

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

NEW CAMEL PROGRAM

(3rd Draft) **AS**

**BROADCAST**

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THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1943

NBC NETWORK

10:00 - 10:30 PM

PROGRAM NO 1

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

XAVIER CUGAT

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

XAVIER CUGAT'S ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS

51454 3524

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

(REVISED)

THE NEW CAMEL SHOW

THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1943

10:30-10:30 PM EWT

(AS PROGRAM TAKES AIR, AUDIENCE, CHORUS, AND CAST ARE  
LAUGHING)

AFTER 3 - 5 SECONDS --

PETRIE: This is the new CAMEL Program, with Jimmy Durante, Garry  
Moore and Xavier Cugat.

(MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ PYRAMID CHORDS)

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

(MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ THEME, FULL AND FADE FOR)

PETRIE: A new Camel show - with two old friends, Jimmy Durante  
and Xavier Cugat - and a new personality, Garry Moore.  
Garry is a writer, a humorist, a comedian, and a fellow  
of practically infinite jest.

(MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ OUT)

PETRIE: He's different, we think - and definitely a treat for  
tired ears. We want you to meet your host ~~thought~~ -  
Garry Moore.

(APPLAUSE)

51454 3525

MOORE: Well - thank you - Thank you VERY much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen - welcome to the new Camel program - brought to you by the makers of - Camel Cigarettes - Those WONDERFUL Camel Cigarettes - Those BEAUTIFUL Camel cigarettes - Those Cool, Slow - burning Camel Cigarettes - Friends - Won'tcha rush right out and buy yourself a couple hundred cartons tonight?

HOWARD: Oh, now wait a minute -

MOORE: CAMEL Cigarettes, my friends - those FINE cigarettes that come to you in one delicious flavor - Tobacco!

HOWARD: Garry - wait a minute, will you? That's MY department, and besides it's too SOON for a commercial.

MOORE: Too soon for a commercial, <sup>Mr. Petrie</sup> ~~old man~~? - Seven long years I have waited for a commercial - - OH, Those Costlier Tobaccos! - - -

HOWARD: Garry -- what in heaven's name has gotten into you?

MOORE: Nothing has gotten into me - I'm just grateful, that's all - - - For the first time in my career I can be funny like the other comedians.

HOWARD: How do you mean?

MOORE: For money -- Oh, it's just too - too wonderful.

HOWARD: Well it's nice that you're grateful, but you haven't even mentioned the program itself, or what's gonna be on it.

MOORE: What's gonna be on it, old man? - - - Culture! - - -  
This is going to be the most cultural rat-race in  
radio today - - -  
Why, after viewing yesterday's prevue performance of  
this program the editors of Time Magazine had THIS  
comment to make - - - (PAUSE) - - - And personally, I  
Think it was darn nice of 'em - - - Drama's we'll  
have, Howard - poems - music - literature! And between  
numbers Cugat personally will pass through the  
audience selling chopped liver sandwiches and pictures  
of the cast.

HOWARD: Well, lookit - this all sounds peachy - but what do YOU  
do on the show?

MOORE: I, Howard? - - - Welllll, I'll just fit in wherever they  
need me most -- why at the age of 19, you know, I  
was chief whoopser on a construction gang.

HOWARD: What's a chief whoopser?

MOORE: He's the fella who, when they're lowering the  
cornerstone into position, stands by with both hands  
in the air saying "Whoops! Whoops! Whoooops!" -  
So, yuh, see - - I'll fit in anywhere.

HOWARD: Say, this sounds great! <sup>Garry</sup> Really, I'm just sitting  
on pins and needles.

MOORE: Well dress your wounds and stand aside - -

(SNEAK - - - - - IN MUSIC)

MOORE: For at this moment,

(ORCHESTRA: - - - - - INTRO: - - - - - "START OFF EACH DAY")

MOORE: Well, do you hear that music? - - Can'tcha feel that excitement in the air? - - - Well, here he comes - the one and only, the highly cultural, great Schnozzola - - JIMMY DURANTE!

