

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1940
Program No. 35

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

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

MUSIC: (THEME...FADE TO WENDELL NILES)

WENDELL: The AL PEARCE SHOW, presented by CAMEL -- the
slower-burning cigarette that gives you more flavor,
more mildness, and less nicotine in the smoke --
twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of
the four other largest-selling brands tested.

MUSIC: (THEME...UP...THEN FADE TO WENDELL NILES)

WENDELL: Bring you AL PEARCE and His Gang from Hollywood!

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

AL: Good evening all and welcome to our Nineteen-Forty
Wind-up. There's no cover charge at the Camel Club tonight
so pull up a chair while we introduce the members of our
floor-show. Here's Could-Be Kitzel, Raymond Radcliffe,
Wendell Niles, Mel Blanc, Margaret Brayton, Dick Lane, ^{aka J. J. J.}
Elmer Blurt and of course, there'll be dancing to the ^{the King of the}
music of Carl Hoff and his Orchestra. To start off the
show --

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS

AL: Oh, drat that phone!

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

AL: Hello, Pearce speaking!

MEL: Mister Pearce, how about using me on your program during
1941?

AL: I'm sorry -- but the cast is all filled up!

MEL: But you're passing up a terrific act. I'm really quite
a novelty!

AL: Well, what do you do?

MEL: I talk!

AL: You talk. I've got twelve people in my cast. THEY ALL
talk.

MEL: Ah, yes -- I know. BUT I'M A HORSE! (WHINNY)

SOUND: RECEIVER

AL: (PAUSE) Carl, before we have any more interruptions,
how about some music?

CARL: Just a minute, Al. This is our last program of the year
and I've written a tribute to you that I'd like to read!

AL: Well, after that last interruption I can't see any harm
in a simple little poem -- so go ahead, Hoffie!

CARL: Okay. To Al -- my Pal!
You were a big man to me in '39
And a bigger man in 1940.
When I get my check in '41
Don't let me think of you as SHORTY!

AL: That's a nice tribute, Carl...now I've got one for you!
Listen to this!

I heard your music in '39
And 1940 is almost done!
So grab that stick and get to work
Or you won't be here in '41.
(LAUGH)

AL: Carl Hoff and the Band will now give us a 1941 Swing
treatment of a ^{classic} number that is over forty years old --
"In The Hall of the Mountain King" -- Okay, Hoffie --

ORCHESTRA: (OPENING BAND NUMBER)

WENDELL: Friends, one of the outstanding events of 1940 in the cigarette smoking world was the discovery, summed up in the words "The Smokes the Thing," for what is in the smoke of your cigarette is the thing that counts with you -- the smoker. And it's the slower-burning smoke -- Camels -- that gives you more flavor, more mildness and less nicotine in the smoke. This advantage of less nicotine in the smoke of slower-burning Camels has been confirmed by independent scientists who tested five of the largest-selling cigarettes -- tested the actual smoke itself. These tests show that --

VOICE: The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the other brands tested -- less nicotine than any of them.

WENDELL: For more pleasure and less nicotine in the smoke -- light up the slower-burning cigarette. The smoke's the thing and the cigarette is CAMEL!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: And now, friends, with your kind permission, we are going to review some of the outstanding events of 1940 as the gang sees them! Take it, Wendell!

MUSIC: (TRUMPET BLOWS...SCREWY)

WENDELL: 1940 In the field of Art and Literature a mighty character sprung to instant popularity --

MUSIC: (ROLL OF DRUMS...FOLLOWED BY CRASH)

WENDELL: SUPERMAN! For the past year Superman has been dazzling millions with his super-human feats...catching bullets, pulling ocean liners with his teeth, lifting trains and holding twenty story buildings in one hand. No one knew the secret of his great strength until May, 1940, when Al Pearce asked him this simple question.

AL: Superman -- how could you do all these amazing things.

RAYMOND: Mister Pearwuss -- it wasn't easy!

MUSIC: (TRUMPET)

WENDELL: 1940 Marches On!

LANE: And in the field of Science and Invention, laboratory experts finally improve women's clothing. Here is a scene in the life of the first woman who wore a pair of improved hosiery!

MEL: Hey, Ruby -- where are you taking the car?

BRAYTON: I've got to go downtown and meet mother, Horace!

MEL: Well, make it snappy!

SOUND: CAR DOOR CLOSING...GLASS CRASH

MEL: Now, what did you do -- break the windshield?

BRAYTON: No -- darn it -- I got a run in my new glass stockings!

MUSIC: (TRUMPET)

WENDELL: In the field of Medicine, Doctor Coldspot, research chemist, discovers a new formula for prolonging human life!

LANE: Doctor Coldspot, how do you prolong human life?

RAYMOND: Well, everybody knows an ewwaphant wives a wong time. So, I make wittle pills out of gwound-up ewwaphant tusks and feed them to my patients!

LANE: Good Heaven's, Doctor -- pills from ground-up elephant's tusks! Have you taken any of them yourself?

RAYMOND: Yep. Wots of them.

LANE: Didn't you notice any peculiar effects?

RAYMOND: Not in the weast! By the way -- have you got any peanuts!

MUSIC: (TRUMPET)

WENDELL: And as the thrilling season of 1940 draws to a close, we find the greatest trend in Hollywood has been the revival of the Western Pictures. Out of the plains and prairies come thousands of young cowboys trying to break into pictures.

MEL: (HORSE NEIGH WITH HOOF BEATS)

Whoa! Say there, pardner, is this the C. B. Goldneck Studios!

KITZEL: ^{Could be.} Yeah man! I'm Mister Goldneck. Pull up a cactus and sit down!

MEL: Lissen, pardner -- I'd like to be a cowboy star in one of yore pictures!

KITZEL: Mmmmmmm -- fancy that. Tell me, my little prairie pretzel, do you sing tenor or baritone?

MEL: I don't sing neither one, pardner, but I'm the shootinest cowboy this side of the Rio Grande. I can shoot the egg out from under a hen without even makin' her nervous!

KITZEL: Mmmmm. Do you play a banjo?

MEL: No, I don't -- but I'm the doggondest cuss at bustin' broncos and stayin' in the saddle that you ever laid eyes on!

KITZEL: My, my -- Do you play the guitar!

MEL: Never teched a guitar -- but when it comes to rope
twirlin' I can put a noose around a gnat's leg at forty
paces!

KITZEL: Do you play the mandolin?

MEL: No, I don't but I --

KITZEL: Just a second -- just a second -- You can't sing -- you
can't play the banjo -- you can't play the guitar --
you can't play the mandolin. AND YOU CALL YOURSELF A
COWBOY. FOOEY!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL BRIDGE TO FADE)

WENDELL: Let's not let the old year pass by without finding out what our old friend, Elmer Blurt, the world's super low pressure salesman, is doing. We find him going from house to house selling tin horns, confetti, assorted costumes and favors for New Year's Eve celebrations. Well, good luck, Elmer.

SOUND: ELMER KNOCK

ELMER: Oh, golly, I hope I can sell some New Year's favors at this house, I hope, I hope, I hope...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ELMER:H How ja do, lady.

LADY: What is it, young man?

ELMER: Lady, are you going out New Year's Eve?

LADY: Yes, but I'm not busy tonight! Where shall we go?

ELMER: But, Lady, I --

LADY: Oh, I'd just love to go to the Coconut Grove tonight and dabble over some caviar!

ELMER: Lady, if you went with me you'd go to a hamburger stand and (LAUGHS) dally over a doughnut!

SOUND: BANG LOUD DOOR SLAM

ELMER: (PAUSE) Oh, Golly-- I should've found out her name before we broke up! I'd better hurry up and make a sale before the old year closes right in my face!

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK...DOOR OPENS

MEL: (SCOTCH) Greetings, laddie, weren't you here last week?

ELMER: Oh yes -- I remember you -- Mister McTavish. This week I'm sellin' noise-makers for New Year's Eve.

MEL: I'm sorry, laddie -- I've already made arrangements for all the noise we'll be needin'.

ELMER: How will you make the noise?

MEL: I've invited a friend who just got over the flu -- and at the stroke of twelve, we're going to pull the mustard plaster off his chest! GOOD day, Laddie!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- they sure pull off some funny things on New Year's Eve! I guess I better walk around the corner and try the next street!

MUSIC: (VIOLIN PLAYING FAST JIG)

LANE: (FAST TALKING SIDEWALK SALESMAN)
Step right up ladies and gentlemen and see the talking violin -- only twenty-five cents for a beautiful violin that talks like a human being -- the fourth part of a dollar -- step right up -- don't push there young man -- don't shove there, young man -- there's plenty of room -- Don't crowd, young man!

ELMER: I'm the only one here!

LANE: Then I do mean you! Young man -- this is your lucky day. How would you like to own a talking violin for a quarter.

ELMER: But -- a -- but a -- I'm sellin' New Year's favors!

LANE: Why waste your time with trifles? Get in the big money. Listen to this. Al Speigalgas of Dubuque, Iowa, says: "Am earning money with your talking violin. I was starving before, but now I'm bringing home the bacon." Frederick Sauers, of Peoria, Illinois, says -- "Am earning twenty dollars a day with my talking violin. It sure brings home the bacon!"

ELMER: Oh, golly -- that's for me!

LANE: Do you want a violin?

ELMER: No -- how much is the bacon?

LANE: I see you're going to take some convincing. Did you ever hear a violin talk?

ELMER: Nope -- I never did!

LANE: I thought not. This violin will repeat anything I say -- anything at all...Listen: "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen."

VIOLIN: "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen."

ELMER: Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh, gosh. That's sure sump'n.

VIOLIN: Uh, uh!

LANE: How are you, little violin?

VIOLIN: I'm fine.

LANE: You are!

VIOLIN: Uh uh!

LANE: Well, I'm glad, because you're going to recite a poem for this young man.

VIOLIN: Oh, no I'm not.

LANE: Yes you are!

VIOLIN: No, I'm not.

LANE: Oh yes you are.

VIOLIN: Oh not I'm not.

LANE: (YELLS) You are!

VIOLIN: Okay.

LANE: Now -- young man, what poem would you like to hear?

ELMER: "Mary Had A Little Lamb."

LANE: Okay. Listen.

VIOLIN: Mary had a little lamb.

ELMER: By golly, that's right. Mary had a little lamb --

VIOLIN: Its fleece was white as snow --

ELMER: Its fleece was white as now --

VIOLIN: Uh uh! Everywhere that Mary went --

ELMER: Everywhere that Mary went -- ohh, gosh,

VIOLIN: The lamb was sure to go.

ELMER: Gee whiz. The lamb was sure to go.

Oh, gosh, that was sure swell, Mister, but I gotta be running along.

LANE: Wait a minute -- you mean to tell me you've been taking up my time (WITH A LITTLE SCHWALTZ) -- a poor man trying to make an honest living. Why, look, I haven't even got a hat.

ELMER: Ohhhh, golly -- ain't got no hair on your head either. Your bald as a badger. (LAUGHS)

LANE: Yeah. And it's cold, too. Why, I just got over the flu -- look -- I've even got a mustard plaster on my chest.

ELMER: A mustard plaster? Oh, gosh, let me see it!

(VERY SLIGHT PAUSE)

SOUND: BIG CANVAS RIP

LANE: (YELLS LIKE HELL) OUCH!!!!!!!!!! You fool! What's the idea of ripping that plaster off my chest?

ELMER: Never mind, mister. This is your lucky day. Now you won't need to buy a hat.

LANE: What do you mean?

ELMER: Well -- ah -- just turn this plaster inside out and use it for a toupe!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW 15-A
12/27/40

AL: Since last May, we have been bringing local radio stars out here to Hollywood from Radio Stations all over the United States. We have done this in the hope that it might be the means of a start for several of these young artists. You know there really is a great wealth of talent on many of these local stations and we feel they should be given a chance on the networks. Our guest this week is Rita Ray, whom we brought to Hollywood from Pittsburgh. Miss Ray is doing a fine job there on Station KDKA. -- So tonight we doff our hats to a great city, a great radio station, and a charming little lady, Rita Ray, singing, "I Look At You."

ORCHESTRA: "I LOOK AT YOU" RITA RAY

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

NILES: The next time you light up a Camel cigarette, notice how slowly it burns. From the first puff through the last, notice how much more flavor there is in the smoke. More coolness, more mildness, too. And remember -- from the first puff through the last -- that same slower-burning Camel is giving you a smoke with less nicotine. And for that extra margin of freedom from nicotine you have the assurance of independent laboratory tests which show that --

VOICE: The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling brands tested -- less than any of them!

NILES: Yes, the cigarette that gives you an extra margin of freedom from nicotine in the smoke is Camel. For Camel's costlier tobaccos are slower burning...slower burning for more flavor, more mildness, and less nicotine in the smoke. Slower burning for economy, too. For Camel's slow...slow way of burning means a measure of extra smoking per cigarette per pack. So light up a Camel -- a slower-burning Camel. Smoke out the facts yourself -- the smoke's the thing!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: Among the great events that wind up every year are the last titanic struggles of the nation's leading football teams in the various Bowls throughout the country. So tonight here in our studio we have a famous coach and some of the members of his team who have just blown in from the Dust Bowl. They will be interviewed by our Sportscaster, Dick Lane. Take it away, Dick!

LANE: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I would like to introduce that builder of great men, that beloved gridiron mentor, Coach Pop Shapiro of U. Rascal U.

RAYMOND: Gweetings, Gwidiron Wovers.

LANE: Pop, tell us -- do you think you will win the Dust Bowl game this year?

RAYMOND: Well, I got a nice bunch of boys this year. Very nice.

LANE: They're really nice, eh?

RAYMOND: Yup, they can't play football, but they're awfully nice.

THE AL PEARCE SHOW 16-A
12/21/40

LANE: Well, tell us, Pop -- how did you happen to take up coaching?

RAYMOND: Well, you see, Mr. Wane, I come fwum a family of coaches. My great-grandfather was a coach. My grandfather was a a coach, and my father was a coach.

LANE: In other words, you are the last of a long line of coaches.

RAYMOND: Yup, I'm the caboose. (SILLY LAUGH)

LANE: Pop, besides coaching, they tell us you've also played football yourself for a long time.

RAYMOND: A long time! Would you believe it--- when I was a year and a half old, I only lost my first game by two points.

LANE: At the age of one and a half you lost by only two points.

RAYMOND: Yup, my nurse pinned a safety on me.

LANE: Well, thank you, Coach Pop Shapiro. And now we're going to hear from that great fullback, the Captain of the U Rascal U. team -- that yard-burning dynamo, that streamlined galloping fireball, "Flash" Guilfoyle!

GUILFOYLE: (BREATHES HEAVILY FOR A FEW SECONDS AND THEN WHEEZES WEAKLY) Hello.

LANE: Tell us, Flash, are you in shape for the game?

GUILFOYLE: Yes -- I am. I'm simply bursting with -- (LONG BREATH) -- energy.

AL: I hope we're not keeping him up. Tell us -- Flash -- you're noted for those long passes -- how do you build up the muscle tension in your mighty right arm?

GUILFOYLE: (BREATH) I do this -- by plucking my eyebrows. Holding my nose firmly in my left hand -- (BREATH) -- I grasp the tweezers in my right hand and, working from left to right -- (BREATH) -- I pluck out my eyebrows -- (BREATH) -- one by one.

AL: Pretty strenuous stuff, isn't it?

GUILFOYLE: Yes, and after that I go in for even heavier exercises -- (BREATH) -- such as cracking the knuckles.

AL: Cracking the knuckles?

GUILFOYLE: Yes -- (BREATH) -- like this. --

SOUND: CRUNCHING OF SPAGHETTI

51459 1242

GUILFOYLE: (YELLS) OH!!!!

SOUND: BODY FALLING

MEL: Step aside, gentlemen, and let the stretcher by, the guy's fainted!

AL: Poor kid, -- I guess he overdid himself.

LANE: And now -- last, but not least -- that razzle dazzle triple threat quarterback of U. Rascal U., "Bugs" Oskyverdlepitch. Step right up here, young man. You're "Bugs" aren't you?

KITZEL: Mmmmmmmmmmmmyeh -- *it's a possibility* ~~COULD BE!~~

AL: Now wait a minute, I know you, Kitzel, and you've never played football in your life!

KITZEL: Just a second! Don't, *lose your temper* be so uppity puppy. I'll have you to know that I played opposite to such a man as Red Grange. I played opposite to Jim Thorpe, Red Cagle, Ernie Nevers, Bronco Nagursky and Tommy Harmon.

AL: You played opposite to THEM???????????

KITZEL: Sure. They played good and I played the opposite.

LANE: Wait a minute, Al. Let's give him a technical test. Look, Kitzel, let's imagine that you have the ball.

KITZEL: Okay, I have the ball.

LANE: You're running down the field. Five men tackle you and jump on you. The whistle blows, the five get up -- then you get up.

51459 1243

KITZEL: Why can't I get up first?

LANE: Do you want to get up before five?

KITZEL: No -- it's too early.

LANE: Now -- as you get up, where's the ball?

KITZEL: I don't know.

LANE: But you had the ball.

KITZEL: What did I do with it?

LANE: I don't know.

KITZEL: Mr. Pearce, please look for the ball.

LANE: No, no! No, there's no ball.

KITZEL: Then they shouldn't have tackled me.

LANE: Listen, Kitzel -- I'm just painting a picture.

KITZEL: Painting a picture, eh? I don't like the way you've got me stretched out on the canvas!

AL: Listen, Kitzel -- I don't think you know the first thing about football.

KITZEL:

Oh, pish, posh. Listen to the little man. I'll have
you to know I played:

Left end, right end

Water boy for South Bend

Fullback, quarterback

Most of the time I'm on my back

Right guard, left guard

Hard to run with all that lard

Subs, scrubs and just plain dubs.

Not to mention such high class institutions as

U.S.C., Tennessee, N.Y.U. and B.V.D.

Cornell U., Kalamazoo, Ohio State and Poo-Poo-Purdue

Texas U and Boston College

I got kicked out 'cause I ain't got knowledge

I ran for Penn

I ran for Yale

When they yelled for water I ran for the pail.

(SINGS) That old oaken bucket

I wonder who tuk it

That moss covered bucket

That hung in the well -- YEH!

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO AL PEARCE)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW
12/27/40

-21-

AL: Friends, next Friday night, Pennsylvania will again contribute to our program. However, we will switch from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia, for our guest next Friday night will be Mark Dawson, from radio station WCAU, Philadelphia. And right now I want to tip off all talent scouts to tune in next Friday night and hear this boy sing.

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!

AL: Good night, friends...we'll be seeing you next Friday night...and in the meantime, the whole gang wishes every one of you a happy and prosperous New Year. So long -- and good luck!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME TO WENDELL)

51459 1246

WENDELL:

Smokers who found a big tin of Prince Albert under the Christmas tree know what's ahead -- many a day of smooth, good-tasting, easy-on-the-tongue smoking. Join those happy smokers -- get P.A. yourself. Let the New Year bring you the true mildness, the delightful taste and fragrance you get only in P.A., the crimp cut, no-bite treated brand. 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! Say goodbye to harshness and tongue discomfort with Prince Albert!

This is Wendell Niles....speaking

This is the COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.