

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1940

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

Program No. 22

FILMER: (KNOCKS)

RAYMOND: GWEEPINGS, EVERYBODY.

FILMER: S'pose you're all smoking Camel Cigarettes, I hope, etc.

KITZEL: Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmyah! Could be!

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 and his Gang!

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

AL: Good evening everybody, that's a mighty nice reception. Let me welcome you to tonight's shindig^{on} behalf of the entire gang: Elmer Blurt, Raymond Radcliffe, Could Be Kitzel, the Merry Macs, Margaret Brayton, Bill Wright and two other stars^{AD} whom we're saving for a surprise. To start off the proceedings, let's have a number from Carl Hoff and his orchestra. What are you playing tonight, Carl?

CARL: Why do you ask me such embarrassing questions? I'm just an orchestra leader.

AL: Well, I thought you might know tonight and surprise me.

CARL: Oh! You want to be surprised, eh? Well, Al, I've got a real surprise for you^{AD}. Bob Councilman, the drummer in my band has made a terrific discovery.

AL: What is it?

CARL: Well, you've heard of Rubinoff and his talking violin. I'd like to have you hear our talking drum.
cut 2nd phrase

AL: Your drummer has a talking drum?

CARL: Just listen to this: Bob, why does an Irishman wear green suspenders?

SOUND: DRUM HITS FIVE BOOMS

9/27/40

cut 2nd scene

CARL: That's right! To hold his pants up.

AL: What a minute, Carl -- what do you mean a talking drum?
All it did was Boom! Boom! Boom!

CARL: Oh yeah -- if he was good enough for that picture he's good
enough for this program.

AL: What picture?

CARL: "Boomtown."

AL: Go ahead and play your number! (MUTTERING) "Boomtown!"

ORCHESTRA: (OPENING NUMBER)

AL: That was a nice snappy opening number, Carl. And now to get on with the show --

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

RAYMOND: (OFF MIKE) Right this way, Kitty. (ON MIKE) Greetings, Mr. Pearce!

(APPLAUSE)

AL: Well -- Raymond Radcliffe and he's got a lady with him.

RAYMOND: Mr. Pearce -- I want you to meet an old friend of mine.

KITTY: (LAUGHS)

AL: An old friend of yours -- Raymond -- this lady is an old friend of ours. Friends, I want you to meet Kitty O'Neill.

(APPLAUSE)

AL: Well, Kitty, I'm certainly glad to see you.

KITTY: Sure glad to see you too, Al!

AL: You're looking healthy as ever. Do you still tip the beam at three hundred pounds?

KITTY: Yes, Al -- I'm the same old Kitty. Still on the beam.
(LAUGHS)

RAYMOND: Mr. Pearce, you wouldn't believe it, but Kitty and I used to be school-day sweethearts. In fact, we were even engaged to be married.

AL: What a colossal romance that must have been. Raymond, you weigh almost four hundred pounds yourself.

KITTY: That's right, Al -- that's why I turned him down. I figured one of us in the family ought to have a lap for the baby to sit on. (LAUGH)

RAYMOND: Kitty, remember how we used to dance together?

KITTY: Yes -- we were the only couple on the floor who couldn't step on each other's feet. (LAUGHS)

RAYMOND: I'll never forget the night that we did the Shimmy in the old Odd Fellow's Hall.

AL: You two danced the Shimmy -- that must have been terrific.

KITTY: Yes -- we brought down the house. (LAUGHS)

RAYMOND: Yeah -- and next day they rebuilt it. (FAKE LAUGH)

AL: Kitty, I think you and Raymond would have made an ideal couple.

KITTY: Yes, look at him. He needs a wife to do his mending and remove the spots from his clothes.

RAYMOND: What spots?

KITTY: Oh, the five spots and ten spots. (LAUGHS)

AL: Well, Raymond -- maybe you should reconsider.

KITTY: Yes -- marriage is a wonderful thing, Raymond. Just think of the thousands of women who are home darning their hubbies' socks.

RAYMOND: Yes -- and just think of the thousands of women who are home socking their darn hubbies.

KITTY: Well, it's no use, Al. I'll never talk Raymond into getting married. It's a good thing I've got a good job coming up though.

AL: What kind of job is it?

KITTY: I'm going to be with Billy Rose's Aquacade on the closing day of the New York World's Fair.

AL: On the closing day? What are you going to do in the Aquacade?

KITTY: I'm going to do a dive into the pool from a hundred foot tower.

AL: Boy, I can just picture that one! That ought to be a sensation. Why is Billy Rose waiting 'til the closing day for your dive?

