2" show!*

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

WENDELL: CAMELS give you extra flavor.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

WENDELL: CAMELS give you extra mildness and extra coolness.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

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

AL: And now here's news of another extra -- extra fine radio listening. Tomorrow night over another network, Camels bring you another new show. It's my old pal Uncle Ezra broadcasting from that powerful little five watter of his in Rosedale, everybody's home town. Yes sir -- Uncle Ezra's on the air for Camels with the same cracker barrel philosophy, the same washboard harmony that's made him a favorite with folks the country over. Here's a real wholesome program all in the spirit of good fun and fellowship, so don't forget to tune in. Tomorrow night Uncle Ezra goes on the air for Camel Cigarettes. Consult your local paper for time and station.

WENDELL: 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 WENDELL)

WENDELL:

Men, Prince Albert is the smoking tobacco pipe-smokers call the National Joy Smoke. And there are many mighty good reasons. Prince Albert is made from choice tobacco "crimp cut" and "no-bite" treated. And for smoking joy you couldn't ask for a milder, cooler, tastier smoke. In recent laboratory "smoking bowl" tests, Prince Albert burned eighty-six degrees cooler than the average of the thirty others of the largest-selling brands tested...coolest of all! Try Prince Albert, men. There's no other tobacco like it. ~~Heard on this program "All The Things You Are" is from "Very Warm For May."~~

This is Wendell Niles speaking --

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.