

As Broadcast

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES(NOTE TIME CHANGE)FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1941
Program No. 543:30 - 4:00 P.M., PST.
6:30 - 7:00 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, and welcome to another Friday night jam session -- we're jamming an hour's worth of surprises into the next thirty minutes, and if we're going to get them all in, we'd better have Lou Bring and his Camel orchestra get things going but fast --

WENDELL: Hey -- justa minute, Al --

AL: Well, what's the trouble, Wendell?

WENDELL: Well, you know this is National Music Week, so I brought along a swell novelty musical act for the show tonight.

AL: Listen, Wendell Niles -- this is no time for your novelties.

WENDELL: But this fellow's really good, and he's right outside ready to go on.

AL: Well, if he's that good, go ahead and bring him on.

WENDELL: Oh, that's swell, Al. I'd like to have you meet the greatest novelty musician of all time!

RAYMOND: Gweetings, Mr.. Peawuss!

AL: Well -- Raymond Radcliff. So you're a novelty musician.

RAYMOND: Absowutewy! In fact, I've been twaveling with a Major Bowes Unit. I went to Austwalia, Wio di Janeiro, Vensuwewa, and this morning I just got back from Honowuwu!

AL: Not wuwu -- lulu!

RAYMOND: Mr. Peawuss, have you ever seen those girls dance in their gwass skirts?

AL: Yes.

RAYMOND: Wuwuf

AL: Well, Raymond, what sort of a novelty musical act did you do with the Unit?

RAYMOND: For a while I pplayed the twombone.

AL: The trombone? That's no novelty.

RAYMOND: Yes, but I pplayed it with my feet.

AL: What did you do with your hands?

RAYMOND: Held them over my ears -- I couldn't stand it!

AL: Well, for heaven's sake, what DO you play?

RAYMOND: Well, I've got a brand new specialty. For the past few months, I've been taking correspondence lessons on the musical saw.

AL: Well, now that is a novelty. Are you prepared to play the musical saw now?

RAYMOND: Right. Will you have the orchestra leader play the "Blue Danube Waltz?"

AL: Do you want an introduction?

RAYMOND: No, I know how to play pretty well. Okay -- ready -- let's go.

ORCHESTRA: (TWO BARS -- THEN SAW TAKES BREAK -- BUT SAWS ON WOOD... DOESN'T PLAY...REPEAT IT TWO MORE TIMES -- ON THIRD SAWING BIT -- RAYMOND STOPS AND SAYS:)

RAYMOND: Just a minute, I think I'm a little bit flat. Give me an A on the piano.

(PIANO PLAYS A...RAYMOND SAWS ONCE)

RAYMOND: Perfect. Now play it again -- but this time a little more legato, more legato, and a tiny winky more rhythm.

ORCHESTRA: (TWO BARS -- THEN SAW TAKES BREAK -- REPEAT IT TWICE --)

RAYMOND: Now I'm really in the groove.

MUSIC SOUNING FIRST
(ON THIRD SAWING BIT, AL INTERRUPTS)

(STARTS THIRD SAWING BIT...THEN:)

SOUND: TERRIFIC CRASH (RAYMOND FALLING THROUGH THE FLOOR)

RAYMOND: (THROUGH FILTER AS IF VOICE COMING FROM BASEMENT)

Help! Help! Mr. Peawuss! Help! Help!

AL: Raymond! Where are you?

RAYMOND: I'm down here in the basement!

AL: What are you doing down there?

RAYMOND: I just sawed a hole through the stage.

(APPLAUSE)

AL: Good night!! Wait'll I put the boards over the hole.

Raymond, I'll take care of you later. Now, Louie, will you get that opening band number of yours underway?

(MUMBLES) Down under the stage...Raymond, wait'll I.....

(FADES)

ORCHESTRA: MELODY FROM "SCHEHEREZADE"

PEARCE: Why, that was wonderful, Lou. A masterpiece...really.

LOU: Oh, gee, Al -- thanks -- but it wasn't anything.

PEARCE: Yes, it was. It was delightful.

LOU: Aw, shucks.

PEARCE: Now, don't be so modest and demure about it.

LOU: Modest and what?

PEARCE: Demure.

LOU: What?

PEARCE: (IMPATIENTLY) Demure...demure. Like -- demure you smoke Camels demure you like them.

WENDELL: Thanks for the lead, Al -- but don't be so corny. ^{How can I} Yes, ^{with it} ladies and gentlemen, demure you -- I mean the more you smoke Camels, the cigarette of costlier tobaccos -- the more you'll like them. Tell you why. They've got a flavor. Man, oh man -- what flavor! The kind that makes the last cigarette of the day taste just as good as the first. Camels are cooler, too. And -- Camels are mild. Extra mild -- with less nicotine in the smoke.

Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested -- less
(CONTINUED)

WENDELL:
(Cont'd)

than any of them according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself. There's even economy in Camels. For slower burning means extra smoking per cigarette per pack. So get slower-burning Camels -- and get them by the carton for economy -- for convenience -- for a swell smoke.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: And now, to continue our program --

WENDELL: ~~Hey, Al, Raymond Radcliffe wants to do an encore.~~
SAY I'VE GOT THE MOST MUSICAL FOR YOU

AL: ~~Oh he does, does he?~~

WENDELL: ~~Yeah -- he claims he can make music by letting air out
of an automobile tire.~~

AL: ~~By letting air out of an automobile tire! Where is
Raymond now?~~

WENDELL: ~~He's outside practicing on your car.~~

AL: Wendell Niles, you go out there and stop him, and
~~furthermore~~ -- any more musical acts that get on this
show must have legitimate musical ability and I mean
they must be terrific!

KITZEL: Hi yi oh Rancho Kitzel, my talent can sing and whitzel!

AL: Oh no, Kitzel, we don't want any of your singing either!

KITZEL: Oh, it's not me, Mr. Pearce -- I got for you the finest
singing group that money can buy -- less ten. ^{PLR UNIT} What a
quartet! I wish you could see these two girls!

AL: Wait a minute, Kitzel -- how could two singers be a
quartet?

KITZEL: When they hear their own voices, they double up.

AL: Well, what kind of voices do these girls have?

KITZEL: One of them is a matzo-soprano --

AL: What do you mean -- matzo? You mean she's a mezzo -- ?

KITZEL: Who's talking about looks? The other one has a better voice than that famous opera star --

AL: You mean Gala Curchi?

KITZEL: Gala who?

AL: Curchi -- Curchi -- Curchi -- Curchi!

KITZEL: (LAUGHS) Please, Mr. Pearce -- don't! I'm ticklish! ...the best way to describe this singer of mine -- she's a baritone!

AL: A girl sings baritone?

KITZEL: Sure...when you hear her voice, you can't bar-er-tone.

AL: Kitzel, where did you discover this talent?

KITZEL: I was sitting one night in the Hollywood Bowl during an opera, when their golden voices came floating up to me.

AL: If they're good enough to work in the Hollywood Bowl, why do they want to work in radio?

KITZEL: How much money can you make selling peanuts and popcorn on radio!

AL: All right, Kitzel -- where are these singers of yours?

KITZEL: They're right outside. Come on in, girls! That's it -- right up to the microphone, girls. Mr. Pearce, you've heard of the Ink Spots -- well, meet the Grease Spots!

AL: How do you do, girls.

VERNA AND MARY: How do you do, Mr. Pearce.

VERNA: I'm Blanche.

MARY: I'm Mary.

VERNA: We're the Perriputchikoff Sisters.

AL: Perriputchikoff? That's a funny name.

VERNA: You should have seen it before we changed it.

AL: So you're sisters, eh? You certainly don't look alike.

VERNA AND MARY: Thanks.

KITZEL: Yes sir, Mr. Pearce, they really are twin sisters.
Mary -- that's the fat one -- she was born three years
before Blanche.

AL: Kitzel -- if they're born three years apart, how could
they be twins?

KITZEL: The stork was so tired after he brought Mary, that he
had to rest up three years before he had strength enough
to bring Blanche.

AL: Oh, I see. Is that true, Mary?

MARY: That's right, kid. (GIGGLES)

KITZEL: Ah, I love to see Mary laugh -- So much of her has a good time! Would you believe it, Mr. Pearce, Mary here was on the "We, the People" program.

AL: Really? What part did she play?

KITZEL: "We, the People."

AL: Well, come on, Kitzel -- we haven't much time. Go ahead and have your girls do their song.

KITZEL: Okay. They will sing a duet and I will accompany them on the flute. Wait till I put on my gloves.

AL: Why do you have to wear gloves to play the flute?

KITZEL: With all those holes in the flute -- it's pretty drafty. All right, girlies...Ready...One, two!

MUSIC: (FLUTE INTRODUCTION TO "LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD")

GIRLS: (SING, BUT CORNY) Listen to the mocking bird,
Listen to the mocking bird,
The mocking bird is singing on the wall.

MUSIC: (FIRST FOUR BARS OF "SPRING SONG"..FLATS ON LAST NOTE)

KITZEL: Hmm! Cheap instrument.

GIRLS: (SING) Listen to the mocking bird,
Listen to the mocking bird,
The mocking bird is singing on the wall.

MUSIC: (FLUTE GOES INTO SIMPLE CADENZA)

VERNA: I'll take it, Mary.

MARY: No, I'll take it, Blanche.

MUSIC: (FLUTE REPEATS CADENZA)

MARY: (DOES CADENZA VOCALLY)

MUSIC: (FLUTE DOES HIGHER CADENZA)

VERNA: I'll take it, Mary.

MARY: No, I'll take it, Blanche. (DOES CADENZA VOCALLY)

MUSIC: (FLUTE...CADENZA...LONG AND FANCY)

MARY: You take that one, Blanche.

VERNA: Oh, yeah? You take it yourself.

MARY: All right, fraidy cat...(HITS ONE NOTE AND SUSTAINS IT THROUGH FOLLOWING BUSINESS)

KITZEL: Oh, my goodness -- I just remembered...I left my car double-parked. Hold that note -- I'll be right back.

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE...FOOTSTEPS
DOWNSTAIRS...CAR DOOR SLAMS...MOTOR STARTS...GEARS
SHIFT...BRAKES SCREECH...CAR DOOR SLAMS...FOOTSTEPS
UPSTAIRS...DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

KITZEL: Okay -- I'm back. That's enough. Well, Mr. Pearce, now that you've heard these two girls, what do you think of them? -- and watch your language!

AL: Well, Kitzel, I don't think they're worth over four hundred dollars a week.

KITZEL: You have the nerve to say four hundred dollars! Why, I wouldn't give you for those broken down singers two hundred dollars. Two hundred dollars? I wouldn't even give you one hundred dollars! I would give you seventy-five dollars for them! -- Just a second! -- Just a second! What am I saying? I'm selling -- not buying!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

AL: Just a year ago, we started the idea of bringing young professional singers from radio stations throughout the country to Hollywood, for we felt that these folks on local stations are very often as good, if not better, than some of our coast-to-coast artists. This theory has been proven true, for many of these artists have made the grade on coast-to-coast broadcasting and it's made us all very happy.

Tonight we bring you Ted Bodenhammer, from station WSJS, Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Ted is a newcomer and has been singing a short time on this station in Winston-Salem. We'd like you to meet him. This boy, we think, has a very nice voice -- Mr. Ted Bodenhammer... singing "Amapola."

ORCHESTRA: ("AMAPOLA"...TED BODENHAMMER)

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL SKYROCKET)

AL: Say, baseball fans -- would you like to get the inside pointers on pitching from the great "Bucky" Walters himself? Sure you would...who wouldn't? Well, listen...starting this coming Sunday, in Sunday newspaper comic sections will be a big full-color picture story on pitching by "Bucky" Walters. "Bucky" gives you swell tips on championship pitching with simple, easy to understand diagrams as well as action pictures. I've seen it and boy -- it's certainly a swell story. Look for it in the Sunday newspaper comic section, and get "Bucky's" inside slant on pitching. And get "Bucky's" inside slant on smoking, too. Why "Bucky" himself says:

MAN: Smoking like I do, I stick to Camels -- it's their mildness that rates with me!

AL: And it's that mildness, friends, that rates with everybody. Because Camels are more than mild -- they're extra mild. And there's less nicotine in the smoke. Listen to the actual scientific report:

VOICE: (FILTER) Independent scientific tests show that 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.

THE AL PEARCE SHOW
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AL: Friends -- the smoke's the thing. So light up this slower-burning cigarette of costlier tobaccos and smoke out the facts for yourself.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

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AL: Before Wendell Niles gets a chance to interrupt
the program with any more musical novelties, we'd better
have our Sweetheart Sextet hurry up and sing a real
musical novelty that they've cooked up for tonight called
"Spinning the Bottle"...

ORCHESTRA AND SEXTET:

"SPINNING THE BOTTLE"

WENDELL: This week, Elmer Blurt has gone from the doorbell to a desk bell. By that we mean, with the tourist season at its height, this week Elmer has obtained a position as room clerk in a hotel way out in the country -- in Dos Palos. Good luck, Elmer!

SOUND: MAN POUNDING ON DESK BELL

MEL: Clerk! Clerk! (OVER POUNDING)

ELMER: Yes, sir. -- I'm in the back here.

MEL: Is this the Lexington Hotel?

ELMER: No, sir, this is the Biltmore Hotel.

MEL: This place is the Biltmore?

ELMER: Yeah -- Biltmore like a barn.

MEL: I want a nice room for a dollar and I don't want to be bothered.

ELMER: Well, for a dollar we don't want to be bothered, either. Our rooms are five dollars and ten dollars.

MEL: What's the difference?

ELMER: Well, for five dollars we throw in your breakfast.

MEL: And for ten dollars?

ELMER: For ten dollars, we carry it in.

MEL: What are your rates by the week?

ELMER: I don't know. Nobody has ever stayed here that long.

MARY AND FORTE: (ENTER GIGGLING)

ELMER: Oh gosh -- here comes a man and woman! Paying customers, I hope, I hope, I hope...

FORTE: I would like to have a nice roomsy-woomsy for me and my new little ifey-wifey.

ELMER: Oh gosh, jest married!

FORTE: Yes, that's right -- isn't it -- lovey-dovey?

MARY: (GIGGLE) Yessey wessey, hubby-wubby.

ELMER: To get my customers in a good mood, I always tell 'em a little joke. Did you ever hear the story about the Mexican hairless dog?

FORTE: The Mexican hairless dog? No!

ELMER: He wasn't fuzzy -- was he? (LAUGHS) Now just sign this register here and I'll give you a nice roomsy-woomsy with a viewy-fooeey!

FORTE: There you are -- our name is on the register --
Mr. and Mrs. McTwiddleblister!

ELMER: McTwiddleblister?

MARY: Isn't it wonderful -- just two hours ago I changed my name.
(GIGGLES)

FORTE: (GIGGLES)

FORTE AND MARY: (THEN BOTH GIGGLE TOGETHER)

ELMER: You ought to change it back. But I'm glad to know you --
my name is Elmer Blurt!

MARY: Oh, Mister Blurt -- marriage is such a beautiful thing!
You should try it. Wouldn't you like to call some girl
Mrs. Blurt?

ELMER: Oh gosh no -- I couldn't do that!

MARY: Why not?

ELMER: That's my mother's name! Well, follow me and I'll show
you to your room. I'll take one suitcase, Mister, and
you take the other one.

MARY: What about me?

ELMER: You'll have your hands full with that trunk! This is a special room we have for newlyweds -- the green room!

MARY: Does it have a shower?

ELMER: Not since we had the roof fixed. Well, here you are.

SOUND: DOOR OPENING...HORSE NEIGH

MARY: What's a horse doing in here?

ELMER: This is the bridal suite!

FORTE: Well, Mister Blurt -- here's a quarter for your trouble.
Good night.

ELMER: Good night.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

MARY: Ah, Rodney!

FORTE: Ah, Genevieve!

MARY: At last we are alone, together.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENING

FORTE: (MAD) Well?

ELMER: Would you like a big pitcher of ice water?

FORTE: No! (MAD) Good night.

ELMER: Oh, good night.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FORTE: Ah, Genevieve!

MARY: Ah, Rodney.

FORTE: At last we are alone together.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENING

FORTE: What is it now???

ELMER: How about a small pitcher of ice water?

FORTE: No. No. (MAD) Good night.

ELMER: Well, good night.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

MARY: (WHISPER) Ah Rodney!

FORTE: (WHISPER) Ah Genevieve!

MARY: (WHISPER) I think he's gone now.

FORTE: (WHISPER) Yes. At last we are alone together.

SOUND: DOOR OPENING

ELMER: You'll have to talk louder -- I can't hear you.

MARY: For goodness sakes, Rodney -- lock the door and keep this clerk out of here.

FORTE: All right, Mister Blurt -- out you go -- I'm going to lock this door and nobody will get in here.

SOUND: RATTLE OF KEY IN LOCK

FORTE: Just a minute -- this door won't lock -- there's something wrong with the keyhole!

ELMER: That's all right. I'll look into it later.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FORTE: I'll show you how to keep him out of here. Genevieve -- help me pile all this furniture against the door.

MARY: All right, dear.

SOUND: CLATTER OF STUFF BEING PILED UP

FORTE: Pull the bed over here. Get those chairs and that chest of drawers. There we are...that'll stop him. We'll keep him out of here.

MARY: Oh, you're wonderful, Rodney.

FORTE: And you're wonderful, Genevieve.

MARY: At last we are really all alone.

SOUND: FIREWAGON GONG AND SIRENS SCREAMING...POUNDING ON DOOR

ELMER: (YELLING...OFF MIKE) FIRE! FIRE!

MARY: Quick, Rodney -- move this stuff away from the door.

SOUND: TEARING DOWN PILE OF FURNITURE.

FORTE: We've got to get out of here -- it's a fire.

SOUND: POUNDING ON DOOR

ELMER: Hurry! Hurry! Everybody out! Everybody out!

SOUND: POUNDING ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS

ELMER: Fire! Fire! You've all got to hurry!

FORTE: Yeah -- for heaven's sake let's get out of here! Fire!
-- Fi -- (TAKE) -- hey -- wait a minute. I don't smell
any smoke in this hallway. Where's the fire?

ELMER: Down the street. I thought maybe you folks would like
to go.

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO AL PEARCE)

AL: (LAUGHS) When the fellow asked Elmer where the smoke was, he should have handed him a package of Camels, because with Camels, the smoke's the thing.

Well, I see our time is up. It's awfully hard to say goodbye until next week because it seems like we just got started and then had to stop. We have another surprise for you next week. I can't tell you who he is, but he wrote the book, "I Cover the Waterfront," and his initials are Max Miller. It's going to be a very interesting visit so don't miss Max. So long -- good night and good smoking.....

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND OUT ON CUE)

ANNOUNCER: Now and then someone refers to the average pipe-smoker. Is there such a man? Hardly. Every pipe fan varies in some way from the others. So it's really remarkable that one tobacco should suit so many smokers -- and suit them right to a pipe-stem. That's Prince Albert. The secret is that pipe-smokers want what Prince Albert has -- the true mildness, the rich, mellow taste, and delightful aroma that made P.A. the world's largest-selling brand. If you haven't tried Prince Albert yet, do so promptly. There really is no other tobacco like it.

WENDELL: This is Wendell Niles..speaking...
This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.