KITTY: He's using me to empty the pool, (LAUGHS) So long, Al,

AL: Well, don't leave the studio, Kitty, I want you to meet the rest of the gang after a while.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL TAG)

WENDELL: Doggone it, Al --

AL: What's the matter, Wendell? *AD LIBS*

WENDELL: If I had more time before the show tonight, I would have seen another smoker join the happy Camel family.

AL: How come, Wendell.

WENDELL: Well, I was in a store and I saw a man go up to the cigarette counter...He laid his money on the counter...

SOUND: MONEY ON GLASS COUNTER

WENDELL: -- and then he said to the clerk --

MAN'S VOICE: -- A pack of -- no, wait a minute, clerk. Make it Camel this time. Maybe this slower-burning does make a difference.

WENDELL: (FADING IN) And that's all I could hear because I had to come down to the studio.

AL: And so you don't know what happened to this man.

WENDELL: Oh sure I do -- But I wish I could have been around to see his face light up with pleasant surprise when he took those first flavorful puffs of a slower-burning Camel. I'd like to see him again in a few days when he's convinced himself, through actual smoking experience, that slow-burning in Camels means not only extra flavor -- but extra mildness and extra coolness as well. Yes, millions of smokers have discovered the same thing -- the same way -- that Camels slower-burning does make a grand difference, so make it Camels -- slow-burning Camels -- and get the extras.

(MUSICAL CURTAIN)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW 8-9
9/27/40

AL: Friends, in listening to the dozens of recordings of local radio stars that have been sent to us from radio stations all over the United States, we ran across a recording from radio station KRNT in Des Moines, of a swinging, singing cowboy guitarist that we felt was doing mighty swell. Between you and me and the lamp post, I'm a push-over for that kind of music, anyway, so we sent him a round trip ticket to Hollywood and Iowa's cowboy radio star is here in the studio with us tonight to make his first transcontinental broadcast. Come on out here, Tommy Thompson, and let's get acquainted.

AD LIBS.

"PAGAN LOVE SONG"

TOMMY THOMPSON AND ORCHESTRA

51459 0917

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

AL: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

WRIGHT: Can you tell me where I can find a man named Elmer Blurt?
I want to give him something.

AL: Elmer Blurt? Oh yes -- yes, of course. I'll be glad
to take anything you've got for Elmer. What did you want
to give him?

WRIGHT: A good stiff poke in the nose.

AL: Wait a minute --

WRIGHT: Look Pearce -- I happen to know Blurt is connected with
you!

AL: Well indirectly -- what's the matter? What happened?

WRIGHT: I'll tell you what happened. My wife was home alone
yesterday when suddenly there was a knock on the door --

SOUND: ELMER DOOR KNOCK

ELMER: Gosh, I hope I can sell my face lifter today, I hope I
hope I hope!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ELMER: Howja do lady. Would you like to --

BRAYTON: Wait a minute young man. What's the matter with your nose?
Where did you get that big red bump on it?

ELMER: Well, on the way up the sidewalk I saw your pretty flowers and I stopped to pick a hollybock.

BRAYTON: You mean hollyhock. There's no B in it.

ELMER: There was in this one. Lady, I'm selling here my latest invention, Blurt's Non-Skid Face Lifter-upper.

BRAYTON: A face lifter? I don't need a face lifter. Just two weeks ago I had a mudpack.

ELMER: Gosh, lady -- it's about time you took it off.

BRAYTON: Young man -- there's nothing wrong with my face. In fact, for my age I have very few wrinkles. Of course, I suppose you can see the marks of little crow's feet around my eyes.

ELMER: Yup yup -- and a little lower down I can see where the eagles were chasing the crows.

BRAYTON: But I haven't any wrinkles in my face.

ELMER: Oh yes you have, lady -- I'll hold this mirror up and you can see for yourself.

BRAYTON: Good Heavens! I have got wrinkles! Hundreds of them.

ELMER: You see, lady -- a mirror never lies.

BRAYTON: Wait a minute, you faker! That's not a mirror -- that's a washboard!

ELMER: Oh golly -- you catch on quick.

BRAYTON: Well how can you guarantee this face lifter? Have you ever used it on a woman's face?

ELMER: No, but you're not taking any chances. I used it on my horse and it sure lifted his face, but ah -- but ah -- I think I gave it too much of a lift.

BRAYTON: You lifted the horse's face too much?

ELMER: Yep -- yep...I finally had to sell him to a circus for a giraffe. And I'm sure I can do the same for you if you'll only give me a chance.

BRAYTON: Young man, your face lifter is beginning to interest me. I would like to have my husband come home and find a new woman in the house -- a radiant, beautiful woman.

ELMER: Yup yup -- that would be great. Would you stay on and cook for them?

BRAYTON: Come, come young man -- where is this face lifter?

ELMER: ^{AD LIBS} Well, ah -- unless you buy it first I can't show it to you because I'm afraid somebody will steal the patent.

BRAYTON: How much is it?

ELMER: Five cents.

BRAYTON: Five cents for a face lifter?

ELMER: Well you can spread the payments.

BRAYTON: Oh, I'll pay cash.

ELMER: Well -- for cash it's only four cents.

BRAYTON: All right -- here's your four cents. Now where's the face

EIMER: Well -- ah -- I have here a deck of cards. I'll shuffle them.

SOUND: CARDS BEING SHUFFLED

BRAYTON: Young man, I have no time to play games.

EIMER: Then you'll never be popular -- Here, pick out one of these cards.

BRAYTON: Oh -- all right

EIMER: What card is it.

BRAYTON: It's a jack.

EIMER: That's fine. Good day lady.

BRAYTON: Just a minute -- where's my face lifter?

EIMER: You've got it, lady -- you can lift anything with a jack.

ORCHESTRA: (EIMER PLAY OFF)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -14-
9/27/40

AL: Friends, tonight the famous Merry Macs sing their own
arrangement of that grand old tune -- "I Never Know" --
Take it, kids....

11/11/40

"I NEVER KNEW"

MERRY MACS AND ORCHESTRA

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL SKYROCKET...SEGUE THEME FADE FOR NILES)

WENDELL: Camel's slower way of burning means important "extras" to every smoker...extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor, and extra smoking. If you're not enjoying these "extras" you're missing something. So turn to Camels -- the cigarette of costlier tobaccos -- the cigarette that is slower burning. Yes -- definitely slower burning.

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 friends, means a smoking plus equal, on the average, to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. Extra smoking pleasure -- the economy of extra smoking per cigarette per pack -- these are the extras you get in slower-burning Camels. So the next time you walk up to the cigarette counter, remember slow-burning...remember the extras... remember "CAMELS!"

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: Kitty! Kitty O'Neill! Come on out here. Say, Kitty, how are you and Raymond coming along?

KITTY: I'm afraid our womance is on the wocks.

AL: So he's even got you talking like that, too. That's weally wegwetable.

KITTY: Al, how would you like to take me dancing at the Victor Hugo tonight?

AL: Take you dancing? Well -- ah -- well, I've got a meeting -- there's a sort of a conference -- but shucks I can get somebody to take you dancing. Now let me see -- Carl Hoff is here.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

AL: Well -- he was here. But don't worry Kitty. I know a terrific dancing partner for you, Wendell Niles. How about it, Wendell?

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

AL: Hmrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr -- this gang is certainly busy tonight. Maybe they're just bashful.

KITTY: Yeah -- I guess they're afraid of a heavy date. Well, Al, it looks like you'll have to give up your conference and take me dancing.

AL: Now, wait a minute, Kitty. You should have a lot of friends in Hollywood. Didn't you just appear in a picture out at Universal?

KITTY: Yes, Al -- It's called "A Little Bit of Heaven!"

AL: Well, didn't you meet some fellows out there who might look upon you as a little bit of heaven?

KITTY: No Al. They looked upon me as part of the scenery. You know -- Background!

AL: Well -- there must be somebody who'd be glad to take you out. There must be! There's got to be!

KITZEL: Hi yi o Rancho Grande!
I always come in handy. Yooooooooo hooooooooo!

AL: Kitzel, you can say that again. I don't know when I've been so glad to see anybody and especially you. They tell me you're a ladies man -- is that true?

KITZEL: Am I a ladies man. Am I a ladies man! Am I?

AL: Of course you are, Kitzel -- only last night you said you called on a beautiful girl.

KITZEL: And what a beautiful girl! When the maid opened the door I said, "Is Miss Ann Sheridan home?"

AL: Ann Sheridan?

KITZEL: What a gorgeous creature. I took her in my arms and whispered "My Little Snookie-pie." Boy, was she thrilled.

AL: Ann Sheridan?

KITZEL: No -- the maid.

AL: Well, Kitzel -- you're my man. How would you like to take a beautiful young lady out dancing tonight?

KITZEL: My little man, when you mention dancing you are talking to a real jittery-bug. Every night I am out slicing the carpet.

AL: You mean -- cuttin' the rug, don't you.

KITZEL: Yoah mam!

AL: Well, Kitzel, as long as you like to dance I've got a partner for you -- a lovely girl with lots of personality and a swell dancer. Come over here, Kitty.

KITTY: Coming.

KITZEL: Look out! The wall is moving!

AL: Kitzel, that isn't the wall -- this is Kitty O'Neill.

KITTY: Yes I'm the little girl you're going to waltz around tonight. (LAUGHS)

KITZEL: I'm going to waltz you around. (LAUGHS) I don't like it!

AL: Well, Kitzel, you don't necessarily have to take Kitty dancing though. There are lots of other thing you could do. why don't you take her to the park and go for a canoe ride?

KITTY: Oh, just think the two of us in one little canoe. Wouldn't that be ducky?

KITZEL: You can say that again!

AL: Why don't you two jump in a car and elope?

KITTY: That's a good idea. You know Kitzy, two can live as cheap as one.

KITZEL: You ought to know.

KITTY: Aw, don't be so mean to poor little me. Since the first time I heard you on the air you've been my dream man. Everywhere I go I see your face before me.

KITZEL: Oh pish posh!

KITTY: I see your face in the flowers, in the trees,
in the hills -- in the plains! -- in the valleys --
in the city -- in the country.

KITZEL: I sure get around.

KITTY: I even see your face in the clouds -- in the thunder -- I see your face in the lightning.

KITZEL: Just a flash in the pan.

KITTY: I see your face in every corner of my room.

KITZEL: Now it's puss-in-the-corner.

KITTY: And then at night in my lonely room, I see you in the fireplace!

KITZEL: In the fireplace?

KITTY: Yes -- dancing in the flames.

KITZEL: Am I a hot number!

KITTY: Finally it got so bad I had to take medicine to forget you. I drank a whole bottle, but I still saw you.

KITZEL: Where?

KITTY: I saw you peeping out from under the carpets -- running up and down the walls -- swinging from the chandeliers.

KITZEL: Just a second -- You know what I think?

KITTY: What?

KITZEL: I think you ought to lay off that medicine.

AL: Kitzel, I'm ashamed of you. What have you got against marriage?

KITZEL: ^{AD LIBS}
I'll tell you what I've got against it in simple ainglish.
All you get from marriage is:
Hairpins, clothes pins, safety pins and rolling pins,
Gas bills, light bills, walk the floor at night chills,
In laws and outlaws who think a guy is Santa Claus.
Fishes, knishes and dirty dishes,
Not to mention such drawbacks as:
Lawns to mow, weeds to hoe, relatives from Kokomo,
Bank books, dirty looks, a kid that's worse than Baby Snooks,
Rooms to heat, rugs to beat, payments on the car to meet,
Keeno, Screeno and a trip to Reno --
(SINGS)
So give me the road -- the wide open highway
Just let me roam on some unbeaten by way
And I'll travel along -- singing a vagabond song!
I really mean it! Singing a vagabond song!
I'm still a bachelor -- singing a vagabond song!

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: Friends, I want to assure the members of the staff of
radio station KRNI in Des Moines and Tommy Thompson's
many friends in Iowa that we were very happy to have him
as our guest tonight, and who knows -- maybe Tommy's
appearance on our show might have attracted the attention
of some sponsor or producer and he might get the same
break that Bonnie King got when she appeared as our first
guest and was signed by Bob Crosby.

Next Friday night our local radio guest star will be
Frances Hill, from radio station WLAC in Nashville,
Tennessee, and after listening to her recording, I know
you will enjoy hearing this girl sing,

WENDELL: And in the meantime, don't forget that next week we go back
to Standard Time and will be heard one hour later on all
stations that do not observe Daylight Saving Time. Consult
your local newspaper for exact time in your community.

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, and good luck, we'll be seeing you next Friday!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR WENDELL)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -22-
9/27/40

WENDELL: Stay-in nights are on the way -- nights when every pipe-enthusiast sets great store by true comfort in his hobby. Prince Albert is simply another name for true comfort in smoking tobacco because P.A. is cooler-burning. Oh my, yes, a lot 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! And cooler burning means Prince Albert is that much milder, mellower, richer, tastier -- without the harshness of excess parching heat. Try Prince Albert. Enjoy its exclusive twin features, the easy packing, easy drawing "crimp cut" -- the easy-on-the-tongue "no-bite" process. You'll enjoy economy, too, in Prince Albert. Try it -- soon!

This is Wendell Niles -- speaking...

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.