#71 1-15-42

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES MASTER

FRIDAY, JANUARY 2, 1942 4:30 - 5:00 PM, PST
7:30 - 8:00 PM, PST

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

MUSIC: (THEME....C-A-M-E-L-S...VOCAL BOYS IN BAND....THEN MUSIC UP FULL AND FADE TO WENDELL NILES)

WENDELL: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. From Hollywood, California -- CAMEL -- the cigarette of costlier tobaccos -- brings you -- AL PEARCE!

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

AL: Goodevening, friends, and thank you for that mighty sweet rustle of applause. Who let THAT CANARY IN Here. FOR A MOMENT IT SCRAPED LIKE A SAND HILL CRANE. One of my writers gave me a joke to do here at the start of our little show tonight, but I didn't think it was very funny so I wasn't going to use it. But he was so sure you'd like it that he said he'd jump off the top of the City Hall tower if you didn't laugh, AND The poor Fellow He's up There Now He's up there now with a portable radio set listening in. I'm going to tell the joke and if you don't laugh, he's going to jump. It's a story about a policeman who sat down in a cane-bottom chair and pinched himself.

(LAUGHS)

Thanks, friends. THANKS FRIENDS That's sure a swell way to start out the New Year by saving a life. You had me scared there for a minute -- it's my radio he has WITH HIM. Seriously, though...

NUBRIDE: (GIGGLES)

AL: As I was saying...

NUBRIDE: (GIGGLES)

AL: Now wait a minute. The joke wasn't that funny... who's doing all that giggling.

NUBRIDE: It's me. (GIGGLES)

AL: My goodness, I haven't heard anyone laugh that much since I went to the Milton Berle show and sat next to his mother.....

NUBRIDE: Oh, Mr. Pearce, you know me..remember, I'm Mrs. Nubride.

AL: Oh, sure, I'm glad you came to the show Mrs. Nubride.. Come on up here -- I suppose you and your husband are still living in Connubial Felicity?

NUBRIDE: Oh no. We had to move since Henry's working at Lockheed.

AL: Oh, is Henry working at Lockheed now?

NUBRIDE: Yes -- who isn't? (GIGGLES)..... and I'm so proud of him, I want everybody to know that he's a Defense worker...I even made a hat for him with a cute little aeroplane propellor on the front of it.

AL: Boy, you sure rigged him out. I'd like to see Henry in that hat with the propellor on it.

NUBRIDE: So would I....But the first day he wore it, he got caught in a high wind, and the next thing he knew he was leading the fourth Interceptor Squadron. (GIGGLES)

MEL: Oh Mr. Pearce -- Mr. Pearce.....

AL: Oh, I remember you. You're the henpecked fellow that was up here last week.

MEL: Oh now, I wouldn't say that I was henpecked. Why, my wife even heard the things I said about her over the radio, and she didn't say a word about it.

AL: If she didn't say a word, how do you know she heard you?

MEL: When I got home, she hit me with a catsup bottle.... then she threw the skillets and every pot and pan in the place at my head...Now I know what they mean by an aluminum drive.

AL: She did all that and you didn't even hit her back?

MEL: Oh, no....That's how arguments start.

AL: I don't like to interfere in your affairs, Mister -- but if I were you, I'd stick up for my rights.

MEL: Well, I would, but I'm really not a well man. I'm going to feel a lot worse, too, if I don't have my tonsils out.

AL: Why in the world don't you have your tonsils taken out?

MEL: I can't. They're in my wife's name.

AL: Mister, for all the world I wouldn't get mixed up in your married life, but if I were you, I wouldn't stand for all the things that your wife does to you.

MEL: BUT MR PEARCE-- What can I do?

AL: You've got to stand on your hind feet/REAR UP and make her realize you're the boss. MEL: I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT

AL: YOU BECHA LIFE I'M RIGHT.

MEL: I think you're right, Mr. Pearce. You know she gets me so mad I could just rip every petal right off a daisy.

AL: Here's a telephone./HERE'S AN IDEA..call her up and give her a piece of your mind.

MEL: Well, I don't know if I should, but I'll try. AL:

AL: WHEN SHE ANSWERS RIGHT QUICK GIVE IT TO HER

SOUND: PHONE DIALING...QUICK

MEL: Is that you, Scarface? Now, you listen to me, I've stood just about everything I'm going to take from you, and I'm not going to take one more thing. Goodbye.

SOUND: PHONE UP

AL: Gosh, you really said it. Aren't you afraid to go home now?

MEL: No, I'll go right home and get into my boom shelter.

AL: WAIT A MINUTE HERE, Boom..don't you mean bomb shelter?

MEL: No, that's the place I hide when my wife gets ready to lower the boom on me.

(APPLAUSE)

AL: Lou Bring, ~~will~~ WOULD you ~~come~~ STOP over here a ~~moment~~ MINUTE, please?

LOU: Yes, Al -- what is it?

AL: Have you got anything mapped out for 1942?

LOU: Yes Al, I've made up my mind to one thing..during the next year I'm not going to change ANY MEN (and bitterly) one musician in my orchestra.

AL: IS THERE ANY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MEN AND MUSICIANS?

AL: IS THERE Any particular reason for that Lou?

LOU: Sure Al -- for one thing I got just the right men now and they get just the right blend.

AL: Lou, you're perfectly right in keeping the same members of your band, when you get a combination that blends well together and produces something of excellent taste it's a good idea to stick to it.

WENDELL: Pardon me Al -- but that's the very point I keep bringing up about Camel cigarettes. It's not just what you put in a cigarette, it's also how you do it! Smokers know about the what part -- the costlier tobaccos that go into a Camel -- but just that alone isn't enough to make Camel America's favorite cigarette! It's the know-how -- the famous Camel blending process, perfected over a period of many years, that makes these costlier tobaccos a truly better cigarette. Yes, a cigarette with extra flavor and extra mildness. Camels are slower-burning too, -- and that means cooler smoking, and extra smoking per cigarette per pack -- more for your money. And, of course, there's less nicotine in the smoke.

ECHO: 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: And the smoke's the thing! So Get a pack of Camels tonight! By Golly You'll like 'em!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: Say Lou -- here's a good spot for you fellas to show us how you can stick together. Why don't you give us a nice LITTLE band number?... SOME REFINEMENT IN RYTHYM AS IT WERE.

ORCHESTRA: "HALLELUJAH"

AL: Now right here on our program, friends -- would be a fine time --

KITZEL: Hi Yi Rancho Grande, Hurray for Lou Brings' Bandy.

(APPLAUSE)

KITZEL: Mr. Pearce, you know I was over at --

AL: Never mind, Kitzel, you're supposed to be on the front spot I'm getting just a little bit fed up with your always being late. What's your excuse tonight? on this show.

KITZEL: Well, Mr. Pearce, I was over at the Drug Store playing that beautiful new pin-ball game. you know (CLICK CLICK BRRRR ZING ZING CLANK CLANK PRRR PRRR)

AL: Wait a minute, Kitzel! What's so wonderful about this machine?

KITZEL: Prrrr Prrr! Don't crowd me, Mr. Pearce, do you want to tilt it!....Zing, Zing, zing!

AL: Hold on Kitzel, this pin-ball machine must be pretty super-peachie to make you late all the time.

KITZEL: Mr. Pearce, you should see this machine, it's absolutely phenomenal. you know If you get twenty-six thousand a flag lights up and fifty cents come out. (ZING ZING ZING)

AL: Yes, I understand, I've seen those.

KITZEL: Then if you get forty-thousand the Statue of Liberty lights up and two dollars comes out. (CLANK CLANK CLANK) I won eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents.

AL: What happened?

KITZEL: Uncle Sam stepped out of the machine and sold me a Defense Bond.

AL: Well, I can't get angry with you over that, Kitzel. We all ought to remember that every time you glue a defense stamp you're giving the enemy a pasting...

KITZEL: Well Good For Me AL: You Betcha.

KITZEL: Then you're not mad at me, Mr. Pearce?

AL: No but I've got to talk to you about something else.

KITZEL: Me?

AL: Last week you made a resolution that you wouldn't tell any more fibs and then you turned around and told a whopper. Don't you know that honesty has rewards.

KITZEL: It does?

AL: Yes, and I'm going to prove it to you. Kitzel, if you'll just tell the truth for three minutes I'll give you those riding boots of mine that you like so well.

KITZEL: Oh -- You Mean the brown ones with the stitching and the high heels? Like The cowboys Got? (SINGS) (CORNY) Oh, boy, give me my boots and saddles... I want those boots!

AL: Now Kitzel, remember you got to tell the absolute truth for three whole minutes.

KITZEL: No matter what happens I 11 tell the truth.

WEN: You Bocha Say Al, are you very busy?

AL: No Wen, I'm very glad you came along, I haven't had an opportunity to thank you for inviting me out to your home last week.

WEN: Oh, it was nothing. I just wanted you to see the place, Al.

AL: Well, Wen, I want to tell you that I think that home of yours is one of the biggest most gorgeous in Hollywood.

KITZEL: That isn't what you told me, Mr. Pearce. You said it was the first gopher hole you ever saw with Venetian blinds.

AL: You Know very well Kitzel, I never...

KITZEL: It's the truth.

WEN: Al, did you say that about my. House.

AL: Of course not. Kitzel's always exaggerating. What I really said was that I enjoyed the whole afternoon, especially meeting all of your relatives.

WEN: Well, I'm glad you like my relatives, Al, they ...

KITZEL: Mr. Niles, could I ask you a question? Why do you keep all your vegetables in the parlor?

WEN: VEGETABLES? What ever gave you the idea that I keep vegetables in the parlor?

KITZEL: Well, Mr. Pearce said that when he was out at your house he never saw so many punkin heads in one room.

AL: Now, Wen, YOU MUST UNDERSTAND you must understand that Kitzel always gets everything mixed up.

WEN: Yes, I understand, Al.

KITZEL: Oh, boy, am I going to look beautiful in ~~these~~ THEM boots! WITH THOSE HEELS.

AL: (WHISPERS) Don't overdo this thing, Kitzel.

WEN: Al, you and my old uncle Ned certainly hit if off. I liked to see that.

AL: YOUR UNCLE NED Yes, we get along, we --

KITZEL: Oh, Uncle Ned. Could I come out sometime and see him sleeping in the refrigerator?

WEN: My uncle does not sleep in the refrigerator.

KITZEL: MY GOODNESS I can't understand it. Mr. Pearce told me he spends most of his time in the cooler. (SINGS) ~~Give me my boots and saddles~~ BOOTS-BOOTS-- LEARING UP AND DOWN.

AL: What I really said, Wen, was that your uncle was always playing jokes on people and he's quite a fooler.

WEN: Oh, well all right, Al, that explains it.

AL: Now, Kitzel, you know very well that I gave Wen's relatives the very highest compliments. Didn't I say to you that all of Wen's folks looked like they just stepped out of Harper' Bazaar.

KITZEL: That ain't the way I he'erd it, ~~Johnnie~~...You said they looked like they'd just crawled out of the La Brea Tar Pits.

AL: Wen, look pay no attention to Kitzel, whatsoever, he's stretching the truth.

KITZEL: I hope I don't have to be stretching the boots!

AL: And the old family Album, Wen, I can't tell you how much all those illustrious ancestors impressed me. I was especially impressed by your cousin, Joe.

WEN: does?
KITZEL: yes, That's the horse-thief.

WEN: (SHOCKED) Al, did you say cousin Joe was a horse-thie:

AL: No, Wen, I just said he was high strung.

KITZEL: Mr. Pearce, you said his cousin Joe was the most notorious horse-thief in Rhode Island.

AL: Now you've really overdone it. That's an absolute false-hood, Kitzel. He couldn't have been a horse-thief because there aren't any horses in Rhode Island.

