

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1941

Program No. 48

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

7:30 - 8:00 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 this Friday night of -- well, I don't know exactly what to call it. You see we've got so many surprises on the show tonight that even I'm not sure what's coming next. In fact, it wouldn't surprise me a bit if the Voice of Spring walked right out here on our stage and --

MUSIC: (FLUTE PLAYS TWO BARS OF "SPRING SONG")

RAYMOND: Gweetings, Mr. Pearwuss.

AL: Raymond, if you're the Voice of Spring, why didn't you come in dancing.

RAYMOND: I couldn't dance now. My muscles are all tied in knots.

AL: Oh. Lumbago?

RAYMOND: No -- wumboogie.

AL: How do you know you're the Voice of Spring?

RAYMOND: Oh, I'm the dewdwop on the vine, twa wa.
That the witto birdies sip
I'm the waindwop in the sky, twa wa
Boy, am I a dwip
I'm the bwossoms on the twees, twa wa
Where witto wobins nap
I'm the weaves, the wimbs, the twunk, twa wa
Gee, I wonder if I'm the sap
I'm the sun the moon, the stars, twa wa
I'm the cwouds above so fweecec

AL: Raymond, how could you be all those things tra la?

RAYMOND: Mr. Pearwuss, it wasn't easy.
(APPLAUSE)

AL: (SOTTO VOCE) "The Voice of Spring, Tra la!"
Well, now that spring is over -- tonight, in addition to
many surprises, we have with us as our guest of honor
Miss Joan Whitney, of the song writing team of
Whitney, Kramer and Zaret. So while I go backstage and
count surprises, we'll have Carl Hoff and his
Camel Orchestra get the show under way with one of
Joan Whitney's ^{new} hit tunes -- "~~So You're the One.~~"

"So Happy for Words"
"SO YOU'RE THE ONE"

ORCHESTRA:

AL: Well, thanks, Carl, and now, friends, for surprise number one on the show tonight -- you can't guess who I'm going to introduce and believe me, this is a surprise!

TIZZIE: HELLO, FOLKSIES!

(APPLAUSE)

AL: Yes, the one and only Tizzie Lish in person!

TIZZIE: Well, this is your little surprise package all righty -- my, I'm so thrilled!!

AL: Well, Tizzie, you are certainly looking good these days.

TIZZIE: Yes, and I'm just full of vitamins tonight, Tubby. I'm full of A, B, B1, C, D and I think I have just a little of the Old H--- in me tonight, too -- wow!

AL: Well, Tizzie, I know everybody would like to know what you've been doing since you left the gang.

TIZZIE: Well, here is a real surprise -- guess what? And all the men will be so disappointed! I married a retired Colonel in the Army -- uh huh.

AL: So that's what put you out of circulation.

TIZZIE: Well, not exactly, Tubby. You see, he's back in the Army again. I guess it's on account of the draft, don't you think? Or don't you?

AL: Well, Tizzie, I'm sure everybody would like to hear one of those famous recipes again. How about it?

TIZZIE: Okay, Tubby. I would like to say, though, that my husband is Scotch -- I'm Mrs. McPherson, and just the other day we had our picture taken with me sitting on his lap. Even the photographer said it was wonderful -- he said it was the first time he ever saw a Scotchman holding the bag. I just had to get married, though. You just can't depend on these men these days. I was engaged to a sculptor here in Hollywood and I affected him so he got mixed up in his work, I guess -- he was kissing the statues and chiseling on me. And here is a real surprise, too. I'm going to cook at one of the Army camps. All the boys are calling me Miss Columbia at the camp. The other day I went down there to give them a sample of my cooking. When I got off the train they all hollered 'Hail, Columbia' -- I think they said 'Hail.'

Now our recipe tonight. We're going to make something new. No one has ever eaten it before -- and lived. It's called 'Corn a la Foo Foo, or Soft Corn.' First, open twenty-one cans of corn. Now open one can of molasses and put your hands in it. Got it? Now run your hands through your hair. I'll wait for you -- (SING)

"I Dream of Jeanie With The Light Brown Hair." Sticky, isn't it? Now take two ears of corn and cut it off the cob -- now put it back. Isn't that fun? Now open the oven and put your headie in -- dark, isn't it? Now turn

(CONTINUED)

TIZZIE:
(Cont'd)

on the gas in the oven, but don't light it, and stay there for five minutes. Doesn't that do something to you? Now mix what you have together until it forms sort of a corn plaster. When guests arrive, sprinkle some cracked corn on top and serve. When they look at you just say, 'Kind of corny, isn't it?'

And now as they say about mint sauce, I guess I'll have to take it on the lamb, so I'll leave as the old man said when I told him I was so high class I just went around with the upper set -- 'Come back when you get your lowers, Tizzie!'

