

Corrected
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(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1940

4:30 - 5:00 P.M., PST.
7:30 - 8:00 P.M., PST.

(no program #32)

ELMER: (KNOCKS) S'pose 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 tonight, folks, there's news of another advantage in Camels. We'll tell you all about it a little later.

And now the makers of CAMEL CIGARETTES bring you Al Pearce and his Gang from Hollywood!

MUSIC: (THEME...FADE TO WENDELL NILES)

AL: Good evening friends -- thank you very much and welcome to another of our Friday night fun festivals. With the Holiday season approaching, the whole gang seems to be in a festive mood tonight -- there's Wendell Niles, Raymond Radcliffe, Margaret Brayton, Elmer Blurt, Could-Be Kitzel, Dick Lane, Carl Hoff --

CARL: (READING PAPER AGAIN)

Compacts -- bath salts -- bridge lamps -- hot water bottles -- sewing machines -- salad bowls -- egg beaters --

AL: For heaven's sakes, Carl Hoff -- don't tell me we have to go through that again this week?

CARL: Hat Pins -- Stick Pins -- Military Brushes -- Powder Puffs --

AL: Did you hear me, Carl? Haven't you picked out that present for your girl-friend yet?

CARL: No, I haven't -- and believe me it's driving me crazy.

AL: Look Carl -- why don't you ask your girl-friend right to her face what she wants for Christmas!

CARL: I can't do that. I never get to talk to her.

AL: You never get to talk to her? Why not?

CARL: Aw, she's always going out with the guy she's engaged to.

AL: Look, Carl -- if she's already engaged -- I'd just give up.

CARL: Not me -- I like the spirit of competition. Remember what Shakespeare said -- that famous Beard of Avon.

AL: Carl -- that's BARD!

CARL: Bard? Gosh, what's wrong with Shakespeare?

AL: No-No -- it's the Bard of Avon. Never mind -- what did he say and what's it got to do with the girl?

CARL: Faint heart ne'er won fair lady
On land or sea or foam.
Just give me a bush by the side of her house
And I'll hide till the guy goes home.

AL: You know, Carl, I really enjoy talking to an intelligent man!

CARL: You do?

AL: Yes -- so for heaven's sake, hurry and play a band number so I can talk with Wendell Niles.

ORCHESTRA: "BLUE DANUBE"

AL: That was Carl Hoff and the orchestra playing "Blue Danube" and very well done, Hoffie. Say, Wen -- Wendell Niles!

WENDELL: Here I am, Al.

AL: Wen, the gang tell me you're quite a story-teller backstage.

WENDELL: Oh, I get off a little nifty now and then.

AL: Now, don't be so modest, Wen. Why don't you let the audience in on one of your little stories?

WENDELL: OK, Al, here's one about a couple of Indians. These two Indians are talking long distance.

AL: The Indians are talking long distance?

WENDELL: That's right. The first Indian says to the second Indian
(PAUSE...THEN A HEARTY LAUGH)
Then the second Indian says to the First Indian
(PAUSE...THEN ANOTHER TERRIFIC LAUGH)
Wasn't that a funny story, Al?

AL: Funny story? Listen, Wendell, I didn't hear anything.

WENDELL: Oh, how stupid of me. I forgot to tell you the Indians were talking by smoke signals. You see, you can't hear what they say because the words are in the smoke.

AL: Oh, I see. It's sort of a blanket statement.

WENDELL: Ha, Ha, Ha, -- that's right, Al -- the smoke's the thing -- Just like in a cigarette. Yes, friends -- seriously -- in a cigarette, in any cigarette, the smoke's the thing. That's where you find the pleasure of the cigarette. That's where you look for the advantages. And that's where you find the advantages of Camels and their slow...slow way of burning. For when you light up a slower-burning Camel you get more flavor -- more mildness -- you get smoking pleasure at its best...with the added assurance that you're getting less nicotine.

MAN'S VOICE: Independent laboratory tests of five of the largest-selling cigarettes show that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains twenty-eight percent less nicotine than the average of the other brands tested -- less nicotine than any of them.

WENDELL: Less nicotine -- more mildness -- more flavor...in the smoke. Try the slower-burning cigarette...try Camels. Smoke out the facts for yourself. The smoke's the thing.

ORCHESTRA: (NEW MUSICAL CURTAIN)

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

AL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

RAYMOND: Gweeting, Mister Pearwuss!

AL: Raymond Radcliffe. What are you doing with that armload of books?

RAYMOND: Carl Hoff sent me out to get some mail order catawogues! They're just full of ideas for Cwissmuss Gifts --

AL: Are there really some good things in the catawogues?

RAYMOND: Oh, there are weally some Wuwus -- some wowwapawoozas!

AL: For instance?

RAYMOND: Well, for instance -- here's a nice set of Tiddowy-winks!

AL: Set of what?

RAYMOND: Tiddowwy-winks. You know -- it's a game.

AL: How do you play it?

RAYMOND: You just pick up the winks and Tiddowy! It's weally a snap!

AL: Raymond -- Carl Hoff's girl-friend wouldn't want a game of Tiddley-Winks, Here -- give me that catalogue. I'll find something!

SOUND: TURNING PAGES OF CATALOGUE

AL: Ah -- here's a real cute gadget. I wonder what it is!

RAYMOND: That's a harness -- you're in the Horse section.

AL: Well, it's a long time since I looked in one of these books.

SOUND: MORE PAGES TURNING

AL: Ah, now I've got it. Look here, Raymond. A nice Comb and Brush Set. Order number Six hundred thirty-three! Get on the 'phone and we'll order it!

RAYMOND: Okay.

SOUND: PHONE JIGGLING

RAYMOND: Hello, Operator, give me Pwindle and Kribs Mail Order House! Make it snappy! Hello -- Pwindle and Kwibs? We would like to order a Wadie's Comb and Bwush Set!

AL: It's the girl's set with black teeth!

RAYMOND: The girl has a set of black teeth!

AL: No-No-No -- leave her teeth out. You talk like an idiot!

RAYMOND: Okay. She leaves her teeth out and talks like an idiot!

AL: Raymond -- don't say she'd left her teeth out. She'd be hurt and bitter!

RAYMOND: I'm sorry. She left her teeth out and it hurts where they bit her!

AL: Will you please pay attention to me. We want a comb and brush set!

RAYMOND: Okay. Hello -- we want a comb and brush set. Just a minute. He wants to know what kind of teeth?

AL: Rubber teeth.

RAYMOND: She wants a comb and brush to rub her teeth!

AL: Raymond, you're not listening. We want a comb and brush for her hair. We want a brush with white bristles and a turquoise back! Now, have you got that?

RAYMOND: Yes, Mister Pearwuss! Hello -- we want a comb and brush for a lady's hair. Her hair is like white bristles on a turkey's back!

AL: No-No-No, Raymond. Turquoise brush for the hair. What do we have to pay for the hair brush?

RAYMOND: She wants a hair brush for her toupee!

AL: Awhh, for heaven's sake -- forget the whole thing. You're completely balled up anyway!

RAYMOND: Okay. Hello -- just forget the whole thing. She's completely bald anyway!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

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AL: Tonight we have in the studio with us a young lady from Peoria, Illinois, who was invited to be our guest of the week because of her fine showing made on radio station WMBD in Peoria. The name of Mary Jane Doebler is well known to thousands of Peoria radio fans and tonight we are very happy to introduce her to the nation. A new voice on the networks, Mary Jane Doebler, popular young vocalist from Peoria, Illinois, making her first transcontinental broadcast singing "I Give You My Word."

ORCHESTRA: "I GIVE YOU MY WORD"

MARY JANE DOEBLER

51459 1160

WENDELL: Ladies and gentlemen, no Christmas Shopping Season would be complete without the door-to-door salesman...so today we find our old friend Elmer Blurt going from house to house selling Christmas Trees.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

ELMER: Oh, golly -- I hope I can sell a Christmas Tree in this house today, I hope, I hope, I hope...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ELMER: How ja do Mister. I'm sellin' Blurt's Contented Christmas Trees.

MEL: Contented Trees?

ELMER: Yeah, they're sap-happy!

MEL: How interesting! Do you stand behind your trees?

ELMER: Yup, yup, sure, sure! I stand behind my trees.

MEL: Why don't you come out in the open -- YOU SNEAK!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Oh gosh...Well, -- if at first you don't succeed, tree tree again. I'll see what I can do at this next door.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK...DOOR OPEN

ELMER: Ho ja do, mister. Would you be interested in trees?

LANE: (A GUY ON THE VERGE OF A BREAKDOWN -- BUT STILL UNDER CONTROL) Would I be interested in trees...Would I be... Come in, young man. See that door there?

ELMER: Yuh yuh.

LANE: My wife is in there...Open that door.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

BRAYTON: (BROKEN DOWN SOPRANO SINGING) *Trees - trees - my kingdom*
~~"I think that I shall never~~
for a tree - a tree -
~~see, a poem lovely as a tree..."~~

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

LANE: (LOSES CONTROL) AND YOU ASK ME IF I'M INTERESTED IN TREES!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Oh gosh, I guess I shouldna branched out into the tree business. Well, I'll try this next place.

SOUND: KNOCK...DOOR OPEN

ELMER: How ja do, lady...I have here Blurt's famous Christmas trees.

WOMAN: I've never heard of Blurt's famous Christmas trees

ELMER: Maybe you haven't been reading the Chopping News.

WOMAN: Well, I'll look at your trees. Are they fur?

ELMER: No, I got 'em right here with me.

WOMAN: They don't look very fresh to me. What makes that one look so wilted?

ELMER: Oh, I got that one up on Withering Heights.

WOMAN: Well it's a terrible looking tree. The limbs are all bent and crooked.

ELMER: Lady, if you'd stood out in the weather as long as this tree has, you'd be warped yourself.

WOMAN: Well, I wouldn't want to buy any of these...I'd keep finding needles all over the floor.

ELMER: Oh, no you won't lady. With each one of my trees I give you a bale of hay to spread under the tree.

WOMAN: A bale of hay? How will that help?

ELMER: Well, everyone knows you can't find a needle in a hay stack.

WOMAN: I've heard enough!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Oh gosh...Grandma told me I'd have trouble selling last years trees. What am I gonna do now? Oh, golly, here's a pretty little tree growing by the sidewalk. I'll just saw it down and maybe I can sell it to the lady in this house.

SOUND: SAWING TREE...TREE CRACKS AND FALLS

ELMER: Some people are sure careless the way they leave Christmas trees standing around in the yard. Well, here goes.

SOUND: KNOCK...DOOR OPENS

WOMAN: How do you do, young man. My but that's a lovely Christmas tree you have there. Is it for sale?

ELMER: Yup yup, sure sure.

WOMAN: Well, how much is it?

ELMER: Lady, I can let you have this tree for two cents a yard.

WOMAN: That's a funny way to sell trees -- by the yard.

ELMER: Well that's that way I got it -- by the yard.

WOMAN: I'll call my husband. I'd like to have him see this tree.

ELMER: No, don't call him. Let's surprise him. I'll let you have it for half price.

WOMAN: Half price?

ELMER: Yeah. In fact under the circumstances I think you're entitled to a cut rate.

WOMAN: Well, my husband simply must see this wonderful tree. Oh, Ichabod!

LANE: Coming, Veronica! My, what a beautiful Christmas tree. It's just like the one we have in the front yard.

ELMER: Yeah, yeah, I seen that one when I came in.

LANE: You mean you saw it.

ELMER: Oh, golly, I didn't know you seen me saw it.

LANE: I can't get over the resemblance of this tree to ours. I'd like to have you see it.

ELMER: No, no, I better be going -- tree's around.

LANE: NO, NO, don't go. I want to show you my tree. -- Follow me down this path!

ELMER: No, I think I'll go down the other path here.

LANE: You can't see the tree from over there.

ELMER: Why not?

LANE: The view is cut off.

ELMER: It's not much better where you are.

LANE: Don't go. Come on out in the front yard. I want to talk to you about my tree.

ELMER: No, I'm sorry, I have to go. Anyway, I don't believe in politics.

LANE: What do you mean, you don't believe in politics?

ELMER: I haven't got time to listen to a stump speech.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL BRIDGE TO COMMERCIAL)

WENDELL: Friends, the proof of pleasure in a cigarette is in the smoking. The smoke's the thing. And when you smoke the slower-burning cigarette...when you smoke Camels...you get extra flavor, extra coolness, extra mildness -- and less nicotine in the smoke.

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

WENDELL: And on top of all these big pleasure advantages in Camels, there's economy, too -- extra smoking per cigarette per pack.

VOICE: By burning twenty-five percent slower than the average of the four other of the largest-selling brands tested... slower than any of them...Camels also give you a smoking plus equal: on the average, to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK.

WENDELL: Make it a point to try Camels next time. And remember -- the smoke's the thing!

ORCHESTRA: (NEW MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: Wendell!

WENDELL: Yes, Al. What can I do for you?

AL: Give me a hand here and help me clean off this table. I'm going to settle this Christmas Gift thing once and for all. I've sent for a man to come over from one of the stores and bring his merchandise with him!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

AL: I guess he's here already. Come in!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

KITZEL: Hey Hey -- Yeah man -- Howdja do Mr. Pearce? I haven't seen you in a long distance!

AL: Kitzel -- don't bother me now -- I'm expecting a man!

KITZEL: You're expecting a man! What am I a mouse? And don't give me an answer!

AL: Kitzel, I said -- go away. I have an appointment with a salesman.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

AL: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DICK: Good evening, Mr. Pearce. I'm the salesman you sent for and I've brought samples of our complete line of merchandise -- sundries, notions, miscellaneous, etc. etc. etc.

KITZEL: What, no brick-a-brack or knock-knicks? I also have a complete line of merchandise for sale, and in the spirit of competition, I demand a fair deal.

AL: What do you mean by a fair deal?

KITZEL: Throw that other gentleman out.

AL: Now you two fellows -- both of you -- put your merchandise here on the table and we'll call the gang over and may the best man win.

KITZEL AND LANE: (AD LIB)

SOUND: SETTING CASES ON TABLE

AL: Hey, Carl, Wendell, Raymond. Come here. Mr. Kitzel and Dick Lane are going to show us their merchandise.

GANG: (GANG AD LIBS EXTEMPORANEOUS REMARKS. 'Say those are pretty gloves" etc. etc.)

KITZEL: Just a second. Just a second. Keep your hands off my merchandise.

LANE: Kitzel, don't handle those gold watches. That's my merchandise!

KITZEL: (MIMICS) Don't handle those gold watches -- All right I'll let them turn green by themselves!

AL: Say, Kitzel, this is certainly a beautiful vase here.

KITZEL: Please, Mr. Pearce, put it down, put it down. It's frajilly.

AL: My, but it has a lovely finish. What period is it?

SOUND: CRASH

KITZEL: It's just finished, period.

DICK: (LAUGHS) How unfortunate.

AL: Listen, Carl, now's your chance to get something for your girl friend.

KITZEL: Ah, my old friend, Carl Hoff. You want something for your girl friend. Here's a lovely pair of stockings for only one dollar.

DICK: One dollar? Step over here, Mr. Hoff. I can show you a pair of stockings for only fifty cents!

KITZEL: Hm! Pish posh! For fifty cents! A girl couldn't wear those stockings. She couldn't keep up with them.

DICK: What do you mean, she couldn't keep up with them?

KITZEL: Every time she'd walk they'd run.

DICK: Pay no attention to Kitzel. These stockings are guaranteed for life. Holeproof, full-fashioned, runproof, seamless, fast color, non-shrinking -- and a VERY GOOD YARN!

KITZEL: Yes, and you tell it well, too. Mr. Pearce, how about buying some stockings from me for your wife?

AL: I'm afraid your stockings wouldn't suit her, Kitzel. My wife wears nothing but three threads.

KITZEL: She's lucky. My wife wears nothing but RE-treads!

RAYMOND: Mr. Kitzel, I'd wike to buy a clock for my girl.

DICK: Step over here, Mr. Radcliffe. I have a cuckoo clock for you.

RAYMOND, That is a pretty clock. Let me see it.

SOUND: RATCHET

RAYMOND: What makes it wind so hard?

DICK: Don't be concerned, Mr. Radcliffe. All new clocks are a little stiff. Here, I'll turn it on for you.

MEL: CUCKOO! (HIC) CUCKOO! (HIC) CUCKOO! (HIC) COCKEYED!

KITZEL: HmMMM. Stiffer than he thought.

AL: Now, listen, we're not getting anywhere. How about a book? Have either of you two fellows got a book? That's always a good gift.

DICK: Gentlemen, let me read the first four chapters from my book.

KITZEL: Pish pash, Mr. Lane, we haven't got time to hear a story.

DICK: Oh, this is just a quick synopsis.

AL: Well, all right. Go ahead, but make it snappy.

DICK: OKAY! T'was the night before Christmas all through the house the family was playing with the Christmas presents. Packages were being opened and the paper was going rustle, rustle, rustle, and crackle, crackle, crackle, and little junior was blowing his horn, toot, toot, toot, and the bells were going ring, ring, ring, ding-dong-ding-dong, and the dolls were going, waa-waa, waa, waa, and Father was playing with the electric train, chug, chug, chug, Woo, woo, woo, chug, woo-woo, chug, woo-woo. Finally, out of the night that was fifty below you could hear a clippity-cloppity clippity, cloppity, clatter, clatter, clatter and they ran to the window to see what was the matter. They threw open the sash and out on the snow...a little fat man was yelling Whoa! But up over the roof he went with a bang, bang, bang, and a crash, crash, crash, and he jumped down the chimney and down, down, down he goes and where he comes out everybody knows -- so Santa Claus walked into the room and he said Hiya, folks -- gee, but it's cold outside and that's all there is!

AL: Well, how'd you like that, Kitzel?

KITZEL: I thought it dragged a little.

AL: Dragged a little! You can't top that.

KITZEL: You should hear my story! Listen to this, my little man.
(TAKES DEEP BREATH) etc.etc.

SOUND: 33 1/3 RECORD PLAYED 78 LOUD

AL: Now, listen you two fellows cut your clowning. We have to get a present for Carl Hoff's girl friend.

DICK: I've got just the thing. A new continental toy that's the rage -- a talking duck.

AL: Say, that is cute. Look at this, Carl.

KITZEL: Pish posh -- it wouldn't last five seconds.

AL: How do you know, Kitzel?

KITZEL: How do I know? Go ahead and try it. Go ahead -- wind it up. See for yourself. Cheap construction.

SOUND: WINDING OF TOY: RATCHET

HARRY: (STARTS TALKING) Hello! Hello! 'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house not a creature was stirring (PAUSE,..THEN HE GOES INTO A BURN AND THEN FLIES ALL TO PIECES AS THOUGH THE SPRING BROKE...SOUND OF PARTS FALLING ON THE FLOOR...THEN DUCK DOES DYING FINISH.)

NEWSBOY: (TYPICAL NEWSBOY VOICE IN BACKGROUND) EXTRA!...EXTRA!

WENDELL: CAMELS give you extra flavor.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

WENDELL: CAMELS give you extra mildness and extra coolness.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

WENDELL: CAMELS give you extra smoking per pack. Try CAMELS...
the cigarette that gives you the extras.

AL: Friends, next week our guest will be Ray Rouse of radio station WBNS, Columbus, Ohio, and I'm sure the nation will join Columbus radio fans next Friday night in giving another local favorite a big hand. If you have a favorite on your local radio station -- and that doesn't necessarily mean a singer, because we are interested in any radio talent: instrumentalists, vocalists or novelty acts -- why don't you call the manager of that station right now and have him get in touch with us, and who knows, maybe your local favorite might be a guest on our show some time in the future, and I know that would add to your radio enjoyment.

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...we'll be seeing you next Friday night
...so long and good luck.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME TO WENDELL)

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WOMAN: Just wait till you taste my delicious soup, dear!

MAN: Smells grand! Ouch -- too hot -- some wait before I taste anything now!

ANNOUNCER: And it's exactly the same way in a smoking tobacco -- too much heat and you've ruined good taste, mildness -- the prime delights of smoking. Enjoy all the pleasures of smoking with cooler-burning Prince Albert -- so mellow and mild, with full, rich taste. 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, of course, Prince Albert brings you the famous features of the crimp cut and no-bite treatment. Make your pipe-loads Prince Albert for prime smoking joy. This is Wendell Niles...speaking... This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.