

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1940

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

PROGRAM NO. 17

ELMER: (KNOCKS) S'pose 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)

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AL: Good evening, all, and thank you for that grand round of applause. I haven't heard anything like it since last week. As a lot of you may remember, last week a stranger came into the studio and made me a present of a twenty-seven thousand acre ranch in Northern California -- absolutely free. There's only one condition -- I have to pay up eighty thousand dollars back taxes.

CARL: (LAUGHS VERY HARD)

AL: Carl Hoff -- what are you laughing at?

CARL: Al, you told me to laugh after the first joke.

AL: Carl, that's no joke. I don't even know what the ranch looks like, the ranch or the eighty thousand dollars. I sent my secretary, Raymond Radcliffe, up to the ranch in my car and he should be back here any minute to report.

SOUND: AUTO HORN...FAST

AL: There he comes now -- turning into the driveway.

SOUND: (OFF MIKE) HONK HONK CAR UP...SCREECHING BRAKES...TERRIFIC
CRASH

RAYMOND: Greetings, Mr. Pearce.

AL: Raymond, what happened? What was that noise out there?

RAYMOND: I just put your car in the garage.

AL: But Carl Hoff's car is in the garage. How could you possibly get my car in there, too?

RAYMOND: Mr. Pearce, it wasn't easy. Gee -- I'm awfully sorry I wrecked your beautiful car.

AL: That's all right, Raymond -- my wife was going to learn to drive next week anyway. Well, Raymond, did you find my ranch? What does it look like? Where is it located?

RAYMOND: Well, Mr. Pearce, I drove up to Northern California and I drove and I drove and I drove --

AL: Yes?

RAYMOND: And I drove and I drove and I drove --

AL: You said that before.

RAYMOND: Well, I love to drive. After driving for several days I finally came to your ranch. I sat there flabbergasted looking at those three beautiful girls.

AL: Three beautiful girls on the ranch?

RAYMOND: On the billboard -- it was advertising Camel Cigarettes.

AL: Raymond, where was the ranch?

RAYMOND: Behind the billboard.

AL: Wait a minute. You can't get a twenty-seven thousand acre ranch behind a billboard.

RAYMOND: Mr. Pearce, I've got some bad news for you. The ranch isn't quite twenty-seven thousand acres.

AL: Well, how big is it? Twenty thousand?

RAYMOND: No -- not quite.

AL: Ten thousand acres?

RAYMOND: No -- not quite.

AL: Five thousand?

RAYMOND: Not quite.

AL: Well, how big is the ranch?

RAYMOND: Mr. Pearce -- have you ever been on a night club dance floor?

AL: Now wait a minute, Raymond -- don't tell me that my ranch is that small.

RAYMOND: Mr. Pearce -- your ranch is so small that the cows give condensed milk. Gee, I felt so sorry for those poor cows -- they were all orphans.

AL: What do you mean the cows were all orphans?

RAYMOND: Well, the ranch foreman told me they didn't have any fodder.

AL: Never mind. Are there any other animals on the ranch?

RAYMOND: Oh yes -- Horses, rabbits, mools, ducks, bureaus, pigs, sheeps and a thousand of the most beautiful Rhode Island red chickens that ever laid an egg.

AL: Now you're talking, Raymond -- how were the eggs?

RAYMOND: Fine eggs, Mr. Pearce -- every hen except the rooster laid a big white egg -- and what a yolk!

CARL: (LAUGHS VERY HARD)

AL: What are you laughing at, Carl?

CARL: That's the first yolk I've heard on this program.

AL: Don't mind him -- he's a bad egg -- go ahead, Raymond.

RAYMOND: Mr. Pearce, would you believe it -- me and your ranch foreman worked out a secret formula to make the chickens lay colored eggs for Easter.

AL: Now wait a minute -- don't tell me that chickens can lay different colored eggs.

RAYMOND: Oh yes, Mr. Pearce. We found out that if we'd wave different colored pieces of cloth in front of them they'd lay different colored eggs.

AL: What do you mean?

RAYMOND: Well, for instance -- if we'd wave a white cloth in front of their eyes they'd lay white eggs. If we'd wave a green cloth they'd lay green eggs -- a blue cloth they'd lay blue eggs.