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL SKYROCKET FADE TO AL PEARCE)

PEARCE: Friends -- you've all heard the expression "I'm from Missouri -- I want to be shown." Well -- you know we're all from Missouri when it comes to our cigarettes. We want to be shown. All right -- I'll show you. *Here's what you do* Light up a slower-burning Camel and smoke it. For the proof of the pleasure in a cigarette is in the smoking -- in the smoke. For it's there you'll find that famous Camel flavor *and* more coolness, too. As for mildness, *buy it* you'll get extra mildness in Camels -- with 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. *of course* And *this* all means more smoking pleasure for you. There's economy in slower-burning Camels, too -- more actual puffs per cigarette per pack. *Just think of that (2nd show)* So next time -- get Camels. Buy that Camel carton your dealer is featuring right now for extra economy and convenience.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: Friends, as I announced earlier in the program, we have with us tonight as one of our guests, one of the youngest and one of the most phenomenal song writers of the day, Miss Joan Whitney. I would like to have you meet her.

(APPLAUSE)

(AD LIB CUES FOR AL)

AL: (ASK JOAN HOW OLD SHE IS)

JOAN: (ANSWERS)

AL: (HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN WRITING SONGS?)

JOAN: (ANSWERS)

AL: I am sure our audience will be interested in knowing that you wrote "So You're the One," "It All Comes Back to me Now" and "High on a Windy Hill."

(APPLAUSE)

I also understand that the new song, "My Sister and I" is one of yours.

(JOAN AFFIRMS THIS)

I heard Connie Boswell sing it last night on Bing's show and it was really beautiful, and I know everyone is predicting it will be a big hit.

AL: (HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO START WRITING SONGS?)

JOAN: (ANSWERS)

AL: (ANY TROUBLE SELLING THEM?)

JOAN: (JOAN STATES SHE WORE OUT ABOUT THIRTY PAIRS OF SHOES
MAKING THE ROUNDS OF THE PUBLISHERS.)

AL: AS RAYMOND WOULD SAY: "IT WASN'T EASY."
(FEEL LOTS OF PEOPLE COULD PROBABLY WRITE TOO IF THEY JUST
WEREN'T AFRAID TO TRY. THEY THINK THEY DON'T HAVE A CHANCE
BUT YOU HAVE PROVEN THE FACT THAT EVERYONE DOES HAVE A
CHANCE ETC.)

(BRINGING OUT HER PERSONAL STRUGGLE IN GAINING RECOGNITION
AND OFFERING ENCOURAGEMENT TO EMBRYO WRITERS.)

AT FINISH

JOAN: Well, I sincerely appreciate all of this, Al, but really
it isn't just the song writers who are responsible for the
success of their own songs -- the success of a number
depends a great deal upon who sings it and how it is sung.

AL: I know just what you mean. I want you to meet
Eileen Wilson, who is going to sing "High on a Windy Hill."

REGARDING EILEEN WILSON

NEWCOMER

STUDENT AT U.C.L.A.

FEATURED LOCALLY ON KNX

HAS NEVER DONE TRANSCONTINENTAL BROADCAST

(CONTINUED)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW
3/28/41

-9-A-

AL: After our audience hears Eileen Wilson sing
(Cont'd) "High on a Windy Hill," I am sure they will know what
Joan Whitney meant when she said "it all depends upon
how a song is sung."

ORCHESTRA: "HIGH ON A WINDY HILL"

EILEEN WILSON

51459 1565

WENDELL: To change from key to key without any knowledge of music - is an art. But to go from door to door without any knowledge at all -- isn't an art -- it's an Elmer. Today we find the world's super low pressure salesman, Elmer Blurt, selling Miracle Throat Spray guaranteed to give singers a voice of silver. Good luck, Elmer.

ELMER: Oh golly, what with spring and all, there oughta be a lot of singers around about today, I hope, I hope, I hope...

BLANCHE: (OFF MIKE) (PRACTISING CORNY SCALES WITH PIANO BACKGROUND)

ELMER: Golly, listen to that purty singing. I bet I can sell my Miracle Throat Spray at that house, I betcha!

BLANCHE: (WARBLES AGAIN)

ELMER: That lady's either practising singing or else she's hollering for help!

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

BLANCHE: (STILL OFF MIKE) (SINGING) Oh, I sing like the wind, with a whistle and a rustle, with a whistle and a rustle, with a whistle and a rustle!

ELMER: Golly, sounds more like she's got a thistle in her bustle!

SOUND: LOUDER KNOCK AND DOOR OPEN

BLANCHE: Don't bother me! Can't you see I'm practising?

ELMER: Well, lady, I'm selling...

BLANCHE: (SINGS VERY LOUD) Do re mi fa, fa, fa (FLATS ON FA)

ELMER: I say I'm selling...

BLANCHE: (SINGS) Do re mi fa fa! FA! (FLAT AGAIN) Oh dear!
I'm not getting "fa!"

ELMER: I'm not getting very fa' myself!...

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: That lady and I must be working on the same scale. She can't get "fa" and I can't get any dough. Oh golly, look at Mr. McTavish up on his roof. Hello, Mr. McTavish, what are you doin' up there?

MCTAVISH: Greetings, laddie. This is our weddin' anniversary and I promised to take my wife to the basevall game today so I'm buildin' a little bonfire up here.

ELMER: What's the fire for?

MCTAVISH: Just a bit of economical strategy, laddie. When the neighbors see the smoke, they'll call the fire department, and as soon as the firemen start squirtin' water on the roof, I'll rush in and tell my wife the game's been called off on account of rain.

ELMER: Yup, yup, I guess you can save a lot of money with a little smoke. Them Camel people always say "The Smoke's the thing."

MCTAVISH: Well, what are you sellin' today, laddie. Not that I want to buy anything.

ELMER: I'm sellin' Miracle Throat Spray. Is your wife a singer?

MCTAVISH: She used to be, but she's got laryngitis and can't raise her voice above a whisper.

ELMER: Well, this throat spray is just the thing to make her voice good and loud again.

MCTAVISH: Oh, no, laddie, I wouldn't think of changing my wife's voice. Since she's had laryngitis, my little son, Angus, can't hear her when she calls him to dinner, and in three days, mind you, that's meant a saving of HALF A CARROT, THREE RAISINS, AND A LETTUCE LEAF! Good day, laddie.

ELMER: Poor little Angus -- missing all them meals. I guess that's what Grandma meant when she said, "a soft word turneth away Angus." Well, I'll try just one more door before I knock myself out for the day.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPEN

ELMER: Howja do, lady, are you a singer?

VERNA: Well, I've always wanted to be one, but my voice is not good.

ELMER: That's a pretty good excuse -- Well, lady, I have just what you need -- Miracle Throat Spray -- it gives you a voice of silver. Only one dollar.

VERNA: Do you think it would do that for Me? You know, I think I'll try it...here's your dollar.

ELMER: Oh thanks, lady, and here's your Miracle Throat Spray.
Good day.

VERNA: Wait a minute. I want to try it. Do I just spray it in my throat like this?

ELMER: Yup, yup, yup...

SOUND: SPRAYING WITH ATOMIZER...BUT HEAVY

VERNA: Now listen (STARTS SINGING...MI, MI, MI, MI...AND MEL BLENDS IN WITH A HORSE WHINNY)

VERNA: Good Heavens, what's happened to my voice? You said this would give me a voice of silver.

ELMER: Well, lady, you got it -- Hi Yo Silver!

VERNA: Get out of here.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

NILES: Say, Al -- do you mind if I use the phone?

AL: Why no, go ahead, Wen.

Sound: (Phone-pick up + jiggle)
NILES: Hello, I want Main two -- eight.

~~SOUND: CLICK OF PHONE~~

MAN: (HOARSE WHISPER) Hello!

NILES: Hello -- anybody home?

MAN: No -- we've all gone out.

NILES: Say, what number is this?

MAN: You ought to know -- you called it!

SOUND: JIGGLE PHONE

NILES: Operator -- you gave me the wrong number. I want Main two -- eight.

OPERATOR: (TYPICAL OPERATOR!) I am sorry. But I did not get your number.

NILES: Main two -- eight.

OPERATOR: M as in Mulligatawny?

NILES: No -- M as in mildness -- the extra mildness you get in a slower-burning Camel.

OPERATOR: Your number, please.

NILES: Main two -- eight.

OPERATOR: Three -- eight?

NILES: No! Two -- eight. Two -- eight. Twenty-eight as in twenty-eight per cent less nicotine in the smoke of Camels. 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. (EXCITED AND SORE) Now, operator, do you understand me?

OPERATOR: I suggest you keep cool, puleeze.

NILES: They are. They're extra cool and extra flavorful, too! And if you don't believe me -- just light a Camel and smoke out the facts for yourself!

OPERATOR: I am sorry but the line is busy.

NILES: Busy? Why should it be busy?

OPERATOR: This is a party line and everyone that heard you is calling his store for slower-burning Camels!

ORCHESTRA:(MUSICAL CHASER)

(NOTE: CARL, PLAY SCREWY ONE HERE)

AL: Carl, there was a thing of beauty. You certainly outdid yourself that time.

CARL: I had to, with another composer on the show.

AL: Oh, a little professional jealousy? Well, what is the name of that masterpiece, Mr. Hoff?

CARL: "Little Boy Blue Come Blow Your Horn, the Cow's in the Meadow, the Sheep's in the Corn."

AL: Wait a minute -- "the Sheep's in the Meadow, the Cow's in the Corn."

CARL: Egads -- are those two mixed up again?

AL: Well, all we need now is one more composer on this program --

KITZEL: Hi yi yo Rancho Grande -- I write songs for every bandy.

AL: Kitzel, this is the last straw. You know very well you're not a song writer.

KITZEL: I'm not a song writer?.

AL: You've never written a note.

KITZEL: I've never written a note.

AL: Absolutely not!

KITZEL: Mr. Pearce, are you going to stand there in your wedgies and tell me you've never heard of Pitch-Pipe Kitzel? The Tin Pan Alley-rat? Er -- cat -- er hep cat...Better make that Basin Street.

AL: Kitzel, I'll bet you that you can't name three songs you've written.

KITZEL: Three songs! Pish posh! I'll go you one better. I'll bet you I can't even name two!

AL: Kitzel -- here's your last chance: Can you name one song you've written?

KITZEL: Ah -- truth or consequences?

AL: I want the truth, of course.

KITZEL: Well, that handicaps me a trifle, but...ah...well there's my famous "Quartette from Luccia." --

AL: Quartette? Don't you mean Sextette?

KITZEL: Two of them were drafted. I wish you could hear it sometime, Mr. Pearce...It's Opus thirty-seven, Part Two, Cadenza Six, Track Nine.

AL: What train?

KITZEL: Sixteen, leaving for Albuquerque, Sante Fe, Omaha, --
WHAT AM I SAYING?

AL: All right, calm down and tell me about your Quartette from Luccia.

KITZEL: Oh, it's magnificent. First the tenor starts out allegro, then the baritone takes it fortissimo to animato, then andante to capriccio to Di Maggio --

AL: Just a minute, Kitzel, Di Maggio is a baseball player, not a musical term.

KITZEL: All right, so we need a first base in the quartette!

AL: Kitzel, there's only one thing for you to do. Prove you're a song writer by singing one of your own songs right now.

KITZEL: You mean me -- sing my own song?

AL: Yes. (LAUGHS) Well, I guess we finally caught up with Kitzel this time, fellas!

KITZEL: (IMITATES AL'S LAUGH...BUT PRETTY INEFFECTUALLY)

AL: Well, go ahead, Kitzel...

KITZEL: I'm really not in voice.

AL: Oh, so you're going to back down. That's just what I figured, Kitzel...

KITZEL: Now don't get so uppity puppy, my little man...I'll have you to know that -- (GOES INTO THE SONG)

ORCHESTRA AND KITZEL AND SEXTETTE: "MMMMMMYEAH -- COULD BE"

(LYRICS ON NEXT PAGE)

KITZEL: I can write a rhumba that's a honey
A sonata or a silly symphony.

SEXTETTE: But all you ever wrote was home for money.

KITZEL: MMMMMMMYEAH -- COULD BE!
I'm the bard who's always coast-to-coasting
In the jukes my tunes are rated one-two-three

SEXTETTE: Now, Kitzel, that sounds like you're really boasting.

KITZEL: MMMMMMMYEAH -- COULD BE!

GIRLS: You could be a Bach or Brahms, Stokowski or a poet

BOYS: You could be a hot air hound and we would never know it.

KITZEL: Please believe me when I say I'm really not a phony
You like me, don't you, Mr. Pearce?

AL: Sure, I like baloney!

KITZEL: Have you heard my latest compsis'on?
It's called Jeanie with the Slightly Brown Toupe.

AL: Now, Kitzel, don't you call that plagiarism?

KITZEL: MMMMMMMM -- my, oh my, have they changed the title again?

(SHORT INTERLUDE WITH BACKGROUND OF MUSIC FOR NEXT
TWO LINES)

AL: (SPEAK) Well, Kitzel, I've certainly misjudged you. I never dreamed you have such talent.

KITZEL: (SPEAK) Yes, I'm a genius
(SING) I'm a super superman you bet you
With more extras than a Camel, I'll agree.

AL: (SPEAK) You mean the squirrels would walk a mile to get you?

KITZEL: MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMYEAH -- COULD BE!

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO AL PEARCE)

AL: Friends, next week we will continue our grab bag of surprises and believe you me, you'll never guess who will be on next Friday night -- I don't know myself. However, our friends in Washington, D. C. will be interested in knowing that our radio guest star of the week will be Alyce Winstead of Station WJSV.

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, don't forget to tune in next Friday night. So long, good luck and remember to smoke Camels.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME TO WENDELL)

WENDELL: Pipe fans: get in the picture of true smoking joy. A single load of Prince Albert introduces you to the true mildness, mellow taste, and rich fragrance of P.A.'s choice tobacco -- crimp cut and no-bite treated for cooler burning. Prince Albert is easy on the tongue. P.A. stays lit, and helps your pipe cake up better, too. Try Prince Albert -- the National Joy Smoke!

This is Wendell Niles...speaking...

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM!