

**AS
BROADCAST**

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

PROGRAM #8

CAST

HARRY SAVOY

BENAY VENUTA

PAULA KELLY AND THE MODERNAIRES

JIMMY WALLINGTON

PETER VAN STEEDEN & ORCHESTRA

PHIL KRAMER

ELSIE MAE GORDON

ARTHUR ELMER

STANLEY ADAMS

PAUL LUTHER...YANK OF THE WEEK ANNCR.

TED JEWETT.....P.A. ANNCR.

DIRECTOR.....KEN MAC GREGOR

THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1944

FOR NBC

SOUND: MILTON KAYE

ENGINEER: ED WHITTAKER

PRODUCTION: EDDIE DUNHAM

51457 3186

NBC NETWORK

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

() ()
10:00 - 10:30 PM

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

AUGUST 10, 1944

THURSDAY

CUE: This is the NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY
(.....20 SECONDS.....)

WALLINGTON: (COLD) Camel Cigarettes present HARRY SAVOY!

(ORCH: STIRRING CHORDS BUILDING INTO)

(BAND: SINGS.....C-A-M-E-L-S)

WALL: CAMELS!

(ORCH: "I'M JUST WILD ABOUT HARRY"....THEME)

(ESTABLISH WITH BRASS LAFF THEN FADE FOR)

WALL: This is the Thursday night Camel show starring Harry Savoy.....with Benay Venuta...Paula Kelly and the Modernaires...Peter Van Steeden and his Orchestra... and yours truly Jimmy Wallington, brought to you by Camel, the cigarette that's first in the service, according to actual sales records! See if your throat and your taste don't make Camel a first with you too. Find out for yourself!

(ORCH: MUSIC UP TO STRONG FINISH)

WALL: And here he is the star of our Thursday night Camel show...HARRY SAVOY!

(APPLAUSE)

~~SAVOY: YOU KNOW JIMMY, LAST NIGHT I TOOK MY GIRL TO A RESTAURANT, -- THERE WAS A SIGN -- IT SAID "WATCH YOUR HAT AND COAT"..... SO I DID....~~

51457 3187

SAVOY: HI JIMMY....

WALLINGTON: HI Harry....

SAVOY: JIMMY, I WENT TO A SWANKY BEACH PARTY..

JIMMY: Oh yeah?

SAVOY: YEAH. I LIKE TO GO... I ALWAYS... EVERYTIME.. BUT IT DOES ME A LOT OF GOOD, YOU KNOW. IT WAS REALLY A SWANKY BEACH PARTY. ONE GIRL WORE A BATHING SUIT... INSTEAD OF, IT SHOULD HAVE... BUT IT DIDN'T. YEAH, I WAS TEACHING HER HOW TO SWIM AND THE LIFE GUARD CAME ALONG AND MADE US GO IN THE WATER. ^{yeah,} BUT LATER ON.... IT WAS REALLY A SWELL PARTY. EVERYBODY CAME BY INVITATION... BUT I CAME BY BUS... ONE FELLER SAT ON THE TAIL LIGHT... WAS HE LIT UP... HE MUST HAVE BEEN A BAKER... DID HE HAVE A BUN ON... I USED TO WORK IN A BAKERY... I WAS A MANICURIST IN A BAKERY. ^{W. you were a manicurist in a bakery?} I TOOK CARE OF THE LADY FINGERS... THE BOSS FIRED ME... HE SAID I WAS TOO AMBITIOUS... I HAD MY FINGER IN EVERY PIE... OH EMPTY DOUGHNUTS... WHAT A CRUST... BUT ANYHOW HE MADE ME SO MAD... MY BOSS REALLY MADE ME MAD... I WENT HOME AND CHEWED UP ALL MY PILLOWS... THEN I REALLY GOT DOWN IN THE MOUTH... OH FEATHERS AND CHICKENS...

JIMMY: Harry take it easy... one minute you're on a bus... then you're in a bakery shop...

SAVOY: OH, I GET AROUND... I WAS COMING AROUND THE CORNER.. YOU OUGHT TO SEE ME RIDE A BICYCLE... YEAH, I GRABBED THE HANDLEBARS... I PUT MY FOOT OVER... I FELL OFF.... I LIKE TO REDE ON A BUS... I WAS RIDING IN A BUS. ^{I was riding.. don't worry I'll give it to you.} A GIRL WAS SITTING ALONG SIDE OF ME... ^{the} BUS SWAYED... I REACHED... I SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT. WE HAD A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING. ^{The girl} SHE FINALLY STRAIGHTENED ME OUT... RIGHT ON THE SIDEWALK... HORIZONTAL. ^{that don't mean a thing} SUPPOSE YOU'RE HORIZONTAL.. I'M VERTICAL.. WHAT'S THE LONGITUDE.. ^{do you don't know... you're stuck.}

SAVOY: YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HER JIMMY...SHE WAS WEARING SOMETHING THAT KNOCKED
(cont'd.) MY EYE OUT.

JIMMY: A flashy dress?

SAVOY: NO, BRASS KNUCKLES...YEAH SHE WAS A KNOCKOUT...SHE WAS A KNOCKOUT...
TAKE IT EASY, I'M WORKING ON YOU...SHE SAID SHE WAS A MUSICIAN...I
SAID "CAN YOU PLAY DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM"...SHE ~~SAID~~ ^{said} "NO, I
GOT A DATE FOR TONIGHT.." BUT LATER ON ---

JIMMY: That must have been some party....

SAVOY: YEAH, IT WAS A SWELL BEACH PARTY...THERE MUST HAVE BEEN AT LEAST
FIFTY GIRLS THERE...

JIMMY: Only fifty...oh, round numbers no doubt...

SAVOY: NO, ONE OF THEM WAS KINDA OF SKINNY...BUT I GOT AROUND THAT...SHE SAID
"ARE YOU --- ARE YOU"...AND I WAS SO I AM...AREN'T WE ALL...YOU NEVER
KNOW...I WAS SUPPOSED TO..I STARTED TO..I NEVER WENT THERE...NEVER
BREAK BREAD OR ROLL IN YOUR SOUP...I'LL PROVE IT..PERIOD NEW SENTENCE...
LOOK, TAKE A CONJUNCTIVE VERB...TAKE A SUBTRACTIVE NOUN...YOU TAKE IT,
I CAN'T... HEY THIS GIRL AND I ALMOST HAD A FIGHT JIMMY...WE WERE DOING
A CROSS WORD PUZZLE TOGETHER..ONE WORD LED TO ANOTHER YOU SEE...NO, I
HAD WORDS BUT I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO USE THEM...SHE WAS WEARING A...
SHE HAD ON...CORSETS ARE HEALTHY..IT KEEPS A WOMAN IN GOOD SHAPE...IT
KEEPS A MAN LOOKING GOOD TOO. .SHE HAS A GOOD JOB...SHE DOESN'T WORK
HARD...SHE MAKES MEN'S GARTERS...

JIMMY: Oh, she has a snap!

SAVOY: YOU SEE...THE COMIC IS ON THIS SIDE...BUT, NO, SHE'S REALLY A SWELL
GIRL...SHE GOES AROUND WITH A MOTOR-MAN...MORE POWER TO HER...BUT
ANYHOW, JIMMY, DO YOU WANNA KNOW SOMETHING...

JIMMY: Yeah...

SAVOY: WHAT DO YOU WANNA KNOW...YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW SOMETHING...I'LL TELL YOU JIMMY...JIMMY, I WANT YOU TO COME TO MY HOUSE TOMORROW NIGHT... WE'RE GOING TO HAVE CHICKEN FOR DINNER...

JIMMY: Chicken....

SAVOY: YEAH, I HEARD MY FATHER TELL MY UNCLE, HE PICKED UP A SWELL CHICKEN LAST NIGHT...YEAH HE DID.

JIMMY: For quite an old chicken it laid a pretty good egg.

SAVOY: OH COCKADOODLE...DON'T EGG ME ON...MY UNCLE DIDN'T DO SO GOOD...HE SAID ALL HE COULD PICK UP WAS AN OLD HEN...YEAH HE TALKED TURKEY TO HER... SHE GAVE HIM THE BIRD...YOU NEVER CAN TELL...YOU TAKE A BIRD IN THE HAND...A BIRD IN THE HAND IS UNCOMFORTABLE...AND JIMMY YOU KNOW WHAT... WE'RE GOING TO HAVE ROAST BEEF. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE ROAST BEEF AT THE HOUSE TOMORROW NIGHT.

JIMMY: Oh, is it rare?

SAVOY: YEAH, IT'S RARE...WE ONLY HAVE IT ONCE A MONTH...I KNOW WE'RE GOING TO HAVE ROAST BEEF...I HEARD MY MOTHER TELL MY FATHER SHE HAS A BEEF COMING...(REORGANIZE)...YOU NEVER CAN TELL...YEAH, YESTERDAY, I WAS WEARING A NEW SUIT OF COMBINATION UNDERWEAR...I TRIED TO... I PULLED...I COULDN'T GET THEM OFF...I LOST THE COMBINATION...YEAH SO I TOOK OFF MY SHOES INSTEAD...

JIMMY: Naturally...who sleeps with is shoes on...

SAVOY: MY HORSE..I FOUND HIM IN THE BATHTUB,..SO I PULLED THE
PLUG OUT. *That's a different tale,* THAT NIGHT HE SLEPT WITH ME...I HAD A
NIGHTMARE, *But later on, Jimmy,* WELL I GOT TO GO NOW, JIMMY, I'M GOING TO
SEE MY GIRL..SHE'S SCARED TO DEATH,.. SHE WAS KNITTING
A SWEATER *and* SHE RAN OUT OF WOOL..SO I TOLD HER TO USE
SPAGHETTI...LAST NIGHT SHE WAS WEARING HER SPAGHETTI
SWEATER..AND TWO MEAT BALLS FOLLOWED HER HOME..

(APPLAUSE)

(ORCH: _ _ _ RUNOFF MUSIC) (ON CUE)

(ORCH: _ _ _ FANFARE #1... "YANK OF THE WEEK")

LUTHER: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute
Sergeant Sam Tiggelaar, of Chicago, Illinois, a husky
Ranger who well knows the tingling experience of crouching
in a landing craft, splashing into the surf, and fighting
his way to a hostile beach. He's done it four times and
been untouched by enemy fighters. However, during a
night engagement outside El Guetar, Tunisia, he jumped
off a cliff breaking bones in both feet..but he
bandaged his feet and went along with his comrades. In
your honor, Sergeant Tiggelaar, the makers of Camels
are sending to our fighters overseas four hundred
thousand Camel cigarettes!

(APPLAUSE)

(ORCH: _ _ _ FANFARE #2)

WALL: Each of the three Camel shows honors a Yank of the Week; sends four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes overseas...a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. In this country, the traveling Camel Caravans have thanked audiences of almost four million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

(INTRODUCTION FULL AND FADE)

JIMMY: Peter Van Steeden and His Orchestra and the hit song, "Let's Sing A Song About Susie".

(LET'S SING A SONG ABOUT SUSIE...PETER VAN STEEDEN & ORCH)

(COMMERCIAL)

WALL: Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to say a few words to you on the subject of....

SAVOY: I KNOW...^{I know} AT THE BEACH...OR IN A BOAT... "T" FOR TASTE

AND "T" FOR THROAT...TEA GOES GOOD WITH COOKIES TOO,^{you know that, don't you?}

WALL: Thank^{you} Harry...that gives me an unexpected opportunity to talk to all you listeners about your T-Zone. As Harry said, that's "T" for Taste and "T" for Throat... the true proving ground for a cigarette.

SAVOY: Oh MY GIRL HAD HER EAR TO THE GROUND., DID IT PICK UP THE DIRT ... SO IF YOUR VACUUM CLEANER EVER STOPS TO LISTEN

TO WHAT YOU'RE SAYING...THAT'S MY GIRL'S EAR,^{you know that, don't you?}

WALL: Quite right. You folks who keep one ear to the ground already know that Camels' superb blend of costlier tobaccos not only brings your taste a rich, full, never-go-flat flavor, but brings your throat so kind and cool a mildness that you ought to try that flavor and mildness on your own T-Zone. Like millions of smokers you may find that your favorite cigarette is Camel...

SAVOY: HEY JIMMY..CAN YOU HELP ME?...I WANNA SELL MY PIANO AND I DON'T KNOW JUST HOW TO GO ABOUT IT...

WALL: Why don't you take a look at the want ads in the newspapers, Harry?

SAVOY: GEE THANKS..THAT'S JUST WHAT I'LL DO...SO LONG...

