

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1940

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

PROGRAM NO. 15

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ELMER:        (KNOCKS) Spose 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, it seems that we really started something last week. We did a little Show called "THE LIFE OF ELMER BLURT" -- and from the letters we received -- it certainly made a hit with the men! Now, this week we've got to do something for the ladies! Let's see -- who is there on our show that might appeal to the women????????

CARL: Here I am girls! COME AND GET IT!

AL: (MAD) Carl, why do you have to butt in every time I mention the ladies!

CARL: Egads! Can I help it if I was born with dimples?

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

AL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

WOMAN: Mister Pearce?

AL: Yes, -- what is it?

WOMAN: Mister Pearce, on behalf of all the women and all the music lovers of this country -- I demand that, tonight, you do "THE LIFE OF CARL HOFF,"

CARL: Nnnyeah! See there!

AL: Well, Madame -- I had no idea that Carl was so popular -- but now that you put it that way -- we can hardly refuse!

WOMAN: Thank you! Will you be home for dinner tonight, Carl?

CARL: Yes, Aunt Mary!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

AL: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) Well, Carl? (LAUGH)

CARL: (LAUGHS) Aw, come on Al -- give me a break! I've been working all week long, setting my life story to music. I wrote an opera about it -- and tonight I'd like to sing the leading role!

AL: Sing? Did you say SING? Why, Carl, you couldn't carry a tune if it was strapped on your back!

CARL: Oh yeah -- get a load of this! (CARL SINGS BADLY AS ONLY HE CAN DO IT) "LET'S ALL SING LIKE THE BIRDIES SING, TWEET, TWEET, TWEET, TWEET, TWEET! Let's all sing like the birdies sing -- Tweet, Tweet -- "

AL: Just a minute, Carl -- do you call that singing?

CARL: Well, I'll admit I'm a little hoarse! Guess I need something for my throat!

AL: How about a nice sharp knife?

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

DICK: Hello Al, what's all that terrible racket that I heard in here?

AL: Oh, Hello, Dick. That terrible racket was Carl Hoff trying to sing!

DICK: I thought the cat was caught in the screen door!

AL: Dick, what are we going to do? Carl Hoff wants to sing in an opera tonight that he built around his life!

DICK: An opera? Tonight?????? Why, that's ridiculous! An opera takes weeks of preparation, training and rehearsals! In the first place -- you'd have to have a voice coach!

AL: See there, Carl. Where are we going to get a voice coach?

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGING

AL: Now who is that!

SOUND: PHONE UP

AL: Hello, Pearce speaking!

FORTE: Hello, Al. . This is your old friend, Rudy.

AL: Rudy -- why do you always call me when I'm busy! What do you want now?

FORTE: Al, we're having a big celebration over at my house. We've got firecrackers, sparklers, roman candles and sky rockets!

AL: Gee, that sounds good, Rudy. What are you celebrating?

FORTE: The Fourth of July!

AL: The Fourth of July. Look, Rudy -- the Fourth of July was last month!

FORTE: Last month? Gee that's a shame! I guess we're going to have to buy a Calendar!

AL: You'd probably be surprised to know that Roosevelt is running again?

FORTE: He is? Well, I always said Teddy was a good man! So long, Al!

SOUND: PHONE UP

AL: Was that in the script -- or will somebody pinch me! Now Dick....where were we?

DICK: We were trying to find a voice coach for Carl Hoff. Why don't you have your secretary call up the Musician's Building.

AL: That's a good idea. (CALLS) Raymond. Raymond!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

RAYMOND: Greetings, Mister Pearce!

AL: Raymond, you're just the man we want!

DICK: Yes, Raymond. We want you to find a voice coach!

RAYMOND: What kind of a coach?

DICK: A musical coach. You know what a musical coach is!

RAYMOND: You mean like a political band-wagon!

AL: No -- No -- Raymond -- we're looking for a man who teaches voice!

RAYMOND: What's his name?

AL: We don't know his name!

RAYMOND: Then how will I know where to find him?

DICK: Look. Raymond -- let's start all over. We're looking for a man who teaches voice!

RAYMOND: Which way did he go?

DICK: Which way did Who go?

RAYMOND: Hugo who?

DICK: Not Hugo. Who go!

RAYMOND: What's his last name?

AL: What a dope! Raymond -- grab that telephone and call the Musician's Building, and ask for a music teacher!

RAYMOND: All right, Mister Pearce! What's the number?

AL: Michigan -- K - 6 - 2 - 2 - 4.

SOUND: JIGGLING OF TELEPHONE HOOK

RAYMOND: Hello -- hello -- operator...

BLANCHE: The line is busy!

RAYMOND: What line's busy? I didn't call a number yet!

BRAYTON: Number please?

RAYMOND: Wait a minute. What's the number again, Mister Pearce?

AL: It's Michigan -- K - 6 - 2 - 2 - 4.

RAYMOND: Oh, yeah. Operator. Here's the number. Gimme---

BLANCHE: That number's been changed to Hamhock 9-1-1-1.

RAYMOND: What number's been changed?

BRAYTON: I'm sorry -- we're not allowed to give out numbers of subscribers. Call information!

RAYMOND: Now, you look here, young lady. I want Subscriber --  
K - 6 - 2 -

DICK: That's Michigan.

RAYMOND: Shut up.

BRAYTON: Who are you telling to shut up?

RAYMOND: I was talking to Dick!

BLANCHE: What's his number. I'll connect you!

RAYMOND: I'm trying to get Michigan --

BRAYTON: Long Distance!

RAYMOND: I don't want long distance. I want a number right here in town.

BLANCHE: Information.

RAYMOND: I don't want Information.

BLANCHE: What number are you calling?

RAYMOND: I'm calling for --

BRAYTON: There's no such number!

RAYMOND: OH, PEANUT BUTTER!

DICK: Watch your language, Raymond!

RAYMOND: The beast came out in me.

SOUND: JIGGLING OF HOOK

RAYMOND: Operator!

BLANCHE: Drop a nickel please!

RAYMOND: A nickel? This isn't a pay phone.

BLANCHE: I'll give you the supervisor!

RAYMOND: I don't want the supervisor! I want Michigan --

BRAYTON: Long Distance!

RAYMOND: GET OFF THE LINE!

BLANCHE: We're not allowed to give the time!

RAYMOND: Will you please give me --

BLANCHE: Here's your party!



RAYMOND: Hello -- Hello --

WENDELL: Repair Department!

RAYMOND: Look Mister -- will you please get me Michigan --  
K - 6 - 2 - 2 - 4.

BLANCHE: Here's your party!

RAYMOND: Here you are, Mr. Pearce. I finally got the number!

AL: It's about time. Hello, Pearce speaking!

FORTE: Hello, Al -- this is your friend Rudy!

AL: Now look, Rudy. Raymond didn't call you on this phone.  
How did you get on here!

FORTE: Mr. Pearce, IT WASN'T EASY!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

(APPLAUSE)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW 9-A  
8/9/40

AL: Well, I certainly don't want to hear you sing again,  
Carl, but I sure would like to hear the band play  
"Estrellita" with Rapheal Mendez doing a chorus on the  
trumpet. How about it, Hoffie?

ORCHESTRA AND RAPHEAL MENDEZ: "ESTRELLITA"

WENDELL: Every smoker knows that mildness, coolness and flavor play a very important part in the pleasure you get from a cigarette. Let's see how Camels rate on these three important factors --

MAN: First -- Mildness.

WENDELL: Well, it's easy to see that a fast, hot-burning cigarette will not smoke comfortably. Camels are slower-burning.... give you extra mildness.

MAN: Second -- what about coolness?

WENDELL: You don't need to be a scientist to appreciate that the slower a cigarette burns, the cooler the smoking. Camels give you extra coolness.

MAN: Third -- flavor.

WENDELL: Excess heat of fast-burning destroys the subtle elements of flavor and aroma. Slow-burning Camels give you extra flavor.

MAN: So Camels give you extra mildness, extra coolness, and extra flavor.

WENDELL: Another important extra, too....extra smoking per cigarette per pack.

MAN: In recent impartial laboratory tests, Camels burned twenty-five percent 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. Penny for penny, Camels are your best cigarette buy!

WENDELL: Yes, more and more smokers have discovered that the "extras" in smoking pleasure and value go with slow-burning Camels. It's the "extras" in Camels that make them America's favorite cigarette.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

ORCHESTRA: (ELMER INTRODUCTION)

WENDELL: The Cuckoo means Elmer Blurt! This week we find Elmer Blurt -- the world's greatest low-pressure salesman -- working for the Ajax Dog and Pet Shop -- selling dogs from door to door!

SOUND: DOGS BARKING

LANE: Down, Rover -- Quiet, Fido! (QUIET!) Now salesman of the Ajax Dog and Pet Shop, I want each of you to take five dogs apiece and cover this neighborhood. I'll be around to check up on you! Now have you all fed your dogs? Smith?

FORTE: Yeh, I fed my dogs!

LANE: Jones?

WENDELL: Yep -- fed mine!

LANE: Elmer Blurt -- have your dogs had anything to eat?

ELMER: Nope!

LANE: No? I gave you a pound of hamburger to feed them!

ELMER: Well, I threw the hamburger up in the air to make them jump for it!

LANE: Yes!

ELMER: And I beat 'em to it!

LANE: Well, buy them some more. And now, before we start  
knocking on doors -- let's all sing our pop song!  
Blow the pitch pipe, Elmer!

ELMER: I lost the pitch pipe. I'll pull this dog's tail!

SOUND: WOOF!..WOOF!

CHORUS: (TO TRAMP, TRAMP) Ajax Dogs make better House Pets!  
They will brighten up your home!

ELMER: You can tell them at a glance!  
Ajax dogs have longer pants.

CHORUS: Rover -- come up to my door! Yeah!

LANE: All right, now men -- get going!

SOUND: DOGS BARKING

CHORUS: (AD LIBS..."COME ON, PRINCE"..."HERE, JACK"..."  
"HERE, SPOT"....ETC.)

ELMER: Oh, boy -- I'm sure going to sell some dogs today.  
(SINGS) Get along little doggies -- get along little  
doggies -- get along little doggies -- get along!

SOUND: DOGS BARKING,..ELMER KNOCKS

ELMER: Oh, Gosh, I'm afraid I can sell this little Pekingese in this house I hope, I hope, I hope!

BLANCHE: (YELLING OFF MIKE) Who's out there at the front door?

ELMER: It's me, lady! How would you like to buy a nice little doggie?

WOMAN: I can't hear you. I'm out in the backyard in my bathing suit.

ELMER: How about a Peke?

WOMAN: What????

ELMER: I'm selling dogs!

WOMAN: We don't want any more dogs! We've got a dog now and the house is full of fleas!

ELMER: That's why you need another dog!

WOMAN: What do you mean?

ELMER: You've probably got more fleas than one dog can handle!

WOMAN: Get away from here and don't bother me!

SOUND: WOOF, WOOF, WOOF

ELMER: That's telling her. Come on, little doggie -- we'll go to this next house. There's a nice young couple sitting on the porch swing. How ja do!

CARL: What do you want?

ELMER: How would you young folks like to have a nice little dog?

BRAYTON: We don't want any dog! Beat it!

ELMER: But wouldn't you like to have a little pet?

BRAYTON: No. I don't wanna pet!

ELMER: Then what are you doing on that man's lap?

CARL: Get out of here, you bum!

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- I ain't having much luck today. I'll try this little cottage here.

SOUND: DOGS BARKING...KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS

ELMER: How ja do, lady. I'm selling dogs!

BLANCHE: My, my -- your dogs look tired.

ELMER: Yup, they are. Do you mind if I sit down!

BLANCHE: That's a cute little dog over there. The one with the black spots. Is he a Spaniel?

ELMER: Yes, he's a Spaniel -- but don't worry about him -- he took out his first papers today! I'll sell him to ya cheap --

BLANCHE: But there's something wrong with him. What makes his tongue hang way out!

ELMER: Well, ah -- he was born with too long a tail and he's trying to keep his balance. But he'd be a fine dog for your little boy!



BLANCHE: Little boy? I have SEVEN children!

ELMER: Seven children? Oh, gosh -- then you'd better buy this nice little Dachshund!

BLANCHE: Why should I buy a Dachshund?

ELMER: So your kids can all have a place to pat him!

BLANCHE: Well, I don't know. How much would that dog be?

ELMER: Well, let's see. He weighs fifteen pounds -- that would be thirty!

BLANCHE: Thirty dollars?

ELMER: No. Thirty cents. Two cents a pound!

BLANCHE: Just a minute. How come you sell your dogs by the pound?

ELMER: Because -- ah -- that's where I got 'em -- by the pound!

BLANCHE: I've heard enough. Goodbye!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Oh, Gosh -- I'd better sit down here on the curb and think this over!

LANE: (FADING IN) Elmer! Elmer! ELMER!

ELMER: Oh, Gosh -- it's the boss!

LANE: Elmer -- that's no way to sell dogs. What are you doing there on the curb?

ELMER: I'm a setter!

LANE: A setter, eh? Well, I'm going to give you a few pointers!  
I started you out with five dogs. How many have you got  
left?

ELMER: Six!

LANE: Six? Where did the other dog come from?

ELMER: Oh, He's just a visitor. Mr. Lane -- nobody wants to  
buy any dogs today!

LANE: Don't be silly. Why I can sell a dog at this next door.

ELMER: I'd like to see you do it!

LANE: Okay. Watch me. All you have to do to sell a woman a  
dog is to match her hair!

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK....DOOR OPENS

LANE: Lady, I have a black chow here to match your beautiful  
black hair, for a dollar!

BLANCHE: Here's your dollar!

LANE: Here's your dog!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Oh, boy -- that's slick. All you got to do is to match  
their hair with the dog's hair. I got the idea now.  
I'll take the next door!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR....DOOR OPENS

BRAYTON: (OLD HAG) What do you want, young man?

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- ah -- I don't want anything. We're all out of Greyhounds!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

LANE: Well, Elmer -- you had a tough break there. I'll take the next door! And Elmer -- you take the door at the top of the stairs! Now hurry up there!

ELMER: Okay, Mister Lane.

SOUND: ELMER RUNNING UPSTAIRS

LANE: Remember, Elmer...match their hair with the dogs!

ELMER: (OFF MIKE) Okay, Mr. Lane.

LANE: Well while Elmer trys that door upstairs I'll get this door here.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK...DOOR OPENS

LANE: Aha, what a gorgeous blonde creature. How about a nice white collie for fifty cents to match your beautiful hair?

BLANCHE: Here's your money!

LANE: Here's your collie!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

LANE: Now, where's Elmer?

SOUND: BODY FALLING DOWNSTAIRS...CRASH

LANE: Elmer -- speak to me. What happened?

ELMER: Oh, Mr. Lane, I made a bad mistake.

LANE: What did you say to the lady?

ELMER: It wasn't a lady -- her husband answered the door!

LANE: What did you try to sell him?

ELMER: A Mexican Hairless!

ORCHESTRA: (ELMER CHASER)

(APPLAUSE)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -20-  
8/9/40

AL: The Merry Macs have a swell surprise in store for us  
tonight -- a special novelty arrangement of an old  
favorite!

ORCHESTRA AND MERRY MACS

"THE THREE TREES"

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL SKYROCKET...THEME FADE TO WENDELL)

WENDELL: Millions of smokers prefer Camels for those three big pleasure "extras"...extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor. But don't forget that slow-burning Camels also give you another important extra -- extra smoking per cigarette per pack. Science explains Camel's extra smoking this way:

MAN: 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.

WENDELL: And that ladies and gentlemen means a smoking plus equal on the average, to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. Yes, you'll find important "extras" in smoking pleasure and value in slower-burning Camels...extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor, and extra smoking per cigarette per pack. Penny for penny, Camels are your best cigarette buy!

RAYMOND: Well, Mr. Niles, how can they get so many good things into one cigarette?

WENDELL: Well, Raymond, IT ISN'T EASY!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

CARL: (SINGING) Let's all sing like the birdies sing, "Tweet, Tweet, Tweet, Tweet, Tweet, Tweet,....."

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

AL: Carl, are you yelling in here again?

CARL: How soon am I going to get to sing my opera?

AL: Carl, I've told you we have to get ahold of a voice coach.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

KITZEL: (FADING IN) Hi-Yi-O -- Rancho Grande, at coaching I'm a dandy. Yahoo!!

AL: Now, just a minute, Mister Kitzel. This is no time to come in here with your jokes! Dick Lane and I are busy!

KITZEL: Can you think of a better time? I understand you gentlemen are looking for a voice coach -- a first class musician -- a master of allegro, pizzicato and innuendo!

AL: To begin with, Mister Kitzel, I happen to know that you don't know the first thing about music!

KITZEL: Listen to the little man. I don't know anything about -- why would you believe it -- I spend all my time listening to classical music. Just last night I went to hear Lawrence Two-Bits!

AL: Ah, ah, ah! I got you now. It isn't Lawrence Two-Bits! It's Tibbets. TIBBETS!

KITZEL: Tibbets to you -- TWO-BITS to me!

AL: What do you mean?

KITZEL: I sit in the gallery!

DICK: Listen Kitzel -- you still haven't told us what you know about opera! (THEN VERY FAST) What opera did you appear in? Who did you play with? What city was it? What theatre was it in? What was the name of it? What part did you play? What did you --

KITZEL: Who do I think you are -- Professor Quiz? For your information I'll have you to know, I once sang the leading role in the opera Carmen. I took the part of a Toreador and came out on the stage and fought a mad bull!

AL: Do you mean to say you actually fought a real bull!

KITZEL: Well, instead of a bull, I used a donkey.

DICK: Oh, a donkey!



KITZEL: Yeah -- that's where the bull comes in! I'll never forget when I walked out on the stage. The audience gave three loud cheers!

DICK: Three cheers for you?

KITZEL: No. One for me and two for the donkey!

AL: I don't see how they could tell you and the donkey apart!

KITZEL: Don't be so uppity-puppity. It was easy. I was wearing a red hat! As I walked up to the savage donkey he backed away like a coward!

AL: What did you do?

KITZEL: I backed away, too. I wanted to humor him! Then he sidestepped -- and I sidestepped. Then he turned his back on me -- and I turned my back on him -- that's where I made my mistake!

DICK: I don't get it!

KITZEL: I did. Never turn your back on a donkey! But I finally beat the donkey with one mighty blow and the audience whistled and yelled at the top of their lungs for an encore!

AL: Did you come out and take a bow?

KITZEL: No. When the curtain went up again -- there was nothing there but the donkey -- lying on the stage face up.

AL: Where were you?

KITZEL: Lying in the dressing room -- face down!

AL: Well, Mister Kitzel, regardless of your experience -- there's one man you can't possibly teach how to sing!

KITZEL: Oh, Pish-Posh -- I can teach ANYBODY how to sing!

AL: And I said it's IMPOSSIBLE to teach Carl Hoff how to sing!

KITZEL: Ha. Ha. Ha. He says it's impossible to teach Carl -- DID YOU SAY CARL HOFF?

AL: I said Carl Hoff! And I said it's impossible!

KITZEL: Mnnnnnyeah. COULD BE!

CARL: The trouble with you Kitzel is that you're an imposter... you don't know one musical note from another. Why, you're just a fake!

KITZEL: (MIMIC) I bet you don't know one note from another. I'll bet you say that to all the fakes -- Mister Hoff, I want you to know that I have indulged in such high-classical musical knocknicks as --  
(CONTINUED)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW  
8/9/40

-26-

KITZEL:  
(Cont'd)

Sonatas, Contatas, Schottische and Gavottas,  
Tchaikowsky, Dubrowsky, songs from Micky Mousesky,  
Librettos, Rigolettos, and Camel Cigarettos,  
Strauss, Feust and "Machs Nicks Oust" (MOCKS NICKS OUST)  
Not to mention such musical tidbits as  
Aida, (I-eeta) La Rosita, and Piccolo Peeta,  
There no "Home Sweet Home," without La Paloma.  
I played Chopin and Schubert, also Victor Hubert,  
Beethoven and Bach, now my fiddle's in hock,  
(SINGS) "BROTHER CAN YOU SPARE A DIME."

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER...APPLAUSE)...SEGUE BUMPER TO NEWSBOY:)

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 friends, don't forget we have already booked several young artists, instrumentalists as well as vocalists, from local radio stations in the North, South, East and West to appear as guests on our program this fall.

If you have a favorite on your local radio station, why don't you call the manager of that station right now and have him get in touch with us and who knows -- maybe that young artist might be a guest on our program some time in the future and I am sure that would 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)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -28-  
8/9/40

WENDELL:

Pipe-smokers! Don't let hot weather spoil your smoking joy. Get cool-burning Prince Albert... the National Joy Smoke. Prince Albert is cool-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! And Prince Albert smokes so mild. It's manufactured under a special "no'bite" process so that the rich, full taste comes through to you without a hint of harshness. Pipe-smokers, you'll find more joy with the National Joy Smoke. Get cool-burning Prince Albert at your very first opportunity. This is Wendell Niles...speaking. This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.