

As Broadcast

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1940  
#13

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:         (TRYPIICAL 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 0650

AL: Good evening, all, and thank you for that nice reception. For the past several weeks we have been putting on little plays which we hope you've enjoyed. As a matter of fact today we received a letter from Mrs. Montgomery Sniff of The Ladies Knitting and Jitterbug Auxiliary asking us to put on one of our plays for their club --

CARL: Egads! The ladies are always running after me!

AL: Running after you? Listen, Carl Hoff, you haven't been in any of our plays, simply because as I've told you before, you're no actor.

CARL: Well, I'm good enough to have a picture named after me!

AL: What picture?

CARL: That Bette Davis picture -- "All This and HOFFIE, Too."

AL: That isn't "HOFFIE," that's "Heaven."

CARL: Hoffie is Heaven to Bette Davis.

AL: Well, anyway, getting back to the letter, Mrs. Montgomery Sniff says she will get in touch with us during this broadcast.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

AL: That's probably Mrs. Sniff now. Come in.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

BLANCHE: Oh there you are, Mr. Pearce. How do you do -- how do you do. I had such a terrible time getting here, I thought I never would get here but here I am, aren't I? Yes, indeedy -- I'm here I'm here. (SILLY LAUGH)

AL: Yes, you are, but you're not all here.

BLANCHE: Now let's get right down to business. Our club, The Ladies Knitting and Jitterbug Auxiliary has started a little theatre movement. We've been dramatizing the lives of famous people in Holeywood.

AL: Holeywood?

BLANCHE: Yes. For instance, we have already dramatized the lives of such people as Bing Croseby, Henry Phonedá, Eddie Cantoir and Andy Deveen.

AL: I suppose you haven't got around to Spencer Trossy or Clark Gooble?

BLANCHE: No -- not yet. However, for our play next week, we girls have decided we'd like to dramatize the life of that great character of yours, Elmer Twerp!

AL: That's Blurt.

BLANCHE: Yes, isn't it? Now Mr. Pearce, here's our proposition. We'd like to have you write an original play and put it on for us in our auditorium.

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AL: I don't know how we're going to write an original play.

BLANCHE: Come, come, Mister Pearce -- isn't there somebody here who can write a play? Don't you have some young man on your show who has romance in his heart and poetry in his soul?

CARL: Egads! I'm in again!

AL: Listen, Romeo -- you keep out of this!

RAYMOND: Greetings, Mister Pearce! I can write a play!

BLANCHE: Why it's Raymond Radcliffe! Thank you, Raymond, for coming to my rescue! Allow me to kiss you in behalf of our club.

SOUND: TWO LOUD SMACKS

RAYMOND: You really shouldn't have done that, Mrs. Sniff!

BLANCHE: But after all, Raymond, your wife belongs to our club! Although -- she's not an active member!

RAYMOND: She will be when she sees this lipstick!

AL: Raymond, what do you mean by telling Mrs. Sniff you can write a play!

RAYMOND: Well, I can write it if you dictate it!

AL: Oh, you can write it if I dictate it! (ASIDE) Well, I'll fix him for putting me on the spot! All right, Raymond -- get your pencil and paper, I'll dictate the story!

RAYMOND: I'm all ready, Mister Pearce.

AL: All right -- take this down.

RAYMOND: Okay.

AL: Now read it back to me.

RAYMOND: What?

AL: I said read what you've got so far.

RAYMOND: But, Mr. Pearce, how can I read what I --

AL: What's the matter -- can't you read your own handwriting?

RAYMOND: Sure I can, but --

AL: Oh, you mean you won't. You deliberately refuse to read what's on that paper.

RAYMOND: But, Mr. Pearce -- I don't even know myself.

AL: Ignorance is no excuse. Read me what you've got there.

RAYMOND: Here -- read it yourself.

AL: Hey -- what's the big idea. There's nothing on this paper.

RAYMOND: That's what I've been trying to tell --

AL: You've been trying to read something to me that wasn't even there.

RAYMOND: Who was trying to read --

AL: Trying to put words in my mouth I never said.

RAYMOND: Listen, Mr. Pearce -- you didn't say nothing -- I didn't hear nothing and I couldn't write nothing on nothing because if nothing and nothing don't make nothing I'm nothing but a nothing.

AL: Oh, all right, Raymond -- we'll start all over. Ready? Take this down.

RAYMOND: I'm ready.

AL: Now read what you've got.

RAYMOND: (CRIES) But Mr. Pearce -- you didn't say nothing.

AL: Oh, I see. So that's where we got mixed up. (LAUGHS)

RAYMOND: (WEAK LAUGH)

AL: All right, we'll start again.

RAYMOND: Oh no, Mr. Pierce -- this time you take the pencil and paper and I'll dictate the story to you.

AL: All right, Raymond -- why not? You spiel it out and I'll write it down.

RAYMOND: All right. (ASIDE) Oh boy -- am I going to let him have it. Take this down.

AL: Okay.

RAYMOND: Now read me what you've got. (LAUGHS)

AL: No -- no -- Raymond -- To show you what a good sport I am --  
I'm going to let you read it.

RAYMOND: Okay. Once upon a time there was a young man by the name  
of Elmer Blurt. When he was a baby he used to take his  
spoon and go bang, bang, bang on the table, and boom, boom  
boom on the floor -- and then he would cry waaa, waaa, waaa/  
and go bang, bang, boom, boom on the table and boom, boom,  
bang, bang on the floor. Elmer was so used to pounding on  
things that when he became a young man he went around from  
street to street and door to door. On every door he  
would go knock, knock, knock and Ring, ring, ring and buzz,  
buzz, buzz, buzz. Then he'd walk along the street tramp,  
tramp, tramp, and clop-clop, clop and clippity, cloppity and  
trampity-trampity until he came to another house and then  
he'd go knock-knock and ring, ring, ring and buzz, buzz,  
buzz and I hope, I hope, I hope, I hope and they'd slam the  
door in his face --

AL: Just a minute, Raymond -- how could you read all that stuff  
off the paper when I didn't write anything.

RAYMOND: Mister Pearce -- it wasn't easy!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

(APPLAUSE)

AL: Hoffie!

CARL: Yes sir!

AL: Take a memo!

CARL: Okay.

AL: The next time you play a band number I wish you'd do  
"LA ROSITA!" Give us a swell big introduction, have the  
band do a chorus...and wind up with Rapheal Mendez on his  
trumpet. You got it?

CARL: Yes sir!

AL: Read it back to me!

ORCHESTRA AND RAPHEAL MENDEZ:

"LA ROSITA"



AL: Wendell...when are you going on your vacation?

WENDELL: What's the matter -- you getting tired of me, Al?

AL: No, I didn't mean it that way -- Not at all, Wendell,  
but after all you know this is vacation time!

WENDELL: What is your idea of a vacation?

AL: Well, Wendell...my idea of a vacation is doing  
something you want to do!

WENDELL: Gee, then I'm on my vacation right now...and every week...  
because if there's anything I like to do it's to talk  
about Camel Cigarettes!

AL: Well, that's fine, Wendell, you can have a one minute  
vacation right now with full pay!

WENDELL: Oh, thank you, Al -- Ladies and gentlemen....

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WENDELL: Ladies and gentlemen...this summer many of you will be taking your vacations to all parts of this country -- seeing America. And wherever you go -- see if you don't find that more smokers prefer Camels. Camels are America's favorite cigarette. Camels are the cigarette that gives you the "extras"...extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor, and extra smoking, too. Camels are slower burning. And of course, the slower a cigarette burns, the cooler and milder the smoking...and the more flavor, for slow burning preserves natural flavor and lets it come through to you. And also, of course, the slower a cigarette burns, the longer it lasts. 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. That's why we say, for economy, in addition to the "extras" in smoking pleasure, turn to slower-burning Camels. Penny for penny, Camels are your best cigarette buy!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

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ORCHESTRA: (ELMER INTRODUCTION)

WENDELL: The cuckoo means Elmer Blurt. This week we again find Elmer, the world's greatest low-pressure salesman, making his rounds from door to door. Today Elmer is selling a household pest exterminator called Fogel's Fly Spray. Good luck, Elmer.

SOUND: ELMER KNOCK

ELMER: Oh gosh, I hope the flies are as thick as flies in this house, I hope I hope I hope.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ELMER: Howjado lady. How would you like to rid your house of pests?

BLANCHE: I'd like it fine.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Gosh, I musta said the wrong thing! Maybe I can win her over with some flowery language.

SOUND: ELMER KNOCK...DOOR OPENS

BLANCHE: (MAD) For Pete's sake! Are you back again?

ELMER: Roses are red --  
Violets are blue  
I kill flies  
How do you do?

BLANCHE: Oh -- so you're a fly exterminator!

ELMER: Yep, sure, sure --. Lady, I have here a fly spray which is called Fogel's Fine Foam for Fooling Flies. Our slogan is:  
Some sprays are made for horse flies  
For others house flies fall  
But Fogel's Foam comes in the home  
Gets horse and house and all.

BLANCHE: Well, how does it kill them?

ELMER: Oh, lady, it doesn't kill them. It's very humane -- it only blinds them.

BLANCHE: Just blinds them? But I want to get rid of the flies.

ELMER: That's the idea, lady. You just shoot this spray in their eyes and they can't see where they're going.

BLANCHE: Yes.

ELMER: Then you get them all together and lead them out the door.

BLANCHIE: You idiot! Get out of here.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Oh gosh -- I gotta make a sale today. Somebody in this apartment house must have flies. I'll try this pretty door right here --

SOUND: ELMER KNOCK...DOOR OPENS

ELMER: Howjado, Mister.

MEL: Well, what do you want?

ELMER: I can tell just by looking at you that you need some fly spray.

MEL: (TOUGH) Fly spray my eye!

ELMER: What?

MEL: I said fly spray my eye!

ELMER: Okay.

SOUND: TWO LOUD SWISHES

MEL: OUCH! YOU fool! Get out of here!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MEL BLANK: (FLY BUZZING)

ELMER: Oh golly -- there's a peachie big fly. If I can just get him into one of these apartments I can sell my fly spray. Come here, little fly. I'll let you in through the peep-hole in this door.

ELMER: Come on, little fly. Right in here.

MEL BLANK: (FLY BUZZES LOUDER)

SOUND: SLIGHT CRACK OF FLY BUMPING HEAD

ELMER: You missed -- try it again.

MEL BLANK: (FLY BUZZES IN THROUGH PEEP-HOLE)

ELMER: He made it that time. Now here's where I make a sale.

SOUND: ELMER KNOCK...DOOR OPENS

ELMER: Howjado, lady -- I'm selling Fogel's Fly Spray.

BLANCHE: I'm sorry -- we have no flies.

ELMER: Ooooooh yes you have! I just let one in and he was a big one, too.

BLANCHE: Oh, no, we haven't --

ELMER: Ooooooh yes you have! I just let one in and he was a big one, too.

BLANCHE: Did he have big blue eyes?

ELMER: Yup yup -- sure .:sure -- that's him.

BLANCHE: Oh, that's our house fly -- he's been around here for years. Why, we call him George. Nobody's ever been able to catch him.

BILL: (OFF MIKE) Mildred! Who let George in here? That darned fly is driving me crazy again!

ELMER: Where is George, Mister? I'll get him with my fly spray.

BILL: Here he is -- dancing around my nose.

MEL BLANK: (FLY BUZZES "SKATERS' WALTZ"...BITES MEN...)

BILL: OUCH! He bit me!

ELMER: I'll get him!

SOUND: SPRAY SWISHES

MEL BLANK: (BUZZING LAUGH) You missed me. (BUZZ AWAY)

BILL: You better give up, young man -- nobody will ever catch George.

ELMER: Oh yeah, that's what you think. I'm going to get George this time.

MEL BLANK: (BUZZES) Shoot the squirt to me, Blurt! (BUZZES)

ELMER: Here it comes.

SOUND: TWO SQUIRTS

MEL BLANK: (BUZZING LAUGH) Oh yeah! (GIVES ELMER THE RASPBERRY)

ELMER: No fly is going to make a fool out of me. Here's where I get him!

SOUND: TERRIFIC CONFUSION...RUNNING FOOTSTEPS AND SQUIRTING OF GUN...FOLLOWED BY SERIES OF SACHEL CRASHES

ELMER: (BUMP) ouch!! My knee. (CHAIR BREAK) Oh!! That chair!  
(GOURD) ouch!! My head...There he is on the curtain  
(RIPPING) Now he's on the piano...

SOUND: LOUD PIANO CRASH

ELMER: (PANTING) This is a silly way to make a living!

BILL: (SNICKERS) I told you you'd never get George. There he is on the window.

ELMER: I'll get him this time!

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, GLASS CRASH, SLIDE WHISTLE, THUD

BLANCHE: (SCREAMS) Oh -- they both fell out the window.



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BILL (OFF MIKE) Hey down there! Are you hurt?

ELMER: No, I guess I'm all right, Mister -- except for  
a little buzzing in my ears.

MEL BLANK: (BUZZES) "That's me." (BUZZES) "So long, Elmer."

ELMER: Goodbye, George -- I'll see you next summer.

ORCHESTRA: (ELMER CHASER)

AL: Now for a sneak preview of a new recording that the Merry Macs have just made. It has the air of a Negro spiritual, and actually Richard Rodgers heard a Negro road gang singing it as they labored in the deep south and he copied it down in this form. It's called "Dry Bones." Here they are, Helen Carroll, Ted, Judd, and Joe MacMichael -- the MERRY MACS IN PERSON, singing "Dry Bones."

"DRY BONES"

MERRY MACS

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ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL SKYROCKET FADE TO WENDELL)

WENDELL: Here is a fact on cigarettes that is important to every smoker interested in cooler, milder smoking.

MAN'S VOICE: (SCIENTIFIC) In recent laboratory tests of sixteen of the largest-selling cigarette brands, Camel Cigarettes burned slowest of all -- twenty-five per cent slower than the average of the other brands tested...

WENDELL: Camel smokers have known it for years -- now independent laboratory tests confirm it -- Camels are definitely slower-burning. What's that have to do with mildness and coolness? Science again tells us --

MAN'S VOICE: Fast burning creates heat -- tends to produce a hot flat taste. Camels, being slower burning, are free from the irritating qualities of excess heat. Thus, Camels give a cooler, milder, more flavorful smoke.

WENDELL: That's the scientific fact. The popular fact is that every day thousands of smokers are turning to slow-burning Camels for extra mildness; extra coolness, extra flavor -- and extra smoking per pack, too. For that twenty-five per cent slower burning you just heard about means a whole smoking plus equal, on the average, to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. That's why smokers say: "There's more pleasure per puff and more puffs per pack in Camels!"

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

AL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

CARL: Well, Al -- how's the story of Elmer Blurt's life coming?

AL: It's practically finished, Carl. But now this Mrs. Montgomery Sniff has decided she wants a piano concert to open the show. Are there any men in your band who can play Beethoven?

CARL: Oh, sure! Some of them were up at my house last night and we played three games.

AL: Three games of Beethoven?

CARL: Beethoven? Oh, I thought you said Badminton.

AL: We're wasting time. I've got to find a good concert pianist.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

KITZEL: (SINGS) Hi-yi-o, Rancho Grande.  
I play with either handie. Yoo hoooo!

(APPLAUSE)

AL: Just a minute -- just a minute, Mr. Kitzel. What are you doing here? Didn't I fire you last week?

KITZEL: Oh, pish-posh-pish-posh. Who cares what happened last week? Last week my uncle was a Democrat. This is a changing world.

AL: Kitzel, you'd better run along now and don't bother me. I'm looking for a concert pianist!

KITZEL: My, my, my, how fortunate! When you mention the words CONCERT PIANIST -- I'm just the man you're looking at!

AL: Just a minute, Mr. Kitzel. What do you know about music!

KITZEL: (LAUGHS) What do I know about music! Get a load of this -- my little friend -- get a load of this!  
(SINGS TO "TURKEY IN THE STRAW") Ohhhh, raspberry, huckleberry, strawberry, quince -- oh, raspberry, huckleberry, strawberry, quince --



KITZEL: Are the woodpeckers following you or me?

MARKS: You see, I play the piano a little myself -- maybe I could help you out.

KITZEL: Oh, could you?

MARKS: Sure, there are two pianos here and I could play the piano behind the screen and Mrs. Sniff would think that Kitzel was playing! Of course, I can only play one piece -- "THE MERRY GO ROUND BROKE DOWN!"

KITZEL: Okay -- that's good enough! Now, Wafflebatter -- you get behind the screen at the other piano -- and I'll sit down here at this piano. That's it -- now we're all ready.

MARKS: But what about the signals --

KITZEL: It's very simple. When I say ALL RIGHT -- you start -- and when I say ALL RIGHT -- you stop!

MARKS: Okay -- all right, I start -- all right, I stop!

CARL: Jiggers, you guys, here comes Mrs. Sniff!

BLANCHE: Yoo-hoo -- here we are, everybody!

AL: Yes, Mr. Kitzel, Mrs. Sniff is all ready to hear you play the piano!

KITZEL: I was afraid of that!

AL: Well, go ahead!

BLANCHE: Yes, I'll sit here on the bench beside you!

KITZEL: Just a second -- just a second -- I'm afraid you'll make me nervous! You'd better sit over there!

BLANCHE: Over here?

KITZEL: No, no -- way -- WAY -- over there!

BLANCHE: Very well -- just as you wish. Now, first I want to hear you play Schubert's Unfinished Symphony!

KITZEL: Hmmm -- YOU DO? Okay -- I'll play Schubert's Unfinished Symphony -- but I think it's only fair to warn you -- it will sound like I finished it!

AL: Come on, Mr. Kitzel -- go ahead and play the number!

KITZEL: All set -- here we go! (YELLS) ALL RIGHT! Ha. Ha. Ha.  
ALL RIGHT! Ha. Ha. Ha.

BLANCHE: Well, I'm waiting!

KITZEL: Yeah -- so am I! (STARTS SINGING THE TUNE TO ATTRACT MARKS' ATTENTION) All right, why don't you play it!  
All right, why don't you play it! All right, all right,  
all right, all right, all right ---



AL: Mister Kitzel, what is this all right?

KITZEL: It's part of the song! (YELLS) ALL RIGHT!

MUSIC: (PIANO PICKS UP PLAY "MERRY-GO-ROUND BROKE DOWN")

KITZEL: How do you like it, Mrs. Sniff?

BLANCHE: It sounds something like the Merry-Go-Round Broke Down!

KITZEL: Ha. Ha. Ha. She thinks it sounds like the Merry-Go-Round Broke Down -- Ha. Ha. Ha. -- Mmmnnnyeah -- COULD BE!

BLANCHE: That's enough, Mister Kitzel -- you can stop now!

KITZEL: Yes, that is about enough! All right! All right!

MUSIC: (KEEPS ON GOING)

KITZEL: ALL RIGHT!

BLANCHE: Why do you keep saying all right?

KITZEL: I played once for Major Bowes! ALL RIGHT!

MUSIC: (COMES TO STOP)

BLANCHE: Oh, Mister Kitzel -- allow me to congratulate you. I didn't know you could play so well. You're ALL RIGHT!

MUSIC: (STARTS AGAIN)

KITZEL: JUST A SECOND -- JUST A SECOND -- HERE WE GO AGAIN!  
ALL RIGHT!

MUSIC: (STOPS)

KITZEL: Mrs. Sniff -- please -- please don't congratulate me any more!

BLANCHE: All right!

MUSIC: (STARTS AGAIN)

KITZEL: She wasn't talking to you! ALL RIGHT!

MUSIC: (STOPS AGAIN)

KITZEL: WHAT A STUPID MAN!

AL: Who's a stupid man?

KITZEL: Oh, don't pay any attention to me, Mr. Pearce. I'm all excited!

BLANCHE: Please calm yourself, Mister Kitzel -- everything is going to be all --

KITZEL: Tut-tut-tut-tut -- don't say it! DON'T SAY IT!

BLANCHE: Don't say what?

KITZEL: All right! (CRIES) OH, WHY DOES EVERYTHING HAPPEN TO ME!

MUSIC: (PIANO PICKS UP AND ORCHESTRA COMES UP TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

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: That's right, Wendell...and I would like to add that  
Elmer Blurt is taking a plane for Chicago tonight right  
after the broadcast to be with Uncle Ezra on his program  
tomorrow night and I'm sure that Elmer Blurt and  
Uncle Ezra together in Chicago will add to your radio  
enjoyment.

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:

Attention pipe-smokers! Hot, isn't it? The weather, yes! But you're in for cool smoking when your pipe is filled with Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. P.A. is cooler burning. 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...enjoy a smoke that's rich, tasty, so mild and cool. Prince Albert is the National Joy Smoke. Get a tin of P.A. at your very first opportunity.

This is Wendell Niles...speaking!

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM!