

Master

7/6/42

THE AL PEARCE SHOW
FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

4:30-5:00P PST
7:00-7:30P PST

Thursday - 7/2/42

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-waved to the men in service in Alaska, the
Canal Zone, the Carribean, Iceland and Ireland....Now
here he is....Al Pearce.

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

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WEN: Al can't say hello tonight, folks, he's not feeling so well. Let's look in on him at home and see what's happening.

AL: Golly Daisy, I been looking at myself here in this mirror. I haven't been able to sleep for a week and I'm getting worried. Don't I look awful?

DAISY: You sure do Mr. Al. You look like a nervous breakdown that just got over a nervous breakdown.

AL: Just look at me--These bags under my eyes are getting bigger every day.

DAISY: Oh don't worry about them bags. If they get any bigger, I'll call my boy friend, he's a Red Cap. (LAUGHS)

AL: This is getting serious Daisy, I've had insomnia for a week and a man just can't do without sleep. My eyes are so bloodshot I feel like I'm peeping thru a cherry coke.

DAISY: Oh you're just exaggerating Mr. Al.

AL: I am not. My eyes are such a bright red I looked out the window last night and two neighbors reported me for violating the dim out.

DAISY: What in the world is the matter you havn't been able to sleep for a week anyway.

AL: Oh I don't know, partly overwork I guess. And then I read the paper and worried an awful lot about world problems.

DAISY: My goodness, you shouldn't do that. There ain't nothing in the papers to worry about.

AL: Not much. That just shows how much you read. Dick Tracy's there locked in that sewer, and nobody ever did tell me what happened to B.B. Eyes.

DAISY: No jokin', though, Mr. Al -- you just gotta get yourself some sleep. You're beginnin' to look awful exhausted. Did you do like I told you and drink some milk before you went to bed last night?

AL: Yes -- and it was sure nice of you Daisy to leave it out for me all nice and warm in that pink bowl.

DAISY: Land sakes, that wasn't for you - That was the dog's dinner.

MEL: Yipe.

AL: A fine thing. Daisy you've got to be more careful -- A thing like that could be harmful.

DAISY: It sure could -- I'll bet that poor little dog was hungry all night.

MEL: Yipe.

AL: Well if he barks and keeps me awake tonight I'll -----

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

WEN: Hello Al.

AL: Oh Hello Wendall.

WEN: You told me over the telephone you didn't feel well Al and now I see what you mean. Gosh you look terrible.

AL: Well who wouldn't look bad? I've had insomnia for a whole week Wendall, I haven't had a wink of sleep.

WEN: Well if you feel so bad why did you go to the trouble of dressing up in that zuit suit?

AL: This is not a zuit suit.

WEN: Then why are the coat tails dragging on the ground?

AL: That's not the coat dragging, that's me. --
I'm tired.

WEN: (LAUGHS) Brother you must be. Gee it sure is strange to see a big husky fellow like you looking so haggard.

AL: Gosh yes, I've never had any trouble like this before. Remember Wendall I used to go to sleep with the chickens.

WEN: Yeah I remember-- That was before the chickens learned how to lay their own eggs.

AL: Never mind Wen, this is serious. Gosh, I certainly wish I could get that Sandman to come around and throw sand in my eyes like he used to.

WEN: That's out of the question, Al.

AL: Why.

WEN: Because it was the Japanese Sandman and he's too busy putting out fires in Tokio.---Seriously, tho you ought to try some insomnia cure. Some of them are kind of childish but they usually work.

DAISY: Yas sah, I used to work for a man and he sure had a funny way of going to bed. He left all his clothes on, put a flower pot on top of his head and slept clear up on the chandilear.

AL: Gosh how could he get way up there on the ceiling?

DAISY: Oh, he was always that high when he came in. (LAUGHS)

AL: Well I'd do almost anything if I could just get some rest. I'm so weak I feel like I'm going to fall on my face.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK.

