

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1941
Program No. 43

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 that gives you more flavor -- (MUSIC) --
more mildness -- (MUSIC) -- more coolness, and less
nicotine in the smoke -- (MUSIC) -- 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, from Hollywood -- AL PEARCE and his Gang!

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

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -2-
2/21/41

ad lib
AL: Good evening, all, and welcome to another Camel Carnival!
We are dedicating tonight's program to Washington --
Not George Washington, whose birthday is tomorrow, but to
Seattle, Washington who sent us our guest stars for tonight.
You'll meet them later in the program -- along with the
rest of the gang. But right now -- we're going to hear
from Carl Hoff and His Orchestra. Hoffie, start offie!

ORCHESTRA:

"SONG OF ISLAND"

ad lib

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -3-
2/21/41'

AL: Tonight, I would like to send my greetings and my thanks to the City of Seattle and especially to Mayor John E. Carroll -- for inviting me to be Honorary Mayor of Seattle for the day! Although frankly, I don't know just what a Mayor has to do!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

AL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

DICK: Mister Pearce, it is rumored around town that you don't know what to do as Mayor! Now I'm here to give you a rough idea of just what is expected of you! All you have to do is to sit at your desk and the phone goes ring, ring, ring and the door bell goes buzz, buzz, buzz, and you say, hello, hello, goodbye, goodbye, and people come in and people go out and it's Your Honor this and Your Honor that and you scrape and bow and tip your hat. And the Alderman come in and whisper pssss -- pssss -- pssss and the ladies come in and gab, gab, gab, gab, And say Yes, Your Honor, and Oh, my Your Honor and you keep saying if I'm elected, if I'm elected, and kissing babies right and left, smack, smack, smack and patting the voters on the back, pat, pat, pat. Then the cranks come in and its, crank, crank, crank, Down with the Mayor, Down with the Mayor and the yes men come in and say yes, yes, yes, and the critics come in and say no, no, no, and the papers say Get him, get him, get him, and your secretary brings in the mail and says sign here, sign there, sign, sign, sign everywhere and you finally wind up with sinus trouble and that's all there is.

(APPLAUSE)

DICK: There you are, Mister Pearce, That's what it means to be Mayor for a day!

AL: It sounds like a night-mare!

DICK: Now, Your Honor, if you'll just sit down at this desk -- that's it -- put your feet up there. Now get ready to enjoy the life of a Mayor. There's nothing to it.

AL: Say -- this is the life for me. Nothing to it -- this is a cinch!

SOUND: DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING

MEL: Telegram for the Mayor! (VERY FAST)

DICK: I'll take it!

MEL: (VERY FAST) Any answer?

DICK: Yes.

MEL: What is it?

DICK: No!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

DICK: You see, Mister Pearce -- The Mayor has to think fast and act fast.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

THE AL PEARCE SHOW 5-A
2/21/41

DICK: Get that phone!

AL: Think fast and act fast! Hello -- Mayor Pearce speaking.

WENDELL: Hello -- this is the taxpayer's league! What time do you get to work in the morning? What do you eat for lunch? How much do you pay your secretary and THERE'S NO SWIMMING POOL IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD!

AL: I'm in at six. I eat cake. Twenty-five bucks and GO JUMP IN THE LAKE!

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

DICK: Nice going, Your Honor!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND SLAMS LOUDLY

MEL: (ITALIAN DIALECT) Mistera Mayor -- I demand that you do away with the riveting machines that they are using on the new building next to my house!

AL: Do away with the riveting machines? Who are you?

MEL: I am Senor Basso Garglini -- the great operatic tenor.
Those-a rivet machines are affecta my-a voice!

AL: Don't be silly. How could a riveting machine affect your
voice?

MEL: Listen to-a this...(SINGS LIKE SHEEP) Vesta la Guba!

SOUND: PHONE RINGING

~~AL: Hello -- Mayor Pearce speaking!~~

~~MEL: Mr. Mayor -- this is the Shipyards. You were to come down
here this afternoon and christen a new boat! You're a
little late!~~

~~AL: I'll be right down!~~

~~MEL: When you come -- bring down another bottle of champagne.
(LOUD HICCUP)~~

SOUND: ANOTHER PHONE RINGS

AL: Hello.

WENDELL: Your Honor, this is the City Zoo -- now about those new
cages ---

SOUND: ANOTHER PHONE RINGS

AL: Just a minute. There's somebody on the other phone!
Hello!

WOMAN: Hello, Your Honor. This is Mrs. Snipe of the Ladies Aid.
You're supposed to give a talk here today!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

AL: (VERY MAD) Just a minute! Isn't there any help around
here! HOLD EVERYTHING! I can't talk to Mrs. Snipe and
the Zoo at the same time. Where's my secretary!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

RAYMOND: Gweetings, Your Honor!

AL: Here, Secretary -- you take this phone and talk to
Mrs. Snipe!

RAYMOND: Okay, Mr. Pearwuss!

AL: I've got the City Zoo on the other line. Hello, City Zoo -

RAYMOND: Hewwo, Mrs. Snipe. Yes, the Mayor is going to talk to
your cwub today!

AL: I'm anxious to see those wildcats!

RAYMOND: He says he's anxious to see you wildcats!

AL: No-no, Raymond. Tell the ladies I'll be there for lunch!
Now -- how about those wildcats -- are you still serving
them horsemeat.

RAYMOND: The mayor will be there for lunch. Are you cats still
serving horsemeat?

AL: No-no -- Horsemeat at the Zoo!

RAYMOND: No -- he said he's having horsemeat at the Zoo! Who is the guest? Mrs. Throckmorton?

AL: Is that the elephant with the big trunk?

RAYMOND: Yes, he knows her. That's the elephant with the big trunk. Wait a minute! Mrs. Snipe is getting mad!

AL: The big baboon ought to be moved into another cage.

RAYMOND: He said you ought to be moved into another cage! Mister Pearwuss, she said you're one of the cwaziest people she's ever met.

AL: I'm talking about monkeys!

RAYMOND: He says, "Monkeys are the cwaziest people."

AL: Will you hang up and shut up!

RAYMOND: Hang up and shut up!

SOUND: PHONES UP

AL: For heaven's sake, Raymond, how did you ever get the job as my secretary?

RAYMOND: Mister Pearwuss -- it wasn't EASY!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)-

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

WENDELL: (CONVERSATIONALLY) Have you ever visited Herman's Hacienda in the Pines? It's a delightful little place up there on the side of Kipper Mountain. There's a waterfall nearly as blue as the sky itself. And from Herman's kitchen you can always get a whiff of the evening's succulent meal. And, generally speaking, if you should perchance visit this Hacienda in the Pines, you'd find Herman's two waitresses -- generally speaking!

FIRST GIRL: (BRENDA AND COBINA TYPE) Dorothy!

SECOND GIRL: What is it, Clare?

FIRST GIRL: Listen to that woman over there swallowing her soup.

SECOND GIRL: Yeah, those swallows sound as if they were in a hurry to get to Capistrano.

FIRST GIRL: Say, Dorothy -- that guy over at table two is calling you.

SECOND GIRL: What is it, sir?

MAN: Oh, waitress, would it be possible to change this Swiss cheese sandwich to American cheese?

SECOND GIRL: Sure! (YELLING) Hey, Herman -- naturalize this Swiss!

FIRST GIRL: Oh, look, Dorothy -- here comes Henry to fill the cigarette machine.

SECOND GIRL: I ain't talking to him, Clare. He told me I had a voice like a bird.

FIRST GIRL: What kind of a bird?

SECOND GIRL: A crow! Go on, Clare -- you talk to him -- tell him to fill the cigarette machine, and tell him to fill three slots instead of two with Camels.

FIRST GIRL: Gee, that's right. So many more folks are buying Camels -- wonder what's going on?

WENDELL: I'll tell you what's going on! Science has just confirmed another big advantage in the slower-burning cigarette -- Camel!

VOICE: Independent scientific tests of five of the largest-selling cigarettes show that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the other brands tested -- less than any of them.

WENDELL: Yes -- there's less nicotine in the smoke of Camels, and there's extra mildness, extra coolness and extra flavor, too. So, join millions of other Americans in smoking their favorite cigarette -- Camel. Dealers everywhere feature Camels by the carton. For convenience and economy -- get your Camels by the carton!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

ad lib

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -11-
2/21/41

AL: Friends, tonight we bring you, musically, something different in the way of a vocal group -- three boys and three girls, who, I feel, are exceedingly clever, especially when it comes to making their own arrangements of an old favorite like "Bicycle Built for Two." Take it away, kids --

ORCHESTRA AND SEXTETTE:

"BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO"

WENDELL: Well, even though Spring is still several weeks away, the sap is already beginning to appear -- and so, we find Elmer Blurt, our super, low-pressure salesman going from house-to-house selling his latest concoction -- Blurt's Moth Spray guaranteed to put the moths out of business!

SOUND: ELMER'S KNOCK

ELMER: Oh, golly -- I hope I can sell my moth spray to some lady today -- I hope, I hope, I hope!

SOUND: DOOR OPENING

ELMER: How ja do, lady -- for only three cents, I ---

GIRL: (GIGGLES TO BEAT HELL)

ELMER: Uh, I said -- For only three cents, I ---

GIRL: (REPEATS GIGGLE)

ELMER: Well, I can see there's no use talkin' cents to you. Lady -- I'm selling moth spray -- do you have any moths in your house?

GIRL: My name is Mrs. Newbride. We just got married and moved into this new house. Are people supposed to have moths!

ELMER: Oh, sure. All your neighbors have moths!

GIRL: Well, if they can have them I suppose we should have them, too. I'll take a half a dozen.

ELMER: (GULPS) Oh, golly -- I sure like to do business with a nice intelligent young thing like you. I'll deliver the moths tomorrow, Mrs. Newbride.

GIRL: I do hope I'm doing the right thing. I wouldn't want to do anything that would cause any breeches between me and my husband.

ELMER: Don't worry, lady, just give these moths two days and there won't be any breeches left in the house!

GIRL: Oh, thank you very much -- and good day to you!

ELMER: Good day, Mrs. Newbride!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

ELMER: Oh, golly -- I hope her husband is as nice as she is. I wouldn't want to get a black eye in this neighborhood! Well, I still haven't sold my moth spray. I'll try this next house!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

ELMER: How ja do, Mister.

MEL: (OLD CODGER) Eh???????

ELMER: I'm sellin' Blurt's Moth Spray ---

MEL: Mouth Spray?

ELMER: You don't understand. I'm a Moth-er!

MEL: CONGRATULATIONS!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Gosh -- the things a fella has to go through to be a moth-er! Oh, Goody-good -- look who's house I'm coming to now -- Mr. McTavish.

MEL: (EXCITED) Laddie -- STOP! STOP! Don't come up on the front porch. I just got through painting it!

ELMER: But, Mr. McTavish -- wasn't your house just painted last week!

MEL: Aye, laddie -- but I had to paint it again today. I just gave my wife a nickel for her birthday and it's the only way I can keep her in the house so she won't spend it!

ELMER: Oh, golly -- a nickel for her birthday. You sure got your wife buffaloed! Mr. McTavish -- today I'm selling a Moth Spray -- it puts the moths out of business!

MEL: Oh, I'm sorry, laddie -- I wouldn't want to do anything to disturb our moths. They're a great blessing during the hot summer weather. The flutterin' of their little wings through the house saves me the price of an electric fan! Good day, laddie!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Golly -- I wonder if that's why I'm always cool-headed? People say I've got bats in my belfry! Well, I'd better try one more door -- I haven't even had a chance to explain my service yet!

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK...DOOR OPENS

ELMER: Lady -- could I interest you in my moth spray -- it puts the moths out of business!

LADY: Well, I don't know whether we have any moths or not.

ELMER: Do you mind if I look in your clothes closet?

LADY: No, of course not -- come right in!

ELMER: I'll take a look in this closet right here!

SOUND: DOOR OPENING

MEL: (ZZZZZZZZZZING LOUDLY AS A MOTH)

ELMER: Oh, golly -- there's a hungry moth -- listen to him!

MEL: (ZZZZZZZZZZING AGAIN...STOPS...THEN CLINKING OF BUTTONS INTO A PAN)

LADY: What's the strange noise?

ELMER: He's spitting out the buttons! Now, lady, for only three cents I'll spray your clothes with this little bottle of moth spray. It sure puts the moths out of business!

LADY: Only three cents??? Very well -- here's your money!

ELMER: Thank you, lady! Now watch this stuff do the work!

SOUND: SPRAYING

ELMER: Oh, golly this is fun!

SOUND: SPRAYING

LADY: Just a minute, you idiot! What are you doing to my clothes? It's changing the color! What have you got in that bottle?

ELMER: RED INK!

LADY: Red ink!!!

ELMER: Yup, yup, that's going to put the moths out of business!

LADY: What do you mean?

ELMER: Well, they can't stay in business if they're in the red!

LADY: Oh, you fool -- GET OUT OF HERE!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -17-
2/21/41

AL: Being the honorary mayor of Seattle, it seems only logical that our radio guest artists tonight should be from Seattle. Phil and Mildred Crane need no introduction to radio audiences in the great Pacific northwest, for they are heard regularly over station KIRO in Seattle. These two young honeymooners have lovely voices and we are very happy to introduce them to the network for their first transcontinental broadcast. Come on out, kids, and let's get acquainted.

ORCHESTRA, PHIL AND MILDRED CRANE:

"MERRY WIDOW WALTZ"

ad lib

AL: Wendell -- come here.

WENDELL: Yes, sir.

AL: Have you ever been in Seattle?

WENDELL: (VERY SLOWLY) Have I ever been in Seattle? Why that's where I got my start in Radio.

AL: Wendell, that's very interesting -- but why are you talking so slow?

WENDELL: Well, you see, Al -- I got a slow start.

AL: But you're doing all right now, Wendell -- you don't have to make a career out of talking slowly.

WENDELL: As a matter of fact, Al, that's just what I am doing. You see, my job is to talk about slow -- slower-burning Camels, and I thought if I talked slowly, I would impress folks on the importance of Camel's slower way of burning.

AL: Well, how important is Camel's slower way of burning?
(SOTTO VOCE) As if I didn't know!

WENDELL: (NORMAL) How important? The gentleman asks why! Slower burning for the extra flavor you get in Camels. Slower burning for the extra coolness, the extra mildness. And slower burning that carries with it 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. So next time -- get Camels.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

ad lib

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

AL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

KITZEL: Hi-Yi-O, Rancho Grande, I'm holding out my handy,
How do you do!

(APPLAUSE)

KITZEL: Hello, there, Albert, my boy, old stuff, old thing,
old kid!

AL: Just a moment, Kitzel. Kindly address me as Your Honor!
Look me over! I have just received the key to the
City of Seattle from Mayor Carroll!

KITZEL: Pish-Posh -- look me over. I just received the key to
the stage door from Earl Carroll!

AL: Kitzel, apparently you don't realize the dignity attached
to being the Mayor of a Big City!

KITZEL: Don't be so uppity-puppity! For your information, you
are talking to the former Mayor of the great Western
Metropolis of Sheep Dip Nevada!

CARL: Egads! Kitzel's bragging again!

KITZEL: Just a second! Just a second! Mister Hoff, I don't like
your attitude and I always will. I'll give you just two
seconds to take that back!

CARL: Okay -- I'm not taking it back and the time is up.
What are you going to do?

KITZEL: I'm giving you an extension!

AL: Look, Kitzel -- what did you ever do as Mayor of
Sheep Dip, to make you so brash?

KITZEL: Listen to him -- what did I do! Why in less time than it
takes to tell it -- but as I'm telling it, it will take
a little time...I made a new town out of Sheep Dip.
I cleaned up the town. I cleaned up the City Hall,
I cleaned up the Speak-easy's!

AL: How about gambling?

KITZEL: I cleaned up a little there, too! I took the job for a
dollar a year and then I started the Aldermen System!

AL: What do you mean by the Aldermen System?

KITZEL: I had aldermen pay me five dollars a week! And would you
believe it, Mister Pearce -- I mean, Your Honor -- to
this day, they speak of me as the Fighting Mayor.

AL: They call you the Fighting Mayor?

KITZEL: You said it, my little man. They're trying to get me
back there and I'm fighting it! I'll never forget when
I met the leading gangster -- the town's bad man face to
face on the street. With one hand tied behind my back --
with one hand, mind you -- I beat him into a pulp. He
was a low-down individual -- Public Enemy One-Half!

AL: One half?

KITZEL: Fortunately he was a midget! And I'll never forget the night that me and the Sheriff were asleep in the office. The Sheriff heard a noise and jumped out of bed -- and there was a man's feet sticking out from under the bed!

AL: The burglar's?

KITZEL: No, mine. I heard the burglar, too! So I jumped up and grabbed my trusty forty-three!

AL: Forty-four!

KITZEL: Forty-four he said. -- Who'll make it forty-five? For goodness sake, what am I saying. Pretty soon the air was full of flying bullets.

AL: How in the world did you escape from being shot?

KITZEL: My little man -- when the shooting starts, if the first bullet don't get me -- the rest of them are bound to fall short!

AL: Look, Kitzel -- I don't believe you know the first duties of a Mayor....

KITZEL: Look who's talking! I don't know the first duties of Mayor -- why, I'll have you to know that I've been the head man in such cities as Oshkosh, Pish-Posh, Seattle and Tacoma, Wash. Big Rock, Little Rock, when I get through they're all in hock, Pueblo and Kokomo and Shuffle off to Buffalo, Beloit, Detroit and Terra Hoit, Not to mention, Knoxville, Nashville, and that windy place Chicago, Ill. Monterey, Santa Fo, Yipsalanti, I-O-Iyay! From Birmingham, Alabam, I had to take it on the lam. Benton, Trenton and two years at San Quentin! The old gray mare, he's still what he used to be Many long years ago YEAH!

(APPLAUSE)

AL: Well, all kidding aside -- I want to thank Mayor Carroll of Seattle for appointing me Honorary Mayor and sending me the key to the city. And believe me, I'll use that key when the salmon start running in Puget Sound.

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO AL PEARCE)

AL: Our friends in North Carolina will be interested in knowing that we have invited Russell McIntire, popular vocalist from radio station WSTP, Salisbury -- to be our guest next Friday night.

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 NILES)

WENDELL: It is estimated that the world's most powerful telescope will see so far that the moon will seem only twenty-five miles from the earth but you'll never need a device like that to bring the true joy of smoking right into the bowl of your favorite pipe. Just get Prince Albert for the kind of mildness and delightful taste to make a tongue say "Brother, thank you." Yes, men, it's Prince Albert, the crimp cut and no bite processed brand of world famous fine tobacco that burns cooler. Yes, I do mean the world's largest selling smoking tobacco, Prince Albert.

This is Wendell Niles speaking....

This is the COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.