AL: Why that's wonderful! We could make a fortune on that.

RAYMOND: Yes -- we could have if the chickens had lived.

AL: What do you mean if the chickens had lived?

RAYMOND: Well, Mr. Pearce, when the foreman wasn't looking I got ambitious -- I waved a piece of Scotch plaid in front of the chickens.

AL: And what happened?

RAYMOND: They stripped their gears.

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -9-
8/23/40

AL: Friends, this week our attention shifts to the great Pacific Northwest to Tacoma, Washington, for it is from that city that our guest star appears on our program tonight. This charming little nineteen-year-old girl, Gerry Ferris, first attracted attention when she won a vocal contest in Tacoma and as a result joined the staff of KVI, where she has been singing now for about a year. This is her first trip away from home, and her first coast-to-coast commercial broadcast. Needless to say, she is thrilled to her fingertips! Here she is -- Miss Gerry Ferris, singing "Why Do I Love You" -- and good luck to you, Gerry!

ORCHESTRA AND GERRY FERRIS

"WHY DO I LOVE YOU"

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

AL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

AMBLER: Mr. Pearce, my name is Professor Ambler, authority on the correct method of public speech --

AL: I'm glad to know you Professor -- what can I do for you?

AMBLER: I have a complaint to make about the way Wendell Niles has been talking about Camel Cigarettes!

AL: Well Professor, if you're such an authority on public speaking suppose you show Wendell Niles how you think it should be done!

AMBLER: Well, thank you, Pearcey, my boy, thank you! Wendell Niles, my boy, I have often heard you make the statement -- Penny for Penny Camels are your best cigarette buy, Oh! What a beautiful phrase that is. Penny for Penny. What a little gem. What an infinitesimal tid-bit -- Penny for Penny. And now say it backwards...Penny for Penny. It is indeed a Peacheroo. To begin with, my good people, what is a Penny? It is the tenth part of a dime. The hundredth part of a dollar...the delight of a child... the keystone of thrift.

(CONTINUED)

AMBLER:
(Cont'd)

Can you see with me tonight, my friends, if you will, the thousands upon thousands of people who are buying cigarettes. Can you see with me if you will, these thousands of people going onwardly, forwardly, to the WHERE? To the store. Can you see with me, if you will, this great multitude passing onwardly, forwardly never backwardly...never horizontally...never perpendicular...lar...ly...but onwardly...forwardly to the WHERE? To the store -- and what are these people buying? That is the sticker...yes indeedy, my friends, that is the sticker. Are they buying the cigarette that gives them extra coolness, extra mildness, extra flavor? Are they buying the cigarette that is slower burning? The extra that gives them the extra smoking per WHAT? Per pack. Are they buying CAMELS, my friends...they are. Because smart smokers know what we mean when we say that Penny for Penny Camels are your best cigarette WHAT?

WENDELL: BUY...Professor.

AMBLER: Bye, bye, Mr. Niles.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

ORCHESTRA: (ELMER THEME.....CUCKOO)

WENDELL: When you hear the sound of the cuckoo the time will be exactly fifteen seconds before Elmer Blurt. This week Elmer Blurt has left the hot, blistering pavements of the sticky, stifling city and taken to the hot, dusty roads of the parched and panting country side. We now find Elmer knocking on the door of a small country farm house.

ELMER: Oh gosh, I sure like selling in the country better than in the city. You don't get turned down so often because the houses are farther apart.

SOUND: ELMER KNOCK

ELMER: I hope I can make a sale at this farm house I hope I hope I hope.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BLANCHE: Yes?

ELMER: (RECITES) THE FARMER IN THE DELL. The Farmer in the dell.

Heigh ho the merry-o. I got stuff here to sell. Howja do, lady -- are you the farmer's wife?

BLANCHE: No -- I'm the farmer's daughter.

ELMER: Oh gosh -- oh golly! Lady, you wouldn't believe it.

BLANCHE: Believe what?

ELMER: I'm the traveling salesman.

BLANCHE: Well, keep traveling!

SOUND: DOOR BANGS

ELMER: Oh gosh -- that ain't the way I heard it. Well, I guess I better go out and talk to the farmer. He's probably out here in the barn.

(RECITES)

The farmer's in the barn! The farmer's in the barn!
Heigh ho the merry-o. His daughter was homely anyhow.

SOUND: BARNYARD ANIMALS FADING IN

ELMER: Well, here's the barn door here --

SOUND: RATTLING AT BARN DOOR

ELMER: Oh gosh -- it's locked. I'll have to knock.

SOUND: ELMER KNOCK...DOOR OPEN

WRIGHT: What is it,, young man?

ELMER: Well, Mister, I've got here my own invention. It's a preparation called -- Elmer Blurt's Musical...(AD LIB)

SOUND: VERY LOUD BARNYARD NOISES...COWS, DUCKS, CHICKENS, PIGS,
ETC.

WRIGHT: I can't hear a word you're saying.

ELMER: Well, I was saying I've got here a preparation called...

SOUND: BARNYARD NOISES DROWN HIM OUT AGAIN

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- this is worse than trying to talk at a political convention.

SOUND: BARNYARD NOISES DROWN HIM OUT

WRIGHT: Quiet! Quiet! Young man, will you stop exciting my livestock. They're bad enough, anyway. Morning, noon and night they drive me crazy with their infernal mooing and quacking and bellowing.

ELMER: Mister, I've got here a livestock feed called Blurt's Musical Mash.

WRIGHT: Musical Mash? I never heard of such a thing.

ELMER: Well, you feed this mash to your livestock and poultry and instead of making their usual harsh noises they make music.

WRIGHT: Aw! I don't believe it.

ELMER: Well, we'll go in here and give some to one of your cows. Here Fossie -- eat some of this nice musical mash -- Nice Fossie.

BLANK: (MOO -- MOO...THEN...LOUD CHEWING AND SMACKING OF LIPS)

WRIGHT: Say, you young whipper snapper, what did you do to my cow -- he isn't mooing at all now!

EIMER: Well, no moos is good moos!

BLANK: (MOOS A COUPLE OF TIMES)

WRIGHT: There's nothing musical about the mooing.

EIMER: You just wait and see.

BLANK: (MOOO! MOOO! MOOO!...INTO SONG...MOOOOOOOOONNNNN OVER
MIAMI...MOOO MOOO MOOO MOOO MOOO!)

EIMER: There, Mister -- what do you think of that?

WRIGHT: Aw, that's some kind of trick. You're a city slicker.
You're trying to fool me.

EIMER: Oh -- No -- I'll try some of this musical mash on some of
your other animals.

BLANK: (BAA BAA BAA)

EIMER: I'll give some to this little goat. Here goatie -- eat
this mash.

BLANK: (BAA...CHEWS...BAA...CHEWS...BAA...CHEWS)

WRIGHT: I told you -- it isn't going to work this time.

EIMER: Oh, yes, it is.

BLANK: (BAAA BAAA)

EIMER: See -- his voice is changing.

BLANK: (BAA BAAA....SINGING...BAAUTIFUL OHIO ON THE MOONLIT...
BAAAAAA!)

WRIGHT: Well lands sake -- Say, young feller -- that stuff is pretty good after all. How much is it?

ELMER: Blurt's Musical Mash -- well, I charge three cents per animal.

WRIGHT: Well, counting my chickens and ducks and sheep and pigs, horses, cows and everything I've got about a hundred animals.

ELMER: That'll be three dollars. And now I'll help you scatter this mash around where they can all get at it.

SOUND: BARNYARD NOISES

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- there's a pretty chicken over there. Come here, chickie -- here, chickie. Gosh, you sure are a pretty little chicken.

CLARA: (CHICKEN ANSWERING HIM)

ELMER: You're welcome. I'm going to feed you some of this nice musical mash. Open your mouth wide now --

CLARA: (CHICKEN ANSWERING)

ELMER: Now you cut that out -- you're just egging me on. Here's some more musical mash.

WRIGHT: You're not going to make that chicken sing.

ELMER: Oh, yes, I am.

