

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1941

4:30 - 5:00 P.M., PST

7:30 - 8:00 P.M., PST

Program No. 38

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*
~~The AL PEARCE SHOW, presented by CAMEL --~~ the
slower-burning cigarette that gives you more flavor,
more mildness, more coolness, and less nicotine in the
smoke -- twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the
average of the four other largest-selling brands
tested.

MUSIC: (THEME UP...THEN FADE TO WENDELL NILES)

WENDELL: Bring you AL PEARCE and His Gang from Hollywood!

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

51459 1302

ad lib 1/17/41

AL: Good evening all, and welcome to another Friday Festival of Fun. We have many surprises in store for you tonight, but -- before we trot them out let's have a number from Carl Hoff and His Orchestra. What are you playing tonight, Carl?

CARL: Well, Al -- remember last Friday night you told me from now on I can be a real, full-fledged screwball?

AL: Well, what about it?

CARL: Al -- you haven't any idea of what that means to me. You don't know how it feels to walk down the street and have people point at you and say -- "There goes a Screwball!" Egads, it's wonderful.

AL: Carl, -- what are you playing tonight?

CARL: That's what I'm leading up to. In appreciation for what you've done for me -- tonight I'm going to play a saxophone solo!

AL: Now, wait a minute, Carl. You can carry this screwball thing too far!

CARL: Oh, no -- now -- remember, you promised!

AL: Okay, go ahead.

MUSIC: (ORCHESTRA PLAYING "BLUE DANUBE" WITH CARL TAKING AFTERBEATS)

AL: Carl! Carl -- please!

CARL: Well, I didn't have much time to rehearse. I've got an idea, Al -- why don't you run up to my house tonight and I'll run over the music!

AL: I've got a better idea, Carl -- you run up to my garage tonight and we'll run over the saxophone. *ad lib*
~~And now let's get back to that band number -- tonight~~
~~Carl has cooked up a swell swing arrangement of another old~~
~~classic "Anitra's Dance" from the "Peer Gynt Suite."~~
Okay, Hoffie --

ORCHESTRA: (OPENING NUMBER... "ANITRA'S DANCE")

SOUND: FADE IN PLANE MOTOR...FADE DOWN UNDER:

GAY: Up...Up...Up...Up nineteen thousand feet in the sky is a little black dot. An airplane...its first flight...and Test Pilot Bob Fausel is at the controls.

SOUND: MOTOR UP AND DOWN UNDER:

FAUSEL: (MONOTONE...STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS) Cold...getting cold ...nineteen thousand feet...climb baby,climb...Boy, I'd like a smoke right now...nineteen five...(FADES OFF)

GAY: There he goes...the dive.

SOUND: INCREASING SNARL OF MOTOR TO FULL CRESCENDO...CUT
ABRUPTLY TO

GAY: A beautiful landing...he's cool...calm...debonair...He's lighting a cigarette. You can tell from his expression how welcome that smoke is.

WENDELL: And no wonder. For Bob Fausel is smoking a Camel. "Been smoking 'em for years," he tells us. Bob Fausel likes that extra flavor...extra mildness and extra coolness that comes with Camel's slower burning. And he finds Camel's extra freedom from nicotine very welcome news.

GAY: The smoke of Camels...slower-burning Camels...contains 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.

WENDELL: And when all is said and done...the smoke's the thing.
Make your next smoke a Camel.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

ad lib

AL: Last week, friends, our roving reporter took us on a trip through the City Hall. Tonight, we are furthering this highly educational feature with a trip through the Police Department of the city of North Hotfoot. Any similarity between the North Hotfoot Police Department and the one in your own city is purely accidental and a swell break for the crooks. And now, here is our roving reporter, Wendell Niles. Take it away, Wendell!

WENDELL: Thank you, Al. Here we are at the North Hotfoot Police Station, the most modern in the world. And now we want you to meet that man of iron -- that nemesis of the underworld, that great Police Chief -- Patrick O'Shucks! Say hello to your public, Chief!

