

(THIRD DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1940

4:30 - 5:00 P.M., PST  
7:30 - 8:00 P.M., PST

Program No. 24

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ELMER:        (KNOCKS) S'pose you're all smoking Camel Cigarettes,  
I hope, etc.

MUSIC:        (THHEME)

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:        (THHEME...FADE TO WENDELL NILES)

(APPLAUSE)

WENDELL: This is Wendell Niles speaking, ladies and gentlemen. Tonight the gang is celebrating. We've been invited to Hollywood's newest sensational night spot -- Bill Jordan's Bar of Music Cafe. Let's join AL PEARCE and the gang as they're about to enter the front door of the club...(FADE SPEECH)

AL: Now remember, everybody. We're here as guests of Bill Jordan, so I want all of you to behave and watch your manners. Now, please, fellows, don't embarrass me! Elmer Blurt! What have you got in that big bundle.

ELMER: Oh, gosh, Mr. Pearce, I thought I might be able to sell a few things tonight. This is my latest invention.

AL: Your latest invention?

ELMER: Yup, yup. Non-skid napkins -- to keep the napkins from sliding off your lap.

AL: How do you keep the napkins from sliding off a person's lap?

ELMER: I put fly paper on the other side.

AL: Put fly paper on the other side! Look, Elmer, I told you you're not going to sell anything in here tonight. Now just leave that bundle in the check room.

ELMER: Yes, Mr. Pearce.

RAYMOND: Mr. Pearce,

AL: What is it, Raymond?

RAYMOND: Are we going to eat right away?

AL: Raymond, is that all you ever think about -- eating?  
Why, you weigh three hundred pounds now.

RAYMOND: Yes, I know, Mr. Pearce. Everything I eat goes to waste.  
(GIGGLE) Mr. Pearce, will you do me a favor?

AL: What is it?

RAYMOND: Will you tell me if I've got my shoes on?

AL: Yes, Raymond, you've got your shoes on. If you'd diet a  
little bit you'd be able to see your shoes yourself.

RAYMOND: Thank you, Mr. Pearce.

AL: Well, come on, everybody. Let's go in.

GIRL: Good evening, Mr. Pearce. Check your hat?

AL: Miss, none of us have any hats, but here's a dime anyway.

GIRL: What's the dime for?

AL: I'm just giving you the dime because it gives me pleasure.

GIRL: Then why don't you give me a quarter and really enjoy  
yourself? Check your overcoat, Mr. Kitzel?

KITZEL: Why not, my little cucumber.

GIRL: Check your gloves?

KITZEL: Of course...of course, my little Snookie-pie.

GIRL: Check your cane?

KITZEL: Why not, my little lamp chop. My, my, but you're a very beautiful girl. You shouldn't be working in a checkroom. You should be in pictures, and I'm just the man who can put you there!

GIRL: Check your oil?

AL: Check your oil. (LAUGHS) I guess that'll put you in your place, Mr. Kitzel.

KITZEL: Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmeh! Could be!

LANE: Well, well, well! There you are, Mr. Pearce! I'm the head waiter here. We've got a terrific crowd tonight and Bill Jordan said if he happened to miss you when you arrived, I was to arrange a big welcome for you tonight.

AL: A big welcome? Well, that's swell.

LANE: And now for the big welcome. Go ahead, Mr. Blanc.

MEL: (YELLING) Big welcome, Mr. Pearce.

LANE: Now, if you'll just follow me, Mr. Pearce, I'll take you in and see if I can find you and your gang a table.

GIRL: Cigarettes! Cigarettes! Good evening, Mr. Pearce. What kind of cigarettes do you smoke?

AL: Are you kidding?

WENDELL: Speaking of cigarettes, those mild slow-burning --

AL: Please, Wendell -- save that for later.

LANE: Now to get you seated, Mr. Pearce. I believe you and your gang are dining free here tonight?

AL: Yes, we are.

LANE: Here's a lovely place behind this post.

AL: But we can't see anything from behind this post.

LANE: Oh, yes, you can -- right out this little window you can see the cars scooting up and down the boulevard, and the pedestrians darting in and out.

KITZEL: The pedestrians darting in and out. (LAUGHS) I don't like it.

AL: Well, never mind, Kitzel, if that's the best they've got, let's make the most of it and all have a good time. By the way, is Carl Hoff here yet?

LANE: Yes -- he's up on the band stand and if I'm not mistaken he's just about to play a number right now. Yes -- they're starting.

"CROSS TOWN"

ORCHESTRA

LANE: I beg your pardon, Mr. Pearce -- you remember me? I'm the head waiter.

AL: Oh, yes.

LANE: Aren't you the party that's having the free dinner?

AL: I told you yes.

LANE: Well, I'll have to ask you to move. The parties that have this table are through dancing now.

GIRL: Cigarettes, cigarettes --

WENDELL: Al, have you noticed that wherever you go more smokers prefer slower-burning Camels...

CARL: (OFF MIKE) Al! Al!

AL: Just a minute, Wendell -- What is it, Carl?

CARL: Why don't you come up on the band stand and take over while I make my rounds again.

AL: Make your rounds again? What rounds, Carl?

CARL: This cafe is a regular gold mine. I've been going around to all the tables and at nine out of ten I find money under the plates.

AL: Carl, don't be so stupid. Those are gratuities.

CARL: Yeah? Well they look like real money to me. Carry on, Al -- I'll be back in a flash with the cash!

AL: Carl! Carl Hoff, come back here! How do you like that guy...Oh, well... Good evening friends, I'm supposed to be the guest of honor here tonight and the only reason I'm up here acting as Master of Ceremonies is that I can't find a place to sit down. But now that I'm here, I'd like to introduce our guest for tonight. He comes to Hollywood from the Queen City of the Plains, Denver, Colorado...a real cowboy star from radio station KLZ, who has written most of his own numbers while riding the range.  
(CONTINUED)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -8-  
10/11/40

AL: Friends, Captain Ozie Waters and his guitar, from  
(Cont'd) Denver, Colorado, singing his own song,  
"Sleep, Dogies, Sleep."

"SLEEP, DOGIES, SLEEP" or "SADIE HOPKINS DAY" ORCHESTRA AND

CAPTAIN OZIE WATERS

*ad lib*

GIRL: (IMMEDIATELY AFTER APPLAUSE) Cigarettes, cigarettes --

WENDELL: Say, Al, have you noticed how many packages of Camels  
that cigarette girl has sold tonight?

AL: Wendell, you know I couldn't miss noticing that.



WENDELL: Al, wherever you go -- more smokers prefer slower-burning Camels than any other cigarette. And smokers, when you turn to Camels you'll discover for yourself what a difference slower-burning makes. Extra mildness -- for naturally a slow-burning cigarette is free from the irritating qualities -- the harshness of too-fast burning. Extra coolness because there's less heat. Extra flavor because slower-burning lets the flavor and fragrance of Camel's costlier tobaccos come through in the smoking. Yes -- smokers, enjoy slower-burning Camels for these "extras." Get these "extras" into your smoking...get Camels!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: Oh, waiter! Waiter! Have you got a table for us yet?

LANE: Oh, you're the free dinner.

AL: Yes.

LANE: You know, Mr. Pearce, we have a record-breaking crowd here tonight, thanks to you.

AL: Yes, I know, but...

LANE: I wonder -- would you and your gang mind not blocking the aisles?

AL: Well, where can we stand? Do you mind if we stand in the phone booth?

LANE: Not at all -- if you think you can make it.

AL: What do you mean -- if we think we can make it?

LANE: There are two couples dancing in there now.

WOMAN: (OFF MIKE YELLING) Waiter! Waiter! Where's the head waiter.

LANE: Excuse me, Mr. Pearce. There seems to be some disturbance over at that table in the corner. (FADING OUT AND IN)

WOMAN: (OFF MIKE) Waiter, waiter!

LANE: What seems to be the trouble, Madam?

WOMAN: Why, this silly young man is writing on my hand with ink. Look -- it's all ~~covered~~ with crosses and circles.

LANE: Why, this is an outrage. Who are you, young man?

ELMER: I'm Elmer Blurt. I was just telling this lady's fortune and I was reading her palm.

LANE: Reading her palm -- well, why are you putting those marks on her palm with ink?

ELMER: Well -- I saw two lines running up and down on her hand and through two lines straight across.

LANE: Yes, yes...

ELMER: So I thought she wanted to play a game of tick tack toe.

LANE: So you're a palm reader, eh. I'm going to sit down at this table and watch you read this lady's palm. Now take that lady's hand and get started.

ELMER: All right -- let's see now. Oh, gosh, lady -- you must have a fever. Your hand is sure hot.

WOMAN: What are you talking about? My hands are as cold as ice.

ELMER: Oh, golly -- I picked up your lamb chop.

LANE: Look, Blurt, you're no more a fortune-teller than I am, now get moving and stop bothering my customers.

ELMER: Oh, golly, Mister, just give me one more chance and I'll read your mind free of charge by looking into the crystal ball.

LANE: Oh, yeah? Where's your crystal ball?

ELMER: Well, let me see now, I'll find one some place. (LAUGHS) Oh, golly, here's a nice shiny crystal ball.

MAN: Hey! Take your cold hands off my head.

ELMER: Oh, gee, Mister, you oughta wear a wig.

LANE: BLURT! I told you to get out of here and quit bothering our customers. I'm going to speak to your boss (FADING)  
Mr. Pearce! Mr. Pearce!

AL: Here I am over here. I finally found a seat.

LANE: I'm sorry, Mr. Pearce, but you can't sit on the piano stools. Bill Jordan and George Kent are going to play now. I'm about to introduce them.

AL: Never mind, I'll introduce them myself and, say, will you please see if you can find us a table? Ladies and gentlemen, here are the two boys you've been waiting to hear -- that sensational piano team, your hosts and our hosts, Bill Jordan and George Kent. Playing <sup>at the table</sup> their own arrangement of Chopin's "Minute Waltz?"

"MINUTE WALTZ"

TWO PIANOS: JORDAN AND KENT

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

WENDELL: Smoking pleasure -- smoking economy. Smoking pleasure -- smoking economy. No matter how many times you say it -- it still means slower-burning Camels! For slower-burning Camels give you extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor, and extra smoking.

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. That means a smoking plus equal on the average, to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK.

WENDELL: Yes -- extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor for increased smoking pleasure. More actual smoking per cigarette per pack for smoking economy. Turn to slower-burning Camels yourself -- and get the "extras."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: Wait! Waiter! Have you found a table for us yet?

LANE: Oh, it's you, Mr. Pearce!

AL: Yes -- remember me? I'm the free dinner.

LANE: Oh -- Yes, yes -- we'll try to find you a table.

AL: What's the matter with that table over there? It's vacant.

LANE: Oh, that's reserved for Charles Boyer.

AL: Oh, that's where Boyer meets girl. Well -- there's another table.

LANE: That's reserved for Clark Gable.

AL: Do you mind if I climb up in that palm tree?

LANE: Sorry -- that's reserved for Johnny Weissmuller.

RAYMOND: Mr. Pearce, your worries are over. Here's a table big enough for all of us. Step aside while I set it down.

AL: Wait a minute, Raymond, I didn't see any table like that. Where did you find it?

RAYMOND: Up in Griffith Park. I brought it here in a taxi.

AL: Raymond, how could you get a big table like that into a taxi?

RAYMOND: Mr. Pearce -- it wasn't easy.

AL: Well, at last we've got our own table. Now we can eat --

CARL: Egads! It's about time!

AL: Carl, please -- don't forget where you are. Head waiter, bring on the dinner.

LANE: I know you boys must be pretty hungry, but it'll take us a little time to get your orders in and I wonder if, while you're waiting, you and your gang would mind getting up and giving our patrons a little entertainment?

KITZEL: Just a second! Just a second! I need some mayonnaise to go with this salad.

AL: What salad? Kitzel, put those flowers back in that bowl.

KITZEL: Oh, pish, posh. Don't be so uppity puppy.

AL: Listen, now, Kitzel. Just calm yourself. Where's Mel Blanc? Mel, step over here to the microphone just a minute. Ladies and gentlemen, I want you to meet a member of our gang who is known to many as the "Man with a Voice For Everything." Isn't that right, Mel?

MEL: (HICCUPING) You (HIC) you (HIC) said it, well practically everything.

AL: Mel, don't you do the part of Porky Pig on the screen?

MEL: (AS PORKY) You said it, Al.



AL: Well, Mel, the thing I get the biggest kick out of is your beautiful voice imitation of the Hammond electric organ. How about it?

MEL: Okay, Al. Here's my idea of a Hammond electric organ playing the "Beer Barrel Polka."

"BEER BARREL POLKA"

MEL

(APPLAUSE)

AL: Thank you, Mel. And now the next member of our gang I would like to call on is Raymond Radcliffe.

RAYMOND: Gweetings, Mr. Pearce.

AL: Raymond, what would you like to do?

RAYMOND: I'd like to eat.

AL: Raymond, that's a terrible thing to say up here on the stage in front of all these people. Why -- we're the guests of honor here tonight. Now, you apologize to Mr. Jordan and Mr. Kent.

RAYMOND: All right, Mr. Pearce, I'll apologize. In fact, I'll do better than that. I have a pretty poem I just wrote that I'd like to dedicate to them.

AL: Well, that's more like it, Raymond. Let's hear it.

RAYMOND: Dear Mr. Jordan and Dear Mr. Kent  
You asked us to come here and it wouldn't cost a cent  
  
When you play the piano it's terrifically thrilling  
But for crying out loud, it sure isn't filling.  
  
Mr. Pearce, when do we eat?

AL: Raymond, will you get your mind out of the kitchen.  
-- Dick! Dick Lane! Come on over here.

LANE: Yes, Al.

AL: Dick, it's getting rather late, and I think one of your  
bedtime stories would be appropriate. Ladies and  
gentlemen, how would you like "The Three Little Pigs?"

CARL: Right now -- I'd like 'em with gravy.

AL: Quiet, Carl. Go ahead, Dick, and make it snappy because  
our dinner will be ready any second now.

LANE: Okay, Al. Once upon a time -- etc., etc.

*ad lib*

-- and that's all there is.

(APPLAUSE)

AL: Dick, I think Bill Jordan could use you back in the kitchen.

LANE: What do you mean?

AL: It was wonderful the way you ran those three little pigs through your choppers...  
And ladies and gentlemen, that about winds up our little impromptu entertainment. Let's get back to our table, gang.

KITZEL: Just a second, just a second. How about calling on me?

AL: But, Kitzel, you don't know anything about impromptu entertainment. What could you do?

KITZEL: Listen to him! My little man, I will have you to know I am a magician.

AL: A magician?

KITZEL: I'm the greatest magician since Yehudi.

AL: You mean Houdini.

KITZEL: Who's Houdini?

AL: All right, Kitzel, let's see your trick.

KITZEL: Has anybody in the audience got a hat?

WENDELL: Here you are, Mr. Kitzel, you may have my hat.

KITZEL: Oh, thank you. My, my a perfect fit. Now I'll need another hat to do the trick.

AL: Kitzel, quit stalling and take that hat and do your trick.  
What is it?

KITZEL: Well, when I turn this hat over, five swallows fly out.  
All right, I will have you to take a look. I take the hat  
like this -- aba-ca-dabra, etc. -- then I turn the hat over  
like this, and what happens. (PAUSE)

AL: Well, what happens?

KITZEL: HMMMMMMMMMMMMMM -- nothing happens.

AL: Kitzel, where are the swallows?

KITZEL: Well, how do you like that? They went back to Capistrano.

(APPLAUSE)

JORDAN: Well, Al, I want to tell you that I think it was marvelous  
of you and the gang to come over here and be our guests  
tonight and entertain us as royally as you have, and I  
sure wish you'd come back again some time. Good night.

AL: Good night? Why, Bill, we haven't had dinner yet.

JORDAN: Oh -- that's too bad, Al. Well -- it's two o'clock, --  
the place is closed. So long. Come again some time.

AL: Come again sometime! (CALLS) Kitzel! Kitzel my friend!

KITZEL: What is it, Mister Pearce?

AL: Move over. I'm going to have a go at those flowers!

KITZEL: Now you're talking! Have a sprig of these dandelions.  
They're nice and crisp!

AL: Okay -- hand it here!

SOUND: CRUNCH...CRUNCH

AL: Nice and crisp? These flowers are paper!

*Second  
sketch*  
← aren't even fresh flowers, they're paper!

KITZEL: Mmmmmmmmm yeah -- Could be!

AL: I can't win -- I'm going home!

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 station KLZ in Denver, Colorado, that we were happy to have Captain Ozie Waters as our guest tonight. I understand he's due back in Denver to go on the air with his own program at six o'clock Monday morning, and we all wish him a lot of luck. Next Friday night, our guest, Miss Gwendolyn Farrell, a very charming littly lady with a beautiful voice, will travel twenty-eight hundred miles to bring us a sample of the fine kind of talent they have on radio station WBIG, Greensboro, North Carolina.

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

*Eastern show only:*

*AL: Good night friends, will be seeing you next Friday.  
So long and good night.*

*Wendell: See you for Wendell.*

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*Coast show only*  
THE AL PEARCE SHOW     -24-  
10/11/40

AL:            Wendell, before saying good night, I want to assure my friends in Saint Louis that we're going to have some extra fun tomorrow night for I've been invited to be master of ceremonies at the Variety Club's big midnight show at the Fox Theatre in Saint Louis Saturday night. We're all going to have a lot of extra pleasure seeing a grand show and smoking our Camels at the same time. In fact, my TWA plane leaves in just forty-five minutes, so good night, folks and good luck until next Friday night.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR WENDELL)

WENDELL: Your tongue is only one part of your taste apparatus, but as every pipe-smoker knows, it's a mighty important part. For when a tobacco burns too hot and bites the tongue, smoking joy goes out the window. On the other hand, when a tobacco really burns cool, your tongue is first to appreciate the added mildness, mellowness, and rich taste. Cool burning is a specialty of Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. For example, 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! That's a pretty convincing test. I'm sure you'll find P.A. a pretty convincing tobacco, thanks also to its "no-bite" treatment, and famous "crimp cut." You'll go for Prince Albert's economy, too.

This is Wendell Niles -- speaking!

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.