CLARA: (GOES INTO SONG)

AL: (AD LIB)

EVERYBODY: (ON CUE) (JOIN IN FOR FINISH) (BARNYARD NOISE LOUD ON
FINISH)

WRIGHT: That's wonderful! Marvelous! And here's your three dollars.

ELMER: But ah -- but er -- but I forgot to tell you. There's a slight extra charge of five hundred dollars for initiation fees.

WRIGHT: Initiation fees for my animals?

ELMER: Yep, yep -- sure -- they'll have to join the Musician's Union.

ORCHESTRA: (ELMER PLAY-OFF)

AL: Well, after that musical mesh Elmer got himself into I think it's about time for some real music, which on our show, of course, would mean it's about time for the famous Merry Macs. Tonight they are singing "The Girl Friend." I'd like to have you meet -- Helen Carroll --

HELEN: That's me!

AL: Ted --

TED: That's me!

AL: Judd!

JUDD: That's me!

AL: And Joe MacMichael!

JOE: That's me!

AL: The Merry Macs!

GANG: That's us!

ORCHESTRA AND MERRY MACS:

"THE GIRL FRIEND"

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

WENDELL: When a smoker changes his brand of cigarettes there's usually a good reason for doing so. Millions of smokers have made the change to Camels to get the extra mildness, extra coolness, and extra flavor of Camel's slow-burning, costlier tobaccos. And after making the change they discovered another "extra" in Camels -- extra smoking per cigarette per pack. Here's the explanation of that extra smoking:

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.

WENDELL: And that slower burning means that Camels not only smoke milder and cooler -- but means too, that Camels give a smoking plus equal on the average to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK.

VOICE: The "extras" in smoking pleasure and value go with slow-burning Camels. Camels are America's favorite cigarette.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

AL: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

RAYMOND: Mr. Pearce, I've been figuring and figuring and figuring and figuring.

AL: What have you been figuring about, Raymond?

RAYMOND: Well, I've figured out a way you can pay the eighty thousand dollars back taxes on your ranch. I figured if you opened a hamburger stand beside the road and you sold a hundred hamburgers every day for thirty years you'd have nothing to worry about.

AL: Listen, Raymond, you'd better keep out of this. You don't know anything about high finance.

RAYMOND: Oh, yes, I do, Mr. Pearce -- high finance runs in my family. My brother Oscar is a bank cashier. You remember him.

AL: No, I don't think I've ever seen your brother. What does he look like?

RAYMOND: Well, he's about six feet tall and ten thousand dollars short.

AL: In the first place, Raymond, running a hamburger stand takes experience. We don't know anything about cooking --

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

AL: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

KITZEL: Hi yi, El Rancho Grande!

With pots and pans I'm handy! Yoooo hooo!

(APPLAUSE)

AL: Well, if it isn't my old friend, Mr. Kitzel.

KITZEL: Well, if it isn't my old friend, Mr. Pearce. What's cooking with you today, Mr. Pearce?

AL: Well, Raymond and I are trying to figure how we can get rid of a hundred hamburgers a day.

KITZEL: Hmmm...I'll pull up a chair and help you. Where are the hamburgers?

AL: We haven't got any hamburgers.

KITZEL: You mean you ate them already?

AL: We're not eating the hamburgers -- we're selling them.

KITZEL: Oh -- that's different. Here's a dimo. I'll take one with mustard.

AL: No, no, Kitzel -- you can't have a hamburger with mustard. We haven't got any.

KITZEL: Then I'll take one with onions.

AL: Look Kitzel, we haven't got any onions -- we haven't got any mustard and we haven't got any hamburgers.

KITZEL: No wonder you're not doing any business.

AL: Kitzel, please -- let me explain it to you. We're talking about opening a hamburger stand up at my ranch. I was just wondering where we can find a good cook.

KITZEL: My, my, Mr. Pearce -- how fortunate and opportune for you that I should drop in at this critical juncture.

AL: Why? What do you know about cooking?

KITZEL: What do I know about cooking? Just ask my wife -- she'll tell you my hobby is cooking.

AL: She will?

KITZEL: Sure. Just come to my house at dinner and ask to see me.

AL: Yes?

KITZEL: My wife will say "Mr. Pearce, my hobby is cooking."

AL: You mean I'll find you half-baked in the kitchen.

