

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1941
Program No. 49

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: Ladies and gentlemen -- CAMEL -- the slower-burning
cigarette of costlier tobaccos -- bring you, from
Hollywood -- AL PEARCE and his Gang!

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

AL: Good evening, friends, welcome to another Friday night of fun. We've got another show packed full of surprises tonight, and believe me, we'll have to go some to get them all on in the next thirty minutes. First, with Carl Hoff on a vacation, and his right hand man, Lou Bring, taking over, we'll get the show under way by seeing what Lou has cooked up with his new orchestra. Take it away Lou!

ORCHESTRA:

"VILIA"

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AL: Friends, our show lately has been just one surprise after another. Who would have thought that Tizzie Lish was going to be on the show last week? -- In fact, I'll bet you didn't think she was going to be back again tonight -- well she isn't -- but Arline Harris is -- Come on out Arline and tell us about your trip to the movies

(ARLINE SPOT)

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ARLENE: COME ON, Junior, now make it snappy. Hurry, Maisie, we haven't time to look in the windows now -- we'll be too late for the show. We have to be there by one o'clock. Junior, I'm not eating candy, dear, I'm chewing gum. No -- you'll candy when you come out of the show -- now be quiet -- hurry up. It's the last piece of gum I've got -- for heaven's sakes you wouldn't take the gum right out of my mouth would you? What do you mean he wouldn't, Maisie -- he'd take the filling out of my back teeth and never even interrupt my conversation. Now never mind, Maisie -- here we are -- now I'm buying the tickets, you paid for the lunch -- two bargain matinees, please. What do you mean we're too late -- the show is going on, isn't it? Well I know your prices change at one o'clock. What do you suppose we've been galloping down Broadway for? Oh we're too late for the two bit seats, Mais -- shall we take the others? What's the picture? Is there a preview? Only one feature and no preview? Oh the preview's tonight -- well, come on, Maisie -- we can stay if it's any good. It's only three minutes after one. If they want to be cheap for three minutes -- well, the show better be good -- that's all I can say. The little boy's not going to see the show, Miss -- he's going to stay in the playroom -- besides he's only six years old -- for goodness sakes Maisie we can't take him in -- he'll talk all during the show and we'll be all worn out. What did you say, Miss? He looks older to you? Does he? So many people say that -- he

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ARLENE:
(Cont'd)

worries a lot. Now you be a nice boy, Junior -- Mother'll see you when the show's over. Two seats down front, please. Aisle Seven my foot -- come on Maisie down the aisle -- we can take single seats if we can't get them together. Gee it's dark in here isn't it -- wait a minute, I think there's two seats here. Here -- in here, Maisie -- excuse me please -- Oh there's only one seat -- there's only one seat in here, Maisie -- oh I'm sorry -- will you let me out again please. Quick, Maisie, there's a lady going out -- grab her seat before somebody else does. Oh, she's coming back? She's coming back, Maisie. Who's shushing me. Well we'll sit down, Madame, as soon as we find a seat -- for heaven's sake. Don't go in there, Maisie -- it's too much to the side -- you can't see a darn thing. Well never mind -- we'll take 'em -- the newsreel's on. We can sit here and chat until the picture starts then we can move. Keep your eye peeled for somebody going out. Oh these seats are terrible -- you can't see a thing -- wish that dame in front would take her hat off -- it's a cute hat though, isn't it, Maisie?

(BUSINESS OF RATTLING PAPER) -- want some candy, Maisie? Oh here's a chewy one -- you take it -- it'll pull my bridge work down. Well, I'm sorry, Madame -- we bought these candies to eat and we can't eat 'em until we take 'em out of the paper -- do you mind? These seats are terrible. Gee, Mais, don't you wish they'd bring back "The Perils of Pauline?" I loved those serials -- didn't you? Pardon me, Mister -- would you mind keeping your knee

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ARLENE:
(Cont'd)

over where it belongs? Maisie, I'm going to have to move -- this bird wants to sit in the same seat I'm in -- I'm going to ask that dame in front to take her hat off. Pardon me, Madame -- would you mind taking off your hat. No it doesn't bother me, but that doo-dad on top makes me awfully hungry. Get that face -- Maisie -- I want you to see that nose. Start kicking the seat, Mais -- maybe she'll turn around -- can't tell whether that's her nose or whether she's eating a banana. Betcha her nose was born and the rest of the body grew on it. I beg your pardon, Madame? We're talking too much? That's too bad. You came in here for a talkie didn't you? -- well you're getting it -- what are you kicking about? Maisie there're some people moving I've got to get out of here -- find my shoe -- you must have kicked it -- I just took it off -- I'm sorry to trouble you but is there a shoe under your seat size 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ AAA -- for goodness sakes -- no that's not it. Yes that's it -- thank you very much. Come on, Mais -- let's move -- this guy's so fresh. Well, I'm sorry lady to disturb you but for goodness sakes we came in here to see a romance -- not to have one. Well step on her, Maisie -- what do we care -- I'm just trying to be polite -- for heaven's sake, etc.....

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

AL: Friends, this is a fact. Wherever you go -- whether it be in the deep South --

GIRL: I sure like 'em 'cause they're so mild.

AL: Or 'way down in Texas.

MAN: I sure like that real flavor.

AL: Or 'way up in Vermont.

MAN: Well, sir -- I like their coolness -- extra coolness it seems like to me.

AL: Yes, friends, if ever a cigarette was a national favorite -- in this star-spangled land of ours, it's the slow-burning, flavorful, cooler, little cylinder of costlier tobaccos known as Camel! Mild? I should say so! Camels are extra mild with less nicotine in the smoke. And have you heard what those scientists have to report about less nicotine in the smoke of Camels? Well, listen:

WENDELL: Independent scientific tests of five of the largest-selling cigarettes show that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the other brands tested -- less than any of them.

AL: There you are. Less nicotine in the smoke. And when
all's said and done, the thing that interests you in
a cigarette is the smoke. The smoke's the thing.
So, friends, do me and yourself a ^{big} favor...light up a
Camel right now!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: Friends, our radio guest artist tonight comes to us from Station WJSV in the nation's capitol, Washington, D.C. When we heard a recording of this girl's voice, we all agreed that she should be given a chance to do a transcontinental broadcast so we sent her a round trip ticket to Hollywood. I know you'll agree with us that here is a young lady who can really sing a rhythm song. Alyce Winstead, singing "Georgia On My Mind."

ORCHESTRA AND ALYCE WINSTEAD: "GEORGIA ON MY MIND"

*all ad lib
F. van Buren jr. lt*

WENDELL: It seems Elmer Blurt has even surprised us tonight, for instead of knocking about the city, we find him out in the territory -- in fact, way, way out in the territory -- down in Arkansas in a little town called Pine Ridge selling suits and overcoats. Good luck, Elmer!

ELMER: By golly, I betcha I can sell one of my suits of clothes at this store here in Pine Ridge, I hope, I hope, I hope...

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK AND DOOR OPEN

ELMER: How ja do, Mister. Elmer Blurt is my name. I'm representing the North American All Wool Suit and Overcoat Company.

LUM: Glad to know you, Mr. Blurt. My name's Lum Edwards. Shake hands with my partner here, Abner Peabody.

(APPLAUSE)

ABNER: Mighty glad to make your acquaintance, Elmer.

ELMER: Oh golly -- if it isn't Lum and Abner in person.

LUM: What're you sellin' today, Elmer?

ELMER: I'm taking measurements for suits --

ABNER: Oh well I don't need no suit...

ELMER: Here's a nifty model in a two-button sack --

ABNER: A two-button sack? --

ELMER: And tweeds will be good this spring, too.

IJUM: I grannies Abner a new suit wouldn't hurt you. You ort to start fixin' yourself up to look like sompin' -- er ort to go dressed up anyway.

ABNER: What's the matter with the way I look.

IJUM: Well we ain't got time to go into that but you ort to have a new suit. Get yer tape measure there Elmer, we'll just measure him up right now.

ELMER: Tape measure?

IJUM: You mean you're takin' orders for suits and ain't got no tape measure?

ELMER: I guess not, because this is all the stuff they sent me, right here.

ABNER: Well hold on here a minit...how much air them suits?

ELMER: Five dollars down and fifty cents a week.

ABNER: That sounds reasonable...fer how long though?

ELMER: (LAUGH) Oh golly, they didn't say.

IJUM: Well, you ort to be able to rake up fifty cents a week, Abner. Trouble is I don't know how to get you measured.

ELMER: Well, grandma's got a three-foot sash she uses for a tape measure. I can run homo and get that.

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LUM: I grannie that's good, Elmer. You go git it, but leave that there order blank so's we can look it over.

ELMER: Okay -- here's the order blank and -- ah -- I'll be back in a flash with the sash.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ABNER: Yeah, Lum, I 'spect we better study this order blank over a little first.

LUM: Let's see now, name and all that stuff we can fill in later. Tall, short, reglar...stand up there Abner, let me take a look at you.

ABNER: What's wrong with me?

LUM: Hmm, 'bout a short I reckon...now, shoulders.

ABNER: 'Course. I want shoulders in it.

LUM: Shoulders...yes...now chest...I don't know what that's fer. Do you have any trouble with your chest?

ABNER: No.

LUM: Chest, normal...Sleeve length...How long do you want your sleeves?

ABNER: Oh, bout to here...Long as my arms is.

LUM: Well they don't know how long your arms is...Grannies I wisht we had a tape measure...I tell you, stand up again' the wall there Abner.

ABNER: Fer goodness sakes...HERE?

LUM: Yea now stretch both yer arms out as fer as you can... That's right, straight out...Now let's see...Them boards is one by twelves...Good thing they run up and down thataway...They're twelve inches wide and you're kiverin' one, two, three, four, five, six of 'em...six foot sleeves.

ABNER: Well that sounds a heap too long to me...I ain't but five foot two inches tall.

LUM: Well that's fer both of 'em...Devide that half in two... Three foot sleeves. Now let's see...Coat length...You want it to come down lower than your sleeves...Add about six inches...thirty-six and six is forty-two... Make a forty-two inch coat...Time it wrinkles and gets set to you that'll be about right...Now your brithces... How fer around air you?

ABNER: I don't know.

LUM: Back up again the boards again...Uh huh...You kiver about one and a half of 'em...That's eighteen inches.

ABNER: (SLIGHT PAUSE) Well I know I'm bigger around the waist than that.

LUM: Well, that's just half of ya.

ABNER: I want my britches on both sides.

LUM: Let's see -- eighteen inches -- that'll be times two -- that's thirty-six inches. I grannies you're a perfect thirty-six.

ABNER: Well good fer me.

LUM: Let's see...Inside seam...Do you want a inside seam?

ABNER: I don't know...What is it?

LUM: I don't know, might be sompin' new...better put it in... Inside seam, YES...Outside seam?...Yes...Give you both of 'em...Make it fancy.

ABNER: That's the time...

LUM: You'll be the best dressed man in Pine Ridge.

ABNER: Hot dog.

LUM: Just one more thing -- what do you want -- pinch back or box seat?

ABNER: Huh? Box seat?

LUM: Well, bend over and I'll measure ya -- and see what's best for ya.

ABNER: Bend over?

LUM: Yeah -- just bend over and touch the floor with your hands --

ABNER: Without bending my knees?

LUM: I don't care how you do it -- just bend over.

ABNER: Well, I don't believe I can do that, Lum. --

LUM: Here -- get out of the way -- let me show you -- like this.-

SOUND: LOUD RIP

(PAUSE)

ABNER: What ya settin' on the floor fer, Lum? --

LUM: I grannies you're gonna get a suit with two pairs of britches and one of 'em's gonna fit me. ~~Here, take this paper and pencil -- back up agin the boards there --~~

} *Cut
2nd
show*

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

AL:

~~(GUES FOR AD LIB AFTER ACT)~~

~~HOW LONG ON AIR (TEN YEARS)-~~

~~NOW ON VACATION-~~

~~STARTING ANOTHER PICTURE SOON-~~

~~HOPE THEY'LL BE BACK SOON AS EVERYBODY MISSES LUM AND
ABNER.~~

~~SO LONG...IT'S BEEN SWELL HAVING YOU WITH US...AND I KNOW~~

~~ELMER BLURT WILL NEVER GET OVER THAT THRILL.~~

al
ad lib

AL:

There are three girls and three boys standing over there in the wings awaiting their turn at the microphone -- the "Sweetheart Sextet." This week, they're going to sing "There'll Be Some Changes Made," so come on out, kids, and let's get going.

ORCHESTRA AND SWEETHEARTS SEXTET:

"THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE"

AL: There are three girls and three boys standing over there in the wings awaiting their turn at the microphone -- the "Sweetheart Sextet." This week, they're going to sing "There'll Be Some Changes Made," so come on out, kids, and let's get going.

ORCHESTRA AND SWEETHEART SEXTET: "THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE"

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL SKYROCKET FADE TO AL PEARCE)

AL: Friends, I'd like to tell you about something that gave me a big chuckle when I read about it a few weeks ago. It all took place in a courtroom down in Atlanta. (FADE)

SOUND: GAVEL POUNDING DESK

FIRST MAN: (GRAVE...GRUFF) Order in the court! Next case.

SECOND MAN: Judge, I clocked this man driving forty miles an hour in a twenty-five mile-an-hour zone.

FIRST MAN: Well, young man.

THIRD MAN: I'm sorry, Your Honor. I just didn't realize I was going that fast.

FIRST MAN: Huh...where have I heard that before?

THIRD MAN: But Your Honor, it's sort of hard to tell the difference between twenty-five and forty miles an hour. They're both pretty slow.

FIRST MAN: Pretty slow, eh? What's your name?

THIRD MAN: Andrew McDonough, I...

FIRST MAN: Not Andy McDonough, the Eastern Air Lines pilot...the fellow who went six hundred and twenty testing that new interceptor plane?

THIRD MAN: That's right.

FIRST MAN: Well, I declare! (LAUGHS...SOFTENS UP) Maybe a man who's traveled six hundred and twenty miles an hour can't tell the difference between twenty-five and forty. I reckon that is kind of small change. (LAUGHS)
(RAPS WITH GAVEL) Sentence suspended!

AL: (LAUGHS) Yes, sir -- that's Andy -- six hundred and twenty miles an hour McDonough. But when it comes to smoking -- why, I've heard Andy himself say:

THIRD MAN: Sure, I smoke Camels. Their extra mildness means a lot when you smoke as much as I do.

AL: And, by golly, Andy -- that extra mildness means a lot to any smoker! Sure -- because in Camels you get less nicotine in the smoke, too. Right, Wen?

WENDELL: Albert, you're so right! Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

AL: So, friends -- get on the receiving end of a cooler, more flavorful Camel, and get extra mildness with less nicotine in your smoke.

WENDELL: And don't forget -- buy those slower-burning cigarettes by the carton for more economy and convenience.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: And now, friends, for surprise number _____

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

AL: Just a minute. Come in! (DOOR OPENS)

MEL: (SCREWY HIGH VOICE) Hallo. I'm the piccolo player. The maestro, told me to come here.

AL: The maestro? Hey, Lou, did you send for a piccolo player?

LOU: A piccolo player? Not me Al.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK...DOOR OPEN

WENDELL: (WOP) Excuse-a me, bud, where shall I'm-a gonna put my bull-a fiddle? The maestro, she's a send me up here.

AL: Say, who is this maestro?

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK...DOOR OPEN

MEL: (DIGNIFIED) How do you do, I'm Deems Snaylor. The maestro sent me to introduce the concert.

AL: Concert? What concert and what maestro?

MEL: Shhh! Don't shout. The maestro's very temperamental. Now please be quiet. Good evening, music lovers. Welcome to the first of our Friday night concerts. And now a hush falls over the auditorium as the maestro steps from the wings and approaches the podium.

KITZEL: (OPERATIC) Hi yi yo Ranchisimo Grandisimo...

(APPLAUSE)

AL: I might have known... So you're the "Maestro," eh, Kitzel?

KITZEL: Certainly, mine dear man, what has Stokowski got that I haven't got? -- And no coaching from the audience. So hitherto please refer me as Leopold Kitzel.

AL: Leopold!?

KITZEL: Yes, Conductor of the Kitzel Philharmonic and Lethal Chamber Group! Also pants pressing.

AL: Now wait a minute, Leopold, what is this maestro business?

KITZEL: I'm simply taking over while Carl Hoff is on his vacation. Now step aside... Go go... Our first number tonight --

AL: Kitzel, for your information, we've hired Lou Bring for this job and anyway I don't think you'd know a treble cleff if you saw one.

KITZEL: Wouldn't know a treble -- Nobody knows de treble I've seen Our first number tonight, ladies and --

AL: Kitzel! We don't need your band! I told you we've got Lou Bring to handle our music!

KITZEL: Okay, so you got Bring -- but how long can boogie woogie last? It's just a fancy passing. Jam, jive, scrub me daddy, beat me momma, throw me down, rumboogie -- I tell you that's all going to fall by the side-ways.

AL: But, Kitzel, aren't you forgetting that even you were writing popular music yourself last week?

KITZEL: Ah yes, a blind, blundering fool -- led on by the glitter, the glamour, the tinsel, the Mensel --

AL: Mensel?

KITZEL: He's my agent. Mr. Pearce, what you need is some high classical music on your program like Tschaikowski's "Nutburger Suite."

AL: Well, how do you like Debussy?

KITZEL: Well, Debussy's all right, but personal, I always take a streetcar.

AL: You know, Leopold, maybe you're right -- maybe we do need higher class music.

KITZEL: Of course, of course.

AL: In fact, I think I'll give you and your orchestra a chance.

KITZEL: Oh, happy day!

AL: We might even hire you.

KITZEL: Oh glad tidings!

AL: That is, if you can play good.

KITZEL: Aha -- I knew there was a catch to it!

AL: Don't start hedging, Kitzel. Get your Chamber group together and get started. What are you going to play -- "Melody In F" by Rubenstein?

KITZEL: No, we're doing "Spring Song" by Mendel.

AL: Kitzel -- you mean by Mendel-son.

KITZEL: Mendel's son? -- You mean old man Mendel had nothing to do with it?

AL: Come on, Kitzel -- quit stalling.

KITZEL: (MIMIC) Come on, Kitzel -- quit stalling. All right, boys. Places. Ready? Bushel of wheat, bushel of rye, all who are not ready, holler I. Go!

ORCHESTRA: (PICCOLO, BASS FIDDLE, CYMBAL: EIGHT BARS OF "SPRING SONG" PICCOLO STARTS OFF WITH SUSTAINED TREMOLO, THE BASS JOINS IN SAWING AWAY IN STRICT RHYTHM AND THE CYMBAL CRASHES AT ODD MOMENTS...DOUBLE FORTE TEMPO TRAILS OFF UNDER FOLLOWING SPEECH:)

KITZEL: (HITTING BATON AND YELLING) Just a second -- Just a second -- Cease -- Stop -- for goodness sakes -- Tacit -- Halt -- I mean quit like in QUIET!

ORCHESTRA: (TERRIFIC AFTERBEAT CRASH OF CYMBAL)

KITZEL: Thank you!

AL: What's the trouble --- why did you stop them, Kitzel?

KITZEL: What's the trouble? Me -- Leopold Kitzel -- and these swine should play it like that! Gentlemen, I've got to have a teensy weensy bit more bull fiddle in the cadenza.

AL: Kitzel -- isn't that the trouble now?

KITZEL: You mean I'm giving you too much bull fiddle?

AL: Not too much fiddle -- just too much...

KITZEL: Mmmmmmmmmmmmyeah -- COULD BE!

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO AL PEARCE)

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ad
lehs
AL: Friends, next Friday night we will have as our guest
~~Mr. Leon Schlesinger, creator of Looney Tunes and~~
~~Merric Melody Cartoons, in a big Easter Jamboree with~~
~~Perky Pig and several other of his famous characters~~
in person.

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: Thank you, Wendell Niles and good night, friends.
Don't forget to tune in next Friday night. So long,
good luck and remember to smoke Camels.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME TO WENDELL)

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ANNCR: In the space of a handy pocket tin of Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco, smokers get around fifty fragrant pipefuls of America's largest-selling tobacco. That stretches your smoking money, all right -- and P.A. stretches your smoking joy, too! Prince Albert is the cooler-burning brand, crimp cut and no-bite treated for better packing and drawing, and the really mild mildness that brings out P.A.'s special taste and fragrance. Get Prince Albert at your dealer's!

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