

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

PROGRAM #11

CAST

HARRY SAVOY

BENAY VENUTA

PAULA KELLY AND THE MODERNAIRES

JIMMY WALLINGTON

PETER VAN STEEDEN & ORCHESTRA

PHIL KRAMER

ELSIE MAE GORDON

JACK ARTHUR

MATTHEW CROWLEY

PAUL LUTHER...YANK OF THE WEEK ANNCR

BILL ADAMS....P. A. ANNCR

DIRECTOR.....KEN MAC GREGOR

THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1944

FOR NBC

SOUND: MILTON KAYE

ENGINEER: GEORGE ANDERSON

PRODUCTION: EDDIE DUNHAM

AS BROADCAST
REVISED
9/13/44

51457 3263

NBC NETWORK

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

REVISED

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

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

AUGUST 31, 1944

THURSDAY

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

WALLINGTON: (COLD) Camel Cigarettes present HARRY SAVOY!

(ORCHESTRA...STIRRING CHORDS BUILDING INTO)

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

WALLINGTON: CAMELS!

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

(ESTABLISH WITH BRASS LAFF, THEN FADE FOR)

WALLINGTON: 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)

WALLINGTON: And here he is the star of our Thursday night Camel

show...HARRY SAVOY!

(APPLAUSE)

51457 3264

SAVOY:

W: The Harry
S: Hey Jimmy,
 HI JIMMY...GUESS WHERE I WAS...I WAS IN A DEPARTMENT STORE...I'M WALKING AROUND MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS.... I'M SHOPLIFTING...I SAID TO THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER..."HAVE YOU ANY NOTIONS?"...SHE SAID "CERTAINLY BUT ~~I SUPPRESS THEM DURING WORKING HOURS~~"....I BOUGHT A SOUTH AMERICAN CUCKOO CLOCK...EVERY HOUR THE COCKOO COMES OUT AND SINGS..."COCKOO...CACKARACHA".....

JIMMY:

Can't he just come out and tell the time?

SAVOY:

No
 NO, HE'S ~~A~~ STOOLED PIGEON...I INVENTED A CLOCK WITHOUT ANY HANDS....
Just a little fuckos

JIMMY:

A clock without any hands? How do you know what time it is?

SAVOY:

I LISTEN TO THE RADIO....~~I ALSO INVENTED A GAME CALLED...~~
~~"GUESS WHO THIS IS?"~~....

~~JIMMY:~~

~~Guess who what is?~~

~~SAVOY:~~

~~NO....NOT "GUESS WHO WHAT IS?"... "GUESS WHO THIS IS?"~~

~~JIMMY:~~

~~It's you!~~

SAVOY:

YEAH, IT'S...NO IT'S NOT ME.....

JIMMY:

Then who is it?

SAVOY:

~~OH THE PITY OF IT...IT ISN'T ANYONE....~~

~~JIMMY:~~

~~Then how can I guess?~~

SAVOY: ~~JIMMY, THE GAME IS CALLED "GUESS WHO THIS IS"... I'LL
EXPLAIN... FIVE O'CLOCK THIS MORNING, I CALLED A GUY ON
THE PHONE AND SAID... "GUESS WHO THIS IS?"~~

JIMMY: ~~Did he guess right?~~

SAVOY: ~~YEAH... AND HE CAME OVER AND PUNCHED ME IN THE NOSE!~~
JIMMY, DO YOU KNOW WHAT I'D LIKE TO DO?

JIMMY: What?

SAVOY: I'D LIKE TO DO... I THINK I WILL CAUSE I MUST... FIRST I
WANNA.... FIRST I WANNA... MAYBE I'LL HAFTA... REMEMBER HE
WHO MUST AND DOESN'T... IT'S JUST TOO BAD, THAT'S ALL...
YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO DO... SOMETIMES
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO DO SOMETHING... YOU SAY TO YOURSELF...
LATER ON I'LL.... AND JUST AS YOU'RE GONNA... IT'S TOO
LATE... WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY... I MADE MY
WILL.... I LEFT EVERYTHING TO MY CREDITORS... I FIGURED
THEY CARRIED ME THIS FAR... LET THEM CARRY ME THE REST
OF THE WAY... IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED... STOP.... NO
USE ACTING SILLY!

JIMMY: Harry, why don't you stop talking silly.... Girls won't
like you!

SAVOY: OH YEAH... I JUST CAME FROM A PLACE WHERE THE WOMEN WERE
~~CRAZY~~ **MAD** ABOUT ME....

JIMMY: ~~Where was that?~~ *They were?*

SAVOY: ~~AN INSANE ASYLUM... YEAH, AND THEY WERE NUTS ABOUT THE PLACE... ONE GIRL REMINDED ME OF... SHE LOOKED LIKE... I STARTED LAUGHING... WHEN SHE THREW AN AXE AT ME... I THOUGHT I'D SPLIT! SHE CHASED ME UP A... I RAN DOWN A... I CAME TO A... IT'S A GOOD THING I'M BOWLEGGED... MY SISTER IS BOWLEGGED... SHE'S SO BOWLEGGED WHEN SHE WALKS DOWN THE STREET WITH HER PELLER... SHE WALKS ON BOTH SIDES OF HIM....~~

JIMMY: ~~Harry, why did that girl chase you... I thought you said the girls were all mad about you!~~

SAVOY: YEAH ~~THEY WERE~~... THEY TORE THEIR HAIR OUT OVER ME....

JIMMY: That's wonderful....

SAVOY: *Wonderful?* WONDERFUL NOTHING... WHO WANTS TO GO OUT WITH BALDHEADED WOMEN... IT'S NOT SMART... ONLY BALD HEADED MEN GET PLACES..

JIMMY: What makes you think baldheaded men get places?

SAVOY: I READ IT IN THE PAPER... IT SAID BALDHEADED MEN ARE COMING OUT ON TOP... *That's where they shine!* NEVER JUMP AT A PREPOSITION WHEN AN ADVERB IS COMING ALONG... *the old saying* REMEMBER "BIRDS OF ~~A~~ FEATHER"... *one* ARE CHILLY....

JIMMY: Harry, Harry, what are you trying to say?

SAVOY: YOU ~~DON'T~~ KNOW WHAT I WANT TO SAY... IF I WANT TO SAY WHAT I WANT TO SAY... SO I'LL SAY IT... SO I SAID IT... SUE ME... WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO GET... NOTHING! SUPPOSE YOU BOUGHT FIVE TONS OF COAL... WHO WOULD GET THE COAL...

JIMMY: Why the buyer!

SAVOY: NO, YOU'RE WRONG...THE CELLAR! *Are there any questions?* I'LL PROVE IT...TAKE A NUMBER FROM ONE TO TEN...

JIMMY: Seven.

SAVOY: TAKE ANOTHER NUMBER....

JIMMY: Eight.

SAVOY: SEE....YOU CAN DO IT YOURSELF...NOW DON'T ASK ME TO HELP YOU NEXT TIME...

JIMMY: *Harry will you please* Oh stop it, ~~Harry~~, you make my head ring!

SAVOY: IF A MAN ANSWERS HANG UP...YESTERDAY I WENT OUT WITH A SPANISH GIRL...SHE WANTED ME TO PLAY HIDE AND SEEK....

JIMMY: A Spanish girl wanted you to play Hide and Seek?

SAVOY: YEAH SHE SAID..."GO HIDE! YOU MAKE ME SEEK!" SHE'S A LINGERIE MODEL *You know, lingerie model. She's swell.* SHE'S QUEEN OF THE UNDIE WORLD... LAST NIGHT I BROUGHT HER A BOX OF CANDY...

JIMMY: How sweet!

SAVOY: YEAH, SHE'S THE OBJECT OF MY CONFECTIONS...EVERYTIME I WANT TO KISS HER...HER FATHER COMES BETWEEN US...LAST NIGHT I KISSED HER FATHER...~~SOME ONE~~...WE'RE NOT EVEN ENGAGED....

JIMMY: Oh well, a hundred and fifty years from now, a kiss will be a thing of the past!

SAVOY: IN 150 YEARS FROM NOW WHO CARES ^{you know} .. THINGS CAN HAPPEN...
THE OTHER NIGHT I TOOK HER TO THE MOVIES...IT WAS ^{one of those} ~~the~~
HORROR PICTURES ..SHE GOT SO FRIGHTENED SHE THREW HER
ARMS AROUND ME....

JIMMY: What did you do?

SAVOY: I SAW THE PICTURES FIVE TIMES!!

(APPLAUSE)

(AFTER MONOLOGUE)

(SAVOY PLAYOFF...ORCHESTRA)

(APPLAUSE)

(ORCHESTRA FANFARE #1... "YANK OF THE WEEK")

LUTHER: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute
Technical Sergeant Lewis L Coburn, of Niagara Falls,
New York, who has flown the incredible total of one-
hundred seven combat missions...seventy-two in the
Pacific, thirty-five over France and Germany. In your
honor, Sergeant Coburn, the makers of Camels are
sending to our fighters overseas four hundred thousand
Camel cigarettes.

(APPLAUSE)

(ORCHESTRA.....FANFARE #2)

WALLINGTON: Each of the three Camel shows honors a Yank of the Week
by sending, FREE, four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes
overseas...a total of more than a million Camels sent
free each week. In this country, the Camel Caravans --
traveling from camp to camp -- have thanked audiences of
almost four million Yanks with free shows and free
Camels.

(INTRODUCTION FULL AND FADE)

in Latin rhythms

JIMMY: ~~This is~~ "Tico Tico" played by Peter Van Steeden and his
Orchestra.

("TICO TICO".....PETER VAN STEEDEN & ORCHESTRA)

(APPLAUSE)

(COMMERCIAL)

WALLINGTON: Ladies and gentlemen, there are twenty-six letters in the alphabet, and the twentieth letter.....

SAVOY: THE TWENTIETH LETTER IS "T",,,,,

AND TWENTY-ONE IS "U".....

TWENTY-TWO IS "V".....

OH TWENTY-THREE SKIDDOO!!

WALLINGTON: ~~A good idea~~, Harry, ^{Do that} ~~for~~ ^{because} I want to get back to that twentieth letter...."T"! It's the most important because "T" stands for Throat, and also for Taste -- the T-Zone so important to every smoker that he owes his throat a chance to try Camel's wonderful mildness, that cool, kind mildness that.....

SAVOY: DON'T FORGET "TASTE", JIMMY ^{Taste} ...TASTE IS SOMETHING THAT THEY SAY...."EVERY MAN TO HIS OWN"....ESPECIALLY WHEN HIS OWN... IS HIS T-ZONE....

WALLINGTON: ^{Yes,} ~~I like that~~, Harry...for Taste, too is important. Yes every smoker deserves the chance to sample the rich, full, mellow, won't-go-flat flavor of Camel's superb blend of costlier tobaccos. Try Camels on your own T-Zone and find out -- really find out, -- which cigarette is best for you!

(MORE)

SAVOY: I KNOW WHAT'S BEST FOR ME RIGHT NOW...^{Jimmy}I GOTTA GO HOME AND
WORK IN MY GARDEN...TROUBLE IS JIMMY, I CAN'T FIND MY
SHEARS...AND IT'S TOUGH TRIMMING HEDGES WITH AN EYEBROW
TWEEZER....GOOD THING FOR ME I SMOKE CAMELS...NOTHING EVER
BOTHERS MY TWEEZE-ZONE!

WALLINGTON: You heard what Harry said folks..in a pinch or otherwise,
don't forget....

CAST: C-A-M-E-L-S!

WALLINGTON: That spells real smoking pleasure!

(ORCHESTRA: INTRODUCTION FULL AND FADE FOR.....)

WALLINGTON: Paula Kelly and the Modernaires on deck and having fun
with "A Juke Box Saturday Night!"

("JUKE BOX SATURDAY NIGHT"...PAULA KELLY AND THE MODERNAIRES)

(APPLAUSE)

WALLINGTON: Ladies and gentlemen, Harry Savoy has gone home to work in his garden and trim the hedges...It might be interesting to see how Harry's getting a lawn...so let's pay him a visit.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE... "IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME")

(ELECTRIC RAZOR WHINES)

(SAVOY SAYS "OUCH" AND "OO")

(RAZOR STOPS)

SAVOY: *you know* GEE, IT'S HARD TO MOW A LAWN WITH AN ELECTRIC RAZOR... *off goes*
against my grain. And no one cares about ~~AND LOOK AT~~ MY POOR BROKEN-DOWN VICTORY GARDEN...THE
RADISHES DON'T GIVE A BURP....THAT NEIGHBOR OF MINE
TOLD ME I'D HAVE A BUMPER CROP...HE'S CRAZY...NOT ONE
BUMPER HAS COME UP YET. *Period, new sentence.*

WALLINGTON: (MOO.....MOO)

SAVOY: GET AWAY FROM HERE, BESSIE MAE *with pants on.* ...A GARDEN IS NO PLACE FOR A COW.

WALLINGTON: (COW SINGING TO TUNE OF "BESAME MUCHO"..MOO MOO MOO...
MOO MOO MOO MOO MOO)

SAVOY: *what d'ye know.* GEE, A BESSIE MAE MOO COW...WELL, I GUESS I'LL WALK OVER AND HAVE A TALK WITH MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR.... MAYBE HE'LL BE KIND ENOUGH TO LEND ME THE RAKE HE BORROWED FROM ME TWO WEEKS AGO..I'LL TRY THE BACK DOOR.

(UP THE BACK STEPS)

(KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPEN)

SAVOY: HELLO, MR MACGREGOR.

MACG: Hello...(LAFFS)...Who are you?...(LAFF) ... What do you want?

SAVOY: I WANT MY RAKE...I'M YOUR NEIGHBOR...HARRY C SAVOY....

MACG: Savoy? (LAFF) Never heard of you! (LAFF) ^{Well,} Harry C Savoy, eh? What does the 'C' stand for?

SAVOY: CHA-WA-WA...WHEN I WAS BORN, MY FATHER SAID, "I WANTED A PET, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS"...HAVE YOU GOT A MIDDLE INITIAL MR MACGREGOR?

MACG: Have I? (LAFFS) I got two of 'em....'B.O.'. (LAFF)

SAVOY: WHAT DOES 'B.O.' STAND FOR?

MACG: (LAFFS) Do I have to tell you? (LAFFS) Well, I'm sorry, Mr Savoy...(LAFF) I don't remember anything about the rake...(LAFF)

SAVOY: OH SURE YOU DO...DON'T YOU REMEMBER THAT OLD RAKE WITH TWO TEETH MISSING IN FRONT?

MACG: Oh sure!! (LAFFS) How is your girl?

SAVOY: OH, SHE'S FEELING FINE...HEY, MY GIRL ISN'T AN OLD RAKE WITH TWO TEETH MISSING IN FRONT!

MACG: She isn't?

SAVOY: NO, SHE'S AN OLD RAKE WITH THREE TEETH MISSING IN FRONT!

(KNOCK ON DOOR....DOOR OPEN)

CROWLEY: It's coming out of the grounds. It's coming out of the grounds, I tell you! It's coming out of the grounds!

SAVOY: WHAT'S COMING OUT OF THE GROUNDS?

CROWLEY: My coffee.

(SIREN WHISTLE)

(DOOR SLAM)

SAVOY: *My coffee, say,* THAT GUY MUST BE OFF HIS BEAN....IF COFFEE'S GOOD TO THE LAST DROP...THAT GUY LOOKS LIKE THE LOST DRIP... BUT THIS AIN'T GETTING ME MY RAKE,...

MACG: Listen, Savoy...(LAFF) Forget your rake, and let's go in the kitchen and raid the icebox...(LAFF)...I raided it yesterday...and confidentially...(LAFF)...I never know what I'm gonna find in it!

SAVOY: WHY? WHAT WAS IN IT YESTERDAY?

MACG: My wife... (LAFF)...She can't stand the heat! (LAFF)

SAVOY: THAT'S A HOT ONE..LOOK MR MACGREGOR..I GOTTA FIX MY GARDEN...WILL YOU PLEASE GIVE ME MY RAKE...

MACG: I'm sorry, old boy. (LAFF) ...terribly sorry...(LAFF) I didn't know that rake was yours, so I loaned it to the big game hunter, who moved into the hunting lodge.. (LAFF)

SAVOY: OH YEAH...MY NEPHEW'S STUDYING TO BE A HUNTER....

MACG: Now where can you study to be a hunter?????

SAVOY: AT HUNTER COLLEGE... (LAFFS)... WELL I GUESS I'LL GO UP
TO SEE THAT BIG GAME HUNTER AND GET BACK MY RAKE!

MACG: Okay, Mr Savoy... So long!

SAVOY: CHA-WA-WA.....

MACG: *Cha-wa-wa* (LAFFS).... *Well all I can say is...*

(B.O. FOGHORN BLATS OUT)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE... "A HUNTING WE WILL GO" _)

AFRICAN

SAVOY: HMMMM... SOME HUNTING LODGE... I'LL PULL THE BELL ROPE...

(LION ROARS)

SAVOY: PARDON ME, LEO....

(DOOR OPENS)

SAVOY: ARE YOU THE FAMOUS HUNTER THAT FEARS NO BEAST... WHOSE
STEEL NERVE HAS NEVER BEEN BROKEN EVEN IN THE MOST
HAIR-RAISING SPOTS?

KRAMER: Yesss.

(DOOR CLOSE)

SAVOY: HEY, THAT'S SOME LION'S HEAD YOU HAVE THERE ON THE WALL.

KRAMER: I got that lion with my third shot.

SAVOY: WHAT'D YOU GET WITH THE FIRST TWO SHOTS?

KRAMER: Ginger ale.

SAVOY: WHAT A SIZZLING EXPERIENCE....YOU KNOW THAT LION'S HEAD
REMINDS ME OF M.G.M.

KRAMER: M.G.M.? You mean the movie beast that goes gr-r-r-r-
gr-r-r-r gr-r-r-r?

Gr-r-r, what is this a par-gull?

SAVOY: NO...M.G.M...MY GIRL'S MOTHER...HEY WHADDYE KNOW...

LOOK AT THAT WILD BOAR HANGING OVER THE FIREPLACE....

DID YOU CATCH IT?

KRAMER: No, it caught me...That's my wife.

SAVOY : YOUR WIFE? GEE...DID YOU STUFF HER YOURSELF?

KRAMER: NO.....She was always a big eater....

(KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS)

CROWLEY: It's creeping up on me...It's creeping up on me, do you
hear. It's creeping up on me.

SAVOY: WHAT'S CREEPING UP ON YOU?

CROWLEY: My ~~winter~~ underwear.

(SIREN WHISTLE...DOOR SLAM)

SAVOY: MY UNCLE BOUGHT SOME WINTER UNDERWEAR...AND IT MADE MY
AUNT MAD...YEAH WHEN HE OPENED UP THE PACKAGE, SHE SAW
RED.

KRAMER: Say, you haven't told me why you came to see me.

SAVOY: OH YEAH...I ALMOST FORGOT...WELL YOU SEEE...MR MACGREGOR
TOLD ME HE GAVE YOU MY RAKE...I NEED IT TO FIX MY GARDEN.

KRAMER: I'm sorry but I loaned your rake to Miss Manhungry in
exchange for a mouse-trap.

SAVOY: OH YOU DID? YOU KNOW, A MOUSE ONCE RAN AWAY WITH MY CAT.

KRAMER: I don't believe it.

SAVOY: HONEST...ONE OF MY NEIGHBORS TOLD ME HE SAW A MOUSE WITH
MY PUSS. WELL, I'LL GO TO SEE MISS MANHUNGRY AND GET MY
RAKE BACK. SO LONG.

(MUSIC _ _ _ BRIDGE) _ "MON HOMME" _ (KNOWN TO THE HOI POLLOI AS "MY MAN)

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

MANHUNGRY: (CALLING) Come in.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

MANHUNGRY: Why, Harry Savoy, for goodness sake
Sit down and have some tea and cake.'

SAVOY: THANK YOU...OUCH.

MANHUNGRY: Don't you like my cake?

SAVOY: Oh, IT ISN'T THAT. I SAT ON MY RAKE.

MANHUNGRY: Mr Savoy, the last time we had tea together you told my fortune....Won't you do it again?

SAVOY: OKAY...GIMME YOUR TEACUP...HMMM...IT SAYS HERE YOU'VE GOT A YELLOW COMPLEXION...AN ACID PERSONALITY....

MANHUNGRY: Mr Savoy, are you reading the tea leaves?

SAVOY: NO THE LEMON. AW DON'T BLAME ME...I DON'T KNOW ONE LEMON FROM ANOTHER.

MANHUNGRY: Oh, you're just saying that because it's true! But you're an honest man, Mr Savoy...Tell me: is my hair turning gray?

SAVOY: NO...YOU'VE ONLY GOT ABOUT TWELVE GRAY HAIRS..THAT AIN'T BAD.

MANHUNGRY: Twelve out of fifteen ain't good. Oh dear...how will I ever get a man?????

SAVOY: MAYBE I CAN HALP YOU..WHAT KIND OF MEN DO YOU LIKE BEST, MISS MANHUNGRY? DO YOU LIKE SHORT MEN...TALL MEN...FAT MEN...OR THIN MEN?

MANHUNGRY: I sure do.

(DOOR KNOCK) (DOOR OPENS)

CROWLEY: It's caving in on me. It's caving in on me, do you hear.
It's caving in on me.

SAVOY: WHAT'S CAVING IN ON YOU?

CROWLEY: My chest.

(SIREN WHISTLE...DOOR SLAM)

SAVOY: I PLAY CHESS...I PLAYED CHESS WITH MY GIRL THE OTHER DAY
AND SHE SLAPPED MY FACE...WRONG MOVE.

MANHUNGRY: Mr Savoy..why don't you stay and have dinner with me?
After dinner, I'll show you ^{my} ~~all my~~ diamonds---

~~SAVOY: GEE...REAL DIAMONDS?~~

~~MANHUNGRY: Yes, and they're worth fifty thousand dollars. I also
have twenty five thousand dollars in cash that I keep in
my stockings....~~

~~SAVOY: THAT'S A SHEER FORTUNE.~~

~~MANHUNGRY: Then there's one hundred thousand dollars worth of war
bonds that I keep in my....~~

~~SAVOY: THAT'S A NICE PLACE.~~

~~MANHUNGRY: And bank deposits...totalling a million dollars.~~

~~SAVOY: (AWED) BOY...A MILLION DOLLARS !!! HAVE YOU GOT ANY
KLEENEX?~~

MANHUNGRY: ~~Maybe you'd like to see my jewels~~

SAVOY: NOT NOW. . . . ALL I WANT IS MY RAKE.

WAFFLES ARTHUR: (SOFTLY BUT FIRMLY) Excuse me for interrupting dis tete-a-tete. . . but I'd like to take a gander at dem diamonds. Here's me card. . . .

SAVOY: *Oh, hey you're a crook. The card*
LET'S SEE ~~IT~~ SAYS. . . "WAFFLES, ~~SOCIETY CROOK~~ . . . MONEY AND CRIMINAL DENTIST. . . JEWELS PAINLESSLY EXTRACTED. . ."

WAFFLES: *You will youse*
Dat's me! Kindly take a look at dat spot on the ceilin'.. And while you're lookin' at it for de next twenty minutes. . . do yuh know what's goin' to happen?

SAVOY: YEAH. . . . I'LL GET A STIFF NECK.

WAFFLES: What's a little neckin eh, madame? You know. . . dames has always had a fascination for me. . . . especially dames dat owns jools. . . . Madame. . . will youse marry mese?

MANHUNGRY: What. What did you say? You want to marry me????

SAVOY: YEAH. . . HE WANTS YOU TO BE HIS LITTLE DUMPLING. . . SO HE CAN BE IN THE DOUGH. . . SOME CRUST.

MANHUNGRY: *Waffles and I are*
Oh I'm so thrilled, Mr Savoy. ~~He's~~ going to be married. At last I've found a man who'll lead me to the altar.

SAVOY: YOU MEAN HE'S GOING TO PUT A RING IN YOUR NOSE?

MANHUNGRY: *Mr. Waffles*
Oh ~~my Prince Charming~~. . . when we're married, do you know whose house this will be?

WAFFLES: Mine.....

MANHUNGRY: And do you know whose pockets will be full of money?

WAFFLES: Mine....

MANHUNGRY: And whose tootsy-wootsy lambsie will I be?

WAFFLES: Mine...

SAVOY: HEY...REMEMBER..WHEN YOU GET TO THE RAKE, THAT'S MINE!!!

(ORCHESTRA: "WILD ABOUT HARRY" _ RUNOFF MUSIC _ _ _ _)

(APPLAUSE)

(COMMERCIAL)

COMMERCIAL:

WALLINGTON: This is one time when I wish television were here ... so I could show you a scientific drawing of that delicate, intricate mechanism...the Human Throat. You'd see at a glance that it certainly rates proper care and attention....like the careful choice of a cigarette, for instance. You wouldn't wait to give your own throat a chance to try Camel's kind, cool mildness. And perhaps, like millions of smokers, you'd find that Camel's mildness registers with your throat too. Try Camels on your own taste also. Get its own opinion on the full, rich flavor of Camel's costlier tobaccos. For the T-Zone -- that's T for Throat and T for Taste -- is the best place to get the answer to the question of which cigarette is best -- for you!

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

WALLINGTON: Camels? Well, that's for your own T-Zone to decide!

(ORCH _ _ _ _ INTRODUCTION FULL AND FADE_) -21-

WALLINGTON: Tonight our lovely singing star Benay Venuta ^{features a song from} ~~sings~~ ^{"the} ~~"Trolley Song"~~ ^{the new musical "Meet Me in St. Louis" - as all aboard} ~~"Trolley Song"~~ ^{everybody while Benay sings the captivating "Trolley Song."}
("TROLLEY SONG" _ _ _ BENAY VENUTA AND ORCHESTRA _ _)

(APPLAUSE)

WALLINGTON: 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: THURSDAY, JIMMY..ON THURSDAYS I'M NOT GONNA DO ANY MORE SHOPPING.

WALLINGTON: Why, Harry.

SAVOY: THIS MORNING I WENT TO GRUMBLE'S BASEMENT...THEY HAD A BARGAIN SALE..YOU KNOW WHAT A BARGAIN SALE IS ...THAT'S AN UNDECLARED WAR WITH BLOOMERS....

BENAY: Now, Harry, no remarks about women shopper.

SAVOY: WHY NOT BENAY? WOMEN SHOPPERS WILL BUY ANYTHING MARKED WITH NINETY EIGHT..FOR FOUR NINETY EIGHT IT'S A RIOT...

TWO NINETY EIGHT IT'S A ~~PANIC~~ ^{Pk N'ic}...BUT WHEN THEY SEE ^{the women in the department store} NINETY EIGHT ALONE...MASSACRE. ~~I NEVER SAW SUCH BOUNCING~~

^{they were bouncing} ~~pushing~~ ~~ROSTLING~~ ~~AGAINST~~ EACH OTHER. BUT I MADE SOME NICE CONTACTS.

51457 3284

BENAY: Well, Harry, that will teach you to leave shopping to women. By the way, what were you shopping for?

SAVOY: *Benay,* I WANTED TO BUY AN EASY CHAIR. ONE THAT WAS EASY TO PAY
Let's do that again.
B: ok lets. S: wanted to buy an easy chair one that was
FOR...GEE, I SAW SOME BEAUTIFUL THINGS IN THE STORES. *easy to pay for*
YEAH..AND I FOLLOWED SOME ON THE STREET, TOO.

BENAY: You know, Harry, I was in Grumble's Basement today and I didn't see you.

SAVOY: OH, I WAS ON THE THIRD FLOOR AND WHAT EXCITEMENT!...THEY WERE SELLING NYLON STOCKINGS...BUTTER..STEAKS...AND OTHER PICTURE POSTCARDS.

BENAY: Harry, I thought you went there to buy a chair.

SAVOY: YEAH...I BOUGHT A SWELL ARM CHAIR. YOU SIT DOWN....~~UP~~ ^{you} WAY BACK...~~AND~~ PUSH A BUTTON.

BENAY: And what happens?

SAVOY: YOU FALL OVER...BUT I WAS TERRIBLY DISAPPOINTED, BENAY... THE ONE THING I WANTED MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE THEY WOULDN'T SELL ME.

BENAY: Why not, Harry?

SAVOY: THEY SAID THEY COULDN'T WRAP UP AN ESCALATOR...OH, YEAH... I ALSO BOUGHT MY UNCLE A READING LAMP.

BENAY: I thought your uncle couldn't read.

SAVOY: I BOUGHT HIM ONE WITHOUT A BULB..I WANTED TO BUY MY NEPHEW A HIGH CHAIR BUT I COULDN'T.

BENAY: Why not?

SAVOY: NONE OF THE HIGH CHAIRS WERE ANY GOOD, THEY ALL HAD

HOLES IN THEM... ~~I ONLY KNOW ONE THING, BENAY, THE NEXT~~

~~TIME I GO SHOPPING I'M NOT GONNA TAKE A BUS, A TROLLEY~~

~~OR A STREET CAR.~~

BENAY: ~~What are you going to do, Harry?~~

SAVOY: ~~STAY HOME.~~

(APPLAUSE)

(SAVOY SAYS "GOOD NIGHT" ~~WAVE~~)

(ORCHESTRA... CAMEL THEME... FULL & FADE UNDER)

WALLINGTON: Listen in again next week at this time to 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. 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)

ADAMS: Once again I'm talking about the Thrifty Fifty. You bet...the Thrifty Fifty: Meaning those approximately fifty pipefuls you get with just one single big red two-ounce package of Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. But the thrift -- big as it is -- is only a small reason for smoking Prince Albert. There's the flavor.... mild, mellow, yet rich and full. And the aged-in-the-wood aroma that gives P. A. its Pipe Appeal -- not only to you, but to those around you. And the crimp cut, for perfect packing, burning, and drawing. And the no-bite treatment that gives Prince Albert its famous tongue-gentleness. Pack that pet pipe with P. A. ... today!

(FADE BACK TO STUDIO)

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