AL: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

AL: Oh Hello Mr. Puny Pale.

RAY: (AT FRONT MIKE) Hello Mr. Pearce. Well I hope you feel like I do today -- just bursting with the joy of living.

AL: This is all I needed. No. To tell the truth I don't feel so well Mr. Puny Pale because I've been losing so much sleep. I haven't closed my eyes in a week.

RAY: Oh that's too bad. Have you tried putting a hot flat iron in the bed?

AL: No I haven't.

RAY: I tried that once when I couldn't sleep. I didn't have flat iron so I used the electric toaster.

AL: Did it work all right?

RAY: No it didn't. Do you know what happens to toast when you leave it on too long.

AL: Yes.

RAY: Well I had to get up twice during the night and scrape myself in the sink. -----Otherwise I sleep quite well.

AL: Well I certainly envy you if you're getting your sleep. Are you ever troubled with nightmares?

RAY: Oh no--I ride everything side saddle.-----Well I'll go home now and see if my Aunt Emma has a remedy for insomnia. She knows all about health.

AL: She does?

RAY: Oh yes, she's responsible for me being the he man that I am.--

WEN: (LAUGHS) That's all brother.

RAY: Well I am. Look--I'll pound on my chest and show you that I'm as strong as a house. (RAY POUNDS ON HIS CHEST)

SOUND: BOARDS FALLING.

RAY: -----Termites.

AL: That's what I thought. Come on Wen, I got to call the drug store and order some sleeping pills.

APPLAUSE.

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

NILES: Experts have made the statement that aircraft engine production is a good index of a nation's ability to wage a modern war. Well, at a plant in Connecticut they've stepped up production 1500 percent, have enough engines on the test blocks alone to generate light for the whole Connecticut Valley. That's American genius for putting things together.

Every once in awhile we like to brag about the way we put things together, too....blending, we call it. 'Course you know and I know that Camels are made of costlier tobaccos, have been for years -- but it's taken more than that to make Camel ~~Americans~~ favorite.

Yes, it's matchless blending of costlier tobaccos that give Camel that full, round flavor, and the extra mildness that lets you enjoy that flavor. And expert blending of costlier tobaccos means slow burning....cooler smoking.

PEARCE: You'll like Camels, folks! Get a pack tonight. Bet if you do, you'll want to buy a carton tomorrow....I hope, I hope!

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA: "BYE BYE BLUES"

(APPLAUSE)

WEN: ~~That was "Bye Bye Blues" played by Lou Bring and his orchestra and now back to Al Pearce.~~

This being our final program in this series, Lou Bring and his orchestra have played a very appropriate number entitled "Bye Bye Blues."

AL: Gosh I'm beginning to ache all over. I wonder if I went out and got in the hammock under the trees for a few minutes if maybe I could doze off for a little--

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

AL: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MEL: (PORKY PIG) How do you do. Here's them sleeping pills that you ordered from the drug store.

AL: Oh yes. Are these things guarenteed to quiet your nerves?

MEL: Oh I should say so. They're very good for nervousness, I took five on the way over here and look how calm and collected I am.

AL: Well I hope they work because I just can't sleep.

MEL: Aren't you Al. Pearce?

AL: Yes I am.

MEL: I listened to your show last week.

AL: You did?

MEL: Yes--Brother, no wonder you can't sleep.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

AL: Just a fresh guy. Let's see the directions here---Oh what do I care about directions. I'll take three of them to start with right now-- There, that ought to bring something on.

AL: ~~Who won?~~

~~SOUND: RECEIVER UP~~

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MEL: (GILSPRAY) Hello Mr. Pearce. ~~How are you, Mr. Pearce?~~
AL: ~~It did.~~
I understand you're having a little trouble with insomnia.

AL: ~~It did.~~

MEL: Terrible thing Insomnia.

AL: Oh hello Gilspray. Yes, I was just trying to --

MEL: I know just how you feel. Maybe it's your bed, have you
got good springs on your bed?

AL: Yes, I don't think it's the --

MEL: My brother just bought a beautiful bed with a wonderful
mattress. He sleeps swell, even with those two guys in
bed with him.

AL: What two guys?

MEL: Sears and Roebuck -- He hasn't paid for the bed yet.
--Well I'll think of some remedy for your insomnia, I'll
think of something.

AL: Look Mr. Gilspray I've just got to do something to get
some sleep -- I'm desperate. --I was just thinking of
taking a bath.

MEL: Brother you are desperate. ---Why don't you just take a shower. (GIVES) That's what you need a shower.

AL: I don't need it now.

MEL: Look, why don't you do what I do when I can't sleep?....
I always go down and sit by the runway at the Burlesque.

AL: The Burlesque? Does that make you sleep?

MEL: No, but Boy it makes it a lot of fun to stay awake---Well
I'll see you later --I'll see you later.

APPLAUSE

AL: I'll get to sleep if I have to take this whole box of pills
and 3 baths.

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

AL: (AD LIB INTRODUCTION LENHART)

MUSIC: "MOON ON MY PILLOW" MARGARET LENHART

APPLAUSE

NILES:

Al, while you're trying to get some sleep, I'd like to make 13-
~~Welly. Al that just leaves it up to me to hop in with~~

a few remarks about some of our ^{good} customers, who also happen
to be pretty good ball players -- boys like Joe DiMaggio,
Kirby Higbe, Howard Pollet, or Ernie White. I don't have
to tell you that their jobs call for mighty steady nerves.
And when they're through with a day's work at the ball
park, they're mighty glad to light up a Camel. For
instance, Kirby Higbe, the Dodgers' fast ball artist ^{has said,}
quote --

HIGBE:
VOICE:

Sure, Camel's my cigarette! Has been for years! They've
got extra mildness, and plenty of swell, rich flavor, too!

NILES:

UNQUOTE. Yes, and you hear the same thing from some other
fellows who are under a heavy strain -- the men in the
service. 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.
That's something we can all think about these days when a
war of nerves jumps out of every newspaper headline. Take
a tip from men under real pressure!

ECHO:

Important to steady smokers! The smoke of slow-burning
Camels contains less nicotine than that of the four other
largest-selling brands tested -- less than any of them,
according to independent scientific tests of the smoke
itself.

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PEARCE: And I guess the most important thing is that you folks will just plumb like the way Camels taste -- and the way they're so mild! Bound to be, because Camels are expertly blended of costlier tobaccos. Get a pack tonight! And remember to send a carton to that fellow in the service. He'll like 'em as much as you will!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

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AL: Well, I'll go in the bath room here and see if my bath is ready. Kitzel promised to get the tub and the water and everything all ready for me.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN SPLASH

KITZEL: (SINGING) (TUNE OF SHORTENING BREAD) Mama's Little Baby likes soap suds, soap suds, Mama's little baby likes plenty of suds -- Frat soo frat soo.

AL: Never mind that Kitzel, is my bath ready?

KITZEL: Certainly it's ready.

AL: Did you put in the Cologne?

KITZEL: Yes sure.

AL: Did you put in the Pine Oil?

KITZEL: Yes.

AL: Did you put in the bath salts?

KITZEL: Bath salts, yes, also hair tonic, talcum powder and a little bluing.

AL: How is it?

KITZEL: It tastes ^{delicious.} ~~fine.~~

AL: It looks pretty hot to me -- Are you sure it isn't too hot?

KITZEL: Too hot - don't be a sissy. Put your foot in and you can tell right away.

AL: O.K. Here goes my foot.

SOUND: SIZZLING STEAM BUT GOOD

AL: (YELLS) OHHHHHHHHHH. Listen Kitzel, that's not only too hot but I stepped on something sharp down in there.

KITZEL: Oh I forgot to tell you I'm also boiling a lobster.

AL: Well this bath might make me sleep so I may as well get in and get it over with.

KITZEL: (LAUGHS) Oh my goodness.

AL: What's the matter?

KITZEL: Such an outfit you're wearing to get in a bathtub.

AL: Never mind - you may not know it but a bathtub is a dangerous place.

KITZEL: Yes - but don't you think you're overdoing it with two pair of water wings?

SOUND: SHORT SPLASH

AL: Well there, I'm in anyway. Kitzel take that wire brush and scrub my back.

KITZEL: I can't.

AL: Why not?

KITZEL: I'm afraid I might tear your underwear.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

AL: Good grief - every time I get in the tub it's either the telephone or somebody at the door.

KITZEL: Yeah - it's a good thing you don't take a bath every week.

AL: I'll answer it just as soon as I get this towel around me.

SOUND: SHORT SPLASH AND DOOR OPEN

AL: Oh, it's a little boy.

MEL: (WAILS) Boo hoo - I'm losted - I'm losted.

AL: Now now, calm down, Sonny. You've got on a Boy Scout's Uniform and Boy Scouts are never supposed to get losted.

MEL: I know - but I was with the Skunk Patrol and the wind changed - Boo Hoo I'm losted.

SOUND: DOOR SHUT

AL: I've never had so many disturbances in my life - Now wait a minute Kitzel - what are you doing in the bath tub?

KITZEL: I'm holding your place for you.

AL: Look I appreciate all that you're doing but I'm going to skip the bath, I'm going to bed now so will you just go away quietly?

KITZEL: O.K. I'll sneak right out. (FADES) I will tip toe thru the Tulips, I will Tip toes like a little mousie ----

AL: I think those sleeping pills are beginning to take a hold. I feel a slight drowsiness. I'll lie down here on the bed - (YAWNS) Oh boy now if I can just get forty winks - I know what I'll do, I'll get some nice soft music on the radio -

SOUND: RADIO CLICK

AL: Why didn't I think of this before?

SARA: (VERY SOOTHINGLY) Hello everybody - This is your lady from
Lullaby Lane -

AL: (RELAXED) Oh this is what I needed.

SARA: Are you troubled with not being able to sleep at night?
-- Then just relax and forget your cares because this is the
Slumber Hour. (POETICALLY) Sleep, little one, sleeeep.

AL: (REALLY CARRIED AWAY) Ohhhhhhh.

SARA: If you need rest little weary traveller why don't you try
Sleepitoff tablets? - Sleepitoff tablets are just what you
need to make your cares fade away while you dream --

AL: (MOANS APPROVINGLY) Ohhhhhhh....

SARA: DREAM ----

AL: Ohhhhh.

SARA: Dreeeeaaaaammmmmm.

MEL &
JOE: (IN HARMONY TO TUNE OF LITTLE BROWN JUG BUT LOUD)
Sleepitoff tablets they are grand, make you sleep to
beat the band
Twenty-five cents, It's the only brand --

ORK: (TROMBONES AND TRUMPETS ONLY ON BIG BUT LOUD SLUR)
(TERRIFIC DRUM CRASH ON END)

AL: Well, I'm going to try to sleep again - Just as soon as I climb down off of this hall tree. - Well here goes two more sleeping pills - There, now to stretch out on this bed - Oh boy does this feel good - Gee I can just feel that drowsiness coming on.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

AL: (CALLS) Go away, go away. What do you want anyway?

MEL: (TURKEY VOICE) Taxi - Your Taxi is here.

AL: Will you please go away? I didn't order a taxi.

MEL: (FADING) You didn't eh?...I can't understand it...I can't understand it.

AL: Well I got rid of him. Oh boy I'm going to put that pillow right in the back of my head.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

JOE: (TWISTED) (AS TWERP) Dee da yoo how - Dough de ya hoo - How do you do. I'm a friend of Mr. Gilsprays and he sent me over to read you to sleep.

AL: That's very kind of Mr. Gilspray but --

JOE: It's no trouble at all, I brought a book right with me and I'm going to read you the story of Peter Rabbit, just lie back and relax, and you'll see how swell it works. Once upon a time there was a little Bunny named Peter Rabbit (STRAIGHT) Peter Rabbit with his little Pink eyes.

AL: Look, I don't really.

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JOE: "What a dandy little fellow everybody liked (STRAIGHT)
Peter Rabbit with his little pink eyes.

AL: Well maybe I can go to sleep in spite of this. If nothing
else interrupts me I'll be O.K.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

AL: Ye gods (CALLS) Yes, what is it?

MEL: (TURKEY VOICE) I just wanted to tell you that it was the
woman next door who wanted that taxi.

AL: (ANGRY) Now listen here you. Get away from that door and
don't bother me again. If you do I'll come out there and
make you plenty sorry.

MEL: Oh I don't know about that. You don't sound so tough to
me.

AL: I don't eh? What do I sound like.

JOE: (STRAIGHT) Peter Rabbit with his little pink eyes.

AL: Look neighbor, read just a little more quietly will you?
I'm getting so sleepy now that I know nothing else can keep
me awake.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MEL: (GILSPRAY) Look Mr. Pearce, look Mr. Pearce. I got just
what it takes to put you to sleep. Look what I brought with
me. (HOLDEN) (MAKES WITH HAWAIIAN TALK)

AL: Good gosh - what is that?

MEL: This is a genuine Hawaiian. He can sing you a real Hawaiian chant to put you to sleep. Go ahead Mahkalooke chant for Mr. Pearce.

HOLDEN: (MAKES WITH HAWAIIAN GIBBERISH TILL STOPPED)

AL: Wait a minute - wait a minute. Where did you get this character?

MEL: Mr. Pearce, he's right from the islands.

AL: Why do his eyes keep going around in circles like that?

MEL: He got that way from watching girls doing the Hula dance.

HOLDEN: (ABOUT THREE WORDS GIBBERISH)

MEL: You know where he comes from the women wear those long grass skirts.

AL: Why is he smiling like that?

MEL: He saw a lawn mower today for the first time.

HOLDEN: (MAKES WITH EXCITED NOISES)

MEL: Go ahead Mahkalooke, make with that chant that puts everybody to sleep.

HOLDEN: (DOES CHANT TO BE EXPLAINED LATER) (WITH HUGHE HAWAIIAN GRUNT EVERY TWO BARS)

AL: What does that mean?

MEL: I'll ask him. Makalloki Snickaa maka wakee.

HOLDEN: (TWO QUICK WORDS)

MEL: He says he needs some bicarbonate of soda.

AL: Get out of here Gilspray, I was getting drowsy and now I'm wide awake again.

MEL: I'm sorry, Mr. Pearce, but I know the one way that you can really get to sleep. I'm going to go out and bring you back a hypnotist.

AL: A hypnotist?

MEL: Sure, I'll pay for it myself, and I'll guarantee that this hypnotist will really put you to sleep - Come on Mahkalookie.

HOLDEN: (FADING MAKES WITH HAWAIIAN NOISES)

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

AL: Well at last I'm alone. That guy that was supposed to read to me has read himself to sleep. Maybe I took too many of those pills, everything is getting dark - Oooh-oooh now for some real sleep (STARTS SNORING) (SNORES GROW IN VOLUME AND CONTINUE FOR ABOUT FIVE TO ESTABLISH REAL SLEEP)

SOUND: (DOOR BURSTS OPEN)

MEL: Mr. Pearce, Mr. Pearce get up immediately. Get up this very second, this is important.

AL: (SNORES)

MEL: I'll have to shake him. Come on get up, get up, Boy what a sound sleeper. Mr. Pearce wake up.

AL: (ONE SNORE AND WAKES UP EXCITED) Good gosh Gilspray, why are you beating me over the head, you woke me up. Is it important?

MEL: Important? I should say it is - I got that hypnotist here to put you to sleep.

AL: That's all brother.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: BUMPER "FAREWELL BLUES"

~~AL: (DOES FINAL GOOD BYE FOR SEASON INCLUDING CREDITS ETC. AT THE END OF WHICH HE YAWNS SAYS EXCUSE ME FOLKS, I'M GOING TO TURN OVER NOW AND GO BACK TO SLEEP. WAKE ME UP AGAIN ABOUT SIX, AROUND WELL LET'S SAY NEXT OCTOBER)~~

MUSIC PLAYOFF

AL: Well, friends, you have heard Lou Bring playing a portion of "The Farewell Blues" and this is farewell for the season, as you know everyone else is taking their vacations and we're going to start ours immediately. I want to thank the makers of Camels for a wonderful series, as they have sure been nice to the entire gang - so wherever you go in the future, think of Camels, and the swell way they have treated us. I want to thank our writers, Marvin Fisher and Stan Davis, for the swell scripts they have given us, and Lou Bring and his orchestra and the entire cast. You can have continued fun each Thursday at this same time, because that clever fellow, Bob Hawk, takes our place beginning next Thursday night. Now if you'll excuse me I'm going to turn over and go back to sleep, and - Wen, come over here, will you please?

WEN: Yes, what is it, Al?

AL: Will you wake me up again, say along about October?

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(FOLLOWING MUSIC)

NILES: Maybe you'd like to hear about a club some fellows have been forming. When they go on a membership drive it sounds like this -

SOUND: (CLOMP. CLOMP, CLOMP OF HOBNAILED BOOTS)

NILES: Or like this -

SOUND: (SHARP CRACK OF A WHIP, GROAN)

NILES: They've got lots of insignias - the welt of a whip lash, a bullet hole, a furtive look over a shoulder, a starved child. They've got a password, too.

VOICE: (GUTTERAL) Heil Hitler!

NILES: And they're dead set against another club that's being founded across the ocean, in what they call a "decadent democracy." Because they know that the object of this club is to harness ten percent of the private income of the world's richest nation to war against them. They don't want you to join - to put ten percent of your income into war stamps and bonds, and they don't like the way millions of Americans have said -

VOICE: Maybe I can't afford ten percent - but I'm going to!

(Commercial continued)

PEARCE: Hear that? Is that you? You can join the ten percent club by having ten percent taken out of your pay, where you work - or by taking every tenth dollar down to the bank, post-office, or savings and loan association. You'll get government-safe, interest-bearing war bonds in return. Join up, folks! Wear the ten percent club button - put the sticker in your window! Get your friends to join!

MUSIC: THEME: "ELMER'S TUNE"

NILES: (FROM BOOTH) Tune in at this same time next Thursday night to hear Bob Hawk and his Quiz Show "How'm I Doin'". Don't forget - at this same time and over this same station Camel Cigarettes bring you Bob Hawk with the newest in Quiz shows - "How'm I Doin'":

"Here's some special news about the Camel Caravans. This week Bob Hawk in person joins the southern Camel Caravan for special performances in Syracuse, New York tonight and Buffalo, New York Saturday night. Other Camel Caravans will visit the Oregon Naval section base and Fort Story, Virginia during the rest of this week".

Go on, bite into your pipe as much as you want -- but when it bites you back - well, then it's time to switch to Prince Albert - because P.A.'s no-bite treated for smoking comfort. Crimp cut, too, for easy packing and even burning -- and it has the mildest, richest taste you ever tried! Around fifty pipefuls in every handy pocket can of P.A., too! Get a can of Prince Albert tonight! You'll see why men call it the National Joy Smoke!

Wendell Niles speaking.

This program came to you from Hollywood.

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