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Muster

THE AL PEARCE SHOW
FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

4:30-5:00PM PST
7:00-7:30PM PST
Thursday - 2/12/42

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

MUSIC: (THEME....CAMELS....VOCAL BOYS IN BAND....THEN MUSIC UP
FULL & FADE TO WENDELL NILES)

WENDELL: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen....this is the Al
Pearce show broadcast by Camel for the United States, and
short wave to the men in service in Alaska, the Canal
Zone, the Carribean, Iceland, and now Ireland....~~now~~^{and}
here he is....Al Pearce.

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

51459 2208

AL: (Ad lib speech and introduction to Lou Bring's
number entitled:

Thank you. Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. We certainly have
reason to feel good tonight. You folks in the studio didn't hear it,
but we have just had news on the air that five Jap ships
have been sunk by the American Navy.

And now here's Lou Bring with his refinement in rhythm
and he is going to play something good to the ears. Let's
hear it, Lou.

ORCHESTRA: "YOU SAID IT"

AL: ~~That was a mighty swell number you being and~~
~~Lou, I want to thank you and the boys for that swell band~~
~~number. Believe me, your arrangements are something to write~~
~~home about. In fact, I'll go so far as to say that your~~
music has certainly got my vote --

KITZEL: (TO TUNE OF "PRETTY BABY") When it comes the next election,
and you go to cast a vote, Vote for Kitzel, C. B. Kitzel.
Yahoo ---

(APPLAUSE)

AL: ~~Well, if it isn't~~ ^{Yes, it's} my little friend, Kitzel.

KITZEL: Umhumm - Naturally.

AL: What was all that stuff you were singing when you came in
here, about vote for Kitzel?

KITZEL: What? You ~~haven't heard?~~ ^{didn't know?} I'm running a campaign to vote
myself a pension.

AL: A pension? Why?

KITZEL: Why not? If it's good enough for Congress, it's good enough
for me.

AL: I see what you mean. ^{Look me in the eye when you talk like that, Kitzel!}
^{If you hide your face, I'll look you in the eye.}
By the way, Kitzel, where have you been
for the past week? I haven't seen you around any place.

KITZEL: Oh, I had such a lovely time, Mr. Pearce. I went to a health
resort in Palm Springs for a rest.

AL: Were there a lot of people there?

KITZEL: You said it. The place was so crowded, the resort had to build on two dozen extra rooms.

AL: Two dozen rooms. That must have spread the hotel out quite a bit.

KITZEL: Ain't it the truth! I think they spread it out a little too far, because my room had an asphalt floor with a white line running through it.

AL: Well, was it comfortable? *That's the main thing.*

KITZEL: Yes, except that I had to keep getting out of the bathtub to let the Army trucks go by.

AL: That must have been some health resort you were in! What was wrong with you? *or Should you Tell us?*

KITZEL: Oh my goodness, Mr. Pearce, was I a sick man. I knew I needed a rest treatment ^{because} ~~when I seen~~ I had a coat on my tongue.

AL: That's not serious, lots of people have a coat on their tongue.

KITZEL: I know it, but mine had patch pockets and a belt in the back! And what a pain I had in my leg, you wouldn't believe it.

AL: A pain in your leg? Well, that's probably just a mal-adjustment of the bones. Was it ~~in~~ your fibia or your tibia?

KITZEL: I beg your pardon me?

AL: I said, was it in your fibia or your tibia?

KITZEL: I cannot tell a fibia, it was my tibia! ... My goodness, I got worse the second day, Mr. Pearce, I had to ring for the nurse and she came crawling in -- and she gave me some medicine and went crawling out again.

AL: Wait a minute, why was she crawling?

KITZEL: Well, I could only afford a floor nurse!

AL: You sound like you had a bad time down there.

KITZEL: Mr. Pearce, you don't know the half of it. The mosquitos were biting me, and --

AL: Just a minute, Mr. Kitzel, that I don't believe. A mosquito would be a fool to bite you, you're too anaemic!

KITZEL: All right, so I'm anaemic -- but the mosquitos would go and bite the other people, -- then they would come and bite me for a chaser.

AL: Kitzel, just what kind of a "rest home" was this, anyway?

KITZEL: It was a hospital for the treatment of the psycho-patrick, neurosmuses, hudrogenic neuroputics! ... That's high-class for ^{bug} ~~bug~~-House!

AL: I'll bet you were right at home.

KITZEL: ^{could be}
~~Slightly~~ But you should have seen one of the patients there. Mr. Pearce, -- he had what they call mental hallukinations...He thought he was a candle on top of a birthday cake.

AL: Boy, he was balmy.

KITZEL: Yes, but they were curing him by psychology. They baked a big layer cake and let him sit down on top of it! Then every day they take one layer out from under him.

AL: (LAUGHS) I can just see him, sitting there on top of that cake.

KITZEL: Umhum, tomorrow, they're going to take away the last layer.

AL: Then what happens?

KITZEL: After that, he's on his own.

AL: A place like that must be kind of expensive.

KITZEL: Expensive? Twenty-five dollars for the blood test, 50 dollars for the room, 75 dollars for the medicine, 90 dollars for the doctors, a total of 800 dollars.

AL: Whew, some bill! You should be like me, Kitzel, I've never been sick a day in my life. I've never even had a sick feeling.

KITZEL: You've never even had a sick feeling?

51459 2213

AL: That's right.

KITZEL: Well, I don't think it's going to last Mr. Pearce.

AL: Why not?

KITZEL: I charged the whole bill to you!

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Just a minute, Al. Before you go, ^{I notice} there's a piece of string sticking out of your pocket.

AL: I know it Wen, I've got a whole pocket full of string.

NILES: What's the idea?

AL: It's just in keeping with the new National economy plan, Wen. I've made up my mind that during this next year I'm going to save string, tin, old paper bags, and even money.

NILES: That's swell, Al., ...But what's your excuse for the past ten years.

AL: No kidding, though, Wen, I'm really serious. Everybody should go on a rigid budget.

NILES: And speaking of budgets, here's one way to go easy on your cigarette budget. Get Camels. We figure it this way. Camels are slower-burning, and that means extra smoking per cigarette per pack - more smoking pleasure for every penny spent. And, of course, slower-burning also means cooler smoking....you'll notice that the minute you light up a Camel. And you can't help noticing the extra flavor and mildness. It's a full, rich flavor and a smooth extra mildness....the kind you can expect to find in costlier tobaccos when they're blended as only Camel knows how to blend! Less nicotine in the smoke, too!

(ECHO:) Twenty-eight percent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarette tested - less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

PEARCE: And take it from me, folks - the smoke's the thing. Get a pack of mild, flavorful Camels tonight! Bet if you do you'll find out you'll want to buy a carton tomorrow - ~~I hope, I hope.~~

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

51459 2216

WEN: Folks - tonight we're going to turn back the calendar to one week ago, before daylight savings time came in....and visit the general store of Eb and Zeb, out in Corn Center. We ^{now} find ~~them~~ ^{these two old codgers} ~~now on February 5th~~....waiting on a customer.

MAN: And - uh - let's see....Oh yes - I'll have one of those fish.

ZEB: One fish!

EB: One fish.

MAN: And hurry, will you? I'm a bit late....I don't know where the time goes. It's like the poem - (WITH GREAT EXPRESSION:)

Oh, Time - stay thy fleeting,

Ah, wait - hold the-- !

ZEB: Wait - hold th' fish!

EB: I can't hold it long. It's too slippery.

MAN: No, no - that's the poem.

O, Time - stay thy fleeting,

Ah, wait - hold the dawn,

Now that darkness comes quickly,

And winter draws on.

EB: How's that?

ZEB: Says winter drawers on.

MAN: I said nothing of the sort. I'm reciting a poem....a poem about Time.

EB: About time t' put winter drawers on?

ZEB: No - about time t' take 'em off.

MAN: I'm not --

EB: Don't take 'em off yet, Mr. Stafford. It's too blame cold.

MAN: I'm not talking about drawers. Besides, a gentleman would call them "unmentionables."

Yes, winter is nigh,

And I'm in the days

When --

ZEB: Yes - yuh see, he's in a daze.

EB: Oh. . . Well, then mebbo he won't feel th' cold.

MAN: I didn't say daze. I said D - A - Y - S. . . They're short now - but on February ninth, they'll be longer.

EB: What? . . . Winter drawers?"

MAN: Days - days will be longer! . . Haven't you been reading the papers? Congress has passed the now, speed-up time law - and we're going to change.

EB: We're gonna change our --?

MAN: Don't say it!

ZEB: But how can a day be longer than it is?

MAN: Very simply. . . On the ninth of February, it'll begin to get later earlier. So even though you go to bed early, it'll be late. But you'll still have to get up as before or you'll be behind.

EB: Yuh mean we have t' git up before we go t' bed?

MAN: No! . . Now listen - it's very easy to understand. It's simply that the hands of the clock standing at the tenth hour on the eighth will be at the eleventh on the ninth. So seven will naturally come at eight.

ZEB: Oh, yes - I see! So when yuh go t' sleep, yuh wake up before yuh git inta bed.

