

(to Broadcast)

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1941  
Program No. 55

3:30 - 4:00 P.M. PST  
6:30 - 7:00 P.M. PST

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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 -- brings you, from  
Hollywood -- AL PEARCE and his Gang!

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

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -2-  
5/16/41

AL: Good evening, friends...Well, with summer practically here, the days are getting longer, but we still only get thirty minutes for our show -- so we've got to hurry along. Lou Bring, I understand you've got an arrangement of "A Romantic Guy I" cooked up for tonight to start the show off, so how about it -- let's get going.

ORCHESTRA:

"A ROMANTIC GUY I"

AL: Thank you, Louie -- that was mighty fine. You know, May being the month for parties, not to be outdone, Arlene Harris had a coming out party for Junior...at the dentist's office. Junior didn't know it but one of his teeth was coming out. Come on out here, Arlene, and tell us all about it --

ARLENE: Come on, Junior, here we are at the dentist parlor... Never mind looking in windows, now. Let's go in and get your tooth pulled -- and then you can look in all the windows you want to. What? Your tooth has stopped aching? I know teeth always stop aching as soon as one gets to the dentist's but we'll get it out anyway. Listen, I've lost all the sleep I'm going to with your toothache, So come on. We mustn't keep the dentist waiting. Why do they always call them dentist parlors? I don't know. Because they are drawing rooms, I guess. Look at what? Oh, that's a show case for showing false teeth, dear. That's for people who are going to have new teeth. They can see the kind they would like. If you ever wear false teeth you want a set of those, huh? Well, come on it's bad manners to pick your teeth in public. Here we are. Now in you go. Good morning, is the dentist in? He's expecting us, I believe. Oh, good morning, Doctor...Well, here we are. Yes, isn't it a lovely day? I'm fine, thank you. Now, now, Junior, don't be stupid, dear, say good morning to the doctor like a nice boy. He's going to fix your tooth, darling. He's so nervous, Doctor.

(CONTINUED)

ARLENE:  
(Cont'd)

But very C-U-T-E...don't you think? Why, Junior, shame on you, it doesn't hurt a bit to have a tooth out, does it, Doctor? You're lucky you weren't a little boy when I was a little girl. Why, my mother took me to have a tooth out once and the dentist charged her five dollars to pull it and he usually only charged one dollar. Oh, because he said I made so much noise I frightened four other patients out of his office. You're not going to be that way, I hope. What, dear? You think the dentist looks like daddy? Yes, he does, a little? Only what? The dentist's mustache is the same color as his hair? Why, what do you mean? Daddy's hair is grey and his mustache is black? Well, don't forget, Junior...Daddy's hair is twenty-five years older than his mustache. Now, come on, Junior, open your mouth and let the dentist look at your tooth...Well, let him look at it...he won't pull it...Oh, for heaven's sake, you would think you were going to have your hair cut, you're making such a fuss...You're sure, Doctor, that you can take the tooth out painlessly? I promised him you would. I know you're supposed to be painless, but Junior isn't. I had a couple of teeth out not long ago and the dentist certainly wasn't painless. Well, no, he didn't hurt me but he sure yelled when I bit his finger...now stop worrying, Junior, mother is going to stay right beside you...I know the dentist would like me to go take a walk but I'll be here...Huh? What's that, Doctor? Oh, do you have to put that gag in his mouth...I don't think he'll like that.

(CONTINUED)

ARLENE: You won't mind a gag for just a minute, will you, darling?  
(Cont'd) Good gracious, Doctor. You're not going to put a gag in his mouth without a string on it, are you? Aren't you afraid he will swallow it? Well, it's a good thing he takes after his father and not me. Harry says I swallow everything. He would never trust a gag in my mouth without a string on it, I can tell you that. What's that? You don't think you will pull it? What do you mean, you're not going to pull it? You're going to save it? Save it for what? Listen, take the tooth out and if you want to save it after that it's all right with me, but he doesn't want it -- for goodness sake. It's just a baby tooth. He'll get another one. Now, with me, it's different. I have a tooth here in my (BUSINESS OF SHOWING MY TOOTH) mouth I would certainly like to save. It's the last one of my own I have left...Last summer I was going to have it filled with gold. But conditions have been so bad I am lucky to keep it filled with meat. Oh, are you getting ready to pull it...Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh...Hold on to mother's hand, Junior....ohohohohohohohohoh. Is it out? (SCREAMS)....  
(BUT LOUD) See, Junior, didn't mother tell you it wouldn't hurt. Thank you, Doctor. (ETC....FADE)  
Come on, Junior, does it feel funny, etc.....

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

AL: Friends, tonight we've planned several....

MAN: (VOICE HIGH, EXCITED) Mr. Pearce...Mr. Pearce...

AL: Who are you?

MAN: I'm a fugitive -- from a trombone. You've got to help me.

AL: Fugitive from a trombone? What is this?

MAN: (HALF HYSTERICAL) My wife played a trombone in an all-girl band. She was always practicing. It drove me crazy. One night I took that trombone and broke it into a thousand pieces. She left me...and I love her...outside of that (PAUSE) trombone. And whenever I get lonesome for her I hear that trombone in my ears...mocking...mocking...mocking...

TROMBONE: (Yah...yah...yah!)

MAN: It jeers at me all the time -- always playing sour notes.

TROMBONE: (REAL SOUR)

MAN: I can't eat!

TROMBONE: (NO?)

MAN: I can't sleep!

TROMBONE: (NO?)

MAN: I can't do anything!

TROMBONE: (Hah -- hah -- hah!)

MAN: Why it won't even let me smoke a cigarette in peace.

TROMBONE: (Uh -- uh -- uh -- uh!)

AL: Well, maybe you never tried a Camel.

MAN: A Camel? Well...

AL: Here, and here's a light!

TROMBONE: (SOFT....Mmmmmmmmmmm!)

MAN: Why that's the first sweet note it's ever played.

TROMBONE: (MORE SUSTAINED NOTE....Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!)

AL: Why of course -- Camels hit the right note every time!

WENDELL: I'll say they do! For Camels have the kind of flavor you want in a cigarette -- the kind of flavor that makes the last cigarette of the day taste just as good as the first. Camels are cooler, too. And are they mild -- oh, brother -- they're extra mild...and there's less nicotine in the smoke. 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. Yes, these are the scientific facts about the cigarette of costlier tobaccos -- the facts that you'll find when you light a Camel and smoke it. The smoke's the thing!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: Friends, would you like to meet the man who wrote the great hit, "I Cover The Waterfront?" He has also written eleven other books among which you will recall "Fog and Men on The Bering Sea," "The Stranger Came To Port," "The Man On The Barge," and recently completed "Harbor of the Sun" and his latest book, "Reno." I would like you to meet this most interesting friend of mine -- Max Miller...Come on out, Max.

*OR W:*  
MAX: Hello, Al, and good evening, readers.

AL: Well, Max, when I was down at your house the other day I saw a big barge out there on the water and asked you what it was...you said it was a Kelp Harvester...

MAX: That's right -- it's been down there about ten years...there are a couple of them...

AL: Just what is kelp?

MAX: It is a permanent forest growing underneath the water.

AL: What is kelp used for? What are these harvesters getting it for?

MAX: Food concentrates, vitamins, potassium, medicine, iron, chlorine, sodium, agar, fodder, etc...

AL: How tall does a kelp plant grow?

MAX: Fifteen hundred feet tall.



AL: Fifteen hundred feet?

MAX: That's right. In fact, they are taller than our great California redwoods.

AL: Well then, kelp is the tallest plant in the world?

MAX: (ANSWERS)

AL: Well, Max, have you ever made any trips on the giant tuna boats that go down south?

MAX: (ANSWERS)

AL: Are the fishermen bothered much with sharks when they run into these big schools of tuna?

MAX: (ANSWERS...TRY TO GET AT FISHERMEN AS THEY STAND ON THE GRATE...ETC.)

AL: What is the biggest shark you've ever seen?

MAX: Sixty feet long.

AL: What was the name of that species that you saw?

MAX: Basking shark.

AL: Do the sharks bother the fishermen as they stand on the grates at the water's edge?

MAX: Describe how they try to smash at sides of boat and hit the grate...and try to knock the men off -- much confusion as the sharks will do anything to get feed.

AL: Well, Max, I wish I'd spent as much time as you have on the waterfront. I imagine it's easy for you to write there.

MAX: No ...it's just the contrary. There's so much going on...colors changing so constantly and so much to see that if I want to do any writing I have to pull down the shades.

AL: Well, looking at that clock, Max, I'm afraid we'll have to pull down the shades on this interview. It was really swell of you to pay us this visit, Max. I hope you can come back soon and tell us some more. In the meantime, good luck, thanks for the visit and good writing...

(APPLAUSE)

AL:

*Ad lib*  
Here's a funny thing that happened the other day in our rehearsal. A girl was singing while the band was playing -- she had a beautiful voice. I'd never seen her before and I asked Louie Bring who the girl was. He said, "She's my wife." So I said, "Well she can sing swell" and he said, "Well, thanks" -- and I said "Well, let's get her to sing on the program -- do you suppose she would?" He said, "I don't know whether you could get her or not -- she might be pretty nervous." Well, anyway, we talked to her and, believe it or not, we've got Louie's wife right here -- Frances Hunt!

LOUIE:

Ahem! Frances Hunt BRING -- to you, Pearcey!

AL:

Oh yes -- Frances Hunt Bring -- singing "It All Comes Back To Me Now" -- and here's a gal who can really sing.

ORCHESTRA AND FRANCES HUNT:

"IT ALL COMES BACK TO ME NOW"

AL: Thank you, Frances. I'd say you're a real discovery. That was really swell. When we take our vacation this summer why don't you and Lou come down and spend some time at my beach house? -- Hey, just a minute -- I haven't got a beach house -- but I'd sure like to have one --

KITZEL: Hi yi oh Rancho Grande -- my house is built in sandy.

AL: Kitzel -- I'm glad to see you -- you mean you have a beach house for sale?

KITZEL: Yes indeedy -- and I can let you have it for a song.

L: How about five hundred dollars?

KITZEL: You're singing too low. It's a nice Spanish type hacienda. I call it the San Felice Beach house.

AL: The San Felice beach house? That's a pretty name. How did you ever think of it?

KITZEL: It was an inspiration! One day I was sitting on the beach in my bathing suit, and I got San Felice (sand fleas) in my trunks!

AL: Well, Kitzel, I'm more interested in a place like Max Miller's...one that's high up on a cliff.

KITZEL: Oh, you lucky boy. I've got a wonderful little place that I just built on a bluff.

AL: On a bluff, oh? I'd like to see it.

KITZEL: You can't.

AL: Why not?

KITZEL: The F.H.A. called my bluff!

AL: Well, the house doesn't sound like much, but maybe with a little money it could be fixed up. I like a kind of rambling place...Does the one you have ramble?

KITZEL: Yes, but at high tide it comes back.

AL: ~~No, Kitzel, I mean I want a long, spread-out house with low ceilings.~~

KITZEL: ~~My oh my, has this place got low ceilings. Would you believe it, Mr. Pearce, these ceilings are so low, in the morning when you order hot cakes, the cook has to bring them in one at a time!~~

AL: ~~That's much too low!~~

*1st show*

KITZEL: ~~Well, these are awfully thick hot cakes!~~

AL: ~~Kitzel -- stop talking in griddles.~~

KITZEL: ~~Mr. Pearce -- how waffle!~~

AL: Okay -- listen, Kitzel -- the place I buy shouldnt be too close to town.

KITZEL: You have nothing to worry about Mr. Pearce. This place is near San Francisco. (WHISPERS) My oh my -- I love San Francisco.

AL: Wait a minute -- what are you whispering for?

KITZEL: I don't want Los Angeles to hear me.

KITZEL: The F.H.A. called my bluff!

AL: Well, the house doesn't sound like much, but maybe with a little money it could be fixed up. I like a kind of rambling place...Does the one you have ramble?

KITZEL: Yes, but at high tide it comes back.

AL: Okay -- But listen, Kitzel -- the place I buy shouldn't be too close to town.

KITZEL: You have nothing to worry about, Mr. Pearce. This place is near San Francisco. (WHISPERS) My oh my -- I love San Francisco.

AL: Wait a minute -- what are you whispering for?

KITZEL: I don't want Los Angeles to hear me.

*2nd Show*

AL: Well, Kitzel, I still don't think your house sounds like the perfect beach home, but I would like to take a look at it. How do I get there?

KITZEL: Well, Mr. Pearce, let me see -- I'll tell you --  
You go to Hermosa till you get to Azoosa,  
Then turn and come back 'cause there's a way that's much closer;

You can go a new way that's much cooler and balmy,  
Just follow a swallow to Old Capistrami;  
Then right through Salina till you pass Catalina  
And you'll find that you're lost in San Bernadina.

(BREATHES)

Of course, there's another way that you may go --  
To old San Diego by way of Chicaygo,  
But that's a long walk for a guy with lumbago;  
So take a fast train to Nineteenth and Main;  
And when you get there start all over again;  
You know, Mr. Pearce, it's certainly queer,  
There just ain't no way to there from here!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

Cue - Low BRING

MUSIC: (COCK-EYED, WEIRD, BUT FAST TEMPO, AND VERY LITTLE OF IT)

NILES: The scene: A flying field in California.

VOICES: (IN MONTAGE...AND PLAY IT STYLIZED...IMPRESSIONISTIC)

What's that man doing?...What's the idea of a bicycle without any wheels?...What's he got on his nose?...What's he holding in his mouth?...What?...Why?...Why?...What?...What?...Why?...

NILES: It's a strange sight -- and no fooling. This one would make even Mr. Ripley look twice. Picture this: A man on a bicycle pedaling fast...but standing still. Because the bicycle hasn't any wheels. His nose is cupped with a strange rubber device...there's a tube in his mouth attached to a tank. He looks like a man from Mars. Three doctors flank him. And in a few minutes he's going to climb straight up into the sky at mile a minute speed... and then dive from thirty-one thousand feet at speed that's an army secret. The air changes so fast he's got to breathe pure oxygen for half an hour before he makes this rocket-like flight testing Uncle Sam's newest interceptor plane. He's Marshall Headle, ace test pilot. One of the great flying men of America for years -- and like so many, many air men -- a Camel fan. For as Marshall Headle says:

HEADLE VOICE: Nothing hits the spot like the fine, rich flavor of a Camel. And they're extra mild.



NILES: Right -- they're EXTRA mild. And -- there's less nicotine in the smoke -- 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. The smoke's the thing! So light up a slower-burning Camel, the cigarette of costlier tobaccos and smoke out the facts for yourself. Smoke out the economy, too -- for Camels slower way of burning means extra smoking per cigarette per pack. Even more economy when you buy them by the carton.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: Right in the middle of all the fun, we have to stop our program for romance because we have three couples -- the Sweetheart Sextet -- singing a very cute arrangement called "We Go Together," -- and they do!

ORCHESTRA AND SWEETHEART SEXTET: "WE GO TOGETHER"

WEN: Last week Elmer Blurt didn't do so well as the clerk in a hotel, so this week he's taken a job as a clerk in a shoe store. Will he take a lacing again? We find the manager of the shoe store giving his clerks a last-minute pep talk, before the doors open.

HARRY: Attention, employees of the Hot-Foot Shoe Company, store number seven and one half B. I greet you in the name of our President, Cyrus J. Hot-Foot, that grand old Heel! Our shoe sales have been going to the dogs, and I want more life put into your salesmanship. Now before the door open, let's all get together and sing our "pep" song.  
(PITCH PIPE)

AL, HARRY, MEL, ARTIE AND WEN:

Hot-foot shoes are better than them all  
Hot-foot shoes, for people short or tall  
Hot-foot shoes, will make your arches fall  
There'll be some Hot-feet in your new shoes, tonight.

ELMER: (RECITES) . Open toe shoes are our best sale  
Because it's now a fad to have painted toenails.

GANG: There'll be some hot-feet in your new shoes tonight --OUCI

(APPLAUSE)

HARRY: Blurt! Blurt! What are all these shoes doing in the wastebasket?

ELMER: I put 'em there.

HARRY: In the wastebasket? What for?

ELMER: Well I tried 'em on six different people and they didn't fit -- so I threw 'em away. (LAUGHS)

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

HARRY: You numb-skull, I'll take care of you. Wait on that stout lady that just came in.

ELMER: Okay, Boss. I'm sure gonna sell her some shoes, I hope, I hope, I hope. How'ja do, lady.

MARY: How do you do.

ELMER: Won'tt you sit down?

MARY: Where?

ELMER: Oh, just take those three seats there. We have just the kind of a shoe for a lady who lives in an apartment.

MARY: How do you know I live in an apartment?

ELMER: You've got flat feet.

MARY: Young man, I want a pair of house-shoes.

*Cut In:  
2nd Show*

ELMER: I don't blame you, lady, because you're as big as a house. What do you want -- black suede?

MARY: No, I want white, kid.

ELMER: Well here, try on my shoes just for size.

MARY: All right -- take them off.

ELMER: I don't have to -- there's room enough in them for both of us.

MARY: Oh my goodness --

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ELMER: Here comes another customer. You jest be trying on these shoes, lady, till I see what he wants.

MARY: ALL RIGHT, but don't be too long.

ELMER: How ja do, sir. How about a pair of booties for your footies?

MEL: (SCOTCH) I want a pair of very, very tight shoes.

ELMER: Why do you wanta buy tight shoes?

MEL: I just found a box o' corn plasters!

ELMER: Well, jest sit down here and take off yer shoes.

MARY: Clerk! Clerk!

ELMER: Comin' right up, lady.

MARY: I don't like these shoes you showed me. Have you got alligator skin?

ELMER: No, I jest didn't shave this morning!

MARY: Never mind that, bring me anything. Will you get out your ruler and measure my feet?

ELMER: All right, put your foot right in my hand here. Oh gosh!  
This little piggie went to market  
This little piggie stayed at home (LAUGHS)

MARY: Ohhhhh! How dare you tickle my feet! I'll report you to the president of this company.

ELMER: That won't do no good, lady. 'cause I'm the president.

MARY: Oh, you are! (SARCASTIC LAUGH) Do you know who I am?

ELMER: No.

MARY: I'm the president's wife.

ELMER: Oh gosh, do you know who I am?

MARY: No.

ELMER: That's good!

MARY: I can't waste any more time with you. I'll take this pair of low-heeled sports shoes, they're nice and roomy.

ELMER: Thanks, lady. Jest pay for 'em at the cashier's on the way out!

MARY: Thank you very much, goodbye!

MEL: (SCOTCH) Hey, laddie -- how about some snappy footwear for me? I've got to have something very economical.

ELMER: Then buy a pair of hip boots and save money.

MEL: How will hip boots save me money?

ELMER: You won't have to wear any pants!

MEL: Look, laddie -- just skip it! I don't want any shoes at all.

ELMER: But you've got to buy a pair of shoes.

MEL: Oh no I don't.

ELMER: Oh yes you do!

HARRY: Blurt! Blurt! What's going on here. How dare you argue with a customer! He doesn't have to buy shoes if he doesn't want to.

ELMER: This guy has to.

MEL: Why do I have to?

ELMER: 'Cause I sold your old ones to the lady that just went out.

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO AL PEARCE)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -24-  
5/16/41

AL: Well I see time is getting short. We appreciate having Max Miller with us tonight and having spent the last twenty years on the water front, I've noticed one thing -- most all fishermen smoke Camels because they know how to hook on to something good.

Next week our old friend, Andy Devine, will be visiting with us and we hope you can do the same. So until then, so long, good night and good smoking.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND OUT ON CUE)



WENDELL: The needs of national defense are many -- and not least among them is the need of millions of smokers for moments of real rest and relaxation in the midst of busy days. That's when Prince Albert is especially the National Joy Smoke. P.A. is the comfort smoke -- crimp cut, no-bite treated, and cooler-burning for true mildness -- rich taste without harshness. Prince Albert is choice tobacco fully ripened, fully aged. Yet there are around fifty fragrant pipefuls in every handy pocket tin. Yes -- Prince Albert really is the National Joy Smoke!

This is Wendell Niles...Speaking...

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM..