(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1940

3:30 - 4:00 P.M.

Program No. 9

EIMER: (KNOCKS) 'Fraid you're all smoking Camel Cigarettes, I hope, etc.

MUSIC: (THEME)

NEWSBOY: (TYPICAL NEWSBOY VOICE IN BACKGROUND) EXTRA! ... EXTRA!!

WENDELL: FOR EXTRA FLAVOR -- GET CAMELS!

NEWBOY: EXTRA!

WENDELL: FOR EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

WENDELL: FOR EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK, GET CAMELS -- THE CICARETTE THAT GIVES YOU THE EXTRAS.

And now the makers of <u>Camel Cigarettes</u>, bring you Al Pearce from Hollywood!

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

AL:

Good evening all and thank you for that applause! Well, we're still running a newspaper and as the editor I'm very proud of the Daily Bugle because we're scooping every paper in town!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

AL:

Come in!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

RAYMOND: Greetings Mister Pearce! This is your cub-reporter reporting.

AL: Ah, there you are, Raymond. Did you bring back a scoop?

RAYMOND: I brought back two scoops. Which do you want -- chocolate or vanilla?

AL: I'm talking about a news story. Did you cover that Hollywood Wedding of those two big Movie Stars?

RAYMOND: No, Mr. Pearce, I'll go there tomorrow morning!

AL: But tomorrow will be too late, the wedding will be over.

RAYMOND: Then I'll be just in time for the divorce.

AL: Raymond, you'll never be a good reporter, you're too lazy and fat.

RAYMOND: Lazy and fat? Do you realize that I only weigh:

seventy-five pounds?

AL: Seventy-five pounds? Why Raymond, you must measure at

least sixty inches around the waist!

RAYMOND: Yes, but I'm hollow!

AL: What you need is exercise. Look how healthy I am. Every

morning I jump out of bed and walk up and down the room on

all fours.

RAYMOND: On all fours?

AL: Yes, that's exercise!

RAYMOND: That's heredity!

AL: That's enough out of you! I insist that all my employees

be in first class condition, and I've hired a physical

training expert to take care of it. Come in,

Professor Musclebound!

DICK: (OFF MIKE) (DISTANCE) Coming!

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...CRASHING OF TIMBERS...BREAKING OF BOARDS

DICK: I don't know my own strength!

AL: Professor, I'd like to have you start on Raymond my

cub-reporter here with your physical culture course.

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -4-6/28/40

ţ

DICK: Okay, Mr. Pearce. Raymond, stick out your chest.

RAYMOND: Like this?

DICK: Right! Now pull in your stomach!

RAYMOND: I can't.

DICK: Why not?

RAYMOND: They both go together!

DICK: We'll take care of that. Tomorrow morning I want you to start out by doing my health building routine number one! Listen carefully, this is your schedule. Five o'clock out of bed. Five ten, --

RAYMOND: Back in bed!

DICK: No! Five-ten, you plunge into an ice-cold shower! Five twenty --

RAYMOND: Back in bed with a hot water bottle!

DICK: No, no! Five twenty you take a bouncing horsebook ride through the park! Five-forty...

RAYMOND: Back in bed, face down!

DICK: Then at eight o'clock!...

RAYMOND: Just a minute, how about my breakfast?

DICK: You have breakfast with me! Eight o'clock you play ten sets of tennis, ten o'clock you walk thirty miles, and then, twelve to one you climb a mountain!

RAYMOND: Twelve to one I don't make it.

DICK: Then at one o'clock --

RAYMOND: Back in bed.

DICK: Just a minute, you're on top of a mountain... How did you get back in bed?

RAYMOND: It wasn't easy.

DICK: Then after four hours of golf at five o'clock you --

RAYMOND: Wait a minute, Professor, here it is five o'clock in the evening and no breakfast. You said I'd have breakfast with you!

DICK: (LAUGS) Oh, I'm sorry, Raymond, it's all my fault.

RAYMOND: What do you mean?

DICK: I over-slept! (LAUGHS)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW 6/28/40

RAYMOND: Mr. Pearce, I'm sorry, but I can't take those exercises.

AL: Why not?

RAYMOND: Well, every time I bend over and put my hands down on

my feet and pull them up again I get a pain in my back.

AL: But why do you have to bend over and put your hands

down on your feet and pull them up again?

RAYMOND: How else can I get my pants on?...

DICK: How about you, Mr. Pearce, why don't you take my

exercise course?

AL: No thanks, Professor, I get plenty of exercise.

DICK: What do you do?

AL: Once a day I walk three times around Raymond!

DICK:

Both of you men are nothing but weaklings! Look at me, six months ago I was as weak as you are. I was so weak it made me dizzy to write an air-mail letter! But look at me today. Let me tell you the story of how I built myself up to health.

Six weeks ago I went to the jungles of Bango-Bango. I was beating my way through the bamboo, when suddenly I heard a loud "GRR GRRRRR GRRRR GRRRRR"!....followed by a "Phtt Phtt Phtt!"...and then more "Grrrr Grrrrr Grrrrrr Grrrrrr!" I swung around and there I was face to face with a lion... Not a cute little cub nor a lady-like lion, but he-man yeah-man real-man lion! I grabbed my gun and pulled the trigger -- BANG BANG BANG! But the lion just laughed HA HA HA HA HA! I shot again -- BANG BANG BANG BANG! But again the lion laughed HA HA HA HA HA! Then he settled down to business. First he pawed the Then he roared ground -- SCRATCH SCRATCH SCRATCH! "GRRRR GRRRRR GRRRRRR! PHTT PHTT PHTT! GRRR GRRRR GRRRR GRRRR!" Then with a mighty spring he sprang But ah! Ha ha ha! Quick as a flash I jumped straight up -- UP UP UP UP -- TEN, TWENTY, THIRTY, FORTY FEET -- and landed safe in the top of a cocoanut tree! And that's all there is.

And now I have the strength of a full-grown lion.

THE AL PEARCE SHOW .-8-6/28/40

AL:

Did you hear that Raymond?

RAYMOND:

But I don't have to be so strong.

AL:

Oh yes you do, every reporter should have the strength

of a full-grown lion.

RAYMOND:

Yes, but I'm only a cub-reporter!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

AL:

Tonight Carl Hoff has selected a real musical thrill for us by having the band and the quartet do "Say Si Si" featuring Rapheal Mendez on the trumpet, and believe you me this is really something! Okay Hoffie!

ORCHESTRA:

"SAY SI SI"

AL:

Raymond, Raymond!

BRYAN:

Yes, Mr. Pearce!

AL:

Did you get that news story on Senator Plunkett, we've got to get out an extra.

BRYAN:

I told Wendell Niles to go out and get it!

AL:

Wendell Niles, he's not a newspaper man. What does he know about extras?

WENDELL:

Well, Al, I don't know anything about newspapers, but when I talk about extras, I'm talking about the "extras" in slow-burning Camels, I'm referring to Camel's extra mildness, extra coolness, and extra flavor. These are qualities every smoker deserves in his cigarette. When you smoke Camels, you get an extra measure of each. Yes, and an extra measure of smoking, too. Slower-burning Camels give you extra smoking per cigarette per pack. In recent impartial laboratory tests, Camels burned twenty-five per cent slower than the average of the fifteen other of the largest-selling brands tested...slower than any of them. That means a smoking plus equal, on the average to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. So smoke the cigarette that gives you the "extras"... Camel...the cigarette of costlier tobaccos. Penny for penny, slower-burning Camels are your best cigarette buy!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

ORCHESTRA: (ELMER INTRODUCTION)

WENDELL: (ON CUCKOO) The cuckoo stands for Elmer Blurt! This

week finds our super-low-pressure salesman, going from

door to door trying to figure out new ways and means of

attracting the housewives' attention.

SOUND: CLATTER OF MAN WALKING WITH MILK CAN ON ONE FOOT

ELMER: (KNOCKS) Fraid they's nobody tuh home here, I hope, etc.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BRAYTON: For Heaven's sake, what are you doing with that big milk

can on your left foot?

ELMER: You jest try and close yer door and you'll find out!

(LAUGHS) Lady, I'm sellin' this new Rolling Ball

Carpet Cleaner --

BRAYTON: Rolling Ball Carpet Cleaner?

ELMER: Yeah, it's jest an ordinary ball. You roll it over yer

carpet and the glue on it picks up the dirt!

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -12-6/28/40

BRAYTON: But the

But then what am I going to do with a big ball of dirt?

ELMER:

You jest kick it around 'til you lose it!

BRAYTON:

Oh, get out of here!

SOUND:

DOOR SLAM. . WHISTLE .. . TWICE .. . IN DISTANCE

ELMER:

Oh gosh, there's the sales manager, Mr. Lane, and there's

no place to hide.

DICK:

(YELLS) Elmer!! ELMER!!

ELMER:

Here I am, Mr. Lane!.

DICK:

Elmer, have you made any sales today?

ELMER:

Well ah -- no!

DICK:

Blurt, the trouble with you is you lack confidence!

Go up that flight of stairs there and knock on the door.

And when the customer answers tell him your sales are

booming!

-15-

ELVIA:

You are? I'll bet you certainly are a success with the ladies!

ELMER:

Yeah, yeah, sure, sure! One word from me and the housewife trembles!

ELVIA:

I'll bet she does. What's the word?

ELMER:

Mice :

ELVIA:

I'll bet you make just oodles and oodles of money!

Elmer, today is commencement, why don't you make a

little speech to our class and tell them.all about your

success as a salesman!

ELMER

Well, students -- (LAUGHS) first my chauffeur drives me up to some house in my private car. Then I get out and walk up (FADES) to the door and knock like this!

ELMER:

(KNOCKS)

SOUND:

DOOR OPENS

BRAYTON:

How do you do, young man!

ELMER:

How 'ja do, lady, I'm sellin' hot-water bottles for one dollar each. I wrote a little poem about 'em: When you go to bed at night, and close yer winkie-blinkies

Just shove this bottle between the sheets

And it'll warm yer little pinkies. (LAUGHS)

51459 0552

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -16-6/28/40

BRAYTON:

Oh, how nice. I'll take a dozen of them and here's

your twelve dollars and thank you very much, goodbye!

SOUND:

DOOR SLAM

ELMER:

Oh gosh, am I a hot salesman. I'll try this door here.

(KNOCKS)

SOUND:

DOOR OPENS

ELMER:

Mister, I'm sellin' hot water bottles for one dollar

each.

BILL:

Okay, here's thirty dollars --

ELMER:

Here's thirty bottles --

BILL:

Good day!

ELMER:

Good day!

SOUND:

DOOR SLAM

ELMER:

Oh gosh, another tough sale! Now for the next house.

(KNOCKS)

SOUND:

DOOR OPENS

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -17-6/28/40

ELMER:

Lady, I'm ---

BRAYTON:

Here's your money.

ELMER:

Good day.

BRAYTON:

Good day.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER:

And that's the story of my success, students and Miss Brainfag!

ELVIA:

Oh, Elmer, when you tell me about all that money you've been making, a strange feeling seems to creep over me!

ELMER:

Could it be termites?

ELVIA:

No, no, Elmer, I feel different towards you. I feel that I have reached the point where I'm entitled to a little security!

ELMER:

Why don't you wait another year and get Social Security!

ELVIA:

Elmer darling, you don't understand. I have a confession to make ---

ELMER:

Yeah, I got a confession to make to you, too. --

THE AL PEARCE SHOW 18-6/28/40

ELVIA: Oh, Elmer!

HIMER: I came back to school today to ask you a question --

ELVIA: What is it?

ELMER: Well, I'm kinda afraid --

ELVIA: You needn't be afraid, my answer will make you very happy.

ELMER: Well, all right, here goes. (GULPS HARD)

ELVIA: (WHISPERS) What is it, Elmer?

ELMER: Can you loan me five cents for carfare home?

ORCHESTRA: (ELMER CHASER)

AL:

A few weeks ago we started a new idea on our program, that of bringing radio stars who have made good on local stations throughout the country to Hollywood to make their first appearance on a coast-to-coast commercial program. And I'm happy to say that the response to this idea has been swell, far above anything we ever expected. Tonight we bring you two boys, Ed and Tom Plee-hal who have been playing trick harmonica arrangements over station WCCO in Minneapolis To date they have made twenty-two for five years. Decca records and yet have never appeared on a In fact we transcontinental commercial program. discovered them by hearing one of their records. Needless to say they are getting a great kick out of their first trip to Hollywood. Here they are, Ed and Tom Plee-hal, giving us a sample of the typeof harmonica playing that has made them so popular throughout Mirnesota..... All right beyol

ORCHESTRA: (HARMONICA MEDLEY)

PHLEHAL BROTHERS

ORCHESTRA: (THEME FADE TO WENDELL)

NILES:

Camels are America's favorite cigarette. And this preference is easy to understand. Camels give smokers all the qualities they expect from a cigarette plus an extra measure of each. I'm talking about extra mildness, extra coolness, and extra flavor. You see Camels are made from costlier tobaccos. Camels are slower burning, and with a matchless blend ---- that combination gives you the "extras".... extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor, and extra smoking per cigarette per pack. In recent impartial laboratory tests, Camels burned twenty-five per cent slower than the average of the fifteen other of the largest-selling brands tested...slower than any That means a smoking plus equal, on the of them. average, to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, when you consider the "extras" slower-burning Camels give you, it's easy to see why Camels are America's favorite cigarette!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL:

Wendell, where is that Raymond Radcliffe?

WENDELL:

I don't know, Al, what did he do now?

AL:

What did he do now? He wrote a story about Senator Plunkett that got me into a terrific jam. The Senator sued me for libel, slander, and defamation of character, not to mention one hundred thousand dollars.

WENDELL:

What happened, did he collect?

AL:

It was like this. I went over to the courthouse and in the hallway (FADES) I ran into Raymond. And ---

AL:

Raymond, Raymond.

RAYMOND:

Yes ---

AL:

Raymond, you sure got me into a mess by writing that article. Now I have to stay here in court and I wanted to go fishing.

RAYMOND:

I think you can still go fishing, Mister Pearce!

AL:

How can I go fishing now?

RAYMOND:

I heard somebody say that the Judge was going to send you up the river!

AL:

That's what I'm afraid of. Raymond, did you get me a

good lawyer?

RAYMOND: Mister Pearce, did you ever hear of Lawyer Willowby P.

Willowby -- that man who has been in court five hundred

times and never lost a case?

AL: Yes -- yes. I've heard of him. Did you get him?

RAYMOND: No. He's on the other side! But I did get a lawyer

for you!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

RAYMOND: That's him coming in now!

KITZEL: Hi-yi-o Rancho Grande, you can take the Witness Standee.

Yoo-Hoo!

AL: Well, well, if it isn't my old friend, Mister Kitzel!

KITZEL: And if it isn't my old friend, Mister Pearce. I haven't

seen you in a long sentence! Where have you been

keeping the old Habeas Corpus?

AL: Look here, Kitzel. What kind of a lawyer are you, civil

or criminal?

KITZEL: Mostly criminal:

AL: Mostly criminal?

KITZEL: Yes, no matter what kind of a case it is -- the way I

handle it is criminal!

AL: Now, just a minute, Mister Kitzel. When is the last time you were in court?

KITZEL: Just last week. I was walking down the street with my brother Davey and the Sheriff came up to Davey and me and handed us a piece of paper!

AL: Affidavit?

KITZEL: No! He was after me!

AL: Well, we'd better get in the courtroom -- here comes the judge!

SOUND: BUZZING OF VOICES...LOUD RAPPING OF GAVEL

WENDELL: Order in the Court! Order in the Court! The case of Senator Plunkett versus Al Pearce...with Judge Guzzle P. Crock presiding! The judge will open the case!

SOUND: NAIL PULLER

WENDELL: No! No, Judge, that's the wrong case!

DICK: WHY DON'T PEOPLE TELL ME THESE THINGS? All right --- Let's get on with the other case. Senator Plunkett versus Al Pearce. Senator, will you take the stand and Mister Willowby you may question your client.

BILL: Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, as Senator Plunkett's lawyer ---

KITZEL: Just a second, Mister Willowby. You don't look like a lawyer to me!

BILL: Why don't I look like a lawyer?

KITZEL: You've got your hands in your own pockets!;

DICK: ORDER! ORDER! Mister Kitzel, that's the most contemptible thing I've heard in all my years at the bar!

KITZEL: A little less time at the bar and you wouldn't be so contemptible!

DICK: Mister Kitzel, that remark will cost you a hundred dollars!

Mister Willowby --- kindly proceed!

BILL: Thank you, your honor. Senator -- please tell the court what Mister Pearce said about you!

CARL: Mister Pearce said some awful things about me in his newspaper.

You might say he gave me the bird in print!

KITZEL: (SARCASTIC) You might say he gave you the bird in print!

Just what did Mister Pearce say?

CARL: He said I got all my votes by flirting with the ladies!

And that's downright slander! All I do to get votes is to kiss babies!

DICK: Are any of the babies present in court to prove your statement!

BRAYTON: Yes, your honor!

DICK: Are you the mother?

BRAYTON: No, I'm the baby. (SILLY GIGGLE)

AL: You see, Mister Kitzel, he is a flirt. The Senator did wrong!

KITZEL: He may have done wrong -- but he didn't do bad!

DICK: All right, Mister Willowby go ahead and sum up your case!

BILL: Your honor, just look at my client. Look at the Senator's honest face! He doesn't know the meaning of the word Scandal. He doesn't know the meaning of the word FLIRTING. He doesn't know the meaning of the word KISSING!

KITZEL: My, my -- what a stupid man!

DICK: Mister Kitzel, I fine you another hundred dollars!

KITZEL: Oh, Pish Posh to you!

DICK: Just for that I'll make it three hundred dollars!

KITZEL: The man in the black night shirt bids three hundred!

DICK: Another remark like that and I'll have you thrown out of court!

KITZEL: Just a second, just a second: Is this the quality of mercy that is not strained? That falleth like the gentle dew from heaven? That pours down its benediction, and rains upon the innocent? My, my, I'm dripping, who's got an umbrella?

DICK: Order, order! Mr. Pearce will now take the stand!

BILL: I've been waiting for this. Mister Pearce, what have you to say about this slanderous article against Senator Plunkett?

AL: Well, in the first place, that article didn't appear in my paper; in the second place I didn't write it; and in the third place, everything I said in it is true. And further more -- I think --

BILL: (SARCASTIC) You think! You think! Can't you talk without thinking?

AL: No, I'm not a lawyer!

DICK: Mr. Kitzel, you may now sum up the case for your client!

Thank you, Judge! And I also would like to have the court look upon my client, Mr. Pearce. Does he look like a man who would slander his neighbor? Does he look like a man who would ridicule his fellow-man? Does he look like a renegade, a rapscallion -- does Mr. Pearce look like a guilty man? Does he -- mmmyeah -- could be!

AL: Mr. Kitzel, I'm worried. I think you did a very bad job of defending me.

KITZEL: Oh, Pish, Posh, don't be so uppity puppity! I always take care of my clients!

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS

KITZEL: Hello, Kitzel speaking. That's one of my clients now.

AL: Where's he calling from?

KITZEL: The county jail. What's that, Joe? You want me to send you a cake with a saw in it?

AL: A cake with a saw in it?

KITZEL: Yes, he's going to have a coming out party!

SOUND: PHONE ON HOOK

DICK: (RAPS WITH GAVEL) Order, order! The jury has arrived at a verdict! They find Mr. Pearce not guilty!

KITZEL: -- I object your Honor, I object!

AL: What do you mean <u>you</u> object, -- the judge says I'm innocent.

Do you want me to go to the county jail?

KITZEL: Of course, who's going to deliver the cake!! 4

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO NEWSBOY)

51459 0566

NEWSBOY:

(TYPICAL NEWSBOY VOICE IN BACKGROUND) EXTRA! ... EXTRA! ...

ANNOUNCER:

CAMELS give you extra flavor.

NEWSBOY:

EXTRA!

ANNOUNCER:

CAMELS give you extra mildness and extra coolness.

NEWSBOY:

EXTRA!

ANNOUNCER:

CAMELS give you extra smoking per pack. Try CAMELS -the cigarette that gives you the extras. CAMELS brings
you three other great shows each week.

AL:

That's right, Wen, on Saturday, meet New York's
Cosmopolitan Set with Ilka Chase at "Luncheon at the
Waldorf," a grand show that has set a new style in daytime
entertainment. This week Ilka Chase will have as her
guest -- VICTOR HAMMER, the man who collected most of the
Russian Imperial treasure and who will tell of some of
his very interesting experiences! On Saturday night tune
in and hear Bob Crosby and Mildred Bailey, featuring
music with a "heartbeat." And on Monday night it's the
radio version of the famous comic strip "Blondie." This
week poor Blondie finds herself in quarantine, and all
because of the cook she hired last week! That's for
your radio enjoyment.

WENDELL:

And 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, folks, we'll be seein' you next Friday.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR WENDELL)

AL PEARCE SHOW

-30-

WENDELL:

Men! Enjoy a cool-burning pipe tobacco during the hot weather. Get the smoking tobacco that pipe-smokers call the National Joy Smoke. The name is Prince Albert -a milder, cooler, tastier smoke. In recent laboratory "smoking bowl" tests, Prince Albert burned eighty-six degrees cooler than the average of the thirty other of the largest-selling brands tested, ... coolest of all! Try Prince Albert, men. There's no other tobacco like it. This is Wendell Niles speaking... This is the COLUMBIA... BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

LLMER:

Okay, here I go! .

SOUND:

MAN CLIMBING STEPS

ELMER:

(SINGS) Tramp, tramp, tramp, my sales are booming!

(KNOOKS)

SOUND:

DOOR OPENS

FLMER:

How 'ja do, Mister, you're goin' to buy something from

me.

BILL:

Is that so?

ELMER:

Yep, my sales are booming!

BILL:

Oh yeah!

SOUND:

SOCKS HIM... ELMER ROLLS DOWN STEPS WITH CRASH AT BOTTOM

DICK:

Elmer, did you tell him your sales were booming?

ELMER:

Yeah!

DICK:

What happened?

ELMER:

He lowered the boom on me!

DICK:

Elmer, you're hopeless! You couldn't sell ice cream

cones to school kids for buttons! I'm through with you.

Goodbye!

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -14-6/28/40

ELMER: What's he mean, I can't sell to school kids. Here's a

school house right here. I'll show him. (KNOCKS)

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ELVIA: Why, it's Elmer Blurt!

ELMER: Oh gosh, my old school teacher, Miss Brainfag -- gee

it's good to see you again!

ELVIA: Why Elmer, after all these years you remembered my

face!

ELMER: Gosh, how could I forget it. (LAUGHS) I jest saw a

painting the other day that reminded me of your face!

ELVIA: You did? Where did you see this painting?

ELMER: On a can of salmon!

ELVIA: Oh, is that so, well, you're no Clark Gable yourself!

ELMER: Oh yeah? Well, I'll put my face up against yours any

time.

ELVIA: (GIGGLES) Oh Elmer, will you?

CHORUS: (TEACHER LOVES ELMER...TEACHER LOVES ELMER)

ELVIA: Shut up, you little -- (SWEET) darlings!

Elmer, what have you been doing since you left school?

ELMER: I'm a house to house salesman;

51459 0569