

As Broadcast

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1940
1118

3:30 - 4:00 P.M.
6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

ELMER: (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!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

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

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

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

And now the makers of Camel Cigarettes, bring you Al Pearce from Hollywood!

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

AL: Good evening all! Well, last week we presented our version of "Rebecca," featuring Elmer Blurt, and it was a great success! The part I liked best was the scarey part, where the ghost came in and said, "Boo!"

CARL: That wasn't a ghost -- it was the audience that said, "Boo!"

AL: Carl, you're just jealous because we left you out of the play! Everybody else liked it. Where is Raymond Radcliffe!

RAYMOND: Greetings, Mr. Pearce....

AL: How did you like our play last week, Raymond?

RAYMOND: Well, Mr. Pearce, my wife said it would have been a whole lot better if I had been in it! When she gets a-hold of you she's going to tell you a thing or two!

AL: Oh yeah! Well you listen to me, Raymond! I'm running this show and she's not going to tell me anything.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

AL: Hello!

MARGARET: Mr. Pearce, this is Mrs. Radcliffe speaking.

AL: Now look here, Mrs. Radcliffe...

SOUND: DICK LANE FAST TALKING...QUICKER AND HIGHER PITCH

AL: Yes -- yes -- yes -- yes, yes -- yes, yes, yes. Goodbye --
(HOOK).

RAYMOND: (SILLY LAUGH) See what I mean! I know my wife. I've
been married to her for thirty years!

AL: Raymond, out of the millions of lovely, quiet women in the
world, how did you manage to find a chatter box like that?

RAYMOND: Mister Pearce -- IT WASN'T EASY!

AL: Well, to begin with, Raymond -- I didn't promise you a
part in last week's play. It was Dick Lane who promised
you!

DICK: (FADING IN) Did somebody mention my name!

AL: Yes, Dick -- I did. Raymond's wife is raising Ned because
he wasn't in our play last week. You've got to do
something about it!

DICK: Okay, Al. I think I could get Raymond a part in a
cowboy picture! Raymond -- how would you like to be
a cowboy?

RAYMOND: What will I have to do?

DICK: Well, just gather around here and I'll tell you the story. Now in this picture, Raymond, you're supposed to be the Sheriff and you're sitting in the Red Dog Cafe eating your breakfast of ham and eggs!

RAYMOND: Why can't I have oatmeal?

DICK: I said you're eating ham and eggs! You're the Sheriff -- and you're a man who is always ready for anything!

RAYMOND: I'm ready for oatmeal!

DICK: Forget the oatmeal. As the Sheriff you know that for several weeks the Indians have been on the warpath -- they're mad at the white people for taking their land!

RAYMOND: I don't know why I can't have oatmeal!

DICK: The Indians have been sweeping across the country -- terrifying the people, burning down the houses and scalping the poor helpless settlers right and left --

RAYMOND: My mother always let me have oatmeal!

DICK: Will you forget that stuff! There you are -- the Sheriff -- sitting in the restaurant when suddenly a man rushes in to you and yells --

RAYMOND: Here's your oatmeal!

DICK: Yes -- No, no. He yells: COME QUICK, SHERIFF! THE INDIANS HAVE CAPTURED -- the fairest daughter of our town, Miss Tillie Tumbleweed! Quickly you jump to your feet -- grab your hat and run out the door!

RAYMOND: (GIGGLES) Don't I look silly?

DICK: What do you mean?

RAYMOND: I took the wrong hat! I gotta go back --

DICK: You can't go back -- you run to the hitching rack and -- with a leap you land securely in the saddle -- your face is stern -- your grip is sure -- your clutch is firm....

RAYMOND: How's my transmission?

DICK: Then you begin your mad ride across the prairie -- you ride and ride for hours on end!

RAYMOND: How else could I ride!

DICK: Finally you discover the Indian's Camp -- you crawl on your hands and knees through the bushes until you come upon Miss Tumbleweed. She is bound to a tree -- every muscle a-quiver.

RAYMOND: She's muscle-bound!

DICK: You try to attract her attention -- you call to her in a low voice.

RAYMOND: Hy'a Toots -- have you got any oatmeal!

DICK: No -- No -- you dope. Now you've given yourself away. Two Indian bucks come running toward you. You hold up your hands!

RAYMOND: For the two bucks?

DICK: No -- no -- Miss Tumbleweed yells: "My hero -- save me."
So you turn to the Indians and say -- "Let this girl go -- and kill me instead!"

RAYMOND: I say "Kill me instead"?

DICK: Why certainly -- you're a brave man!

RAYMOND: I'm not brave -- I'm crazy!

DICK: Then as they lead you away to torture you -- a sign
flashes on the screen -- "CONTINUED NEXT WEEK"

RAYMOND: CONTINUED NEXT WEEK???

DICK: Of course -- this is a serial!

AL: Why Raymond -- I think that's wonderful. I love serials!

RAYMOND: You do, Mister Pearce?

AL: Yes.

RAYMOND: Then come on. You can buy me a bowl of oatmeal!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

(APPLAUSE)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -8-
7/19/40

AL: Friends, we feel that in every city there are potentially great stars singing on local stations that if given a chance to go coast to coast, would actually become great stars. So from time to time we are inviting guests to come to Hollywood to make their first coast to coast commercial broadcast. Tonight we have with us, from station KFAB in Lincoln, Nebraska, a very promising young tenor -- Bob Bellamy. We hope you all like him. Here he is, and good luck, Bob.

ORCHESTRA AND BOB BELLAMY

"DEVIL MAY CARE"

51459 0631

WENDELL: On these warm summer nights throughout the country, you will find young love in bloom. On many front porches you will hear this conversation between some love-struck couple.

BRAYTON: Oh, John, isn't the moon lovely tonight?

TOMMY: Not half as lovely as you are, darling.

DICK: MARY! Will you please come in the house? It's after eleven o'clock.

TOMMY: Won't it be swell when we are married and won't have to worry about the time, or anything, and have our little place?

BRAYTON: Then Father won't be able to call me as soon as it gets dark.

DICK: M A R Y!!! I said for you to come into the house!

BRAYTON: All right, Father, John will leave in a second. He just wants to finish his cigarette.

DICK: Finish his cigarette! He's smoking those slow-burning Camels. He will be out there all night!

(FIRST COMMERCIAL CONTINUED)

WENDELL:

Yes, and every Camel smoker knows that the "extras" in smoking pleasure and value go with slower-burning. Those "extras" in slower-burning Camels click with smokers everywhere. You see, Camels are a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. And naturally when you have such a combination of costlier tobaccos plus Camel's unique way of burning, you enjoy extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor, and extra smoking, too, per cigarette per pack. Next time you buy cigarettes, get slower-burning Camels, the cigarette that gives you the "extras."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

ORCHESTRA: (ELMER INTRODUCTION)

WENDELL: (ON CUCKOO) The Cuckoo means Elmer Blurt!
This week we find Elmer, --

KITZEL: Hi Yi Rancho Grande, I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy --

AL: Just a minute, Mr. Kitzel, what's the idea of walking
in here now, it's time for Elmer Blurt!

KITZEL: Step aside, Mr. Pearce, it's time for family business.
Come right down the aisle here Aunt Minnie, there's a
seat in the second row. Uncle Herman you take that seat
on the aisle. What's the matter with it? No gum under
it? Take it anyway. Now where can we put my nephew,
little Stanley.

AL: Mr. Kitzel, what do you think you're doing? Don't you
realize we're in the middle of a broadcast?

KITZEL: Of course I realize it? Why do you think I brought all
my relatives here today! My oh my, what a stupid man!
Now little Stanley, just crawl into that third seat in
the middle aisle.

AL: Mr. Kitzel!

KITZEL: That's it Stanley, crawl under his legs! Just a second
Stanley, what's that you got? Give it back to the man,
it's his garter!

AL: Mr. Kitzel, this has got to stop. You're breaking all the rules of show business.

KITZEL: Look who's talking about show business! My little man, I'll have you know that my Aunt Minnie, my Uncle Herman, little Stanley, my whole family was in show business for years -- 'til we finally got sinus trouble.

AL: Sinus trouble?

KITZEL: Yes, nobody would sinus!
Oh, my family, what a fine bunch of actors! Aunt Minnie, Uncle Herman, little Stanley! Come on up here on the stage and show Mr. Pearce how you can act!

AL: Well, Mr. Kitzel, now that you're bringing your relatives up here on the stage, what are they going to do?

KITZEL: Well, first is my brother-in-law, ^{Arnold}Irving, the dog trainer!
Irving, show Mr. Pearce what you can do with a dog!

DICK: (DIALECT) Roll over, Fido! Sit up, Fido! Do a back
flip-flop, Fido! Now jump through the hoop! That's a
good doggie!

KITZEL: Isn't that marvelous?

AL: What do you mean, marvelous? Where's the dog?

KITZEL: Oh, he can't do it with a dog yet! And Mr. Pearce, next
I want you to meet my Uncle Herman! He's a singer and
he's got a voice just like Nelson Eddy but with a new
twist!

AL: Like Nelson Eddy but with a new twist?

KITZEL: Yes, a sort of a half Nelson! Uncle Herman, what song do
you want to sing, tonight?

JIM: I'd like to sing (SNEEZE) "There Goes My Heart!" (SNEEZE)

KITZEL: There goes my hat! Maybe with that bad cold, you'd better do a recitation. How about your poem Gunga Din?

JIM: Okay!

(GUNGA DIN BIT...THIRTY SECONDS)

AL: Well, Mr. Kitzel, I've heard enough of your family. And as for you, Kitzel, you're fired!

KITZEL: Now don't be so uppity-puppity...you mean I'm fired?... fired...like get out!?

AL: Yes, you're fired -- like in get out!

DICK: Look here, Mr. Pearce, you can't fire my brother-in-law! I've got a family to support! Where are you going to find another man like him?

KITZEL: That's right! Where are you going to get another actor like me? Do you think funny men grow on trees. Do you realize I am the Camel of Comedians -- five extra laughs per broadcast? Do you think for one minute that you could replace me overnight?

AL: Yes, Mr. Kitzel -- I can replace you overnight!

KITZEL: Did you hear that, ^{Arnold.} ~~Irving~~ -- he thinks he can replace me overnight!

DICK: Yeh -- he thinks he can replace you overnight!

KITZEL AND
DICK TOGETHER: -- Mmmmmmyeah -- COULD BE!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER...APPLAUSE)

51459 0637

AL: You will remember that last week we welcomed back into our fold, one of the greatest vocal groups on the air, and we feel they fit right into our program, too, because Camels offer a matchless blend of tobaccos in their cigarettes and certainly this quartet offers a matchless blend in their harmony. I'd like you to meet Helen Carroll, Ted -- Judd and Joe MacMichael -- the Merry Macs.

ORCHESTRA AND MERRY MACS:

"CECILIA"

51459 0638

(SECOND COMMERCIAL)

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL SKYROCKET...FADE TO WENDELL)

WENDELL: Friends, here's an important item about the smokers who are changing to Camel Cigarettes. Many of these smokers made the change to get the extra mildness and coolness, and the extra flavor of Camel's slow-burning, costlier tobaccos. And after making the change, they discovered another extra in Camels -- extra smoking per cigarette per pack. Here's the explanation of that extra smoking --

MAN'S VOICE: 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.

WENDELL: And that slower burning means that Camels not only smoke milder and cooler -- but means, too, that Camels give a smoking plus equal, on the average, to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. And believe me, that extra smoking can be especially important today!

MAN'S VOICE: Camels are the cigarette that gives you the "extras."

WENDELL: Camels are America's favorite cigarette.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

ORCHESTRA: (ELMER INTRODUCTION)

WENDELL: (ON CUCKOO) The cuckoo brings you Elmer Blurt, America's great low-pressure salesman! In the heat of the summer we find Elmer selling Ice Cream bars for the Ajax ice cream Company. Dick Lane, the sales manager, is giving the boys a pep talk on the street corner:

DICK: Salesmen of the Ajax Ice Cream Company! I have a grand surprise for you. One of our salesmen, Elmer Blurt, has thought up a peachie name for our new ice cream bar. Mr. Blurt has called it: The Icky-Goo bar! Elmer, tell us how you happened to think up such a wonderful name for our ice cream as Icky-Goo!

ELMER: Well, Mr. Lane, I was sittin' on the beach, in the hot sun, with one of our ice cream bars in my hand, and all of a sudden the solution came over me!

DICK: Now men, let's go out and really sell these bars. But before we start, let's all sing our Ajax Pep song!

(PITCH PIPE)

CHORUS: Ajax Icky-Goo Ice Cream Bar
Brings refreshment to your door.

ELMER: If you're hot and sticky too
Eat a bar of Icky-Goo

CHORUS: That's why Ajax was born --

ELMER: Shoot the sherbert to me, Herbert --

CHORUS: I-C-K-Y GOO! Yeah!

DICK: All right now, before we start out, let's test the horns on our wagons! Every Ajax man is known by the horn on his wagon! Smith, let's hear yours.

SOUND: MUSICAL HORNS IN SEQUENCE

DICK: That's fine! Jones, let's hear yours.

SOUND: MUSICAL HORNS IN SEQUENCE"

DICK: Splendid! Blurt, let's hear your horn!

SOUND: SAME AUTO HORN AS ABOVE, EXCEPT THE FINAL NOTE ENDS
ON A RASPING SOUND

DICK: Blurt, what's wrong with your horn?

ELMER: I'm featuring raspberry today!

DICK: All right, men, spread out and take your regular territories. I'm going down this street with Blurt to see how many sales we can make. Try that house there, I'll take care of the wagon.

ELMER: Okay, Mr. Lane. (SINGS) Ajax Icky-Goo Ice Cream bar --
(KNOCKS) 'Fraid they's nobody tuh home, here, I hope,
I hope, I hope!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ELMER: How 'ja do, Lady --

MARGARET: Leave two quarts of milk and I'll meet you in front of
the drug store Monday night.

ELMER: (LAUGHS) But I ain't the milk man!

MARGARET: Then you'd better make it Tuesday night!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Gosh, sometimes I wish I wasn't so pretty!

DICK: Come on, Elmer, let's get goin'. Give me a hand with
this push-cart! (YELLS) What do you do when your
mother licks you!

ELMER: (YELLS) Ice cream! Ice-scream!

SOUND: MUSICAL AUTO HORN ENDING IN RASPBERRY

BILL: (YELLS FROM OFF MIKE) Hey! Ice cream man! Bring me up
a plain vanilla bar! I'm up here on the third floor!

ELMER: Okay, I'll run right up with it!

DICK: Better take it easy, you ran up those last steps. It's pretty hot to run again!

ELMER: President Roosevelt don't think so!...Lemme see, the man said he was on the third floor. Oh gosh, well, here goes!

SOUND: WALKING UP STEPS

ELMER: (SINGS IN RHYTHM WITH WALKING)
IF YOU WANT TO BE A CUTIE
FILL YOUR PUSS WITH TUTTI-FRUITI
THAT'S WHY AJAX WAS BORN!

SOUND: KNOCKS...DOOR OPENS

BILL: Well, you finally got here!

ELMER: Yeah, yeah, sure, sure! Here's your ice cream!

BILL: Wait a minute, I ordered a plain vanilla bar -- look at this -- it's half nuts.

ELMER: Yeah, aren't we all!

BILL: You go down and get me a plain vanilla! (CALLS) Do you want one, Hortense?

MARGARET: No dear, no ice cream for me!

ELMER: Well, I'll be right back!...Gosh, there's a swell bannister to slide down. I'm gonna have some fun. Look out below, here I come!

SOUND: LONG SLIDE WHISTLE...FOLLOWED BY CRASH...ALSO PREVIOUS HORN

DICK: Elmer, you fool! You knocked over the ice cream wagon and kicked me in the head! You scattered our stock all over the street. Our ice cream bars are all smashed.

ELMER: Oh goody, goody -- now we can eat 'em!

BILL: (YELLS FROM OFF MIKE) Hey, ice cream man, will you hurry up with my vanilla bar!

ELMER: Comin' right up! Oh gosh, three more flights!

SOUND: WALKING UP STAIRS

ELMER: (SINGS IN RHYTHM)
IF YOUR FAT ROLLS UP IN BUNCHES
SPREAD IT OUT WITH PECAN CRUNCHES
THAT'S WHY AJAX WAS BORN!

SOUND: KNOCKS...DOOR OPENS

BILL: Well, it's about time! For Pete's sakes, I told you twice I wanted a plain vanilla bar! This is a chocolate bar!

ELMER: No it ain't, it's plain vanilla!

BILL: I'm looking right at it and I say that the bar is coated with chocolate!

ELMER: If you'll look again, you'll find that that chocolate ain't chocolate --

BILL: What is it?

ELMER: It's dirt!

BILL: Oh, I'll wash it off in the sink. Here's your nickel!
(CALLS) Hortense, are you sure you don't want a bar?

MARGARET: No, I don't want any ice cream!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Oh boy, oh golly, there's that swell looking bannister again! Here I go! Wheeeee!

SOUND: LONG SLIDE WHISTLE...FOLLOWED BY CRASH AND PREVIOUS AUTO HORN

DICK: Elmer, you dope! You knocked the wagon over again -- that's twice now that you've nearly killed me!

ELMER: Well, all I ask is another chance...I'm sure glad I don't have to walk up all those stairs again!

BILL: (YELLS FROM OFF MIKE) Hey ice cream man! My wife has changed her mind, she wants a pistachio bar!

ELMER: Oh, gosh!

DICK: Go ahead, take her up the bar!

ELMER: Well, Mr. Lane, will you please move the wagon away this time, so when I slide down the bannister again I won't hit yuh!

DICK: All right, Elmer!

SOUND: WALKING UP STAIRS

ELMER: (SINGS)

TO GET THE NUTS IN OUR PISTACHIO
STRAIN 'EM OUT THROUGH YOUR MUSTACHIO
THAT'S WHY AJAX WAS BORN...

SOUND: KNOCKS...DOOR OPENS

ELMER: Here's yer pistachio bar!

MARGARET: Here's your nickel!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Oh golly, there's that swell looking bannister again.
Here's where I get another ride. Oh boy, oh boy --
Whooo!

SOUND: LONG SLIDE WHISTLE...PAUSE...THEN SPLASH

DICK: Elmer, Elmer!

AL: (GLUB, GLUB, GLUB)

DICK: What happened? I moved the wagon!

AL: Yeah, but who moved the man hole cover!

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO NEWSBOY)

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.

AL: That's right, Wendell, and we had an extra thrill on the
show tonight in hearing Bob Bellamy from Lincoln,
Nebraska, which proves the people of Lincoln were right.
We wish Bob good luck as he did a great job. If you good
people out there have any favorites you would like to
hear, why don't you just call the radio station you hear
the act on now and they'll get in touch with us, and who
knows, maybe in a few weeks, your favorite will be an
important feature on our show. That will add to 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)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW
7/19/40

-28-

ANNOUNCER: Pipe-smokers! This is the time of year when you appreciate a cool-burning tobacco more than ever. To assure yourselves of more real smoking joy be sure your pipes are filled with Prince Albert. Prince Albert is cool burning. 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! Prince Albert smokes mild. And it's manufactured under a special "no-bite" process so that the rich, full taste comes through to you without a hint of harshness. Pipe-smokers...you'll find more smoking joy with the National Joy Smoke...Prince Albert. This is Wendell Niles -- speaking!
This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

51459 0649