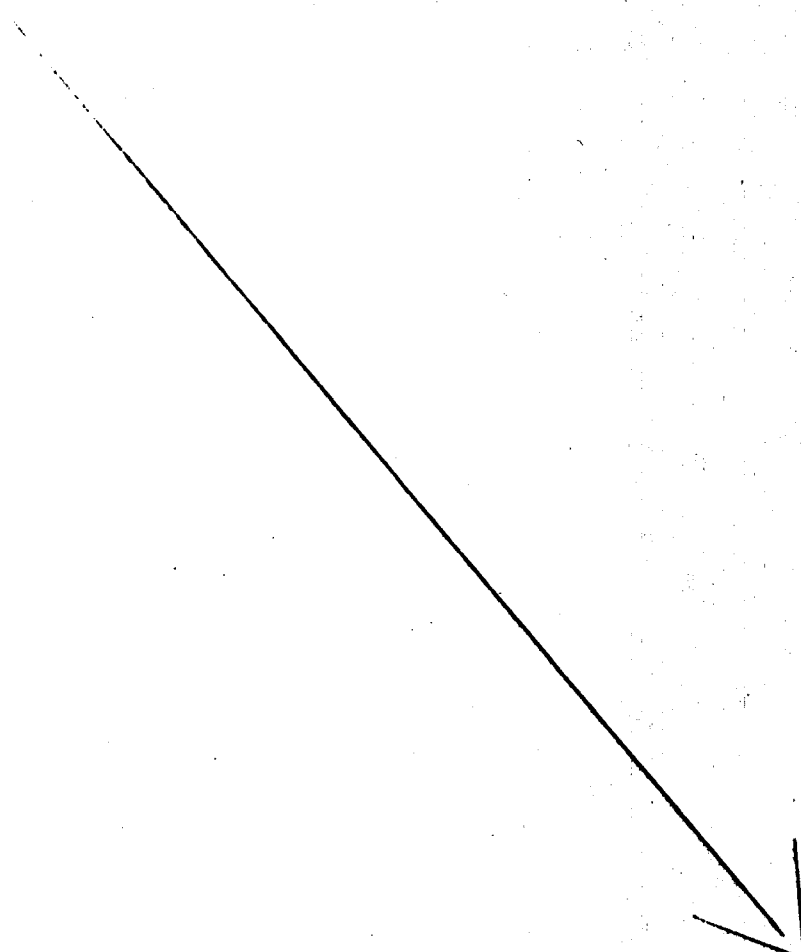
I'll see you, Jimmy.

WALL: So Harry wants to sell his piano? A perfect cue...
Music boys...

(PIANO CHORD.....)

CAST ETC. C-A-M-E-L-S

WALL: Camels! A word that's music to anyone's ears!
Try Camels on your T-Zone today!



(AFTER SAVOY COMMERCIAL)

(ORCH: _ _ _ INTRODUCTION FULL AND FADE)_

WALL: (OVER MUSIC) *and now* Our lovely lady of song, Benay Venuta, ~~with~~
~~a song for seagoing buccaroos called, "Salt Water~~
(APPLAUSE)
~~Cowboy.~~ (BENAY AD LIBS REST OF LEADIN)

(SALT WATER COWBOY... BENAY VENUTA AND ORCHESTRA)_

(APPLAUSE)

WALL: Ladies and gentlemen, Harry Savoy is now at home trying
to find a customer to buy his old piano. Let's
see how he's making out.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)_

SAVOY: I BETTER LOOK IN THIS NEWSPAPER AND SEE WHO WANTS TO
BUY A PIANO... *hey, here's a funny ad.* ~~OH... LOOK AT THIS AD IN THE PERSONAL COLUMN.~~

It says.
(READING) ~~"POOR WOMAN WANTS TO MARRY RICH MAN... OBJECT,~~

~~DIVORCE!"~~ ~~...HERE'S ANOTHER ONE:~~ "WOMAN WITH BARREL

OF FLOUR WANTS TO MEET MAN WITH POUND OF BUTTER... OBJECT

MACARONI"!... MUST BE OFF ^{her} HIS NOODLE... OH, HERE'S WHAT I'M ^a

man who wants to buy a piano
~~LOOKING FOR...~~ "PEOPLE WHO WANT TO BUY PIANOS... SMITH...

I'll go see him.
~~JONES... BROWN... HMM...~~ "COUNT IVAN OFFALITCH... I'LL GO

SEE HIM FIRST... THERE'S NOTHING LIKE STARTING FROM

SCRATCH... *you know.*

_(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE... PIANO STANDS OUT AGAINST ORCHESTRA)_

SAVOY: *Well* HERE WE ARE ^{*his name -11- is on the door.*} "COUNT IVAN OFFALITCH" ... I'LL RING

THE BELL... (SLEIGH BELLS JINGLE MERRILY) (DOOR OPENS)

RUSSIAN: (SINGS TO VOLGA BOATMAN)

I-DA YUK NYEM (GRUNTS)

I-DA YUK NYEM (GRUNTS)

SAVOY: HEY, ~~HOW CAN YOU ROW A BATH TUB WITHOUT WATER?~~ *where do you get such strong radishes?*

RUSSIAN: Quiet, peasant! You are speaking to a man who would have been a White Russian but for one thing!

SAVOY: WHAT'S THAT?