MAN: You don't! You don't! . . On February ninth --

EB: Well, I'm jest gonna stay in bed.

ZEB: Me, too. . . Then I won't need my long - ahem - unmentionables.

MAN: Oh, you're hopelessly confused - both of you. . . Now let's take an actual instance - really concrete.

EB: No, sir! Not me! I wouldn't go fer 'em!

MAN: Go for what?

EB: Concrete drawers.

MAN: It isn't concrete drawers!

ZEB: No - it's concrete unmentionables.

EB: Well, drawers or unmentionables, - if they're concrete, you couldn't set down in 'em.

MAN: Now wait --!

ZEB: Yes - but look how long they'll last.

MAN: I said wait! . . I'm giving you an illustration of the new, speed-up time. . . Now I'm on my way to the railroad station to buy a ticket. And I notice --

EB: Where yuh goin'?

MAN: This is simply an example! I'm not going anywhere! But I notice --

EB: Then whata yuh buyin' a ticket fer? . . Save your money.

MAN: I'm trying to show you how the new time speeds things up!

ZEB: Yes, Eb - it speeds things up so, that yuh have t' have a ticket jest t' stay in th' same place.

MAN: It doesn't! It simply makes for progress! . . . Now I'm going --

EB: Yeah? Well, yuh ain't gonna make much progress, tryin' t' git around in a pair of cement pants.

ZEB: (ANNOYED WITH EB) All right! All right! Spose yuh ain't? . . . At least yuh won't be bothered with termites!

MAN: (EXPLODING) Termites! Ye gods! How did termites get in?

EB: Mebbe there's a crack in th' concrete.

ZEB: Yes - cement pants are all right - but yuh oughta have a brick foundation.

MAN: (DESPERATELY TRYING TO HOLD HIMSELF TOGETHER) Now, look - look - I'm giving you an example of the old time versus the new, speed-up time. . . Now I'm going to the station --

EB: Givin' us what?

MAN: The old time versus --

ZEB: Well, never mind the old-time versus - jest give us a fast chorus.

MAN: (DOGGEDLY) I say I'm going to --

EB: And keep it clean.

MAN: I say I'm going to the station --

ZEB: (SINGS) -- 'bout a quarter of four - read a magazine --

MAN: (SINGS) And you're in Baltimore. (BLOWS UP) You're not!

EB: Why? Is th' train late?

MAN: No! You find the bulletin board seems wrong! For train twenty-two, due at two-two, is now due at three-two, too. So what to do.

ZEB: U----h, would yuh mind jest runnin' through that song agin?

MAN: (RAGING) It isn't a song! It's --

ZEB: Well, then, let's sing - uh - (SINGS TO "HOME ON THE RANGE")
Sit - sit on th' range --

EB: (JOINS IN) Where th' deer and th' antelope play.

MAN: Stop it! Stop it, will you? Of all the idiotic, moronic, imbecillic songs --!

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ZEB: Why, what's th' matter with it?

MAN: Sit on the range! . . I ask you! . . I ask you how could anyone sit on a hot range!

EB: Shucks - that's easy . . Jest wear concrete unmentionables.

MAN: O--h - let me out of here! Let me out!

(CHASER)

AL: Margaret Lenhart ^{our new singing star} this week joins up with The Three Cheers. They are going to sing for the first time on the air a new song from the Green and Reville score, "HOW DO YA FALL IN LOVE", And this is some number. IT will be a big hit.

ORCHESTRA: "HOW DO YA FALL IN LOVE" -- MARGARET LENHART & THE 3 CHEERS

NILES: The scene is an American warship in the Pacific, about two-hundred miles southwest of--

VOICE: (OFFICIAL, BUT NICE) Sorry - we wouldn't want the enemy to know that!

NILES: Oh, of course. Well, we're aboard a--

VOICE: Better not reveal the type of ship, either.

NILES: Guess you're right. Well, all I really wanted to get across was that a sailor steps into the Ship's Service Store, and says --

SAILOR: Pack o' Camels, please!

VOICE: That part sounds all right. Any facts to back it up?

NILES: Yes, indeed! Actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Canteens, and Ship's Service Stores show that with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, Camel is the favorite! There are good reasons, too!

SAILOR: The only reason I need is flavor, mister! Camel's got extra flavor, and the kind of extra mildness that lets a guy enjoy it.

NILES: And don't forget that Camels save you money! Slower-burning means extra smoking per cigarette per pack....and cooler smoking, too! That's because Camels are made of costlier tobaccos, and what's even more important, they're blended expertly, in the years-old Camel tradition of fine tobacco blending. Less nicotine in the smoke, too.

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(REVISED)

-15-

VOICE: (ECHO) Twenty-eight percent 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.

PEARCE: And I'd like to remind you all to send along a carton of Camels to that fellow in the service. It's no bother. Just give the money and the name and address to your dealer. He'll wrap and mail it for you. Get Camels for yourself. And send on a carton.

MUSIC: PLAYOFF...SEGUE: "ELMER'S TUNE"

51459 2224

WEN: Well folks, clocks change and so does the world, but Elmer Blurt goes on forever. ^{in the following gripping Real life drama Blanche Stewart} We now find him going from door to ^{the quest} door, that friend winner and good will Ambassador -- ^{STAR OF THE} the evening, Dale Carnegie of the La Brea Tar Pits, Elmer Blurt. ^{will play AN} IMPORTANT ^{Role as the} Singing Teacher.

SOUND: (BACKGROUND OF STREET NOISES)

ELMER: I sure got a variety of stuff to sell today, but I'm an awful long way from my territory -- I guess I'd better hook a ride. Hey Mister.

MEL: (TRUCK DRIVER) Yeah...Want a lift Buddy?

ELMER: Yep -- but this is only first street and I gotta go clear out to 89th street.

MEL: O.K. Hop in that's only 88 blocks.

SOUND: (TRUCK ROARS...LONG SQUEAL OF BRAKES AND STOPS)

MEL: Here you are 89th street.

ELMER: (GULPS) Oh Golly, some ride.....Now I got it back.

MEL: You got what back?

ELMER: That hour I lost on Daylight saving....Well, I better get started at some of these here doors...~~this looks like a nice slab of Oregon Pine, I'll just give it a bang.~~

SOUND: (ELMER KNOCK)

~~ELMER: I oughta make a good impression today, on account of I got on my new mail order suit. I wonder how I look in it.~~

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

CUT - Second Show

ELMER: How Ja Do Lady.

BLANCHE: Oh, you poor man -- Here's some corn beef on a piece of bread. That's all we had left from lunch.

SOUND: DOOR SHUT

ELMER: Oh golly, she sure made a mistake...I'll just have to correct this.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK.....DOOR OPEN

BLANCHE: Yes?

ELMER: Lady you forgot to put on some mustard.

BLANCHE: WELL OF ALL THE UNGRATEFUL PEOPLE. Get out of here.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Well I'll just stick it in my pocket and eat it later. I got to get around to some of these houses...Here's a nice place right here. I'll just maul this maple with my mitt. (KNOCKS) I guess I'm jest half-man and half wood-pecker... Maybe I can feather my nest here.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BILL: (TOUGH AND LOUD) Whatever you're selling I don't want any. Get out of here.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

ELMER:

*CUT -
Second show*

BILL: (OFF MIKE) WELL, I see you out there. What's keeping you?
Beat it.

ELMER: I can't.

BILL: Why not?

ELMER: You got my nose caught in the door.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ELMER: Thank you Mr. --- Goodbye.

BILL: Okay.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Gosh I almost made that sale. I just lost by a nose. --
Let me see now, which house shall I go to next...Shall I go
to, let me see...Oh golly look at that house over there.
The smoke is pourin' out o' the upper window. I'll go tell
'em it's on fire. I better not waste any time either.

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FAST ON GRAVEL.

ELMER: I'll just give this bell a push.

BLANCHE: (SOPRANO VOICE EXERCISE RUNNING SCALES BUT BAD)

ELMER: Gosh, that can't be the bell. I'll press it again.

BLANCHE: (SAME THING BUT THIS TIME SHE ENDS ON A VERY SCREECHY HIGH
NOTE)

ELMER: Sounds like I electrocuted somebody.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BLANCHE: (SINGS) HELLO.

ELMER: Hello.

BLANCHE: (SINGS) Hello (HIGHER) Hello. (HIGHER) Hello. (HIGHER)
Hello. (HIGHER) Hello. (SINGS AS BENNY PROGRAM) H-E-L-L-O.

ELMER: Gee this conversation is sure getting in a rut...what I
stopped here for lady is that'a ---

BLANCHE: Well, I'm just practising - (SINGS) Come in, come in, come
in, come in, come in --

ELMER: (SINGS LIKE LADY) Okay, okay, okay, okay, okay!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

ELMER: Lady, I got somethin' very important that I gotta -

LADY: It can wait, it can wait, I'm exercising - (SINGS) (QUICK
SCALE) Tell me frankly, do you think my cadenza spreads
too much?

ELMER: ^{lady, are you kidding?}
~~Yeah, but nobody'll notice it if you stand side-ways...~~
~~Lady, gettin' back to what I was sayin' --~~

LADY: My goodness sakes, that's the trouble with people nowadays,
they're not concerned with the artistic life - aren't you
interested in the mechanics of the voice?

ELMER: Yep lady, but -

LADY: I knew you would be. I've been studying with professor
Larynx, and I'll be glad to explain how I produce a note.
You see the low resonance of a tonal vibration starts in the
functional diaphragm winds around through the percussion
chamber to the aesophagus, then continues to resonate, till
it comes to the epiglottis, after which it emerges from my
mouth as a note, thusly; (SINGS ONE HORRIBLE NOTE)

ELMER: (AFTER PAUSE) It ain't worth it.

LADY: Oh, you have no appreciation of music. Just listen to this:
(SINGS, AFTER CHORDS ON PIANO) Chloe! Chloe!

ELMER: I don't blame Chloe for hiding.

LADY: Just as I thought, you're a low-brow. Why, even the butcher boy who comes to the house has more musical appreciation than you.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

LADY: Maybe that's him now. (SINGS) Come in, come in, come in, come in, come in!

ELMER: Oh golly gosh, here we go again!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MEL: (SINGS HUMORESQUE TUNE) Good-morning folks, I wish you joy, it's only me the butcher boy, I come to take your order for some meat! My stuff is good, you take no chance, my lamb-chops all have lacey pants, there's even shoes and socks on my pig's feet.

LADY: (SINGS) That's true and I would like to say, the meat you brought us yesterday was very tasty, although a trifle fat!

MEL: (SINGS) I'm glad you thought the meat was jake, but lady there is some mistake, the stuff you ate was liver for your cat!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS IN RHYTHM)

ELMER: Well lady, this is all very interesting, but if you don't let me tell yuh what I came here to --

LADY: Oh, don't bother me with worldly things...

ELMER: But this is important.

LADY: Nothing is important but my voice - it's the instrument of the soul! You'd do well to cultivate a little interest in things artistic! Listen to this: (SINGS A BIT LEADING INTO A TURN) That is what is known, in musical language, as a turn! (REPEATS IT)

ELMER: Gosh lady, do you always stick your tonsils out when you make a turn?

LADY: My goodness but you're a low-brow!

ELMER: I may be a low-brow, but you'd better listen to what I got to say -

SOUND: (QUICK POUNDING ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS) (RUNNING FEET INTO HOUSE)

MEL: (OUT OF BREATH) Lady, lady --

ELMER: Oh no you don't, I was here first -

LADY: For heaven's sakes, what is all this, anyway?

ELMER: (TOGETHER, JABBER EXCITEABLY) Lady, I gotta tell yuh. I'm
MEL: gonna tell her. You oughta know. Gee whiz, but --

LADY: ^{gentlemen -}
I can't make out a word you're saying. All I can understand is music. If you boys have something to say that I should know -- sing it!

CUT -
Second
Show

ELMER: Okay, we'll sing it.

(SING TOGETHER) (TUNE "MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN")

My bonnie lies over the ocean, where the waves roll up
higher and higher. And you could use some of that water,
'Cause your whole gosh-darn house is on fire!

LADY: (SCREAMS)

ORCHESTRA: CHASER

AL: Well, friends, before saying goodnight, here's a special
announcement for the men in the service. Don't fail to see
our Camel Caravans - two grand free shows for the men in
camp. Tonight the Eastern unit will be at Fort Slocum, New
York, tomorrow at Fort Ontario, New York, Saturday at
Madison Barracks, New York, Monday and Tuesday at Pine Camp,
New York, and Wednesday at Plattsburg, New York. ^{by this is some} Next show.
Monday night the Mid-West unit will be at Fort Sheridan,
Illinois, Tuesday at Great Lakes Naval Training Station,
Chicago, and Wednesday at Camp Grant, Illinois. And
friends, be sure to join our ^{CAMEL} Caravan of fun next Thursday
night. Until then -- Goodnight -- so long -- and good
luck. ^{AND here's hoping we have better news from day to day.}

ORCHESTRA: THEME MUSIC

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.

You know, pipe-smokers, coolness must be mighty important, because 'most everybody wants his tobacco to smoke cool. Well, Prince Albert's got interesting proof about coolness. 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. And Prince Albert's crimp cut and no-bite treated to give you the mildest, richest smoke you ever tasted! Around fifty pipefuls in every handy pocket can, too. Try P.A. for Pipe Appeal - you'll learn why men call it the National Joy Smoke!

Wendell Niles speaking. This program came to you from Hollywood.

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