

(REVISED)

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

PROGRAM #13

(FIFTEENTH WEEK)

AS BROADCAST
Monday 9/27/44

CAST

HARRY SAVOY

BENAY VENUTA

PAULA KELLY AND THE MODERNAIRES

JIMMY WALLINGTON

PETER VAN STEEDEN & ORCHESTRA

HOPE EMERSON

PHIL KRAMER

HOWARD SMITH

ARTHUR ELMER

PAUL LUTHER..YANK OF THE WEEK ANNCR.

TED JEWET.....P.A. ANNCR.

DIRECTOR.....KEN MAC GREGOR

THURSDAY, SEPT. 21, 1944

FOR NBC

SOUND: MILTON KAYE

ENGINEER: ED WHITTAKER

PRODUCTION: EDDIE DUNHAM

WRITERS

AL GARRY

ELI BASSE

AL SPROUL

LARRY JOACHIM

STAN ADAMS

51457 3315

NBC NETWORK

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

() ()

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

10:00 - 10:30 PM

SEPTEMBER 21, 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)

(~~MONOLOGUE TO COME~~)

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w: Hi, Harry -2-

SAVOY: HI, JIMMY... YESTERDAY I WAS BUILDING A DOGHOUSE...

JIMMY: Why Harry, I didn't know you were moving!

SAVOY: ~~YEAH, I FIGURED I WOULD...~~ ^{*wasn't*} NO! I'M NOT MOVING! IT'S FOR MY DOG... HE'S A FEMALE WATCHDOG... HE LIKES TO WATCH FEMALES... HE'S SMART ^{*my dog is smart.*}... WHEN I SAY, "HOW MUCH IS ONE AND TWO?"... HE BARKS FOUR TIMES... ^{*yeah.*} JUST LIKE I TAUGHT HIM! AND HE REALLY LIKES PEOPLE, ^{*Jimmy he really loves people*}... HE ALWAYS LICKS THEIR HANDS...

JIMMY: I heard he bites them off!

SAVOY: OH, HE LOVES TO EAT TOO! ABBOTT AND COSTELLO GAVE HIM TO ME ^{*you know*}... THEY'RE COMING BACK ON THE CAMEL SHOW IN TWO WEEKS YOU KNOW! ^{*Boy*} THAT COSTELLO KILLS ME... ^{*Should die, so*} HE'S CUTE... ^{*and Costello*} IS HE BASHFUL ^{*He's so bashful.*}... WHENEVER HE WANTS TO KISS HIS WIFE... HE PLAYS POSTOFFICE... ^{*And.*} ABBOTT JUST FELL INTO SOME PROPERTY...
yeah, SOMEONE LEFT A MANHOLE OPEN...

JIMMY: I understand Abbott and Costello introduced you to a girl... is she nice?

SAVOY: *Oh* YEAH... SHE'S FROM CALIFORNIA ^{*Jimmy*}... WHEN I MET HER, I HUGGED HER... I SQUEEZED HER... YOU KNOW WHAT I GOT... ORANGE JUICE! SHE REALLY LIKES ME ^{*she really likes me.*} I FOUND IT OUT... YEAH I SQUEEZED IT OUT OF HER. ^{*Jimmy*} SHE GIVES ME SUCH CRAZY KISSES... ^{*w: What do you mean?*} HER LIPS ARE CRACKED... SHE'S AS PRETTY AS A PICTURE...
yeah, ^{*Oh Boy*} ~~AND~~ WHAT A FRAME... HERE'S HER PICTURE, JIMMY.

JIMMY: ^{*Let's see it.*} Why she's just a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair!

SAVOY: OH PARDON ME...THAT'S HER X-RAY PICTURE...SHE WAS BUSY OUT IN HOLLYWOOD.

JIMMY: Moving pictures?

SAVOY:

at last?

JIMMY:

moving pictures?

SAVOY:

YEAH...SHE HAD TO MOVE SOME PIANOS TOO...*She was in business* ~~SHE LOVES TO~~

~~TRAVEL...SHE HAS WANDER LUST...EVERYTIME I SEE LUST IN~~

~~HER EYES...I WANNA WANDER...SHE CLOSED HER CORSET SHOP...~~ *in Hollywood*

IT TURNED OUT TO BE A BLOOMER... SHE CLOSED IT IN THE KNICKER TIME...*you know,* JIMMY I FOUND OUT THAT SEVENTY-FIVE PERCENT OF THE GIRLS ARE WORKING GIRLS...THE OTHER TWENTY-FIVE PERCENT...ARE WORKING MEN.....

JIMMY:

Now, Harry, *you shouldn't say a thing like that,* that's not true! You really got to hand it to the women...

SAVOY:

You really gotta hand it to the women... SURE...THEY'RE GOING TO TAKE IT ANYWAY! *you know something,* ~~HER SISTER IS A RIVETER IN A SHIPYARD...THE OTHER DAY SOMEONE THREW HER A HOT RIVET...THE LUNCH WHISTLE BLEW...SHE TURNED...SHE CAN'T WORK FOR TEN DAYS...WAS SHE BURNED UP.~~

JIMMY:

~~That's too bad. How will it affect her standing in the shipyard?~~

SAVOY:

~~I DON'T KNOW ABOUT HER STANDING...BUT IT SURE AFFECTS HER SITTING...SHE SLEEPS ON HER STOMACH...SHE CAN'T HELP IT...THEY'VE GOT NO PILLOWS AT HER HOUSE...THE DOCTOR SEWED HER UP WITH KNITTING WOOL...YESTERDAY SHE TOOK A BATH...THE WOOL SHRANK...NOW SHE WALKS SITTING DOWN...~~

SAVOY:

my sister's AND HER HUSBAND IS SO MEAN TO HER..EVERY MORNING HE SERVES HER BREAKFAST IN BED...GRAPEJUICE...HOT CEREAL...FRIED EGGS...TOAST AND COFFEE....

JIMMY: What's so mean about that?

SAVOY: HE THROWS IT OVER THE TRANSOM...HE USED TO BE A FOOTBALL
PLAYER...*Jimmy, has you wannaknow something* COSTELLO USED TO BE A FOOTBALL PLAYER TOO...HE
PLAYED HALFBACK.. HE WAS FULLBACK...HE WAS LEFT BACK...
THEY GAVE HIM THE QUARTER BACK..*yeah,* HIS TEAM PLAYED AGAINST
VASSAR.

JIMMY: *Oh wait a minute, Harry* Hold on, ~~Harry!~~ They don't have football players at
Vassar!

SAVOY: NO...WELL THEY CERTAINLY TURN OUT SOME BEAUTIFUL BACKS...
COSTELLO ORIGINATED THE "L" FORMATION, *the "L" formation* BUT THE OTHER
TEAM KNOCKED IT OUT OF HIM...ABBOTT WAS THE COACH...HE
ORIGINATED THE UNBALANCED LINE...HE NEVER PAID THEM OFF...
IT WAS CALLED THE DELAYED BUCK..*but anyhow*

JIMMY: I understand that Abbott & Costello are to make a football
picture shortly after they return to the air on October
5th.

SAVOY: *I like Costello in pictures, He really*
YEAH...~~THAT COSTELLO~~ KILLS ME, JIMMY...I DIE AT HIS
PICTURES...SO DOES MY FATHER...HE WENT TO THE SHOW LAST
NIGHT...A GIRL WAS DANCING...THERE WAS A RIP--SHE ASKED
FOR A PIN...MY FATHER WAS NEARLY KILLED IN THE RUSH...I
WANTED TO GO BACK TO SEE HER...MY FATHER WOULDN'T LET ME..
HE SAID I MIGHT SEE SOMETHING I WASN'T SUPPOSED TO SEE...
BUT I WENT ANYWAY...

JIMMY: Oh you did...and did you see something you weren't supposed
to see?

SAVOY: YEAH, MY FATHER!

(SAVOY: PLAYOFF . . . ORCHESTRA)

(APPLAUSE)

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

LUTHER: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Private Harry F. Bowman, of Williamsport, Maryland, a hero who doesn't carry a gun. He's in the Medical Corps -- and he performed one of the bravest exploits reported in this war. While administering first aid to a wounded Nazi, he saw another Nazi rise from a foxhole and aim a machine gun at a squad of American Infantrymen marching down the road. Unarmed, Private Bowman leaped at the Nazi, wrestled with him, disarmed him, and took him prisoner. In your honor, Private Bowman, 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 more than four million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

(INTRODUCTION FULL AND FADE)

JIMMY: "I'll Walk Alone" played in hit-time, by Peter Van Steeden and His Orchestra.

(I'LL WALK ALONE... PETER VAN STEEDEN & ORCH)

(APPLAUSE)

(COMMERCIAL)

WALLINGTON: Have you seen Camel's tribute to the Infantry...an ad full of vivid color pictures on the back covers of the big magazines? Believe me, it's something! G.I.Joe... Johnny Doughboy...with all his many fighting skills. The kind of fighting men who rolled across Franco, and right now are hammering at Gormany. Sure Camel is proud that the Infantry, like all branches of the service, goes for Camels. Goes for that swell, throat-oasy mildness, and that rich full swell flavor that lots a fellow know he's had a smoke. Camels are first in the service according to actual sales figures--and maybe they'll be first with you, too, if you'll give your T-Zono--that's T for Taste and T for Throat--a chance to find out. These times when your dealer will say, "Sorry, I'm out of Camels for the moment"...well--remember that Camel's mildness and flavor are worth asking for again.

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

WALLINGTON: Camels! The cigarette of costlier tobaccos! Oh, and don't forget, another great Camel show comes back on the air Thursday evening October 5th. Yes, our old friends Abbott and Costello with a brand new furiously fast and funny program. Don't miss it--Thursday, October 5th.

(INTRODUCTION FULL AND FADE)

JIMMY: Here's our lovely lady of song, Miss Benay Venuta!

(APPLAUSE)

(BENAY INTRODUCES HER SONG)

(DANCE WITH THE DOLLY WITH THE HOLE IN HER STOCKING..BENAY VENUTA
AND ORCHESTRA)

(APPLAUSE)

WALLINGTON: Ladies and Gentlemen, Harry Savoy is at home waiting for the landlord and hoping to persuade him ~~landlord~~ to paint his apartment. Let's go over to Harry's home and see how he's making out.

(MUSIC: — — — BRIDGE) ("GOING HOME")

SAVOY: GEE, I HOPE THE LANDLORD AGREES TO PAINT ^{My} THIS APARTMENT AND PUT IN NEW FURNITURE... ^{Yeah} ~~AND~~ HE SHOULD GIVE ME SOME NEW WALL-PAPER... I'VE GOT NO ~~MORE~~ ROOM LEFT TO WRITE POEMS... AND MY BATH-TUB IS SO OLD AND DUSTY -- LAST NIGHT I TOOK A BATH AND LEFT A WHITE RING...

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

SAVOY: THAT MUST BE THE LANDLORD NOW.. COME IN.

(DOOR OPEN)

ELMER: Hello!.... I'm the Landlord's agent! Are you Mr. Savoy?

SAVOY: HARRY M. SAVOY TO YOU.

ELMER: Harry M. Savoy? What does the "M" stand for?

SAVOY: "MOUSE"... WHEN I WAS BORN MY FATHER SAID, "^{ma,} LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN."

ELMER: How nice. But, Mr. Savoy... what can I do for you?

SAVOY: FIRST, YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE ME SOME NEW FURNITURE... ^{see} ~~LOOK~~ AT THAT MOHAIR ^{chair.} ~~SOFA.~~

ELMER: What's wrong with ~~the~~ mohair chair?

S. VOY:

no mohair
~~IT'S~~ ~~BALE~~.. THIS WHOLE APARTMENT'S IN TERRIBLE CONDITION..

EVERYTIME I TURN ON THE WATER FAUCET... MUD COMES OUT.

ELMER:

What did you expect for twelve dollars a month....

Coca
~~Pop~~ Cola?

SAVOY: ^{What I want to know is,}
~~THAT WOULD HIT THE SPOT~~... IS THE LANDLORD GOING
TO PAINT THIS APARTMENT?

ELMER: Oh, indeed he is! The landlord told me to have murals
painted on your wall...you know what a mural is,
don't you?

SAVOY: ^{Oh sure I know what a mural is}
~~OF COURSE~~... (SINGS)... "A MURAL IS AN ANIMAL WITH LONG
FUNNY EARS..."

ELMER: (SADLY) Mr. Savoy, that's the best laugh I've had
today.

SAVOY: WELL, WHILE YOU'RE IN A LAUGHING MOOD... YOU CAN FIX
UP MY KITCHEN... I WANT ONE OF THOSE OLD-FASHIONED
IRON STOVES... ^{those} ~~THE~~ LITTLE ROUND ONES...

ELMER: Pot-belly?

SAVOY: YEAH... I EAT TOO MUCH.

ELMER: Mr. Savoy... the landlord told me to tell you he'll
supply the paint for your apartment but you'll have
to furnish the painter.

SAVOY: ^{ok} IT'S A DEAL... IF I CAN'T FIND A PAINTER I'LL PAINT
IT MYSELF... YOU KNOW I'M AN ARTIST.

ELMER: Is that so? I'm an artist too.

SAVOY: ^{you are?}
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW... WE'RE A PAIR OF DRAWERS.

ELMER: Yes... So long, Mr. Savoy...I hope you find a painter. I'll come back later with the landlord, to see how you made out.

(DOOR CLOSE)

SAVOY: *oh,* I'LL FIND A PAINTER ALL RIGHT...I'LL FIND ONE TODAY...
IF IT TAKES ALL WEEK.

(KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPEN)

ELMER: There's a string to it...there's a string to it, I tell you...there's a string to it.

SAVOY: THERE'S A STRING TO WHAT?

ELMER: My pajama pants!

(SIREN WHISTLE...DOOR SLAM)

SAVOY: I HAVE TO WEAR TWO PAIR OF PAJAMAS...*yeah,* I SLEEP IN A DOUBLE BED...WELL, I'LL GO OUT AND FIND A PAINTER.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE... "THREE CHEERS FOR THE RED WHITE AND BLUE")

SAVOY: GEE, LOOK...THERE'S A WHOLE BUNCH OF PAINTERS IN THIS BUILDING..HMMM...THE SIGN ON THE DOOR SAYS "MEASLES... KEEP OUT"! WELL, I GUESS I CAN GO IN...MY NAME ISN'T MEASLES....

(KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPEN)

SMITH: (HOARSE) What is it, bud?

SAVOY: PARDON ME, BUT ARE YOU A PAINTER?

SMITH: No. *I aint no painter.*

SAVOY: THEN WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT BUCKET OF PAINT?

SMITH: Whiskey's hard to get these days!
SAVOY: *He seems to be in good spirits.*
(DOOR SLAM)

SAVOY: I'LL TRY THIS DOOR!

(KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPEN)

SAVOY: ARE YOU A PAINTER?

ELMER: (GUTTERAL GERMAN GIBBERISH)
(DOOR SLAM)

SAVOY: OH, A PAPER HANGER...WELL, *I guess* I'LL GO UPSTAIRS...I'LL
TAKE THIS SELF-SERVICE ELEVATOR. GEE, IT'S AWFUL
SMALL - I CAN JUST BARELY FIT IN -- (GRUNTS) --

(SLIDE WOODEN DOOR SHUT..CABLES CREAKING)
(SOUND STOPS)

SAVOY: (WORKING) I CAN'T OPEN THE DOOR...HEY, SOMEBODY
OPEN THIS DOOR.

(BANGING ON DOOR...DOOR SLIDES OPEN)

SAVOY: THANKS...THAT ELEVATOR WAS PRETTY CRAMPED...

EMERSON: That's no elevator, you dope! That's the dumbwaiter!
(HE GETS OUT) What do you want?

SAVOY: *Believe it or not,*
I'M LOOKING FOR A PAINTER.

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EMERSON: Well, why didn't you walk up the stairs?

SAVOY: MY UNCLE TOLD ME TO WATCH OUT FOR STAIRS...HE USED TO
WALK UP THE STAIRS TWENTY TIMES A DAY.

EMERSON: *He did* Why?

SAVOY: MY AUNT KEPT THROWING HIM OUT OF THE WINDOW!

EMERSON: You know, it's a good thing for you my husband isn't
here...he's terribly jealous...in fact, I was just
going out to buy a gun for him.

SAVOY: OH, DID HE GIVE YOU THE MONEY?

EMERSON: No...he doesn't even know I'm going to shoot him!

SAVOY: BOY, YOU'RE A KILLER...YOU MUST BE JEALOUS OF YOUR
HUSBAND.

EMERSON: Well, I happen to know that he's crazy about a woman
who weighs two hundred and fifty pounds..with bags
under her eyes and she has extremely large feet.

SAVOY: HOW COULD A MAN GO FOR A WOMAN LIKE THAT?

EMERSON: I don't know...maybe he likes my type! ~~After all, what
has Hedy Lamarr got that I haven't got?~~

SAVOY:

~~IT AIN'T WHAT SHE'S GOT... IT'S WHERE SHE PUTS IT...~~
I didn't get the name of that truck!

~~YOU KNOW,~~ I'M THE JEALOUS TYPE TOO ^{you know.} ..YEAH...ONE DAY

A GREAT BIG FELLOW PUT HIS ARMS AROUND MY GIRL AND
KISSED HER. ^{Yeah,} QUICK AS A FLASH I TOOK OFF MY COAT AND
SHOWED THE FELLOW MY MUSCLES.

EMERSON:

What did he do?

SAVOY:

HE KISSED MY GIRL AGAIN...THEN MY GIRL ASKED ME TO DO
SOMETHING FOR HER.

EMERSON:

Did you do it?

SAVOY:

NO...WHY SHOULD I GO JUMP IN A LAKE WHEN I CAN'T
SWIM?

(KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPEN)

ELMER:

It's in the plaster...it's in the plaster, do you
hear? ^{me?} It's in the plaster!

SAVOY:

WHAT'S IN THE PLASTER?

ELMER:

The mustard!

(SIREN WHISTLE...DOOR SLAM)

SAVOY:

I'M CRAZY ABOUT MUSTARD. ^{you know.} ..YEAH, IT KILLS THE TASTE
OF THE FRANKFURTER .

EMERSON: Now, how did you know I was cooking frankfurters for dinner? My husband's crazy about frankfurters...oh, good heavens, ~~I smell~~ something's burning!

SAVOY: FRANKFURTERS?

EMERSON: No..my husband!

SAVOY: HE MUST HAVE BEEN AN OLD FLAME...SAY, IF YOUR HUSBAND'S AROUND HERE I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM!

EMERSON: I wouldn't!

SAVOY: YOU KNOW, ^{something! Hope: What?} YOU REMIND ME OF MY FIRST LOVE. ^{Hope: Do cl?} I USED TO CARRY HER TO SCHOOL ON MY BACK ^{H: Oh no!}...THEN SHE GOT FAT AND I HAD TO CARRY THE SCHOOL TO HER...IT WAS SUCH A STRAIN I FELL DOWN ON MY EDUCATION.

EMERSON: And what happened to the girl?

SAVOY: ^{oh,} ~~well,~~ WE GREW UP TOGETHER...I GREW UP AND SHE GREW OUT...AS WE GOT OLDER WE WENT TOGETHER STEADY...THEN I TOLD HER MY UNCLE WAS A MILLIONAIRE.

EMERSON: And what happened?

SAVOY: NOW SHE'S MY AUNT...BUT TELL ME WHERE I'LL FIND YOUR HUSBAND, THE PAINTER.

EMERSON: Right now he's doing some painting in the cellar...
I'll tell him you're coming...what's your name?

SAVOY: SAVOY...HARRY M. SAVOY...

EMERSON: Okay...(CALLING) Oh, Abercrombie...some jerk's
coming down to see you!

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE... "DOWN ZE STEPPES")

(~~FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT... DOOR OPEN~~)

KRAMER: (SINGING) "Besame...my wife weighs ^{mucho} too muchio"...

SAVOY: THAT MUST BE THE PAINTER MIXING UP HIS PAINTS.

(SOUND WITH FOLLOWING)

KRAMER: Now for a light dash of yellow...a little cerise...
some heliotropey...and a tiny dash of majenta...I'll
stir it up...(STIRS) hmmm...it tastes delicious!

SAVOY: HEY, YOU'RE NOT A HOUSE PAINTER...YOU'RE A PORTRAIT
PAINTER...BOY, LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THIS PICTURE...IT'S
ABOUT A HUNDRED FEET LONG AND TWO INCHES WIDE.

KRAMER: Have you ever seen such a long face?

SAVOY: YEAH...ON A DODGER FAN! DO YOU MIND IF I LOOK AROUND
HERE A LITTLE BIT?

KRAMER: Not at all...this canvas here is called "Portrait of
a Young Woman Buying a Flounder at the Fish Market."

SAVOY: BUT IT SHOWS AN OLD MAN TILTING A PIN-BALL MACHINE
IN A DRUG STORE!

KRAMER: Baffling, isn't it?

SAVOY: I ONCE PAINTED A FAMOUS PICTURE OF STILL LIFE!

KRAMER: Still life? What's it called?

SAVOY: "RIGOR MORTIS" ...HEY, YOU KNOW, YOU'D BE VERY GOOD
AT CAMOUFLAGING BATTLESHIPS.

KRAMER: If I could camouflage, the first thing I would camouflage
is my wife!

SAVOY: WELL, I GUESS ONE BATTLESHIP'S AS GOOD AS ANOTHER *you know.*

WHY DON'T YOU GO AND SEE THE MANPOWER COMMISSION?

KRAMER: The manpower commission don't want me!

SAVOY: THEY DIDN'T WANT ME EITHER.

KRAMER: Why not?

SAVOY: THEY SAY I AIN'T A MAN, I GOT NO POWER AND I'M OUT
OF COMMISSION!

(KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPEN)

ELMER: Pictures move me..pictures move me, I tell you..pictures
move me!

SAVOY: WHAT PICTURES MOVE YOU?

ELMER: Moving pictures!

(SIREN WHISTLE...DOOR SLAM)

SAVOY: *I was in the movies. I made shorts.*
~~I DON'T LIKE THOSE LOVE SCENES IN THE MOVIES..THEY HOLD~~
yeah, I sold them for twenty cents a
~~HANDS..THEY START TO KISS..THEY PUT THEIR ARMS AROUND~~
pair.
~~EACH OTHER...THEN THE USHER COMES DOWN THE AISLE AND~~
~~SAYS "BREAK IT UP".~~

KRAMER: Well, Mr. Savoy, I better go upstairs or my wife will
~~box my ears!~~ *pin my ears back!*

SAVOY: SHE WILL?

KRAMER: Yeah...and you should see the size of the ^{pins!} ~~sex she~~
uses!

SAVOY: MY AUNT HITS MY UNCLE EVERY DAY...YEAH..SHE HITS HIM
OVER THE HEAD LIKE CLOCKWORK.

KRAMER: What's the idea?

SAVOY: THAT'S THE ONLY WAY SHE CAN MAKE THE CLOCK WORK!

KRAMER: That's nothing...my wife beats me every day...why,
she even beat me up while we were getting married!

SAVOY: THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL THE WEDDING OFF?

KRAMER: What...and lose the two dollars?

SAVOY: WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL GO HOME AND PAINT THE APARTMENT MYSELF!

now. I'm getting no place around here. I'm going home

KRAMER: Good idea - are you going to use oils?

SAVOY: NO, I RAN OUT OF OILS...SOMEONE ATE MY LAST CAN OF SARDINES! WELL, SO LONG!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE) ("GOIN' HOME" - SLIP HORN SOLO)

(KNOCK ON DOOR - DOOR OPENS)

ELMER:

This is Savoy's apartment, Mr. Landlord. Look, there he is on the ladder.
~~There he is, Mr. Landlord!~~

SMITH: So he's painting the apartment himself, is he?

SAVOY: NOW FOR A DASH OF CERISE..A LITTLE HELIOTROPEY...BOY, AIN'T I COLORFUL -- I LEARNED PLENTY FROM THAT ARTIST!

SMITH: Just a minute, Savoy,..what's the idea of camouflaging the whole apartment.

SAVOY: *Boy* TO LIVE IN A HOLE LIKE THIS YOU'VE GOT TO CAMOUFLAGE

IT..AND BESIDES...I'M CAMOUFLAGING IT FOR MY GIRL'S

SMITH: your girl's mother?

MOTHER, *yes* THE NEXT TIME MY GIRL'S MOTHER COMES OVER HERE

AND ~~GOES TO~~ LOOKS IN MY ICE-BOX (LAUGHS) SHE'LL FALL IN

THE CELLAR!

(ORCH: "WILD ABOUT HARRY"...RUNOFF MUSIC)
(APPLAUSE)
(COMMERCIAL)

WALLINGTON: Just about every man or woman who smokes has said at one time or another... "I wonder which cigarette is best - for me?" Well, there's an easy way to find out the answer. Just ask your T Zone - that's T for throat and T for taste. Take a Camel, for instance. Let your own throat sample Camel's kind, cool mildness. And let your taste sample the full rich flavor of Camel's superb blend of costlier tobaccos. Millions of smokers find Camels ideally suited to their throats and their tastes. BUT find out for yourself! Like these smokers, you may say "Camels suit my T-Zone to a T!"

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

WALLINGTON: Camels! Ask your T-Zone..today! And mark down October fifth in your radio date book..for in exactly two weeks that crackpot pair Abbott and Costello will be back on the air!

(INTRODUCTION FULL AND FADE)

JIMMY: The Harry Savoy Show continues as Paula Kelly and
 the Modernaires surround the mike and sing
 "Come Out Wherever You Are".

(PAULA KELLY & MODERNAIRES & ORCHESTRA... "COME OUT WHEREVER YOU ARE)
(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 - VENUTA SPOT)

SAVOY - VENUTA SPOT

SAVOY: HEY JIMMY...BEFORE NEXT THURSDAY BELIEVE ME, I'M
GOING TO GO TO A BARBERSHOP...

BENAY: Why is that Harry? I thought you went to a lady
barbershop a few days ago.

SAVOY: THAT'S RIGHT, BENAY...I DID! YOU OUGHT TO SEE
THAT PLACE..IN THE WINDOW, THERE'S AN UNDERTAKER
WITH A SIGN THAT SAYS..."YOU'RE NEXT!" ONE OF THE
LADY BARBERS NEARLY CUT A MAN'S THROAT..JUST
AS SHE STARTED TO SHAVE HIM...A MOUSE RAN ACROSS
THE FLOOR...

BENAY: Harry, was that lady barber pretty?

SAVOY: OH, SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL...WHILE SHE WAS CUTTING MY HAIR
I ASKED HER FOR A DATE...JUST THEN HER BOY FRIEND
CAME IN.

BENAY: Did you get the haircut?

SAVOY: NO, BUT HER BOYFRIEND SURE GAVE ME A TRIMMING...
BOY..DID HE CLIP ME...

BENAY: Well, I knew something happened, Harry, because you had such an uneven haircut.

SAVOY: CAN I HELP IT IF THE BARBER HAD A SHORT LEG?

BENAY: Harry, ~~after what you saw there you didn't let~~ *you don't mean you* the lady barber shave you, did you?

SAVOY: YES..THAT WAS MY SECOND MISTAKE...SHE HAD A RAZOR IN ONE HAND AND AN INSTRUCTION BOOK IN THE OTHER... I DIDN'T LIKE HER MUCH WHEN SHE FIRST CUT ME ~~HAIR~~ BUT LATER ON SHE REALLY GOT UNDER MY SKIN...IT'S MY OWN FAULT...I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LET HER SHAVE ME WHILE SHE WAS SITTING ON MY LAP..I KNEW RIGHT AWAY THAT SHE USED TO BE A GARDENER.

BENAY: Why, Harry?

SAVOY: SHE LEFT SOME HEDGES AROUND THE EDGES.

BENAY: It may interest you to know, Harry, that barbering is no new experience for women...In the old days the pioneer women used to cut their husbands' hair.

SAVOY: NO WONDER THOSE POOR GUYS RODE AROUND IN COVERED WAGONS..BEFORE I LEFT THE BARBER SHOP I BOUGHT A BOTTLE OF HAIR TONIC...BY MISTAKE MY MAID USED IT TO POLISH THE FURNITURE.

BENAY: What happened, Harry?

SAVOY: DO YOU KNOW ANYBODY WHO WANTS TO BUY A ~~MOHAIR~~
sideboard with sideburns.
~~TABLE THAT'S PARTED IN THE MIDDLE.~~

(APPLAUSE)

(SAVOY SAYS "GOOD NIGHT" MAYBE)

(ORCHESTRA: CAMEL THEME...FULL AND 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 Abbott and Costello will be back on the air for Camels every Thursday night starting October 5th. And when you hear Lou Costello yell "He-c-y Abbot!" get ready for the laughs of a lifetime. And remember too, to 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 AUXILLIARY STUDIO)

JEWETT: Fifty is Thrifty. Paste that in your hat, Mr. Pipesmoker - Fifty is Thrifty. Meaning, sir, those just about fifty firm-packed pipefuls you get out of one regular two-ounce big red package of Prince Albert Smoking tobacco. That's good news for your pocketbook - and your pipe, too. Because Prince Albert's rich yet wonderfully mild flavor brings you new pleasure out of your old pet pipe. And that great aged-in-the-wood aroma... ahhhh! And it makes a hit with people around you too. Also P.A. is no-bite treated for tongue gentleness. And it's crimp cut for swell packing, smooth drawing and even burning right down to the last puff in every one of those thrifty fifty pipefuls. Pack that pipe with Prince Albert..right now!

(FADE BACK TO STUDIO AND OUT)

(OWI ANNOT.)

OWI ANNOUNCEMENT:

NBC ANNCR: Sure, you've done a swell job, all you people listening - Buying War Bonds, I mean...patriotically, unselfishly putting your dollars into the fight. But..let's get selfish for a minute. War Bonds are your passport to post-war financial security. War Bonds are the world's safest investment! ~~And the profit?~~...well, getting four dollars back for every three dollars you invest comes under the head of mighty good business. Keep on buying those War Bonds...because you are simply buying your own happy, prosperous future!

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