RUSSIAN: I never use soap! What brings you to my door, Comrade?

SAVOY: IT SAYS HERE IN THE PAPER THAT YOU WANT TO BUY A PIANO.

RUSSIAN: OOOOH, A piano... just let me sit down once at a pie-anner...

SAVOY: WHY? DO YOU WANNA PLAY?

RUSSIAN: No, my feet are killing me!

SAVOY: MY UNCLE'S FEET KILL HIM TOO... IT'S BECAUSE HE'S GOT TEN TOES!

RUSSIAN: So what? Everybody's got ten toes!

SAVOY: YEAH, BUT MY UNCLE'S GOT SEVEN ON ONE FOOT AND THREE ON THE OTHER! HE'S ALSO GOT TWO FEET...

RUSSIAN: Naturally! Everybody's got two feet!

SAVOY: ON THE SAME LEG?

(KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPEN)

ELMER: It's got me going in circles...it's got me going in circles, I tell you..it's got me going in circles!

SAVOY: WHAT'S GOT YOU GOING IN CIRCLES?

ELMER: The piano stool!

(WHISTLE...DOOR SIAM)

SAVOY: *Well, one good turn deserves another...*
RUSSIAN: Savoy-ski...I have a proposition for you, comrade...I will give you free lessons on the pie-anner if you will bring your pie-anner here to me!

SAVOY: OH, I CAN'T DO THAT.

RUSSIAN: Why not?

SAVOY: HOW COULD I GET THE PIANO ON A TROLLEY CAR...

RUSSIAN: Savoy-ski has the heat affected your mind?

SAVOY: NO, THE HEAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT! *hey* I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE.

MUSIC: BRIDGE)

SAVOY: *Well* I'LL TRY TO SELL MY PIANO TO THIS FELLOW...IT SAYS HERE IN THE ADVERTISEMENT... "PIANO WANTED"...HERCULES GYMNASIUM...MUSCLES FOR SALE OR FOR HIRE" *humm*...I'LL RING THE DOORBELL..

(FIGHT BELL CIANGS LOUDLY)

(DOOR OPEN)

SAVOY: I BEG YOUR PARDON...BUT ARE YOU HERCULES THE FAMOUS
PHYSICAL INSTRUCTOR WHO HAS MUSCLES OF IRON?

KRAMER: Yesssss.

SAVOY: ~~HEY~~, YOUR IRON SOUNDS A LITTLE RUSTY TODAY...ANYWAY
YOU ADVERTISED FOR A PIANO SO HERE I AM..

KRAMER: You don't look like a piano to me!

SAVOY: *no*, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. LOOK..HERE'S ^{the} ~~a~~ PICTURE OF MY
PIANO...THAT'S MY GIRL STANDING NEXT TO IT...

KRAMER: It sure has fine sturdy legs and a lovely mahogany
top.

SAVOY: HEY, THAT'S MY GIRL!

KRAMER: Well, your girl certainly has a beautiful set of white
teeth!

SAVOY: NO...THAT'S THE PIANO!

KRAMER: Oh, pardon my astigmatism...Tell you what..you give me
the piano..and I'll put muscles on you in places where
you don't even need them!

SAVOY: OH, I DON'T NEED MUSCLES *in those places!*

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

(DOOR OPEN)

ELMER: It won't come back...it won't come back do you hear.
It won't come back.

SAVOY: WHAT WON'T COME BACK?

ELMER: My yo-yo ---

(WHISTLE AND DOOR SLAM)

Silly. His yo-yo won't come back!
SAVOY: THEY USED TO CALL MY COUSIN YO-YO.

KRAMER: Why?

SAVOY: HE DIDN'T COME BACK EITHER YEAH...THEY FOUND HIM
DANGLING AT THE END OF A ROPE...^{yeah, he} WAS ~~HE~~ HIGH STRUNG.

KRAMER: Look, I need that piano...and I have a proposal to make.

SAVOY: THANKS, BUT I HARDLY KNOW YOU.

KRAMER: Now you don't understand...I'll swap you...gymnasium
lessons for your piano..They'll do you good...^{try this exercise}
~~here is~~
~~S. Okay.~~ ~~a sample.~~ exhale...exhale..now breathe out..now exhale..

Hey...something's gone wrong..you're turning blue!...
~~What the matter, doll~~
~~Well how do you like that exercise?~~

SAVOY: (GASPS) IT'S BREATH TAKING!

KRAMER: Now, take off your shirt...my, you've got a lot of fat
around your middle, haven't you?

Yeah, I used to be a -15- middleweight!

SAVOY: YOU SHOULD SEE MY FATHER...HE GOT SO FAT...HE HAD TO LET OUT HIS SHOWER CURTAIN ---

(KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS)

WOMAN: (WALK ON) I don't like this gym...I don't like this gym, do you hear? I don't like this gym.

SAVOY: WHY DON'T YOU LIKE THIS GYM?

WOMAN: Because Jim doesn't bring me pretty flowers!

(WHISTLE ...DOOR SIAM)

SAVOY: *There must be an underground passage out of here somewhere!*
JIM IS THE NAME OF MY SISTER'S BOY-FRIEND, YESTERDAY

HE THREW HER A BOUQUET FROM HIS GARDEN AND SHE GOT

MAD...IT WAS A ROCK GARDEN. WELL, I'LL LET YOU KNOW *(Who am I talking to?)*

Well, I'll let you know
ABOUT THE PIANO. SO, LONG.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

SAVOY: THIS IS THE LAST PLACE I'M GOING TO...THE AD SAYS

"WANTED...OLD PIANO BY OPERA SINGER IN BROKEN-DOWN

CONDITION...WILL REPAIR HERSELF". *Well,* HERE'S THE HOUSE

I'LL RING THE BELL...

(VIBRAPHONE SCALE...QUICK)

WOMAN: (ORCH...OFF.."CARMEN") There's my bell..do-re-mi-fa..
Come in..come in...whoever you are!!!!

(DOOR OPEN)

WOMAN: Yess-s-s-s-s?????

SAVOY: ARE YOU MADAM BANANA, THE GREAT SOPRANNA WHO WANTS A
PIANA?

WOMAN: *Well,* Of course I want a piano..otherwise what can I do with
my (SINGING OPERATICALLY) "Figare, Figaro, Figaro --
Figaro-o-o-o

SAVOY: YOU COULD PULL IT ^{together} IN A LITTLE *bit. you know that!*

WOMAN: I need a piano so badly otherwise...*I want to sit down and*
~~how can I sing~~...
swing (SINGING) "Oh, I adore, I adore you Giannina (*) Mia...

SAVOY: *Boy what a spot for a tomato.*
I'M NOT JIMMY MISDEMEMOR...I'M HARRY A. SAVOY.

WOMAN: (SINGS TO "RIGOLETTO")
My darling boy,
You look so coy,
You say you're Harry A. Savoy...Hm!..
(SPOKEN) What does the "A" stand for?

SAVOY: *yeah* ASSISTANCE. WHEN I WAS BORN MY FATHER LOOKED AT ME AND
say HOLLERED, "HELP",...YOU HAD AN AD IN THE PAPER ABOUT
BUYING A PIANO...

WOMAN: (SINGS) Without a piano, I can't show.....
My beautiful fortissimo...Mo-Mo-Mo-Mo-o-o-o-o!!!

SAVOY: ~~SEE~~, THAT'S TOO BAD...I'D LIKE TO SEE IT.

WOMAN: (SPEAKS) ^{Young man,} Do you know what a fortissimo is?

SAVOY: SURE, IT'S AN ITALIAN FORT...YOU KNOW MY BROTHER USED TO
SING IN THE OPERA...YEAH.....EVERYTIME HE SANG THEY
YELLED, "BRAVO, BRAVO, BRAVO".

WOMAN: Why?

SAVOY: BECAUSE BRAVO WAS A BETTER SINGER THAN MY BROTHER.....
(Thank you. That his opposition)

HE WAS IN THAT LUNCHROOM OPERA... "I-EETA" ^{yeah}...HE USED TO
STAND NEAR THE BARITONE WITH A LONG SPEAR...BUT THEY
FIRED HIM.

WOMAN: What happened?

SAVOY: ONE NIGHT THE BARITONE BACKED UP AND MY BROTHER
^{He got stuck up!}
ESTABLISHED A SPEAR-HEAD!...HE CAME IN WITH A SPEAR
AND WENT OUT ON HIS HEAD.....

WOMAN: Mr. Savoy, I'll make a deal with you....I have a singing
school here...so if you'll give me your piano, in
exchange, I'll give you your singing lessons....

(KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPEN)

ELMER: (HYSTERICAL) Madam Banana, I can't sing..I can't sing
I tell you....I can't sing!

SAVOY: WHY CAN'T YOU SING?

ELMER: (HOARSE WHISPER) I got laryngitis.

(WHISTLE AND DOOR SLAM)

SAVOY: ~~SEE~~, HE'S GOT SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIS T-ZONE.

WOMAN: Now, Mr. Savoy..if you'll study with me, I'll guarantee that no one will be able to tell you from Lawrence Tibbett.

SAVOY: OH YES THEY WILL.....LAWRENCE TIBBETT HAS A MUSTACHE.....

v. yes?
SAY MADAM BANANA, CAN I SING IN THE OPERA WITH YOU?

WOMAN: Ahhh...how I wish I was back in the opera....I'll never forget....I was Charmin' as Carmen, a gem in La Boheme, a thrill in the barber of Seville.

SAVOY: *gee,* WHY AIN'T YOU IN THE OPERA NOW?

WOMAN: Well, I sorta loused up Faust! *But* What do you say? Will you give me your piano in exchange for singing lessons.

SAVOY: I DON'T WANT TO BE A SINGER...I HEARD THAT TO BE A GOOD SINGER YOU GOTTA EAT ONIONS AND I DON'T LIKE ONIONS....

WOMAN: Yes, that's true...the secret of a good voice is eating onions.

SAVOY: *But,* ~~AW,~~ HOW CAN YOU KEEP ~~ONIONS~~ *it* A SECRET? SO LONG.

(DOOR SLAM)

(LOUD STREET NOISES - AUTO HORNS - SUSTAIN)

SAVOY: BOY, SHE WANTED MY PIANO FOR A SONG...BUT I'D SURE LIKE
TO SELL IT.....WELL.....GUESS I'LL WALK HOME.....

(AUTO HORN.....BRAKES)

MAN: Look out!

(MORE BRAKES...CRASH...SCREAM)

SAVOY: (GROANING)...OHHHHHH...OH.....OHHHHHHH.

VOICE: Oh, you poor man, that auto struck you -- how do
you feel?

SAVOY: ~~I FEEL~~ ALL RUN DOWN.....

VOICE: Well, you don't look too good...in case these are
your last moments, is there anything on your mind?

SAVOY: YEAH. ^{VOICE: what} / WOULD YOU LIKE TO BUY A PIANO?

(ORCH: _ _ _ _ "WILD ABOUT HARRY"..._ _ _ _ RUNOFF MUSIC)

(APPLAUSE)

WALL: Does your taste ever sort of say to you after you've done a lot of smoking, "Ho hum, chief, I'm getting kind of bored. These cigarettes you're smoking are registering flat. I'm tired", And does your throat ever sort of say, "Couldn't you find anything milder, boss?" Well, maybe your T-Zone - that's T for Taste and T for Throat - is hinting that you give it a chance to try Camels. Camel's mildness, so kind and cool. Camel's flavor - the rich, full, never go flat flavor - of Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos.

(CHORUS: C-A-M-E-L-S!)

WALL: Try Camels on your T-Zone today!

(ORCH: INTRODUCTION FULL AND FADE FOR)

WALL: By special request of defense workers on the swing shift, Paula Kelly and the Modernaires are happy to repeat, "Milkman, Keep Those Bottles Quiet".

("MILKMAN, KEEP THOSE BOTTLES QUIET" PAULA KELLY AND THE MODERNAIRES)

(APPLAUSE)

WALL: Camel broadcasts go out to the United States three times a week, are shortwaved to our men overseas; and to South America.....Listen tomorrow night to Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore, Monday night to Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks", and next Thursday night at this same time to

SAVOY: (BREAKING IN FAST) HEY JIMMY.....WANNA GO TO THE MOVIES WITH ME TONIGHT....?

BENAY: Just a minute, Harry Savoy! You were supposed to meet me at the movies last night!

SAVOY: IT WASN'T MY FAULT BENAY...I WENT UP TO THE BOX OFFICE...
I PUT MY HANDS IN MY POCKETS...AND ALL I FOUND THERE WAS
TWO PENNIES...SO I WEIGHED MYSELF TWICE AND WENT HOME...

BENAY: That's no excuse..you didn't show up last week either!

SAVOY: OH I COULDN'T MEET YOU LAST WEEK, BENAY,..I WAS HOME
SICK IN BED.....

Ok yeah?
BENAY: If you were home sick in bed, how come I saw you riding
down the street on a bicycle?

SAVOY: I WAS GOING FOR THE DOCTOR.....

BENAY: Welll...how about taking me to the movies tonight?

I would like to take you, but
SAVOY: ~~I CAN'T~~..I SAW THE PICTURE THIS AFTERNOON..IT WAS THE

"LONE RANGER"...I SAW THE PICTURE THREE TIMES...WHEN I
WENT HOME I WAS WALKING BOW-LEGGED...GEE IT WAS EXCITING..
THE LONE RANGER WAS CHASING A BAD MAN THROUGH A GRAVEYARD.
SOMEONE ELSE IN THE GRAVEYARD YELLED TO THE BAD MAN.....

"QUICK...HID BEHIND THE MARBLE...SLOB!"

Harry
BENAY: Why Harry, you did that beautifully..you should be in
Hollywood!

SAVOY: I WAS IN HOLLYWOOD ONCE..I WENT FROM STUDIO TO STUDIO
LOOKING FOR LARGER ROLES..OF COURSE I HAD MY OWN COFFEE..

she was there Carmen / miranda
with pocket I had left / over I made apple strudle
But I MET SOME MOVIE STARS IN HOLLYWOOD..CARMEN MIRANDA LEFT
HER HAT IN MY HOUSE..I HAD FRUIT SALAD FOR A WEEK..WHAT
A HAT.....! WOMEN DRESS SO FUNNY.....

VENAY: Never mind..women are an improvement on men!

SAVOY: OH..MAYBE THAT'S WHY MEN ALWAYS GO AROUND LOOKING FOR
IMPROVEMENTS.....

BENAY: Well what I want to know is..are you going to take me
to the movies?

But
SAVOY: SURE..~~HE~~ YOU KNOW I WAS SITTING IN THE MOVIES THIS
AFTERNOON...AND ALL THE LIGHTS WENT OUT....

BENAY: Gee whiz..it must have cause a panic when the lights
went out!

SAVOY: NO..BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE PANIC WHEN THE LIGHTS
WENT ON!

(APPLAUSE)

~~SAVOY: WELL, FOLKS..IF YOU'RE HOME NEXT THURSDAY NIGHT...AND
YOU GOT NOTHING SPECIAL TO DO, I'D LIKE TO HAVE A DATE
WITH YOU...GOOD NIGHT!~~

~~(ORCH: CAMEL THEME...FULL & FADE UNDER)~~

~~WALL: Listen in again next week at this time to the Thursday
night Camel show starring Harry Savoy, with Boney
Venuta, Paula Kelly and the Modernaires, Peter Van
Steeden, and his orchestra and yours truly, Jimmy
Wallington. And Remember...try Camels on your throat
and your taste. See for yourself how Camel's mildness,
coolness and flavor, click with you!~~

(ORCH: THEME UP FULL AND FADE OUT FOR)

(PRINCE ALBERT CUT-IN)

(PRINCE ALBERT ANNOUNCEMENT)

(IN AUXILIARY STUDIO)

JEWETT: Fifty is Thrifty... You bet!...Fifty is Thrifty.
And I refer to those approximately fifty full pipeloads,
you get out of just one regular two-ounce package of
Prince Albert smoking tobacco. But wait, mister,
don't think that economy alone is the reason you ought
to start on P.A. today. No sir! There's that grand,
rich, mild "million dollar" flavor. The aged in the
wood aroma that makes your pipe popular with everyone
in range. And that Prince Albert no-bite treatment
babies your tongue. And the crimp out for
firm packing, easy drawing, even burning. ~~No wonder
more peeps smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco
in the whole wide world!~~

(FADE BACK TO STUDIO)

(ORCH: ONE OF THEMES OR EXTRA TUNE AS CUED)



51457 3210

The attached "see immediately" scripts have not yet been sent to the client. You will note that #1's happened and the fact evidence of the Hitchhiker was lost. I thought you might want to see this before we sent it through.

Handwritten signature: W. J. ...



1-3250
 1-3251
 1-3252
 1-3253
 1-3254
 1-3255
 1-3256
 1-3257
 1-3258
 1-3259
 1-3260
 1-3261
 1-3262
 1-3263
 1-3264
 1-3265
 1-3266
 1-3267
 1-3268
 1-3269
 1-3270
 1-3271
 1-3272
 1-3273
 1-3274
 1-3275
 1-3276
 1-3277
 1-3278
 1-3279
 1-3280
 1-3281
 1-3282
 1-3283
 1-3284
 1-3285
 1-3286
 1-3287
 1-3288
 1-3289
 1-3290
 1-3291
 1-3292
 1-3293
 1-3294
 1-3295
 1-3296
 1-3297
 1-3298
 1-3299
 1-3300

the Advance
 of the counter
 of the materie
 SECOND IMPRI
 radio, or
 placed on a
 contents of these advertise
 No credit sh
 than that authorized
 e advertising should be sent promptly to the nearest
 taining the advertising should be sent promptly to V
 51457 3211
 AND COMP