

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1940
PROGRAM NO. 19

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

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!

MUSIC: (THEME...FADE TO AL PEARCE)

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AL: Good evening, all. Thanks for that mighty generous applause. At least you give me courage to go on the balance of this half hour and face this crazy gang of mine because heaven only knows what's in store for me with Kitzel, Raymond Radcliffe, Carl Hoff, the Merry Macs and the rest of this goofy bunch on the loose.

SOUND: AUTO HORN...TWO OR THREE TIMES

AL: Just a minute, sound effects man, there's supposed to be a doorbell here!

SOUND MAN: Well, I pressed the doorbell.

AL: Get out of my way -- I'll press the doorbell myself.

SOUND: REFEREE WHISTLE

AL: That's better. Come in.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MEL: Good evening, Mr. HIC! Mister HIC! Mister HIC!

AL: Pearce.

MEL: Thank you Mister HIC! Pearce. I'm a reporter with a big radio magazine and I have a few things that I would to HIC like to HIC like to bring up.

AL: Well, you're doing all right. Where did you get those hiccups anyway?

MEL: I just had a bowl of chili HIC.

AL: Chili never gave me the hiccups.

MEL: Well HIC -- maybe yours wasn't HIC made with Mexican jumping beans. May I have a glass of HIC -- glass of water? HIC!

AL: Here you are -- here's a whole pitcher of water. Do you drink water to cure your hiccups?

MEL: I don't drink it, -- I have another method HIC I'll just raise this window --

SOUND: WINDOW GOES UP

MEL: See that girl HIC standing down on the corner? HIC I'll just throw this water down on her --

SOUND: SPLASH OFF MIKE

BLANCHE: (TERRIFIC SCREAM)

MEL: (LAUGHS) See, -- she scared me -- my hiccups are gone!
Well, Mr. Pearce -- now we can get down to business.
The radio magazine that I represent is having a big
contest to determine who is the biggest he-man on the
air.

AL: The biggest he-man on the air?

MEL: Yes. And when we find this he-man our magazine is going
to give him a loving cup.

CARL: Ye gads! (RECITES) Tell me how long must I wait?
Do I get it now -- or must I hesitate?

AL: Just a minute Carl -- this man is looking for a he-man.

CARL: I'm a he-man! Why, I'm as strong as an ox. They even
named a picture after me.

AL: What picture?

CARL: The Ox At Yankford!

MEL: I'm sorry Mr. Hoff, but my magazine really sent me here
to interview Mr. Pearce.

AL: Aw shucks -- you shouldn't have done it.

MEL: But, Mr. Pearce, you'll have to admit that you're a
great big husky powerful looking fellow.

AL: Oh, no I'm not.

MEL: Oh yes you are!

AL: Oh, no I'm not.

MEL: Oh yes you are!

AL: Well -- maybe I am. They always said when I was in school that I was the strongest kid in the eighth grade.

CARL: You should have been -- you were thirty-two years old.

AL: Carl Hoff, you know that isn't true.

MEL: : How old were you?

AL: Twenty-nine.

MEL: Mr. Pearce, will you be so kind as to tell me how you have built up such a tremendous physique?

AL: Well, it's fairly simple. There isn't a day goes by that I don't indulge in some strenuous activity. I'm always putting my powerful muscles into play. I can't keep still for a moment -- I like to be doing things with my hands --

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

RAYMOND: Greetings, Mr. Pearce,

AL: What is it Raymond?

RAYMOND: Mr. Pearce, I've brought your knitting needles.

MEL: Knitting needles? Mr. Pearce -- don't tell me that you knit?

AL: Now wait a minute. Raymond went out and bought these knitting needles for my wife. Isn't that true, Raymond?

RAYMOND: Yes, Mr. Pearce. You always use bigger needles.

AL: Please Raymond -- this man came here looking for the biggest he-man on radio.

RAYMOND: What does he want to see me about?

AL: He doesn't want to see you. Don't pay any attention to him, Mr. He's just my secretary, Raymond Radcliffe.

RAYMOND: Mr. Pearce, I object to that remark. Just because I'm intelligent and brainy doesn't mean I'm not muscular and branny.

MEL: So, Mr. Radcliffe, you think you're a big he-man? How can you prove it? What have you ever done that's brave?

RAYMOND: How can I prove it? Here -- take a look at this picture.

MEL: Why, this is nothing but a picture of a woman. How does that prove you're brave?

RAYMOND: I married her.

MEL: Now what else have you done in the he-man line?

RAYMOND: Did I ever tell you about the time I was up in Alaska? I was a fur trapper.

AL: Raymond, don't tell me you were one of those big, strong, silent trappers of the North?

RAYMOND: Yes sir! I only opened my trap once a year!

AL: You've certainly changed!

RAYMOND: As I was saying, I went up to Alaska to trap kangeroos!

MEL: Kangeroos? There are no kangeroos in Alaska!

RAYMOND: Really? I must have trapped them all. So after I trapped all the kangeroos I went to Africa to hunt lions!

AL: Well, at least you went to the right place to hunt lions!

RAYMOND: One day while strolling through the jungle I met a ferocious lion. As this savage lion came charging at me I picked up a little stick and hit the lion on the tail and killed him!

AL: Now wait a minute, Raymond. You killed a lion by taking a little stick and hitting him on the tail?

RAYMOND: Yup! That was the end of the lion!

MEL: (LAUGHS) That's good! The end of the lion!
Ha! Ha! Ha!

AL: Yes, this is the end of the line -- and I'm getting off right here!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

AL: Friends, tonight our attention shifts to the middle west, to Topeka, Kansas, for it is from that city that we have selected our guest star to appear on tonight's program. This young man started his radio career seven years ago by winning an amateur contest in a small town in Nebraska, and I'm happy to say this is his sixth consecutive year as a regular weekly feature on radio station WIBW in Topeka, Kansas, where he is a member of the staff. Edmund Denney's tenor voice and personality is a most welcome favorite in thousands of homes throughout the midwest and I am sure that the nation at large will join me tonight in doffing their hats to a grand chap, and, incidentally, one of the happiest persons I have ever had the pleasure to meet. Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to introduce from Topeka, Kansas -- Edmund Denney.

ORCHESTRA, EDMUND DENNEY:

"SIERRA SUE"

AL: Say, Carl, what's that book on your music stand?

CARL: Music!

AL: No that one underneath your music -- right here.

CARL: Why that's --

AL: Ah ha! So you're doing it too. Imagine a musician like you with a copy of RUBE JOKES AND HOW TO MAKE PEOPLE LAUGH IN TEN EASY LESSONS.

CARL: Well, Phil Harris and Peter Van Steedan haven't done so badly.

AL: Their jokes are written by the program gag writers.

CARL: Well, I was just trying to give the folks a little extra pleasure.

WENDELL: Well, Al -- speaking of extra pleasure the "extras" in Camel Cigarettes tend to people's smoking pleasure. You see, the "extras" in smoking pleasure and value go with slow-burning Camels. And the longer you're a Camel smoker, the more you'll appreciate these "extras." A rich fullness of flavor -- an extra flavor that never loses its fresh welcome appeal. An extra measure of mildness and coolness that only slow-burning Camels can give. Even an extra amount of smoking per cigarette per pack. Yes, the cigarette that gives you the "extras" is Camel, and the story behind those "extras" is simply this: Camels are made from costlier tobaccos -- a matchless blend. They are definitely slower-burning. Before you make up your mind that you're getting all you can expect from a cigarette, try Camels. Get the "extras."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

ORCHESTRA: (ELMER THEME)

WEN: (ON CUCKOO) The cuckoo means Elmer Blurt. With the new 1941 model cars just coming on the market, Elmer decided to go in the Used Car business, so he got a job selling second-hand cars. He is now a member of the sales crew of the Ajax Second-Hand Car Company. And tonight we find him on the used car lot, getting a last minute "pep" talk from the sales manager! Elmer is the second wreck from the left.

BILL: Men, remember what I told you! We've got to get these second-hand cars off the lot before they fall apart. Each one of you take a car, and get rid of it before five o'clock if you have to go from door to door! Now, before we start out, let's all sing our "Pep" song.

(PITCH PIPE)

(SUNG TO TUNE OF "JA-DA")

CHORUS: Ajax! Ajax!
It's the car that can't be beat,
Ohhh, Ajax! My little Ajax!
Will fit you in the rumble seat
If you want a car to please your Mommy and your Poppy
Take 'em for a ride in an Ajax Jaloppie
Ohhh, Ajax! You pretty Ajax!
Rattle, rattle, biff, boom, bang!

ELMER: I hope you buy this car from me, I hope, I hope, I hope
All you need to make it go is fifty feet of rope.

CHORUS: Ohhh, Ajax, Ajax!
Rattle, rattle, biff, boom, crash!
Good morning, Judge!

(APPLAUSE)

BILL: Now, break it up, fellas! You all know your districts.

CHORUS: (SALESMEN BREAKING UP MEETING)

BILL: And you, Blurt! In case anybody wants to buy a car on time, remember he can make the payments in any one of our plants. Do you understand, he can make the payments in any one of our plants!

ELMER: Yep, we got finance in our plants!

BILL: Okay, get in the car and I'll give you a shove, it's down-hill!

SOUND: MOTOR STARTING...RUNS...WITH KNOCKS

ELMER: Oh boy, listen to that motor purr! I sure am lucky, I got one of the new models! For real performance you can't beat a Stanley Steamer.

(SINGS) Ajax! (HORN) Ajax! (HORN)

Is the car that you should try

Ohhh Ajax! (HORN) My little Ajax! (HORN)

Watch the snails go whizzing by!

I think I'll stop here at Third Street!

SOUND: BRAKES SQUEAL FOR ABOUT TEN SECONDS...MOTOR STOPS

ELMER: Well, Fifth Street is close enough, I guess. There's a lady over there, maybe I can sell this car to her, I hope, I hope, I hope! I'll blow the horn. (LIKE ELMER KNOCK)

SOUND: BULB HORN

BLANCHE: Young man, don't you dare try to pick me up!

ELMER: Lady, this car hasn't got any pick-up! I'm just trying to sell it. Could I interest you in a car?

BLANCHE: You couldn't interest me any place!

ELMER: But, lady, this car is sure a real buy. It's a Stanley Steamer Eight!

BLANCHE: Eight cylinders!

ELMER: No. Eight dollars!

BLANCHE: Well, I suppose it is better than my old car. The one I have now rattles terribly. Even the thing that holds the license is broken. Ever'time I go over a bump my plates bounce up and down!

ELMER: Lady, you should see a dentist! Listen, if you'll get in the car I'll give you a demonstration.'

BLANCHE: But I don't like the looks of your car. It's not a very late model, is it?

ELMER: Oh, yes, it is, lady. It hurts me to hear you say that. It's even got disappearing headlights.

BLANCHE: But I don't see any headlights.

ELMER: Well, they disappeared seven years ago. Come on, get in and I'll take you for a ride!

BLANCHE: All right, I'll try anything once!

SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAM

BLANCHE: I just hope you're a careful driver!

ELMER: You don't have to worry about anything. This is a Safety Car!

BLANCHE: A safety car?

ELMER: Yup! If it sees another car coming it dives off the road and hides in the bushes!

SOUND: CAR STARTS UP AND KNOCKS VIOLENTLY

BLANCHE: I keep hearing a bad knock in the motor!

ELMER: Well, if you buy the car we'll throw in a pair of earmuffs! This is a very economical car. It's a political model!

BLANCHE: A political model?

ELMER: Yeh. It generates its own gas and blows its own horn!

SOUND: KNOCK IN MOTOR GETS LOUDER

BLANCHE: That knock in the motor is getting worse!

ELMER: And that's not all, lady. This car has got a windshield wiper that wipes off the windshield on the inside.

BLANCHE: Wipes off the windshield on the inside? But it doesn't rain on the inside.

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ELMER: It does in this car.

SOUND: KNOCK IN MOTOR INCREASES

BLANCHE: Will you please get out and see what's causing that awful knocking!

ELMER: Okay, lady! I'll lift up the hood and find out what it is.

SOUND: HOOD BEING RAISED...LOUD KNOCKING

ELMER: Oh, gosh! It isn't the car that's knocking!

BLANCHE: Then what is it?

ELMER: It's the mechanic. He's still working on the motor!

(CHASER)

AL: It seems quite the popular thing today to revive some of those old swell tunes that were the top hits of yesteryear, so tonight I asked the Merry Macs to give a modern twist to an old favorite of mine, "Me, Too."
Okey, Hoffie, start offie.

ORCHESTRA, MERRY MACS:

"ME, TOO"

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

WENDELL: If you're looking for economy in your smoking, turn to slower-burning Camels. For Camels -- with their costlier tobaccos -- their slower way of burning -- not only give you extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor -- they give you 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.

WENDELL: And that, ladies and gentlemen, means a smoking plus equal on the average to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. Yes, Camels give you cigarette economy that can't be overlooked. And for more pleasure per puff, as well as more puffs per pack, turn to the slower-burning cigarette of costlier tobaccos. See if you don't agree that penny for penny, Camels are your best cigarette buy.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

AL: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

WENDELL: Say, Al --

AL: What is it, Wendell?

WENDELL: What became of that man from the radio magazine that was here looking for the biggest he-man on the air? Did he pick out anybody?

AL: Not yet.

WENDELL: What about your friend, Mr. Kitzel?

AL: Don't be so uppity puppy -- what could Kitzel do?

WENDELL: We'll make a lifeguard out of him.

AL: I don't think you could make a lifeguard out of Kitzel in a thousand years.

KITZEL: Hi hi, el rancho grande.
My trunk are full of sandy! Yooooooooo hooooooooo!

AL: Well -- my old friend Kitzel. I was hoping you'd drop in.
You must have read my mind.

KITZEL: No -- I read the script. It says "Kitzel enters."

AL: Well, now that you're here, Kitzel, maybe you can help us out. We're looking for a big strong he-man.

KITZEL: When you're looking for a big strong he-man, I'm just the man you are looking at. I'm a regular Greek adenoids.

AL: That isn't adenoids -- that's Adonis.

KITZEL: Oh, pish posh -- adenoids -- Adonis -- what's the difference as long as I'm healthy.

WENDELL: Look, Kitzel -- we just want you to answer one question -- can you swim?

KITZEL: Well -- sometimes I can swim pretty good and other times I can't swim at all.

WENDELL: When can you swim best?

KITZEL: When I'm in the water.

AL: When you're in the water? Look -- how often have you ever been in the water?

KITZEL: (LAUGHS) Look who's asking if I've ever been in the water. For your information, many's the time I've gone into the ocean.

AL: How far?

KITZEL: Clear up to my bathing suit.

WENDELL: Look, Kitzel -- we're looking for a brave man who is willing to risk his life at a dangerous beach.

KITZEL: My, my -- where are you going to find a brave man like that?

AL: We've already found him and his name is Kitzel.

KITZEL: Kitzel? Kitzel? KITZEL! That's me! I'll see you later!

AL: Kitzel, come back here. All I'm asking you to do, is to go down to ~~the~~ beach and go swimming every day.

KITZEL: Swimming? You mean swimming like in GLUG GLUG! SINK SINK! Survive or perish? I can't take the job as sure as my middle name is Earl.

AL: What's your middle name got to do with it?

KITZEL: Earl and water don't mix!

AL: Mr. Kitzel -- you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You're acting like a coward.

KITZEL: Acting like a coward, believe me -- I'm not acting.

WENDELL: Let me talk to him, Al. Look, Kitzel -- here's your chance to be a hero. You might even be decorated for bravery -- how would you like medals pinned all over your chest --

KITZEL: I wouldn't like it.

WENDELL: Why not?

KITZEL: I don't wear a swimming shirt.

AL: Ah, Kitzel -- you don't know what you're missing -- Fame, Adventure, Romance!

WENDELL: Certainly -- as you stand in your tower, surrounded by bathing beauties, you are looking out at the ocean.

KITZEL: I'm surrounded by bathing beauties?

WENDELL: Yes.

KITZEL: Then why am I looking at the ocean?

WENDELL: You're looking out to sea to see what you can see.

KITZEL: And what do I see? I see the sea. Or do I see a beautiful girl in a white bathing suit? ~~Mmmmmmmmm~~mych, could be!

WENDELL: No, no, Kitzel -- forget the girls! A lifeguard's mind is always on the job. As you stand on your tower gazing out at the ocean, you see an old man trying to float alone. What do you do?

KITZEL: I call my brother.

WENDELL: What for?

KITZEL: He's in the loan business.

WENDELL: No, no -- the old man doesn't realize his danger -- quickly, you leap to your feet and with long powerful strides, you dash into the water.

KITZEL: And then I dash out again.

WENDELL: What for?

KITZEL: The water is cold.

WENDELL: It isn't cold -- it's warm.

KITZEL: How warm?

WENDELL: Luke warm.

KITZEL: It lukes warm, but it feels cold.

WENDELL: Forget that nonsense -- a lifeguard's mind is always on the job. With a mad dash you leave your feet and dive into the waves --

KITZEL: I leave my feet? How can I leave my feet?

WENDELL: You don't leave your feet -- your feet leave the sand and you find yourself struggling with the undertow.

KITZEL: Where's my under toe -- in the sand?

WENDELL: No, no -- it's not your under toe -- it's the tow of the water -- it's tide.

KITZEL: The water's toe is tied?

WENDELL: Yes, NO, NO! The undertow is in the water -- it's when you feel the tide tugging. Understand? When you feel the tide tugging! Oh -- Let's drop the whole thing!

KITZEL: Yeah -- I'm tide tugging about it too!

AL: Listen, Kitzel -- you're a lifeguard -- There's an old man out there trying to float alone.

KITZEL: Isn't my brother here yet?

AL: Forget your brother. A lifeguard's mind is on the job. With powerful strokes you cut your way through the water -- you swim and you swim and you swim, until you come to the old man. Then what do you do?

KITZEL: I keep on going -- I swim and I swim and I swim.

AL: Wait a minute! Why are you passing the old man?

KITZEL: Because -- I'm a lifeguard and my mind is on the job.

AL: What job?

KITZEL: That little job in the white bathing suit.

AL: Kitzel -- you're impossible -- I give up, too! Find thing, I can't find a he-man on the show. Carl, get us out of this mess!

ORCHESTRA: (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: I am sure that the people in Topeka, Kansas, and the
midwest got a great thrill out of hearing their local
radio star, Edmund Denney, on our program tonight.
If you have a favorite on your local radio station that
you would like to give a boost -- and that doesn't
necessarily mean a singer, because we are interested in
any radio performer: instrumentalists, vocalists or
novelty acts -- 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's appearance on our
program would attract the attention of some sponsor or
movie producer and this might be just the thing that
would start them on the road to fame and fortune, and I
know that would add to everyone's enjoyment.

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WENDELL: And for your smoking enjoyment -- try CAMELS, the cigarette that gives you the extras! And brings you extra fun with AL PEARCE ever Friday.

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

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR WENDELL)

51459 0848

WENDELL: Men, pipe-smokers call Prince Albert the National Joy Smoke for 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 other of the largest-selling brands tested...coolest of all. Try Prince Albert, men. You'll discover why millions of pipe-smokers say:
"There's no other tobacco like it!"
This is Wendell Niles...speaking.
This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM!