

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1941
Program No. 44

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)

AL: Good evening, all, and thank you for that marvelous reception. Well, the rains are over in Hollywood and now the wind has started. In other words, in Hollywood you either get a good soaking or it takes your breath away.

SOUND: QUICK DOOR KNOCK...DOOR OPENS

MEL: Telegram.

WENDELL: Here, I'll take it, boy.

SOUND: TELEGRAM OPENING

WENDELL: Oh, oh, Al. You sure let yourself in for it when you became honorary Mayor of Seattle last week. Listen to this wire.

AL: Go ahead and read it.

WENDELL: It's from Salisbury, North Carolina. It says: "Today is Al Pearce Day in Salisbury. You and your gang have the town -- no key needed. Your honorary appointments are as follows: Al Pearce, Mayor; Raymond Radcliffe, President of Chamber of Commerce; Carl Hoff; Fire Chief; Mr. Kitzel, Chief of Police; Elmer Blurt, Sales Manager Radio Station WSTP; Wendell Niles, Editor of Salisbury Post. These appointments are official."

AL: So we're going to run the town of Salisbury tonight.
Well, before we take up our duties of legislation, let's
have some syncopation from Carl Hoff and his Camel
Aggregation!

ORCHESTRA:

"LIZA JANE"

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

AL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

KITZEL: Hi-Yi-O Rancho Grande. The Rain Storm it was Dandy.
Yahoo!

AL: Kitzel -- I have terrific news for you. You have just
been appointed Honorary Police Chief of Salisbury,
North Carolina!

KITZEL: Honorary Police Chief! I don't know what to say!
Words fail me -- this is indeed a high honor and a
distinct privilege. HOW MUCH DOES IT PAY?

AL: Why, Kitzel, it doesn't pay anything. This is an
honorary office. Tonight you are one of the defenders
of the peace -- a minion of the law!

KITZEL: Just as I thought. Minions for defense but not one
cent for Kitzel!.

AL: Kitzel -- get in your Police Department and get to work.
And remember -- Kitzel -- CRIME DOESN'T PAY!

KITZEL: Just because we're working for free -- you don't have to rub it in!

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

AL: Now what! Come in!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

DICK: Good evening, Mayor Pearce. I'm from the Welcoming Committee of Salisbury, North Carolina -- and now, Mayor Pearce, to show you what we think of you -- we're even going to turn over the City's Finances to you! Now here's the cash box. Of course -- you understand if there's any deficit at the end of the day you'll have to make it up! This is going to be fun -- ha ha-ha ha!

AL: I see what you mean. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha.

DICK: Well, good luck, Your Honor!

AL: Oh, wait a minute, now! How about a financial statement? How much cash have I got!

DICK: Why, it's very simple, Your Honor. Just a matter of simple bookkeeping! You see, you enter items here and enter some items here -- this goes under single entry and this is double entry and over here is the family entry and watch out for the entry in the Fourth at Santa Anita. You total up this column and total up that column and you bring down five and push in three and take out four and hang up five and pick up sticks. By proper posting on the Debit side and posting on the Credit side
(CONTINUED)

DICK:
(Cont'd)

you will see how the accounts balance and in what way the balances are brought down, some balances we owe, and some balances we get and the balance due us is on one side and the balance you get is on the other and at the end of the day we'll get together and figure out who did what to who and who gets paid for it and that's all there is.

There you are, Mister Pearce -- just a few hard and fast rules!

AL: Yes, hard to understand and too fast to follow!

DICK: Well, goodbye, Your Honor -- see you later.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

AL: A few hard and fast rules -- bookkeeping, balances -- budgets -- expenses -- taxes...I can't make anything out of these books!..Where's the Treasurer? Oh, Treasurer!

SOUND: BUZZER...DOOR OPEN

RAYMOND: Greetings, your honor.

AL: Come in, Mr. Treasurer, and explain these books. Just what system of bookkeeping do you use?

RAYMOND: Oh, I use the wegular wedger system.

AL: The ledger system? What's that?

RAYMOND: Oh, you just take pen and ink and wedger self go!

AL: Well, these accounts look like it. What in the world do these entries mean...listen..."February seventh -- Frozen assets, fifteen cents; revolving fund, twenty cents."

RAYMOND: Oh, that was the day the carnival was in town.

AL: What's that got to do with it? All I want to know is what do these entries mean -- frozen assets fifteen cents -- revolving fund, twenty cents?

RAYMOND: That's for three popsicles and two wides on the merry-go-round.

AL: Hmmmmn -- I see. Well there's a few other items I want explained. Let's just run through the expense column.

RAYMOND: Okay, February tenth, nine tons of gravel for highway Twenty-One. Sixteen thousand dollars.

AL: Check.

RAYMOND: Two pounds of peanut brittle for Twinkle Toes. Seventy-five cents.

AL: Chec -- wait a minute...peanut brittle for Twinkle Toes?

RAYMOND: Heh heh heh...

AL: Who is Twinkle Toes?'

RAYMOND: Why -- ah -- uh -- that's the horse that belongs to the fire department. You know how horses wove peanut bwittle.

AL: Well, let's continue.

RAYMOND: February fifteenth...installing new twaffic signal at
First and Main...fourteen thousand dollars.

AL: Check.

RAYMOND: February seventeenth...New car for chief of police to
twy out new twaffic signal with...two thousand dollars.

AL: Check.

RAYMOND: February eighteenth...replacing twaffic signal and
another new car for powice chief...sixteen thousand
dollars.

AL: Check.

RAYMOND: Stockings for Twinkle Toes, dollar seventy-nine.

AL: What? Stockings? Now don't tell me that horse wears stockings.

RAYMOND: Only in the wainy season...has woomatism.

AL: Hmnmnm...well...let's proceed.

RAYMOND: February twentieth...new car for Police Chief to lead dedication parade across new bridge...two thousand dollars.

AL: Check.

RAYMOND: February twenty-first...cost of fishing car out of river... five dollars.

AL: Check.

RAYMOND: February twenty-second...caviar...turtle soup, pheasant under glass, for Twinkle Toes...eighteen dollars.

AL: Eighteen dollars? Isn't that expensive food to feed a horse?

RAYMOND: That ain't hay!

AL: Raymond, I don't believe that that's a horse you're talking about.

RAYMOND: Honest and twuwy, your honor, you can twust me impwicitwy.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP

AL: Mayor Pearce speaking...who? -- Yes -- I'll tell him...
okay, -- I'll tell him.

SOUND: REPLACE RECEIVER

RAYMOND: Who was that, your honor?

AL: ~~That was~~ your horse. She wants to know ^{what to wear} ~~whether she should~~
~~wear the sport suit or the blue evening gown to dinner~~
~~to the dance~~
tonight.

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

WENDELL: Say, Al, the other night I saw the most beautiful girl. She's got the most gorgeous blue eyes and blonde hair. I want to talk to her, but we haven't been introduced. How would you go about it?

AL: Well, I'd do just the way I did once before. Go up to her and say, "Hello -- won't you have a Camel?"

WENDELL: Yes, but how do you know that'll work?

AL: Well, I tried it on my wife and it worked fine -- Of course, there's more to it. After I gave her the Camel, I lit it for her and said, "You'll like Camels -- they're extra mild, extra cool, and they've got extra flavor."

WENDELL: Then should I tell her slower-burning Camels contain less nicotine in the smoke?

AL: Of course, and tell her how much.

WENDELL: Like this? There's twenty-eight per cent less nicotine in the smoke of Camels 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.

AL: Yes, and say to her -- "go on, smoke out all the pleasure of Camels for yourself. The smoke's the thing."

WENDELL: Thanks, Al, for the suggestion -- I'll try it out.

AL: And now, friends, we have with us again this week the Sweetheart Sextet, who made such a big hit on our show last week -- three boys and three very lovely girls.

WENDELL: Oh, boy! Hello, girls - won't you have a Camel?

AL: Wait a minute, Wendell -- at least wait until they've finished their song. They're going to sing, "Can'tcha Tell."

GIRLS: (IN UNISON) You can tell a Camel every time!

ORCHESTRA AND SWEETHEART SEXTET: "CAN'TCHA TELL"

WENDELL: Well, tomorrow is the beginning of March---the month of the Lion and the Lamb. And so, today, we find Elmer Blurt---who always comes in Lyin' and takes it on the Lam, going from house-to-house with his usual low-pressure tactics. Today Elmer is featuring Grandma Blurt's Mud Packs---They Pave the Way to Beauty! Good luck, Elmer!

ELMER: Oh, Gosh---I hope I have as much fun with these Mud Packs as I did with my Moth Spray last week. Last week I was a Moth-er---this week I'm a Mudder! I hope there's somebody home in this house today, I hope, etc.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS

LADY: Well, I suppose you're working your way through something?

ELMER: What did you say?

LADY: I said---I suppose you're working your way through something?

ELMER: Oh, Gosh---I thought Grandma was going to patch these things! Lady, I'm sellin' Grandma Blurt's Mud Packs---They Pave the Way to Beauty!

LADY: What do I want with your old mud packs? After all---beauty is only skin deep!

ELMER: Well, it's too bad you're so close to it and can't get at it!

LADY: GET OUT OF HERE!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Well, I didn't sell her any mud but I sure gave her a dirty look! I'll try this next house! Oh, golly -- this is where that Mrs. Newbride lives -- the girl that just got married!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS

NEWBRIDE: Oh, Henry!' You darling --

SOUND: LOUD SMACK

ELMER: (GULPS) Oh, Golly!

NEWBRIDE: Oh, dear -- I kissed you by mistake -- I thought you were Henry, my husband! (GIGGLES) You'll have to excuse me. I'm as happy as a spring day.

ELMER: And three times as balmy.

NEWBRIDE: Mr. Blurt, won't you have one of these doughnuts I just baked for my husband!

ELMER: Oh, no -- thanks, I -- uh -- that is --

NEWBRIDE: Oh, please -- just take a little bite!

ELMER: Okay -- here goes!

SOUND: TERRIFIC CRUNCH AND DROPPING SHOT AND OTHER HEAVY MISSILES

ELMER: I'm afraid I dropped some crumbs!

NEWBRIDE: Oh, don't mind that. Don't you like it? It's a French doughnut!

ELMER: I knew it was a French doughnut. I could taste the Plaster of Paris.

NEWBRIDE: (GIGGLING) Oh, you're such a jolly man! Just for that I'm going to buy whatever you're selling, and give it to my husband!

ELMER: But, ah -- I'm selling mudpacks. It would be a waste of money for Henry to buy my mudpacks.

NEWBRIDE: Why would it be a waste of money?

ELMER: Just let him eat your cooking for a few weeks and they'll be throwing dirt in his face! Good day, Mrs. Newbride!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

ELMER: Gosh -- my overcoat sure feels heavy today -- Oh, golly -- no wonder. She slipped a couple of doughnuts in my pocket! Now -- to try my mudpacks at this next house! Oh, it's Mister McTavish.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS

MEL: Come here, laddie -- you'll have to talk to me through the window -- I don't want to open the door! There's a mouse in here and I don't want him to get out! He's cut my food bill in half!

ELMER: How could a mouse cut your food bill in half?

MEL: My wife is afraid to come downstairs and she's missed six meals already!

ELMER: Yup, yup -- but you've still got another MOUSE to feed! Mister McTavish -- how about buying a mudpack for your wife? It sure paves the way to beauty!

MEL: I don't want my wife to be beautiful. I want her face the way it is. I'm saving money there, too! The landlord thought the house was haunted so he cut down the rent. Good day, laddie!

ELMER: Well, I guess there's such a thing as a haunting beauty! I guess I'll try one more door before I go home to Grandma empty-headed!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR,...DOOR OPENS

ELMER: How ja do, lady. I have here a jar of Grandma Blurt's mudpack -- paves the way to beauty!

BRAYTON: Oh, your grandmother makes it? Where did she get the formula for these mud packs?

ELMER: Oh, she just dug it up somewhere.

BRAYTON: Well, I don't know about mudpacks. I was thinking of having my face lifted! Do you think I should?

ELMER: No, if I were you I'd let the whole thing drop.

BRAYTON: Well, if I thought Grandma Blurt's mudpacks would work --

ELMER: Lady, you just sit down in that chair, and I'll put on a trial application. That's it -- are you ready?

BRAYTON: Yes, I'm ready!

ELMER: Okay --

SOUND: SOCK OF WET GOO

ELMER: Here's mud in your eye!

SOUND: SLAPPING OF MUD ON FACE

ELMER: Oh, Golly -- this is fun -- Patty-Cake -- Patty-Cake --
Grandma's Packs -- takes out the wrinkles and
fills up the cracks!

BRAYTON: This mud is certainly beginning to harden fast. I can't
move my jaws.

ELMER: This stuff has a lot of good qualities!

BRAYTON: It's beginning to draw my skin up. Hurry -- up -- take it
off! How do you get this stuff off?

ELMER: Well, there's a couple of ways to get it off!

BRAYTON: Well, tell me just one way!

ELMER: You'll have to take your pick!

BRAYTON: Why -- you idiot -- this is hard as a rock! And you said
it would pave the way to beauty!

ELMER: Yup, yup, sure -- sure!

BRAYTON: But I can't get it off -- and it's your fault!

ELMER: No, it ain't my fault!

BRAYTON: Then it's your Grandma's fault!

ELMER: Nope-nope -- it ain't my fault, and it ain't Grandma's
fault -- it's ah --

BRAYTON: It's what?

ELMER: It's ASPHALT!

BRAYTON: OH, YOU FOOL!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

AL: (AD LIB INTRODUCTION)

Our radio guest this week is Russell McIntire, from
Radio Station WSTP, Salisbury, North Carolina --

ORCHESTRA AND RUSSELL MCINTIRE

"THE MOON WON'T TALK"

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

WENDELL: Maybe you never heard of Ruzzie Green, but you've seen photographs he's made in practically every smart magazine. Models, actresses, society women, all want to be glamourized by this young man with a camera.

FIRST WOMAN: (MONTAGE, INCREASING TEMPO) Mr. Green -- will my picture be in Vogue?

SECOND WOMAN: I want mine in the New Yorker.

FIRST WOMAN: Mine in Glamour!

SECOND WOMAN: Life!

FIRST WOMAN: Mademoiselle! (AND FADE)

WENDELL: And how does all this effect Ruzzie Green? Well -- Ruzzie says:

GREEN: I like photographing women. The women I photograph are not only beautiful -- they're real -- sincere people -- excellent taste in clothes -- make-up -- and -- well, their taste in cigarettes is pretty much all right! Camel is their favorite -- mine, too!

WENDELL: Well you know, Ruzzie, Camels are America's favorite cigarette. Those costlier tobaccos with a matchless blend in Camels are slower-burning. For extra flavor -- extra coolness -- extra mildness -- and less nicotine in the smoke.

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: Next time -- get slower-burning Camels. And for economy -- for convenience too -- get your Camels by the carton.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

WENDELL: And now, ladies and gentlemen -- we take you back to the Salisbury City Hall -- To the Office of the Police Department where we again meet that two-fisted Police Chief -- Could-Be Kitzel... Mayor Pearce is speaking to The Police Chief -- Listen!

AL: Chief Kitzel -- as Mayor of this town I demand action! You've got to get rid of that gangster and safe-blower -- Scarface Baloney!

KITZEL: What a coincidence! I've got Scarface on the phone! Hello, Scarface! What are you doing? WHAT?????? You're going to blow up the City Hall? Now -- just a second... YOU CAN'T DO THAT!

SOUND: EXPLOSION AND CRASH

KITZEL: (COOLY) Well -- YOU CAN'T DO IT AGAIN -- Listen, Scarface -- you can't beat the law. Kitzel will catch up with you. Right now -- right now, mind you -- I've got two of my best detectives trailing you!

SOUND: TWO SHOTS

KITZEL: They'll be buried next Monday!

SOUND: PHONE UP

AL: A fine Police Chief you are, Kitzel. You're afraid of Scarface!

KITZEL: Oh, Pish-Posh -- I'm afraid of Scarface. Ha...Ha... Just let him come in that door -- and if I back up one inch -- if I show one little tiny bit of fear -- I'LL EAT MY HAT!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DICK: (VERY TOUGH) OKAY, CHIEF---HERE I AM!

SOUND: CRUNCH...CRUNCH

KITZEL: My, my---what a tasty Stetson!

DICK: All right---which one of you two guys is going to run me out of town?

KITZEL: Your honor---what are YOU doing this afternoon?

AL: Don't let him scare you, Kitzel.

KITZEL: Who's scaring who? Listen to me, Scarface---I'll have you to know I'm a tough man. Just last week with my bare hands I captured a mountain lion weighing two thousand pounds. What do you think of that?

DICK: Oh, ~~yeah~~---well, last week, with one hand behind my back I knocked a locomotive off de track and tied it in four knots. Waddya think of that?

KITZEL: Mmmmm---well, I'll take two hundred pounds off the lion if You'll untie a couple of knots!

DICK: Look, Kitzel---I'm giving you just one hour to get out of town!

KITZEL: I'm not going!

DICK: Oh, yes you are!

KITZEL: OH, NO I'M NOT!

DICK: OH, YES YOU ARE!

KITZEL: OH, NO I'M NOT!

DICK: This gun says you're leaving town!

KITZEL: Well, a little travel never hurt anybody!

DICK: Okay, Kitzel---and don't be here when I come back!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

AL: Well, Kitzel, I'm ashamed of you. After Chief John Poole of Salisbury, North Carolina, made you their Police Chief for one day---what do you do? Answer me---what do you do?

KITZEL: Oh, Pish-Posh, don't be so uppity-puppity! Do you think that crook could scare me?

AL: Yes, I do!

KITZEL: Do you think I'm through with this case?

AL: Yes, I do!

KITZEL: And do you think for one minute that I am going to leave this town on the eight o'clock bus, fare twenty-six dollars, stopping in Texas, Arizona and other points enroute and arriving in California in three days?

AL AND KITZEL: (TOGETHER) MMMMMMMNYEAH -- COULD BE!

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO AL PEARCE)

AL: Our friends in Missouri will be interested in knowing that we have invited Sally Foster from radio station KMOX, St. Louis, to be our guest next week and sing on our program 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)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW -24-
2/28/41

WENDELL: Speed has its place in modern life. Take that motor car of yours -- only twenty-eight hours from crude ore to a gleaming nineteen forty-one beauty. But time has its innings, too. In the case of choice tobacco, long, careful aging. Slowly, the choice, ripe tobacco of Prince Albert becomes the National Joy Smoke. Mellow PA is aged, crimp cut, no-bite treated by pipe-smokers for pipe-smokers. Prince Albert burns cooler, smokes milder --- delightfully mild with taste and fragrance that sells more tobacco than any other brand. Say it, pipe-smokers, and say it again! Prince Albert for me!

This is Wendell Niles speaking...

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

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