

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1941  
Program No. 37

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, more coolness, 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 thank you for being with us tonight. We have a big show all set to go, so we'll have to hurry and get started. ~~All right, Carl~~ -- let's have our opening number, by Carl Hoff and the Orchestra.

CARL: Now, wait a minute, Al. You can't brush me off this way!

AL: What do you mean?

CARL: Why can't I tell a joke or something to open the show like other orchestra leaders do? Look at Phil Harris!

AL: Yes -- but he's an actor. You see, Jack Benny has made a dopey character out of him!

CARL: That's what I mean. If they can make a dopey character out of him -- think what you could do with me -- I'M A SCREWBALL!

AL: Oh, now, Carl, I wouldn't say that --

CARL: Ah, come on, Al -- I've been working hard for this --

AL: Oh, all right -- if you feel that way about it, from now on you're a full-fledged screwball --

CARL: Egads! Give me that telephone -- I want to tell my  
girl friend --

AL: Wendell -- get a load of this. Carl's going to tell his  
girl friend he's been made a screwball! (LAUGHS)

WENDELL: This I gotta hear -- (AL AND WENDELL LAUGH TOGETHER)

SOUND: PHONE DIAL

AL: (OUT OF LAUGH) Listen!

GIRL: Hello!

CARL: Hello Tweedums -- this is Snooky Pooky -- you know what  
you said about Al Pearce last night --

BRAYTON: Uh huh --

CARL: He just made me one too!

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

WENDELL: (LAUGHS HARD)

AL: (LAUGHS...STOPS SUDDENLY...CLEARS HIS THROAT AND SAYS:)  
Carl -- what did you say the band number was tonight?

CARL: "There'll Be Some Changes Made -- "

AL: You can say that again --

ORCHESTRA: "THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE"

MUSIC: (BUGLE CALL...LAST NOTES OF ASSEMBLY)

SOLDIER: Gotta go now, Dad. Time to fall in...call to colors.  
Gee, it's been swell, seein' you...

DAD: This takes me back some years, bub. Bugles blowin',  
standin' retreat at sundown. Flag flutterin' down the  
mast...say!...

SOLDIER: Sure thing, Dad. Well...gotta <sup>leave</sup> ~~go~~.

DAD: G'bye son. Anything you want?

SOLDIER: Thanks, no...but...well...always c'n use cigarettes.

DAD: Okay, boy. Camels are coming. Camel's still practically  
regulation cigarettes in the Army, ain't they, son?

SOLDIER: Camels it is, Dad.

MUSIC: (STEALS IN VERY SOFTLY... "YANKEE DOODLE MARCH")

DAD: Yep, smoked 'em in Seventeen with the A.E.F. in France...  
most everybody smoked 'em from buck private down to  
generals.

MUSIC: (UP SHARPLY AND OUT... "YANKEE DOODLE")

WENDELL: And more than ever now, Camel is the cigarette of the hour! Now science has just driven home another reason for Camel's front line position in the cigarette world... there's twenty-eight per cent less nicotine in the smoke of slower-burning Camels than the average of the four other largest-selling brands tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself. Yes, sir!...THE SMOKE'S THE THING! And the smoke of slower-burning Camels gives you not only extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor, but also extra freedom from nicotine!

MUSIC: (QUICK BUGLE FANFARE AND OUT)

AL: Tonight, friends -- we are introducing a new department. We feel that everybody should know something about their City Hall and the workings of their local government. We have sent our Roving Reporter, Dick Lane, to the City of Nonesuch, located in Fictitious County, where he is about to interview some of the city officials and take us on a tour of the various departments. Any resemblance between this city and the city you are living in is purely accidental and a dirty shame. All right -- take it away, Dick Lane!

DICK: And a good, good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen -- here we are at the City Hall and we're going to start right at the top and ask His Honor the Mayor a few questions! How do you do, Mayor! Say hello to your constituents!

RAYMOND: Gweetings, Constituents!

DICK: Mister Mayor -- a lot of people think that you receive a large salary for your service to the city. Is that true?

RAYMOND: No. That is not twue. I get thwee thousand dollars a year!

DICK: Three thousand. I understand you have three yachts, six limousines and a huge mansion -- and that last week you deposited ten thousand dollars in the bank.

RAYMOND: That's twue!

DICK: I can't understand how you could do that on three thousand dollars a year?

RAYMOND: Mister Wane -- IT WASN'T EASY!

DICK: Thank you -- Your Honor. -- And now let's step across the hall to the Marriage License Bureau. As we take our portable mike and enter the door -- we see a joyous young couple approaching! Perhaps we can get them to say a few words. Pardon me, sir, are you launching your ship on the sea of matrimony?

BLANC: Naw, we're gettin' married. Come on, Agnes.

DICK: Well, just a minute...Would you mind giving us your names?

BLANC: Okay...I'm Joe.

BRAYTON: I'm Agnes. (GIGGLES)

DICK: Well, that's fine. And what do you do, Joe?

BLANC: I'm a toimite extoiminator. Come on, Agnes.

DICK: Well, wait, Joe...I'd like to have you tell our radio audience how you and Agnes met and how your romance started, that is, if you can remember.

BLANC: Remember? Say, it seems like it happened only this afternoon.

DICK: Well, when did it happen?

BLANC: This morning!..It was all like a beautiful dream... There I am, lyin' on my back under the sink stalkin' a contingent of toimites in the kitchen of this hanboiger joint where Agnes is slingin' hash.

BRAYTON: I'm Agnes. (GIGGLES)

DICK: Go on.

BLANC: So I'm just beginnin' to make contact wid the toimites when I looks up and I sees a pair of eyes I don't recognize. It's Agnes!

BRAYTON: I'm Agnes.



BLANC: One look at them glims and right away I'm feelin' something creeping up my spine.

DICK: The love bug?

BLANC: No, toimites! ..So right away I'm up in the air, I'm treadin' the stratosphere. And the foist thing I know --

DICK: Yes?

BLANC: I'm losin' interest in toimites!

DICK: It'll do it every time.

BLANC: So then I knows what's happening to me -- I'm smote!

BRAYTON: I'm Agnes.

BLANC: Yes sir, I'm smote by the goddess of love -- Venice.

DICK: That's Venus.

BRAYTON: I'm Agnes.

DICK: So then what did you do?

BLANC: I'm tremblin' like an aspirin leaf. I knows I am face to face wit' my destiny, but I don't want to rush things, so I just says casual like -- "Agnes, (HICCUP) let's get hitched!"

DICK: That's always a good way to start a conversation. And what did she say?

BRAYTON: I'm Agnes!

*cut record p. 10*

*Cut second show*

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BLANC: Ah, that's what I like -- a girl you can sit down and talk to.

DICK: Well, that was a beautiful courtship, Joe, and I <sup>and</sup> ~~suppose~~ <sup>I suppose</sup> now that you're getting married, you've got a lot of plans for the future.

BLANC: Yeah, I kin hardly wait till that day when I kin walk up to a ivy covered cottage with a little white fence covered wid roses, and step in the front door and hear the pitter patter of tiny feet on the floor.

DICK: Ah yes, your own dear children.

BLANC: Naw, toimites. I gotta get back to work.

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

WENDELL: Speaking of the City Hall -- there is one man who has tramped around many a city and hasn't made a haul, yet! We mean that super, low-pressure salesman, Elmer Blurt! Today we find Elmer going from door to door selling his latest invention -- Patriotic Hair Shampoo. Good luck, Elmer.

ELMER: Oh, golly, at last I've got something that I can really sell to the ladies, Patriotic Hair Shampoo. I hope I can make a sale here -- I hope, I hope, I hope.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

BRAYTON: What is it, young man? I'm in a hurry. I've got a waffle on!

ELMER: On you it looks good. Lady, I'm sellin' Patriotic Shampoo that is guaranteed to make your hair mighty pretty. You were recommended to me by the lady next door!

BRAYTON: Well, I'm surprised that she'd say anything good about me. Did she mention my raven locks?

ELMER: Well, ah -- she didn't use the word raven -- but it meant the same thing! She told me to call on the old crow next door!

BRAYTON: OHHH!!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- I sure left that old crow ravin'. I'll try  
this next door!

*knock*  
SOUND: ~~DOOR SLAM~~...DOOR OPENS

WOMAN: What do you want, young man? I'm in the middle of a cake!

ELMER: This must be a wealthy neighborhood! All you women are  
in the dough!

WOMAN: Come to the point.

ELMER: Lady -- I have here my latest invention -- a bottle of  
Patriotic Hair Shampoo -- just the thing to make your hair  
awful purty!

WOMAN: Well, how can I be sure that your Magic Shampoo is all  
that you say it is?

ELMER: Well -- I have here a picture of a famous lady who used  
my shampoo! There, isn't she pretty?

WOMAN: Who is she?

ELMER: Jeanie, with the light brown hair!

WOMAN: Light brown hair! Why the woman in this picture has  
GREY hair!

ELMER: Oh, golly -- no wonder Jeanie turned grey. She's  
certainly been overworked the last two weeks!

WOMAN: Get out of here!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Oh, golly -- guess I couldn't even sell wigs in a cabbage patch! Oh -- look, this is Mr. McTavish's house. Last week he told me not to knock on the door because it loosened the plaster. I guess I'd better whistle this time. (WHISTLE SEVERAL TIMES)

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MEL: Greetings, laddie -- I wish you wouldn't whistle like that.

ELMER: Now what's the matter?

MEL: Well, you see, laddie, when you whistle our dog wags his tail and that fans the fire and makes the wood burn too fast!

ELMER: Well, anyway, I'm glad to hear your dog is one of my fans!

MEL: What are ye sellin' today, laddie?

ELMER: I'm sellin' patriotic Hair Shampoo, Mr. McTavish -- it'll give your wife those nice long waves!

MEL: My wife doesn't like those long waves, laddie -- she's true Scotch -- she prefers those little tight curls -- In fact I was just about to curl her hair when you came to the door. Would you like to watch me, laddie?

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- I'd like to see that.

MEL: Okay -- watch me. Are you ready to have me curl your hair, dear?

WOMAN: (SCOTCH) All ready, Sandy!

MEL: All right -- here we go! (READING) Chapter twenty-seven -- As the poor young girl descended the steps that led to the dank and musty old cellar -- a long hairy arm reached out and grabbed her by the throat --

WOMAN: (TERRIFIC SCREAM)

MEL: That did it. That makes her hair curl every time. -- Good day, laddie!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: ~~He sure is a funny fellow. The way he made his wife's hair curl was a scream!~~ Oh, golly, I love this house to house sellin -- I don't make any money but I sure get turned down by some lovely people. I'll try this door here, I will, I will, I will --

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK...DOOR OPENS

ELMER: How ja' do, Mister. Are you interested in shampoo?

MEL: (CHINESE) Shampoo? Shampoo? No -- me Ling Poo -- Shampoo move away last week -- goo-bye!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: I sure missed my cue that time! Well, I'll try just one more door.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS

LADY: How do you do, young man. I hope you don't mind my appearance. I'm just getting ready to wash my hair!

ELMER: Oh, golly -- I'm just in time. Lady, I'm sellin' my latest invention -- Patriotic Hair Shampoo that is guaranteed to sure make your hair purty!

LADY: Well, well -- does it work on Titian Hair? (PRONOUNCED TEESHEN)

ELMER: On what?

LADY: I said -- Does it work on "TEESH-EN" hair?

ELMER: No, lady -- it just works on the hair. On teesh you gotta use tooth paste!

LADY: You silly boy! Well, I'll try your shampoo. Now when I bend over the sink -- you pour some on!

ELMER: OKAY -- here we go!

SOUND: POURING STUFF ON NOODLE...SPLASHING

ELMER: Now -- we rub it in like this -- Rub-a-dub-dub -- three men  
in a tub. Oh, golly, this is fun!

LADY: Okay -- that's enough -- now -- I'll wipe it off and see  
how my hair looks! Why -- what's this -- look at my  
hair!

ELMER: Yup-yup -- it's working out just right!

LADY: Working out just right? This stuff is dying my hair --  
look at it -- why -- my hair is turning red, white, and  
blue --

ELMER: Yup -- that's why I call it Patriotic Shampoo, and it  
sure is purty --

LADY: OHH! Get out of here!

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)



*ad lib*

AL:

In checking over the Chicago area to choose a local favorite for our guest of the week, -- We discovered an amazing fact about Eddie Howard who appears on WMAQ regularly. Though this boy is not featured on a transcontinental commercial broadcast -- yet millions of you listerns drop your nickles in those juke box machines every day and select his recordings as your favorites.

This boy has a great personality. He has written many of our popular song hits and we feel he is not only a great bet for radio -- but motion pictures as well. From Chicago to Hollywood we now present Eddie Howard, in person, singing "Because Of You."

ORCHESTRA:

"BECAUSE OF YOU"

EDDY HOWARD

*ad lib*

SOUND: BONG...BONG...BONG...BONG

VOICE: (MEASURED, NOT TOO FAST, FOR INSTANCE QUENTIN REYNOLDS' DELIVERY IN LONDON CAN TAKE IT)

The clock in the big tower tolls four...it's that darkest hour just before dawn, but the lights are still burning bright in a scientific laboratory high in a New York skyscraper. Three men stand before a weird and amazing battery of machines...it looks like something from Mars. One of these men is studying a report.

FIRST VOICE: Do you realize what this means?

SECOND VOICE: Yes sir, and we've checked and re-checked the findings, over and over, all night long. Correct to the last degree!

FIRST VOICE: (MUSING, AS IF TO HIMSELF) Hm...one brand of cigarette containing twenty-eight per cent less nicotine in the smoke than the four other best sellers tested...that is news.

WENDELL: It's BIG news! -- Impartial laboratory tests showed that, over and over again, the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested. Tests of the smoke itself, because THE SMOKE'S THE THING! That's what counts! So...why not switch to  
(CONTINUED)

WENDELL:  
(Cont'd)

slower-burning Camels, the cigarette of costlier tobaccos,  
the cigarette whose smoke gives you extra mildness, extra  
coolness, extra flavor, and less nicotine. Smoke a  
Camel...for THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

WENDELL: And now, ladies and gentlemen, we take you back again to the City Hall and our Roving Reporter, Dick Lane. Take it away, Dick!

DICK: Thank you, Wendell Niles. Here we are, ladies and gentlemen -- in the Automobile License Department of the City Hall. This is a busy place today -- teeming with activity! What a crowd standing in line to get their license plates -- they've been standing here for hours. Well, well -- look who's here -- an old friend of ours -- Carl Hoff! Hello Carl!

CARL: Hello, Dick --

DICK: Standing in line to get your license plates, I presume?

CARL: Oh naw -- I got my plates yesterday --

DICK: Yesterday? Then why are you standing in line today?

CARL: Haven't you heard? I'm a screwball --

DICK: Well, let's take our mike back of the cage here and interview one of the clerks. Pardon me -- I see you're one of the clerks here -- what is your name?

RAYMOND: Waymond Wadcliffe.

DICK: Do you enjoy your work, Mr. Wadcliffe?

RAYMOND: I enjoy giving wicense pwates to men, but evewy time I give pwates to a woman I swinge --

DICK: You mean you don't approve of women drivers?



AL: All right -- you can go first.

MEL: O.K., let's get going here. What's holding you up?

KITZEL: It's Mr. Pearce.

MEL: Cut the clowning. What's your engine number?

KITZEL: I have it here. It's L-690342.

MEL: How many cylinders?

KITZEL: Six.

MEL: And what is your serial?

KITZEL: My favorite is oatmeal!

MEL: Did you buy your car here or out of the state?

KITZEL: I bought it in Kahoots.

MEL: Kahoots?

AL: Kitzel -- there's no such place as Kahoots!

KITZEL: I said I bought it in Kahoots.

AL: I said there's no such place as Kahoots.

KITZEL: I bought this in Kahoots -- with my brother.

*Cut second scene*

MEL: Is it a coupe, broughman, sedan, phaeton, sport coupe, limousine, convertible, two-door, four-door, new or used?

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

AL: Kitzel -- why don't you answer?

KITZEL: He didn't mention a jalloppy.

MEL: Is everything on your car in working order?

KITZEL: Everything except the horn.

MEL: Except the horn?

KITZEL: Yes. I got the car from Myrna Loy -- No Hornblow.

MEL: Let me see your driver's license.

KITZEL: I haven't got one.

MEL: You haven't got one? Well, you'll have to go over to Room 426 to Dr. Chutney, and take an eye and ear test.

KITZEL: What -- no nose and throat?

AL: Come on, Kitzel, let's go. Here's the Doctor's office right here.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

AL: Excuse us, Doctor -- but this is Mister Kitzel and you're supposed to test his hearing!

MEL: (AN OLD STIFF HARD OF HEARING) Eh?

51459 1295

KITZEL: Hmmm -- we're starting out good! Look -- I'm here for an eye and ear tests. I'm Mister Kitzel!

*Cut scene to show*

MEL: We'll begin first by testing your eyes -- now, where are you?

KITZEL: Where am I? Here I am -- standing right in the middle of this blue serge suit!

MEL: Fine -- fine. Now I want you to read that sign over there -- what does it say.

AL: Kitzel -- Do you think you can read it?

KITZEL: Do I think I can read it -- why, my little man, you are talking to a man who can read a newspaper in the dark --

AL: You read a newspaper in the dark?

KITZEL: Of course -- of course -- it rests my eyes!

AL: Rests your eyes! How can you see the print?

KITZEL: I can't. That's why it rests my eyes --



AL: Listen, Kitzel -- quit stalling and read that chart. Read the top line.

KITZEL: Okay -- okay -- E L X Y S K I -- the top line.

AL: The second line.

KITZEL: J U P A Z S K I -- the second line.

AL: Say -- that's fine. Now the third line --

KITZEL: L O M T R S K I -- Fourth line, D U N K R E S K I --

AL: Say that's wonderful, Kitzel -- having never seen it before -- I'd say that's really reading.

KITZEL: Oh pish, posh -- I know the people.

AL: People? What people?

KITZEL: Why, that's the backfield for Notre Dame,

MEL: Eh? What did he say?

AL: (LAUGHING) He says that's the backfield for Notre Dame.  
(LAUGHS)

MEL: That's correct -- and now before I okay your driver's license we come to the final test -- you have to recite the traffic rules from memory --

*List show only*

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-25-

AL: Oh, oh, Kitzel -- he's got you there. I don't think you can pass it.

KITZEL: Oh, pish posh! You don't think I can pass it! Listen to this, my little man -- I know them like a book --

To begin with, you got to signal for  
Right turn, left turn, wait until it's my turn!  
Red lights, green lights, watch the road -- forget the  
sights.

Up hill, down hill. If there's a wreck you pay the bill.  
Starts, stops and look out for the cops,  
Not to mention --

Safety zones, danger zones, Good Humor Men with  
ice cream cones

Two lane, three lane, don't hug a curve if it's name  
is Jane.

Highways, byways, go sixty miles and do thirty days,  
Crashes, smashes and finally -- Ashes!

~~(SONG TO BE INSERTED FROM BMI LIST)~~

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO AL PEARCE)

*Second show*

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -25-  
1/10/41 (REVISED)

AL: Oh, oh, Kitzel -- he's got you there. I don't think you can pass it.

KITZEL: Oh, pish posh! You don't think I can pass it!

AL: That's what I said -- I DON'T THINK YOU CAN PASS IT!

KITZEL: Now don't be so uppity puppy. Listen to this, my little man -- I know them like a book --

To begin with, you got to signal for

Right turn, left turn, wait until it's my turn!

Red lights, green lights, watch the road -- forget the sights.

Up hill, down hill. If there's a wreck you pay the bill.

Starts, stops and look out for the cops,

Not to mention --

Safety zones, danger zones, Good Humor Men with ice cream cones

Two lane, three lane, don't hug a curve if it's name is Jane.

Highways, byways, go sixty miles and do thirty days,

Crashes, smashes and finally -- Ashes!

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO AL PEARCE)

51459 1299

AL: Before saying good night I would like to announce that next week Lilian Sherman will be our guest from Cleveland, Ohio. Lilian is a very popular artist on WHE and WCLE in that region and I know her thousands of friends will look forward to her first coast to coast commercial broadcast with us next week.

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...So long -- and good luck!

WENDELL: It's the fellows who smoke a lot who are best qualified to judge pipe tobacco. Sitting around a fire at night -- reminiscing -- swapping confidences -- it's then you can hear the real low-down on smoking pleasure. At such gatherings you'll see plenty of Prince Albert tins coming out. For P.A. is the tobacco that features comfort. P.A. is crimp cut and no-bite treated for easy smoking, easy-on-the-tongue enjoyment -- freedom from the annoyance of excess, parching heat. Prince Albert certainly is cooler-burning, by actual test, and that means a richer, smoother-tasting smoke. You'll be glad for that first tin of P.A., men -- you'll find it's truly the National Joy Smoke.

This is Wendell Niles speaking....

This is the COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.