RAYMOND: Greetings, public!

WENDELL: Chief, I understand you have installed a modern third-degree room, here in the North Hotfoot City Jail.

RAYMOND: Indeed we have. Step wight in here!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

GORDON: All right -- come on, Lefty -- where were you on the night of December twenty-second?

RAYMOND: I'll take over Sergeant! Now -- come, come Wefty -- who killed Monroe Fitch?

MEL: I don't know, Chief -- I tell ya -- I don't know.

RAYMOND: Yes, you do, Wefty -- Now think hard -- who killed Fitch?

MEL: I don't know -- I don't know!

CAST: (MUMBLES QUICKLY)

RAYMOND: Come, come -- no coaching from the officers! Time is getting short, Wefty -- I think you can tell us. Who killed Fitch?

MEL: Okay -- It was Butch Blatsky!

RAYMOND: That is cowwect -- and Lefty wins sixty-four shiny, silver dollars!

SOUND: WASHERS POURING IN PAN

WENDELL: How about police calls, Chief -- have you made some improvements in those, too?

RAYMOND: Yes, we certainly have. In the old days we used to send out a call like this. Our Sergeant O'Tolle, he's the wadio operator and he will show you the old system.

SOUND: SWITCH ON

MEL: Calling all cars. Calling all cars. Be on the look-out for a man named Jimmy. Blue hair, brown eyes, six feet tall. Last seen wearing a grey suit, hat to match, Weavertex overcoat, Bronson shoes, Wrinkleproof Garters, three pairs of socks and a Mickey Mouse Wristwatch -- Only \$17.50 -- that is all.

WENDELL: So that was the old way. How did it work out?

RAYMOND: Well, wast year we sold thwee hundred Mickey Mouse Wistwatches, but we didn't catch any cwooks!

WENDELL: Well, Chief -- with your new and modern method just how would you send out that same call for Jimmy today?

RAYMOND: We do it like this now!

SOUND: SWITCH ON

MUSIC: (SOFT POETIC STUFF)

MEL: (A LA TED MALONE...DRIPPING WITH SUGAR)
Hello there, fellows -- this is your old friend, Sergeant O'Toole speaking to you again from the grill room atop the North Hotfoot Hoosgow overlooking Cell Block Seventeen. And now here he is again -- your friend and my friend -- our lovable Chief -- Patrick O'Shucks.

RAYMOND: Greetings, fellow officers! Our first number today is being pplayed especiaawwy for Officers Cassidy and O'Bwien, for Muwwigan and Fwannery, and for the boys in car sixty-seven.

MUSIC: (INTRODUCTION FOR "JEANIE")

RAYMOND: (SINGS) Watch out for Jimmy with the light brown hair,
He's packing deadly weapons, so beware, beware,
(His eyes are blue as Heaven), and he's six feet tall,
(TRIPLETS)
(He's a little) bit dishonest, boys, but aren't we-e all!

WENDELL: Thank you very much Chief Patrick O'Shucks!
And now back to the studio and AL PEARCE.

SOUND: CLICK

AL: Thank you, Wendell -- Say, fellows -- did you hear that --
I didn't know Raymond Radcliffe could sing!

RAYMOND: Mr. Pewace -- It wasn't easy!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW
1/17/41

-10-

Ad lib

AL:

For many months as you know we have been bringing to Hollywood -- radio artists, who are actively engaged on local Radio stations throughout the United States. It is our belief that these artists are just as good, if not better, than many of our big networks' performers -- and if given the chance -- might be able to establish themselves permanently on network shows. This week we have brought Miss Lillian Sherman to Hollywood from Cleveland, Ohio -- where she is heard regularly on stations WHK and WCLE. Radio program directors and movie scouts -- listen to this girl from Cleveland -- Lillian Sherman singing, "Madame Will Drop Her Shawl."

ORCHESTRA: "MADAME WILL DROP HER SHAWL". LILLIAN SHERMAN

51459 1311

WENDELL: Our roving reporter brought you the inside dope from the police department and now we bring you the outside dope, that super low-pressure salesman, Elmer Blurt. Tonight, we find Elmer going from house to house selling another one of his home made concoctions -- a furniture polish that removes nicks and scratches. Go ahead -- shine 'em up, Elmer!

ELMER: Oh, golly -- I should be able to make some money on this furniture polish. On the surface it looks like I might clean up! I hope, I hope, I hope --

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS

ELMER: How ja do, Mister. I'm here to talk polish today!

MEL: (POLISH) Shina doobray yaks see mosh a dem a busha! Dem a fleshka peevo!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Gosh -- Did I say Polish or Pölish! Oh look - here's Mister McTavish's house. He told me not to knock or whistle so this time I'll slip up on his porch sort of quietly like --

SOUND: CREEPING STEPS AND THEN A THUD AS ELMER FALLS ON PORCH

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- (LAUGHS) I sure slipped up!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MEL: What's the idea of makin' that racket, laddie. Do you want to wake up my wife from her night's sleep?

ELMER: Night's sleep? It's only one o'clock in the afternoon.

MEL: Aye, laddie, but right after lunch I always pull down the shades. She thinks it's night and goes to bed and I save the price of her dinner!

ELMER: Mister McTavish -- you oughta quit listenin' to Jack Benny! Help me up from the porch.

MEL: Okay, laddie -- I'll give you a hand -- WHAT AM I SAYING?
I'll lend you a hand!

ELMER: Gee, your in such a generous mood today, Mister McTavish -- maybe you'd even buy some of my Furniture Polish. It sure will make your furniture shine purty.

MEL: Oh, laddie -- it's unfortunate, but we quit usin' furniture polish some time ago. You see, we discovered a way to give our furniture a permanent shine!

ELMER: A permanent shine. How did ja do it?

MEL: My wife covered all our chairs with the seats of my old blue serge pants! Good day laddie!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: That's the first I ever heard of making seat covers out of seat covers! Well, I'll make one more call before the day closes smack-dab in my face!

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

LADY: (GOOFY TYPE) What is it young man. (SILLY LAUGH)

ELMER: What?

WOMAN: I said -- what is it? (SILLY LAUGH)

ELMER: I give up -- what is it?

LADY: Oh, I'm just bubbling over today -- we just bought some new furniture. Would you care to come in and see my dining room suite?

ELMER: I sure would, sugar!

LADY: You silly boy. When I said suite, I didn't mean sweet --
I meant suite!

EIMER: Well, ah -- when I said sugar I didn't mean sugar! I
meant Honey! Oh, this is going to be more fun --
Lady, I'm sellin' Blurt's Furniture Polish guaranteed to
remove Nicks and Scratches!

LADY: But my furniture has no scratches. Look at that table --
not a scratch on it.

EIMER: Yup-yup. But you never know when some nitwit will come
along with a nail and scratch it like this!

SOUND: LOUD LONG SCRATCH

LADY: You fool -- what's the idea of wrecking my table -- get
away from that table at once!

EIMER: Now Lady don't worry about a thing -- my polish will
remove all the scratches! Being that you're such a
nice lady, I'm going to give you a real demonstration.
Now let's make another scratch here --

SOUND: LOUD SCRATCH

EIMER: And another one here (SCRATCH)

LADY: Oh, my table!

EIMER: And another one here (SCRATCH)

LADY: Oh, my table -- my beautiful Satinwood table -- will
you stop it???

ELMER: Oh, golly -- look -- three in a row -- tick-tack toe --
I won -- this is fun!

LADY: For goodness sakes -- (SOUND: SCRATCH) -- stop --
(SOUND: SCRATCH) -- stop --

ELMER: Now next with a chisel and hammer I'll cut my initials!

SOUND: CHISEL AND HAMMER -- ELMER SINGING

LADY: Oh, this is awful! What are you doing?

ELMER: I'm gettin' in the groove. Gee, I wish I had my
wood-burning set!

LADY: Look at my beautiful table -- just look what you've done!

ELMER: Lady -- this is where you will see the miracle. I
sprinkle my Furniture Polish on like this --

SOUND: POURING ON TABLE

ELMER: Watch the scratches disappear --

SOUND: SIZZLING AND CRACKLING

LADY: What's it doing? It's boiling -- there's smoke pouring
up. What kind of stuff is that?

ELMER: It's called Ha-too-so for?

LADY: Ha-Too-so-for?

ELMER: Yup-yup -- it says right here on the bottle. H-2-S-0-4.

LADY: Why you idiot -- H-2-S-O-4 is sulphuric acid! It's eating the wood!

ELMER: That's the idea lady. It eats it right down to the level of the scratches!

LADY: GET OUT OF HERE!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

AL: You all remember "The Merry Men," one of the finest quartettes in Radio -- well they are back with us again -- and tonight they present Bobbie Canvin -- as their leading lady -- and boy, do they follow her. HOFFIE, start offie --

ORCHESTRA:

"May I Never Love Again" BOBBIE AND THE MERRY MEN

GALE: (FILTER...MONOTONE) W2QRV, New York, calling Dallas.
W2QRV calling Dallas.

BILL: (FILTER) Hello, New York, this is W5KLX in Dallas.
You're coming in clear as a bell.

GALE: (FILTER...NATURAL VOICE) Same to you. Those laboratory
research boys sure did us amateur radio operators a
favor when they came through with that new uni-signal
selector.

WENDELL: Yes, and modern laboratory research has done some
wonderful things for all of us in a lot of ways. Why it's
even given us some mighty important facts about the
cigarettes we smoke. For example, according to independent
scientific tests, the smoke of Camels gives you
twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of
the four other largest selling cigarettes tested...less
than any of them. The smoke's the thing...and
slower-burning Camels give you extra mildness...extra
coolness...extra flavor...so next time light up a slow
slow-burning Camel.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CHASER)

ad lib

AL: And now ladies and gentlemen -- we present our Sports Department...and here is our Sports Reporter, Gale Gordon! Mr. Gordon will you introduce the ATHLETE of the week?

GORDON: Thank you Al -- It gives me great pleasure to introduce that famous bull-fighter from South America -- Senor Manuel Labor!

MEL: I'm very happy to be here -- I think!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

KITZEL: (SINGS) Hi-yi-O Rancho Grande -- Hi-yi-no-De Vi Villa...
Yahoo!

AL; Kitzel, step aside you're interrupting our Sports Cast.

KITZEL: Oh, pish posh --

MEL: Who is dees man?

KITZEL: My little man, do you mean to say you have never heard of Senor Kitzel -- the greatest bull-fighter in South America!

GORDON: Listen, Kitzel -- before you say any more, maybe you'd better know who you're talking to. This is Senor Manual Labor. He's only the greatest bullfighter from South America!

KITZEL: Oh, pish-posh. He's the greatest bullfighter. He couldn't stick a needle in a cheese blintze!

MEL: Senor Kitzel -- if you think you are so brave, I tell you what I do. I want you to come down to my country and I will let you fight the bull.

KITZEL: I'm sorry -- I'll be busy that week!

MEL: But I didn't mention any week!

KITZEL: Just name the week and I'll be busy!

AL: Kitzel, do you mean to say you refuse to accept this marvelous invitation to fight a bull?

KITZEL: Gentlemen -- many years ago, a Mister Shakespeare wrote a question -- "To Be or Not to Be?"

AL: What's that got to do with it?

KITZEL: Tonight I found the answer. It's NO -- with a capital positively!

AL: Kitzel, I'm beginning to see a little yellow streak!

KITZEL: It's bigger than you think!

GORDON: But Kitzel, you're throwing away the chance of a lifetime.
Look -- I can see the bullfight now!

KITZEL: I'm not looking!

GORDON: But look -- I can see the crowd cheering you!

KITZEL: I'm not looking!

GORDON: But look -- I see a beautiful Senorita!

KITZEL: All right I'll take one little peak!

GORDON: Ah, what a sight it is -- as the bull enters the arena
the picadores come out and throw a lance in his back...
then the banderilleros come out and throw darts at the
bull!

KITZEL: What a nice friendly game! Who's ahead???

GORDON: Then suddenly the gate opens and a man rushes in. He's
dressed in green velvet pants -- a long red cape -- a
little hat on his head and his hair done up in a braid.

KITZEL: Velvet pants -- red cape -- and his hair in a braid! Ha! Ha!
Ha! Ha! -- What a silly costume!

GORDON: Yeh -- ha-ha-ha -- it is kind of funny!

KITZEL: Who is it?

GORDON: It's you!

KITZEL: Ha! Ha! Ha! -- It's me -- I don't like it!

GORDON: But -- look out -- the bull sees your red cape -- first he fiercely paws the ground and then he comes running at you with a snort!

KITZEL: I could use a little snort!

GORDON: Then he begins to chase you!

KITZEL: Who asked for a chaser!

GORDON: As the bull flies past you -- his eyes are darting fire -- smoke pours from his nostrils and his breath is red hot!

KITZEL: That's the trouble with that Spanish Food!

GORDON: It isn't the food -- the bull is mad -- he turns and comes at you again -- his head down -- his feet pounding -- Look out!

SOUND: RIP

KITZEL: What was that!

GORDON: He ripped off your vest -- what a picture! Here he comes again!

SOUND: LONGER RIP

KITZEL: What was that?

GORDON: He ripped off your shirt -- What a picture! Once more he rushes you!

SOUND: BIG LONG RIP

KITZEL: THE PICTURE IS CENSORED!

AL: Kitzel, I've heard enough of your tall stories. You don't know anything about bull fighting!

MEL: This is an insult to my profession!

KITZEL: Now, don't be so uppity-puppity -- For your information, MISTER PEARCE -- last year -- last year, mind you -- I fought the bull in front of five million people. What do you think of that?

AL: I think that's a lot of people.

KITZEL: And they paid me over Six Hundred Thousand pesos. What do you think of that?

AL: I think that's a lot of pesos!

KITZEL: And in one year I killed one-hundred and fifty seven bulls. What do you think of that?

AL: (SLOWLY) Kitzel -- I think that's an awful lot of --

KITZEL: Mnnnyeah -- COULD BE!

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO AL PEARCE)

AL: Before saying good night, I would like to announce that for your radio enjoyment, we have invited Judy Canova to be our guest of honor next Friday night. If you saw her most recent picture, "Scatterbrain," I am sure you will all be very anxious to hear her sing one of those grand old favorites as only Judy Canova can sing them.

And, too, our friends in the Chicago area will be interested in knowing that Ray O'Day, popular vocalist on WAAF, will be our radio guest of the week.

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: Good night, Friends. We'll have a lot of fun next Friday night with Judy Canova and all the rest of the Gang. So long, and good luck.

WENDELL: Next time you light up a pipe load of tobacco ask yourself this question. Does my tobacco burn as cool as it should or does it burn with excess heat that fogs up taste and fragrance? Wise smokers know that a cool smoke is a mild smoke. A rich tasting fragrant smoke, free from parching heat and harshness. Prince Albert is the cool burning brand by test. That's because Prince Albert starts with choice tobacco then gives it the famous crimp cut and no-bite process. Try Prince Albert -- the national joy smoke.

This is Wendell Niles speaking.

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.