KITZEL: Not when ~~cousin~~ UNCLE Joe got ~~through~~ FINISHED.

AL: Just ignore him, Wen.

WEN: Well, ANYWAY it was a pleasure to have you out to my house, Al. And, oh by the way, on that duck-shooting trip last week, remember you paid for the shells. I didn't know exactly what my share was but I mailed you ten dollars.

AL: Yes, Wen, I got it. THANKS.

WEN: Well, are you sure my check for ten dollars is enough to cover it?

KITZEL: Pish-~~Pish~~ posh, don't worry about it. Mr. Pearce told me your check is worth more than ten dollars now -- on account of the shortage of rubber.

AL: Kitzel, that does it.

KITZEL: Oh goodie --~~does it~~? Now, Mr. Pearce, do I get the boots?

AL: You bet you do. Just bend over, Kitzel.

KITZEL: Like this?

AL: Just a little bit to the right.

SOUND: BIG CRASH AND BIG THUD

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

AL: Margaret Lenhart, OUR NEW SINGING STAR returns to the program after an absence of two weeks. She's going to sing a swell number, I DON'T THINK ANYBODY CAN SING IT LIKE THIS GAL. -- "This Is No Laughing Matter."

ORCHESTRA: "THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER" MARGARET LENHART

NILES: Uncle Sam's new four-point-seven inch anti-aircraft gun shoots so high it takes the sound half a minute to reach the earth after you see the burst! It's another change in the army, planned to protect American cities from bombing. But one thing in the army hasn't changed since nineteen seventeen! In the Post Exchanges you still hear!

VOICE: Pack o' Camels, please!

NILES: Yes, actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens show that with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, Camel is the favorite! What's the reason?

VOICE: Mister, with me it's flavor. Camel's got extra flavor, and the kind of mildness that lets a fellow enjoy it!

NILES: Sure thing! And notice for yourself the way Camels are slower-burning, giving you extra smoking per cigarette per pack -- and cooler smoking, too! You can chalk that up to costlier tobaccos, blended with Camel's matchless know-how to make a better cigarette. Less nicotine in the smoke, too! Twenty-eight percent less 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.

PEARCE: Go on -- Get a pack of mild, flavorful Camels tonight! You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow! I hope, I hope!!

ORCHESTRA: (SHORT CHASER)

WEN: Well, our low pressure salesman, Elmer Blurt, is back with us tonight after being lost for two weeks. Need I say more? Here he is -- at a door.

ELMER: (KNOCKS) I can see her through the window, but she don't pay no attention. I'LL TRY IT AGAIN (KNOCKS) Yoo-hoo, peek-a-boo, I see you. Here she comes now and she sure is boilin', she's madder than a firefly caught in a blackout.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

LADY: Listen, young man, if you're another door-to-door salesman --

ELMER: Lady, if I'm a salesman, you're one of our boys in uniform -- I'm jest goin' around warnin' all the housewives --

LADY: Well I'm not cold.

ELMER: I didn't say warm. I said warn, like warn you against something. You see, I'm sellin' this Sergeant York automatic pistol. Didn't you know that there's a robber loose in this neighborhood?

LADY: A robber? Like you?

ELMER: Thanks. I like you too. I GUESS.

LADY: Oh - well thank goodness here comes a policeman!

BILL: How do you do lady - a bank has been robbed near here and --

LADY: Here's your man right here, officer. He's just been boasting that he's a robber --

51459 2071

BILL: Oh, is that right? Well, come along young man. This sure is a lucky day for me.

ELMER: It's lucky for me, too, I always wanted to ride in a patrol wagon.

SOUND: PATROL WAGON BELL...CAR STARTS UP

ELMER: Gee, this sure is a swell car. It sure rides nice, too. NICE SOFT SEATS AND EVERYTHING. Too bad it's got such a bad reputation around town.

SOUND: CAR RUNNING SOFTLY IN BACKGROUND

ELMER: Oh GOLLY There's good old Hollywood Boulevard. Gosh, there's Frederick March. Hi, Fred!

BILL: It is Frederick March. WONDER Why he's hobblin' along on a cane?

ELMER: I guess it's cause he's got one foot in Heaven. LOOK, LOOK There's Lana Turner. Hi, Lana.

BILL: That ain't Lana Turner.

ELMER: Yeah, you're right -- the sweater fooled me. GOLLY, you see all the stars along here. Hey, that looks like Porky Pig. Hi, Porky, goin' my way?

MEL: (PORKY) Hi, Elmer, N-N-NO no I just came from there.

SOUND: CAR STOPS

BILL: ALL RIGHT HERE WE ARE This is the jail house, out with you, step lively!

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ORCH: ("PRISONERS SONG"...OVER FOLLOWING)

WENDELL: It's ten hours later, and we find poor, defenseless Elmer still seated in a chair at headquarters, ten thousand watts of cruel, hot, white electric light beating down upon his unprotected head. Five policemen are taking turns grilling him, trying to break him down.

MEL: (HOARSE WEARY VOICE) You fourth-string ex-bell ringer, shut your eyes and look at me, I mean shut your mouth and squeak to me, eh, speak to me -- is this the first rob you ever banked! /IS THIS I MEAN, IS THIS THE FIRST BANK YOU EVER ROBBED?

ELMER: Would you mind repeatin' that question, I was lookin' out the window!...Andy's out there.

MEL: Oh, one of your gang, eh?

ELMER: Yeah, I ordered him to bring me a hamburger.

MEL: A hamburger! (LAUGHS) How could he get a hamburger to you in here?

SOUND: CRASH OF STONE GOING THROUGH WINDOW

ELMER: Tied to that rock!

MEL: Give me that hamburger, you wacky lunk-head, you blubbering country bumpkin, you crack-brained, clabber-headed half-wit with a no-track mind!

ELMER: Sticks and stones can break my bones but names can never hurt me.

MEL: Answer this question: Where were you on the night of December eighth?

ELMER: Home in bed.

MEL: Where were you on the night of December ninth?

ELMER: Home in bed.

MEL: Where were you on the night of December tenth?

ELMER: Home in bed. But don't ask me where I was on the night of December eleventh?

MEL: Come on, spill it, where were you on the night of December eleventh?

ELMER: I ain't gonna tell. (LAUGHS)

MEL: (SHOUTS) Where were you on the night of December eleventh?

ELMER: Say please.

MEL: (GRINDING HIS TEETH) All right, PLEASE, where were you on the night of December eleventh?

ELMER: Do I have to tell?

MEL: YES! WHERE WERE YOU?

ELMER: (AFTER SHORT HESITATION) Home in bed.

MEL: Ohhhhhhhhh! (TEARS HAIR)

ELMER: I was walkin' down a moon-lit road, arm in arm with Veronica Lake.

MEL: You said you were home in bed.

ELMER: Well, I can dream, can't I?

MEL: I give up. You take him, ORSON.

BILL: O.K. You take a rest, ~~Henry~~ WILBUR, it's my turn. I've got an idea. See this cup of coffee, Blurt? Smells good, don't it?

ELMER: Yeah, it sure does, IT SURE DOES thanks!

BILL: Just a minute -- first tell us if this is the first bank you ever robbed -- then you get the nice, refreshing coffee!

ELMER: Aw, I don't need it -- I get more kick out o' you, officer.

BILL: (SARCASTIC) Sure, what's a cup o' Chase and Sanborn got that I haven't got?

ELMER: For one thing: Friendship in a Cop!

BILL: That's enough of your ~~smart cracks~~, you fool! You're a member of a gang of dangerous robbers. You're under arrest, charged with bank robbery! (SHOUTS) YOU'RE FACING TWENTY YEARS IN PRISON!

ELMER: I'm hungry, too.

BILL: Ohhhhhhh, I give up! -- You take him, ~~Joe~~ WILBUR

MEL: Maybe we been too rough with him. (GENTLY) Mr. Blurt, take this pencil and write down the names of the members of your gang.

ELMER: Okay. Let's see now. Now let's see. How do you spell Sh-h-h-h.

MEL: How do you spell Sh-h-h? I don't know. Put down the names of the guys workin' with you.

ELMER: That's what I'm tryin' to do.

MEL: Then forget Sh-h-h.

ELMER: I can't. He's my silent partner...

BILL: (TAKE HIM OVER) You can't get any place with this guy by bein' easy with him, ~~Harry~~, he's a dangerous character! We got to be tougher yet!
(VERY TOUGH) LOOK AT ME BLURT -- IS THIS THE FIRST BANK YOU EVER ROBBED!

ELMER: Gosh no!

BILL: (JUBILANTLY) What did I tell you! Now we're getting someplace. Now he's telling the truth! Was the first bank you ever robbed the First National?

ELMER: No.

BILL: Was it The Farmer's National Bank?

ELMER: No, but you're gettin' warm.

BILL: Then it was a bank that had something to do with FARMERS?

ELMER: Yeah - it was a Piggie Bank.(LAUGHS)

CAST: SOME GENERAL COMMOTION: "A PIGGIE BANK! A PIGGIE BANK! PIGGIE! PIGGIE! PIGGIE! PIGGIE! HE'S DRIVIN' US NUTS! THROW HIM OUT! GET HIM OUT OF HERE! ETC....ETC....."

WEN: (AS SERGEANT) (INTERRUPTING) Hey - what's going on here -- what do you big gorillas mean by torturing this poor, defenseless man!

MEL: He's confessed, Sergeant -- he's confessed!

WEN: Confessed nothing - we've caught the real robber with all the money on him. Mr. Blurt, I'm awfully sorry about this, and if I can do anything to make up for this unjust arrest, this terrible, disgrace, I'll beonly too happy to do it.

ELMER: Well, there's one thing.

WEN: What is it?

ELMER: Give me just one more ride in that patrol wagon!

ORCHESTRA: BUMPER TO AL PEARCE

AL: And now friends before we say good night, we'd like to borrow your ear for a minute to tell you about our new schedule for the New Year. On next Thursday night you'll hear our show on another network. Check your local papers for time and stations. On each Friday night, taking our place, will be Bob Hawk~~s~~ with a swell new comedy quiz show called "How'm I Doin." And say AFTER YOU HEAR HIM YOU'LL KNOW -- talk about moving and going places -- our Camel Caravan is one of the things we're most proud of. BOOGOONIE WELL HOW I'M DOIN! Next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights they'll be at the Air Base in Savannah, Georgia, to put on a free show for the boys there ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL, -- and next Thursday they move on to Camp Blanding, Florida.

We're starting out the New Year right this year. FRIENDS, I FEEL THAT WE ARE Everyone's buying Defense Bonds and Stamps and contributing to the Red Cross AND DOING ALL THEY CAN which makes it a Happy New Year because we have unity and Americanism everywhere.

So goodnight friends -- and don't forget we'll be seeing you next Thursday night.

NILES: (FROM BOOTH) Remember, Camel brings you four great radio shows each week. Monday night it's "Blondie"; Tuesday night it's Xavier Cugat; Thursday night it's our own Al Pearce, and Friday night it's the new quiz show, "How'm I Doin'," with Bob Hawk and Vaughan Monroe and his orchestra.

SOUND: LOUD KNOCKING AT DOOR...DOOR OPENING

ANNOUNCER: Say pipe-smokers, let me tip you off to the choicest bit of pipe-smoking a man can find. Load up with Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco...the crimp cut, no-bite treated brand...Prince Albert lets you in on a cooler-burning smoke....on a whopping big share of mildness and rich taste. And you get around fifty pipefuls to a handy pocket tin. Men...make your next smoke the National Joy Smoke...Prince Albert! This is Wendell Niles speaking.....

This is the COLUMBIA.....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.