KITZEL: (LAUGHS) He'll find me half baked in the kitchen. (LAUGHS) I don't like it! My little man, I'll have you to know I once wrote a play about cooking that ran for ten years on Broadway.

AL: I never heard of a play about cooking.

KITZEL: What a stupid man! Never heard of a play about cooking! You never heard of "Abie's Irish Roast?"

AL: Listen Kitzel, we'll see how much you know about cooking.
What's your favorite dish?

KITZEL: A clean one.

AL: No, no -- I mean what dish are you noted for cooking?

KITZEL: Ah, now you are touching a warm spot in my oven. Would you believe it, I make a little dish called "Chicken a la Kitzel" and I guarantee that my chicken will tickle your palate.

AL: How?

KITZEL: I leave the feathers on.

AL: Kitzel, I'm afraid you won't do. You don't know anything about cooking.

KITZEL: Don't be so uppity puppy. I don't know anything about cooking. You are talking to a man who has cooked all over the world. I have pickled my way through Piccadilly -- I've pared my way through Paris -- I fried my way through Greece -- I roasted my way through Turkey and I beefed my way through New York.

AL: New York?

KITZEL: Yes -- Beefalo, New York -- And what do you think I've been doing for the last year?

AL: You've been hamming your way through radio.

KITZEL: Hamming my way through radio? (LAUGHS) Mmmmmmmmyoh. Could be.

AL: Well, Kitzel, suppose I did give you a chance at that job. What kind of daily menu would you put out?

KITZEL: Why my little cucumber --

We'd have lamb chops with panties on Santies and Manties,
For Tuesday night dinners we have mustard and winners,
Lobsters, rhubobsters and corn on the cobsters,
Trout, kraut and stuff to throw out.

Not to mention such succulent dishes as:

Sauerbraten, au gratin and toothpicks for nottin',
Pastrami, salami and stuff that's yam yami,
Fried eggs and dried eggs and wide-open eyed eggs,
Bacon and cakon and southern fried chakon.

(SINGS) And a hamburger built for two! Woo woo!

(APPLAUSE)

AL: Well -- I still don't know how I'm going to raise that eighty thousand dollars back taxes.)

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

AL: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

BLANK: Mr. Pearce, I'm the County Assessor. It's rumored about town that you still don't know how you're going to raise that eighty thousand dollars back taxes.

AL: That's right.

BLANK: Don't worry. We made a terrible mistake down at the office. I'm laughing about it yet. (LAUGHS) It was the silliest mistake -- preposterous! Why, on that little ranch of yours you don't owe eighty thousand dollars back taxes.

AL: Well, that's more like it. What do I owe in back taxes.

BLANK: Seventy-nine thousand. (LAUGHS) Good day!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

AL: Well -- seventy-nine thousand -- eighty thousand -- what's the difference as long as I'm broke. Anyway -- it's seventy-nine thousand chances to one that I still won't be sane by next Friday night but if you want to take the chance and tune in it's all right with me.

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO NEWSBOY)

Second Show
CUT
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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: I am sure that the people in Tacoma and the great Pacific Northwest got a great thrill out of hearing their local radio star, Gerry Ferris, on our program tonight. If you have a favorite on your local radio station -- that doesn't necessarily mean a singer because we are interested in any radio performers: instrumental, vocal and novelties -- 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 know 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)

Second Show

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -27-
8/23/40 (REVISED)

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: I am sure that the people in Tacoma and the great Pacific Northwest got a great thrill out of hearing their local radio star, Gerry Ferris, on our program tonight. If you have a favorite on your local radio station -- that doesn't necessarily mean a singer because we are interested in any radio performers: instrumental, vocal and novelties -- 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 would be signed by some sponsor or movie studio and I know 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-
8/23/40

WENDELL: Pipe-smokers, here's a tip for more vacation pleasure. Take along a good supply of Prince Albert smoking tobacco. Prince Albert is the National Joy Smoke. And Prince Albert is the cool-burning tobacco. 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. Prince Albert is cooler, milder, yet smokes rich and tasty with a fragrant aroma. There's no other tobacco like Prince Albert. This is Wendell Niles speaking... This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

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