

Corrected 10/26/40

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1940

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, 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)

51459 1176

AL: Good evening friends, and welcome to another one of our silly shindigs -- featuring Elmer Blurt, Could-Be Kitzel, Dick Lane, Margaret Brayton, Raymond Radcliffe, Wendell Niles, Carl Hoff and his Orchestra and the rest of the Gang. To open our show tonight, Carl Hoff is going to read a few letters from our mail-bag. Go ahead Carl read the mail.

CARL: Okay -- here's a letter here from Milwaukee, Wisk. It's to -- a Mister Albert Pearce Esk.

AL: Esk??? Carl, can't you even read Esquire?

CARL: Egads, is there reading in Esquire, too?

AL: Here give me the letter. It says, Dear Al Pearce and the Gang. We've been fans of yours for a long time, and we miss those plays you used to do. Won't you please do another play sometime. Signed Marvin Partington. Well, I don't know whether we ought to put on a play or not!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

AL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MEL: Good evening gentlemen. It is rumored around town that Mister Pearce doesn't know whether to put on a play or not! Perhaps you forget that Shakespeare said the play is the thing? And what did he mean?

AL: I don't know!

MEL: Oh, I'm sorry. And that was a sixteen dollar question, too!

AL: Now, look here, you're interrupting our program --

MEL: Ah, tut, tut! I am here to show you that drama is the most popular thing on the air today. Tune in on any station -- and what do you hear -- Drama. Do you want proof?

AL: Well, I --

MEL: Thank you! Here I'll turn on your radio and we'll see what we shall see.

SOUND: SWITCH

MUSIC: (SHORT FANFARE)

DICK: And a goody-good evening drama lovers! This is Botsford Quink greeting you from The Little Theatre off Pershing Square. Tonight you will hear Mildred and Maggie Blitz, those two great stars of Stage, Screen, Radio, Elks Frolics and Market Openings. Tonight's thrilling drama is brought to you by the Makers of Uncle Reggie's Tooth Powder -- the Tooth Powder with UGH! The only tooth powder containing chalk, emery dust, and fine gravel. No other tooth powder can make this statement.

DICK: And now for tonight's thrilling drama starring  
Mildred and Maggie Blitz -- "THE GREAT DECISION."  
Curtain!

ROSETTI: Mildred -- you can't go through with this. You can't  
let this man ruin your life. You can't I tell you!

BRAYTON: But Maggie, I can't resist when he kneels at my feet.

ROSETTI: But you must tell him "NO." If you listen to him it  
will mean nothing but pain and misery and suffering!

BRAYTON: Maggie -- I know I will suffer -- but I have made my  
choice. CLERK -- I'll take the small pair of shoes!

MUSIC: (MANEFARE)

DICK: You have just heard the great decision with Mildred and  
Maggie Blitz, presented by Uncle Reggie's Tooth Powder.  
And now a word from Uncle Reggie himself.

RAYMOND: Gweetings Dwama Wovers -- This is Uncle Reggie --  
Wemember fwiends -- there are two kinds of tooth powder  
...The kind that skims lightly over the surface of the  
teeth like this.

SOUND: GENTLE SWISHING

RAYMOND: But Uncle Weggie's Tooth Powder gets in there and does  
a real job! Notice how it works on my teeth!

SOUND: FILE RASPING ON PIECE OF TIN...VERY LOUD...BUNCH OF  
TEETH FALLING INTO A PAN

RAYMOND: Well -- that's thirty for tonight!

MUSIC: *1 Fanfare*  
(CHORD)

AL: So much for drama. And now from our music department  
we hear Carl Hoff and the band playing "~~Jeannie With the  
Light Brown Hair.~~"

*"I Can't Remember to Forget"*

(ORCHESTRA: "~~JEANNIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR~~")

WENDELL: Everybody knows that Shakespeare said: "The play's the thing" but few people realize that in cigarettes... the smoke's the things. For you don't get any smoking pleasure out of any cigarette until you light it... puff it...smoke it. Yes, the smoke's the thing...and in the smoke of slower-burning Camels, you get extra pleasures...Extra mildness! Extra coolness! Extra flavor! And in that same slow...slow smoke you get less nicotine. Listen!

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

WENDELL: Yes, the cigarette that gives you the extra margin of freedom from nicotine in the smoke is Camel. So smoke out the facts for yourself...with a slower-burning Camel. The smoke's the thing!

ORCHESTRA: (NEW MUSICAL CURTAIN)

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CARL: Well, Al -- how soon are we going to put on our play?

AL: Carl, why are you so interested in a play?

CARL: Well, it's this way. For a Christmas present I -- ah --  
that is, I -- well I might as well come out and say  
it. I promised my girl friend a part in our show!

AL: You promised her -- why you've got a lot of nerve.  
Why I wouldn't even have MY OWN WIFE on the show!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER OFF QUICKLY

AL: (FAST) Hello! -- Yes I would, dear!

SOUND: PHONE BANGS DOWN FAST

AL: Now look here, Carl. How do you know she can act?  
Why I don't even know what she looks like?

CARL: Well, she's a little shy...I'll see if I can coax her in!  
OH, THEODOSIA!

SOUND: CRASHING OF DOOR

ROESE: Hello, Carly!

CARL: Hello, Theodosia. This is Mister Pearce...Miss Fisk!

AL: How do you do, Miss Fisk.

ROESE: Oh Mr. Pearce, just call me Madame.

CARL: Al, why don't you ask Theodosia to sing a number!

AL: Oh you sing do you, Miss Fisk?

ROESE: Oh, dear me yes. Carl Hoff and I have been rehearsing all week for this.

AL: Carl Hoff?

ROESE: Yes, he accompanies me on the saxophone.

AL: Carl Hoff on the saxophone?

CARL: Sure -- I play the obligation.

AL: (SARCASTIC) Obligation. Carl that's obligatto -- gatto!

CARL: That's what I mean, I gatto play it.

AL: I see what you mean. All right let's hear your number.  
Boy, this is going to be good.

ROESE: (SINGS NUMBER...OPERATIC BURLIQUESQUE)



AL: That's enough -- stop it, stop it, for heaven's sake.

CARL: Al -- don't you think she has the voice of a thrush and the range of a nightingale?

AL: Yes -- and get her out of here before I kill two birds with one stone!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL BRIDGE TO NEXT ACT)

WENDELL: Last week our old friend Elmer Blurt was selling Christmas trees, and now, today we find him following this up with a Christmas Package Wrapping Service. And good luck to you, Elmer.

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- I hope they've got some Christmas packages to wrap at this house today, I hope, I hope, I hope!

SOUND: KNOCKING ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS

DICK: (TOUGH) Well, what do you want?

ELMER: I'm from the Blurt Christmas Package Wrapping Company. I'm the head wrapper!

DICK: I'm a head wrapper, too. Take this!

SOUND: CONK ON GOURD...QUICK DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Well, I'm getting to be a better salesman, I used to take it on the chin! I'll try this next house!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS

ELMER: How ja do, Mister -- I'm Elmer Blurt and I'm wrapping Christmas packages!

MEL: (SILLY DOPE) Gosh, so am I -- isn't it fun! (DOPEY LAUGH)

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Oh, Golly -- that fella sure is wrap-happy! Maybe I'll do better at this next door!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS

ELMER: How ja do, lady? Have you got any Christmas Presents you want wrapped?

SARAH: I'll say I have! With the baby crying and gifts scattered all over the house, I'm just fit to be tied!

ELMER: Well, let's tie the presents first!

SOUND: BABY CRYING

SARAH: Oh, quiet, Junior. I'll set the baby here on the table and you can start wrapping.

ELMER: But ah -- I haven't got any three-cornered paper!

SARAH: Oh, put the baby down! The first thing I want you to wrap are these expensive silk pajamas. They go to my Uncle Bosco!

ELMER: These are certainly purty pajamas.

SARAH: And expensive too!

ELMER: I'll wrap the pants first.

SOUND: LOUD RIP

ELMER: Well, I finished those!

SARAH: Are they wrapped?

ELMER: No ripped!

SARAH: Oh, you clumsy fool. Now look what you've done -- How can I send my uncle just the top part of the pajamas.

ELMER: I'll just put a card in and say -- Merry Christmas from the waist up.

SOUND: BABY CRIES

SARAH: Don't bother the man, Junior. Go ahead and put that Fruit Cake in that big box there. That's it! Now do you have some paper?

ELMER: Here's some nice paper for only three cents!

SOUND: NOISE OF WRAPPING PAPER, ETC.

SARAH: But it's got printing on it. Is it old paper?

ELMER: No -- it's newspaper!

SARAH: But I want something with bright colors!

ELMER: Okay -- I'll use the comic section!

SARAH: That will never do. I want something flashy!

ELMER: I'll put Flash Gordon on the outside!

SARAH: Never mind the paper -- just tie it up with the string!

ELMER: Okay -- okay!

SARAH: There -- I guess that's everything. Look at the pretty packages, Junior! Good Heavens! Where is Junior? Junior! Junior!

ELMER: Oh, he's around here someplace! What do you want me to do with these packages?

SARAH: Oh, just pile them there in the corner. I've got to find Junior! JUNIOR. Where are you, Junior? Oh, where, oh where is my baby!

ELMER: Lady, how about this package here?

SARAH: Don't bother me. I'm looking for my baby!

ELMER: But you can't send liquids through the mail without putting a sticker on the package!

SARAH: What are you talking about. I'm not sending any liquids!

ELMER: But I can hear something gurgle when I shake the box.

SARAH: We didn't wrap any presents that gurgle.

ELMER: We didn't? Oh, golly -- then we've found the baby!

SARAH: GET OUT OF HERE!!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

AL: We want to call the attention of all movie scouts and network program directors to this next artist. He is Ray Rouse of WBNS, Columbus, Ohio, our guest star of the week. Ray is a regular feature on WBNS in Columbus and is not only a fine singer but is well known to thousands of Ohio radio fans for his several characterizations -- one in particular, known as Theodosia Fisk and her Advice to the Lovelorn. He's a tall, handsome young fellow and I know you'll like him. Let's welcome Ray Rouse to Hollywood, singing "There I Go."

ORCHESTRA: "THERE I GO" RAY ROUSE

AL: You have just heard Ray Rouse of station WBNS, Columbus, Ohio, who, we think, can easily become an All-American in the entertainment world. And speaking of All-Americans, I would just like to say that we feel if Bob Rhinehardt, famous tackle of the California Bears, had played in the Stanford-California game, he would have stood a better chance of having been selected on every All-American team instead of several, including the Associated Press selections. However, he will play again next year and I am sure he will chalk 'em all up one hundred per cent.

*What Court only*

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL SKYROCKET FADE TO WENDELL)

WENDELL: You know there's as much fun in buying Christmas presents as in receiving them. We all try to choose our gifts with an eye for pleasure. Now here's a happy choice -- a convenient, easy-to-get gift for every cigarette smoker among your friends. Give them Camels -- slower-burning Camels -- and your gift will please, for more smokers prefer Camels than any other cigarette. Your dealer is featuring Camels for Christmas in two special gift packages. The Camel carton -- ten packages in all -- comes gaily decorated -- colorfully wrapped and ready to give -- even to the gift card. Another Camel Christmas special contains four of the popular flat fifties all wrapped together in a gay Santa Claus house. But whichever you choose -- the Camel Christmas Carton or the four boxes of flat fifties in the Santa Claus house, you'll be giving a generous gift of two hundred Camel cigarettes. And, friends, that's a lot of smoking pleasure. For Camel is the cigarette that burns slower and gives more flavor, more mildness, and less nicotine in the smoke. So give Camels -- and be sure.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: And now in response to many requests we present our Christmas Play. With full apologies we bring you our version of Dickens' Christmas Carol!...the Story of that old Miser Ebenezer Scrooge! And now I'll let the cast introduce themselves! Margaret Brayton.

BRAYTON: I am Mrs. Ebenezer Scrooge!

AL: Carl Hoff!

CARL: Bathrobes -- bedroom slippers -- hot water bottles -- tiddlywinks --

AL: Carl, what are you doing?

CARL: Well, if my girl can't be in the play, I got to buy her a present.

AL: Listen, Carl, forget your girl friend -- you're Tiny Tim. Raymond Radcliffe.

RAYMOND: I am Bob Scwatchitt, the downtwodden clwerk in Mister Scwooges office.

AL: Mel Blanc!

MEL: I am the ghost who visits Mister Scrooge -- (GHOST LAUGH)

AL: And last but not least -- the meanest man in town -- that despicable, old miser -- EBENEEZER SCROOGE!

KITZEL: (LAUGHS) Heh-heh-heh-heh!

AL: Are you Mr. Sorooge?



KITZEL:        Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmyeah -- COULD BE!

AL:            The cast is all assembled -- Wendell -- will you set the scene?

WENDELL:      I'd be glad to, Al. Our scene opens in the counting house of Ebenezer Scrooge. It is the night before Christmas and we find the downtrodden clerk, Bob Scratchitt, in the counting house counting over the money!

RAYMOND:      One shilling, one pence -- four shillings, three pence -- six shillings with two pair of pence -- Oh, my gwacious but it's cold in here. It's vewwy, vewwy cold. I wonder if Mister Scwooge would kill me if I put another toothpick on the fire.

SOUND:        DOOR OPENS...HOWL OF WIND...DOOR SLAM

KITZEL:        (MEAN AS HELL) Heh-heh-heh-heh-heh!

RAYMOND:      (SCARED) MISTER SCWOOGEE!

KITZEL:        So, I caught you putting more wood on the fire, eh, Bob Scratchitt?

RAYMOND:      But Mister Scwooge -- it was only a toothpick -- a used one!

KITZEL: What's the difference? Wood is wood!

RAYMOND: But pwease, Mister Scwooge -- it's thirty below zero in here and I haven't any shoes. My feet are fweezing!

KITZEL: Well, here's a match -- give yourself the hotfoot!

RAYMOND: But pwease, sir --

KITZEL: What are you kicking about? Do you realize tomorrow is Christmas!

RAYMOND: Do you mean I'm going to have some time off?

KITZEL: Yes -- an extra five minutes for lunch! Boy am I a repulsive. Heh-heh-heh-heh.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...WIND HOWLS...DOOR CLOSES

RAYMOND: Oh, look here comes Tiny Tim -- Hello, Tiny!

CARL: Bathrobes -- bedroom slippers -- toilet sets -- earrings --

KITZEL: Get away from me, Tiny Tim -- I'm a mean man!

CARL: If you think you're mean -- you oughta try to get your girl friend on this show!

AL: Read your lines, Carl!

CARL: Okay. Merry Christmas Mister Scratchitt,  
Merry Christmas Mister Scrooge.  
I stopped in to bring you greetings.  
And to say how do you dooge!

KITZEL:        Bah! What do I care about Christmas -- in fact I DON'T  
EVEN BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS. Boy -- am I a stinker!

CARL:          Mister Scrooge -- you're nothing but a good for nothing  
old meanie and I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU!

KITZEL:        Music to my ears. Out of my way. I'm going home now --  
and Bob Scratchitt, you'd better get to work or I'll be  
back in a flash with a LASH!

SOUND:        DOOR SLAM

WENDELL:      As the second scene opens -- that old meanie, Ebenezer  
Scrooge is seen entering his house to be greeted by his  
wife!

SOUND:        DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

BRAYTON:      (OLD WITCH TALKING THROUGH NOSE) HIGH!

KITZEL:        HIGH!

BRAYTON:      It's about time you got home, Ebenezer! What kept you so  
late?

KITZEL:        I stopped at the corner to kick the newsboy. Now go on to  
bed -- I'm going to sit in front of the fire!

BRAYTON:      Can I sit in front of the fire, too!

KITZEL: No -- you absorb too much heat! Go on to bed.  
Go-go-go-go. Heh-heh-heh-heh-heh. AM I A RAT! Ah --  
what a successful day -- I was mean to five people! I've  
got to be meaner tomorrow -- it's Christmas! I think  
I'll take a nap -- and see if I can dream of something  
real nasty for tomorrow.

SOUND: SNORING AND CLOCK STRIKE TWICE...COWBELL DROP

KITZEL: Hmmm -- it's twelve o'clock. I must have dozed off!

SOUND: CLANKING OF CHAINS

MEL: (GHOSTLY LAUGH)

KITZEL: (SCARED) What was that? It sounded like a ghost. But  
that's silly. There are no ghosts!

MEL: (GHOSTLY LAUGH)

KITZEL: Well, there might be one or two.

MEL: Ebenezer Kitzel Scrooge! I am the ghost of your former  
partner -- Jacob Marley!

KITZEL: Don't be so uppity-puppity -- WHO CARES!

MEL: (SHAKING VOICE) You're a hard man McScrooge! But you  
have been such a mean man -- that I have come back to  
torture you!

KITZEL: Oh, pish-posh! You have come back to torture me. Go  
ahead. Give it a try -- go ahead, torture me!

MEL: Very well -- you will now hear the voice of Thoedosia Fisk!

ROESE: (A FEW BARS OF SAME NUMBER AS IN SECOND SCENE)

KITZEL: Just a second -- just a second -- Not that! Please not that!

MEL: Ebenezer -- do you promise to reform!

KITZEL: Yes -- yes -- I'll reform -- I'll do anything!

MEL: Very well -- your clerk, Bob Scratchitt is freezing to death in your office. Get him on the phone!

KITZEL: Okay -- okay -- I'll get him!

SOUND: PHONE CLICKING

KITZEL: Hello, operator -- give me Scrooge's Counting House.  
Oh, I'll never be mean again. Never -- never!

RAYMOND: Hello -- Bob Scwatchitt speaking!

KITZEL: Hello, Bob dear --- this is Mister Scrooge! I'm sorry I was mean to you, Bob -- are you still cold?

RAYMOND: Mister Scrooge, have't you got the wrong number?

KITZEL: No, Bob --- I'm serious. Tomorrow's Christmas --- and I'm sorry I was so mean. I want to do something for you. Is there anything you want? Just name it.

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RAYMOND: Oh, gowwy, thanks, Mr. Scrooge. Please may I throw another toothpick on the fire?

KITZEL: Another toothpick -- Why pish-posh -- of course, of course -- and not only that, but in my vest in the closet is four more toothpicks -- Throw them all on -- and Merry Christmas!

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO NEWSBOY)

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, our guest next Friday night will be a young lady from radio station WRNL, Richmond, Virginia, Miss Edythe Wray, who just recently was voted the Radio Queen of the South. I want to assure the members of the International Radio Club and the Miami Beach Hotel Association, who conducted this search for the Radio Queen of the South, as well as Miss Wray's hosts of friends in the Southern states, that we are all looking forward to meeting their Queen of the Airways.

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)

WENDELL: Attention please, ladies! If you're puzzling over what to give those men-folks of yours for Christmass -- puzzle no more. A pound tin of Prince Albert in the gay Christmas container with gift card included is really a splendid gift for any smoker -- and it lets your Christmas shopping money go farther! Prince Albert is the world's most popular tobacco for good taste, mildness, and cooler 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! Get your one-pound Christmas-wrapped tins of P. A. now!

This is Wendell Niles speaking.

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.