(APPLAUSE)

(DURANTE - - - - - START EACH DAY WITH A SONG)

(INSERT DURANTE SPOT)

DURANTE: (OVER SONG) MR. AND MRS. AMERICA, I GOT A GUILTY CONSCIENCE....I GOTTA CONFESSION TO MAKE. LAST WEEK I'M TAKING A SUNBATH....MY NOSE GETS ALL SUNBURNT. I RUBS BUTTER ON THE LEFT SIDE OF MY NOSE...I RUBS BUTTER ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF MY NOSE...I RUBS BUTTER ALL OVER MY NOSE...AND FOLKS...THAT'S WHAT STARTED THE BUTTER SHORTAGE.

(CONTINUES SONG...THEN FADES)

COME HERE, MR. MOORE, I WANNA TELL YOU SOMETHING. THE OTHER DAY I WALKED INTO THE AUTOMAT. THERE'S NOBODY IN SIGHT. SO I PUTS A LEAD NICKEL IN THE SLOT AND WHAT DO YOU THINK COMES OUT?

MOORE:

*James, really*  
Oh, I know that gag.

DURANTE:

YOU KNOW WHAT GAG? THIS GAG I'M TELLIN'?

MOORE:

Why certainly.

DURANTE:

ALL RIGHT. IF YOU'RE SO SMART. I PUTS A LEAD NICKEL IN THE SLOT AND WHAT COMES OUT?

MOORE:

The manager.

DURANTE:

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT??? THEY'RE SELLIN' MY GAGS ON THE BLACK MARKET!... NOW LET US UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER, JUNIOR. I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE FUNNY MAN ON THIS PROGRAM AIN'T I? (PAUSE - NO ANSWER) I SAY, I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE FUNNY MAN ON ~~THIS~~ PROGRAM, AIN'T I? (PAUSE - NO ANSWER) MR. MOORE, I DON'T LIKE THE TONE OF WHAT YOU'RE NOT SAYING.....

MOORE:

But, Jimmy, I'm just trying to make you feel at home. Let me introduce you to the rest of the people on this ~~program~~ *show* program. Now this is our orchestra leader, Xavier Cugat.

CUGAT: How do you do.

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, what do you think of him?

DURANTE: NOW I KNOW WHAT THEY MEAN BY 4-F. . . .

CUGAT: You, Mr. Durante are not exactly in 1-A.

DURANTE: I RESENT THAT! <sup>My Anger</sup> YOU'RE TALKING TO DURANTE. . . . THE MAN WITH THE FRUSTRATED PHYSIQUE! WHY WHEN I TOOK MY PHYSICAL, THE GENERAL HELD ME UP AS AN EXAMPLE. . . . HE STOOD ME UP IN FRONT OF 15,000 SOLDIERS, TOLD ME TO STRIP TO THE WAIST. . . . THEN HE POINTED AT ME AND SAID, "MEN - DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU!" WHY MY WHOLE FAMILY IS MILITARY PEOPLE. . . . MY GRANDFATHER, WENDELL DURANTE, WAS IN THE SIGNAL CORPS. . . . BUT THEY THREW HIM OUT. . . .

MOORE: Why?

DURANTE: THEY CAUGHT HIM WIG-WAGGING DIRTY STORIES!

MOORE: But Jimmy - you're not trying to compete with Cugat -- he's a ladies man.

DURANTE: WHAT'S HE GOT THAT I HAVEN'T GOT, AND IF I HAD IT HOW COULD I GET RID OF IT?

CUGAT: Mr. Durante, when it comes to love, compared to me, you are just a Boy Scout!

DURANTE: I MAY BE A BOY SCOUT, BUT A LOT OF GIRL SCOUTS BELONG TO MY TROUPE'. . . . WHY WHEN I WAS IN CALIFORNIA, BETTY GRABLE BEGGED ME TO BE HER FINANCIER. . . . SHE PROPOSED TO ME. . . . I SAID, "DON'T BE SILLY LITTLE GIRL. . . . AFTER ALL. . . . YOU'RE TWENTY-ONE AND I'M FORTY SIX!" WHY WHEN YOU'RE FORTY-SIX, I'LL BE EIGHTY-THREE, AND WHEN I'M A HUNDRED AND FORTY, YOU'LL BE SEVENTY-TWO. . . . SO ~~RUN~~ <sup>forget it</sup> ~~ALONG~~ LITTLE GIRL, I AIN'T MARRYING NO OLD WOMAN!"



MOORE: Jimmy, let's not digress. I was counting on you to give our listeners some fashion hints.

DURANTE: THAT'S DIFFERENT....ACCORDING TO VOGUE, HARPERS BAZAAR AND THE WOMAN'S HOME COMPUNCTION, THE NEWEST NOTE IN BEACH OUTFITS IS A CREATION MADE OF TWO COTTON BANDANNA HANDKERCHIEFS, DRAPED DECOROUSLY ABOUT THE FIGURE.

MOORE: Why two? You could just take one bandanna, fold it, wrap it around your hips and pin it up in front with a safety pin.

DURANTE: AT MY AGE, YOU EXPECT ME TO GO BACK TO WEARING THOSE THINGS?

(MUSIC.. . . .INTO ESQUIRE NUMBER)

(MUSIC:.. . . .I'M A FUGITIVE FROM ESQUIRE.. . . .DURANTE)

*Applause*

MOORE: There he goes - Jimmy Durante, that wonderful guy....  
But don't let him kid yuh, he's the best dressed man  
in his local breadline.

MOORE: Ah, but now, my friends - stand by! Drop whatever  
you're doing and stand by!

HOWARD: Oh, is something gonna happen?

MOORE: Is something gonna HAPPEN?.....<sup>Only</sup> The commercial,  
~~yuh dilly the commercial!~~

HOWARD: Oh, yuh mean NOW is when I tell the people where ~~to~~<sup>to</sup>  
go ~~to~~ buy the things?

MOORE: Now is when you do just that.

HOWARD: Well, <sup>what can</sup> ~~why can't~~ I say? Everyone knows about Camel  
Cigarettes! The thing is to try Camels in your  
T-Zone -- that's "T" for taste and "T" for throat, your  
own proving ground for flavor and mildness! And  
Camels have more flavor, too -- the extra flavor that  
helps 'em to hold up, keep from going flat, no matter  
how many you smoke.

MOORE: Now the mildness.

HOWARD: Well, folks, <sup>we believe</sup> your throat will tell you that Camels are  
extra-mild because they're cool-smoking and slow-burning.

MOORE: Now tell 'em about the tobacco!

HOWARD: Well, of course, Camels are made of costlier tobaccos,  
expertly, matchlessly blended!

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

HOWARD: Camels! Get a pack tonight! You'll like 'em!

(ORCHESTRA...INTRO TO... "BRAZIL"...FADE)

MOORE: (OVER MUSIC)...And now let's bend all our attentions to the musical dividend of the week. Coming, of course, from Xavier Cugat.

CUGIE: Thank you, Garry....And this is a tune that I love very much...I found it myself two years ago, and brought it to this country. I think you have heard <sup>our</sup> ~~the~~ recording. The title is....."Brazil".

(ORCHESTRA:....BRAZIL)..

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Oh gracious senor. Hasty manana. Notches Butchnia.  
Erin go bragh and all that other Spanish stuff.

DURANTE: IF THAT'S SPANISH I'M A MONKEY'S UNCLE.

MOORE: Thank you, James. We'll discuss your family later.

DURANTE: I SEE. IS THERE ANY TRUTH IN THE RUMOR, MR. MOORE,  
THAT YOU PURCHASED YOUR BRAINS FROM A SECOND HAND  
DEALER IN SMORGESBORD.

MOORE: There are many things about me, Mr. Durante, which  
would amaze you. Would you care to hear the story of  
my adolescence?

DURANTE: WOULD IT DO ME ANY GOOD TO SAY NO?

MOORE: No.

DURANTE: THEN PRAY BORE ME WITH THE DETAILS.

MOORE: I shall....Until the age of 17, I was just an average boy who lived in Great Poverty - Oklahoma....On my 18th birthday, my father called me to his side, and he said to me, "Stinky" he said - - - (He always called me Stinky.....He knew me quite well.).....Stinky, he said, today you are going away to college...Before you go is there any one thing you would rather have than anything in this world?...And I said, "Yes, father... More than anything in this world, I should like to have a camel's hair coat."...."Very well," said my father, "Have it you shall...And if at the end of 4 years of college, there is not a single hair missing from your camel's hair coat, I will give you one thousand dollars."....Oh - joyful day.

ALL: (ECHO CHAMBER)....Oh - joyful day!

MOORE: So off to college I went, and during the first year was unanimously elected to that great Greek fraternity, Gotta Getta Babe....And twice that year, I sat down and I counted all the hairs on my camel's hair coat... And at the end of the year there was not a single hair missing from my camel's hair coat...Oh - gladsome day.

ALL: (ECHO CHAMBER)...Oh - gladsome day.

MOORE: In my second, third and fourth years at college, I was equally busy. I went in for athletics and immediately became head squish on the squash team...

Also, at the Sorority Ball I was unanimously elected the man most likely to get slugged in a black-out... And I won the Popular Science award for my outstanding essay entitled "Electric Light Bulbs are Brighter When Lit and A LOT of People Are That Way, Too."...

So -- realizing that if I was to graduate I must study like mad, I locked my coat into the closet and sat down to ten hard days of cramming...And lo - when the graduation list was read, I lead my class with a summa cum laude - a summa cum softly - and summa cum cum with a bralla bralla suet...

And diploma in hand, I dashed back to my room to retrieve my coat, take it home and collect my one thousand dollars...But when I opened the closet door -- oh, HORRIBLE sight. Not a single hair was left on my Camel's hair coat.

ALL: Not a single hair was left on his Camel's hair coat.

MOORE: And I sat me down and wept bitter tears.....And as I sat there weeping, a little moth flew by and he saw me crying....And he said to me, "Why, little boy, are you crying so?"....And I said "You know why I'm crying.... You ate all the hairs of my camel's hair coat."....And when the little moth saw what he had done, he too sat down and started to cry.

(ORCHESTRA: CUT MUSIC)

MOORE:           And ladies and gentlemen - have you ever seen a moth-bowl?  
                  bawl?..... Thank you.

(ORCHESTRA:.. PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

(ORCHESTRA: INTRO TO "BOMBSHELL FROM BROOKLYN".... )

MOORE:           Swinging now to center stage Lena Romai, the orchestra  
                  and chorus, with "She's a Bombshell from Brooklyn" from  
                  Cugie's latest picture "Stage Door Canteen."

(ORCHESTRA: "BOMBSHELL FROM BROOKLYN"....)

*Applause*

HOWARD: High up in the clear blue sky ride the bombardiers, a clear-thinking, clear-headed, straight-talking gang of fellows --

VOICE: I'm sitting in the greenhouse, quietly --

HOWARD: Uh -- greenhouse?

VOICE: Office! Front of the plane! I'm quietly laying eggs when --

HOWARD: Laying eggs?

VOICE: Dropping bombs! When this peashooter --

HOWARD: Peashooter?

VOICE: Pursuit plane! Look, maybe we'd better just have a Camel and forget the whole thing!

HOWARD: That's the kind of Air Force lingo I savvy! 'Course it doesn't surprise me, because I know Camels are first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens, where the men spend their own money for cigarettes. Just remember this one word -- Camels -- when you're sending a carton of thanks to that Yank -- and when you want a better cigarette for yourself, too! Camels taste better because they've got more flavor -- that's what helps 'em to hold up, keep/ <sup>them</sup> from going flat, no matter how many you smoke. Camels are extra-mild, too -- slow-burning and cool-smoking. For yourself, for that fellow in the service, get Camels -- the cigarette that's expertly blended of costlier tobaccos.

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



MOORE: And now!

(ORCHESTRA: FANFARE!)

HOWARD: The Gary Moore Poor Housekeeping Institute.

(ORCHESTRA: . . . . DRUM ROLL)

MOORE: A public service designed to ponder perplexing problems  
posed by a puzzled Public - Tonite -

(ORCHESTRA: . . . . FANFARE)

*Petrie:*  
DURANTE: THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

(CHINESE GONG)

GARY: The scene....Park Avenue...where all good minks go when  
they die ...in this scene I play a millionaire... I made  
my fortune and sold my business just in time...I used to  
make butter knives...So here I am on Park Avenue, wealthy,  
powerful...yet in my home there is no happiness...  
everything is gloom....even our canary bird doesn't  
chirp. Listen (PAUSE) see, no chirp. In my home there  
is no laughter...listen (PAUSE) See, no laughter. What  
is missing? I know... Our hearts ache for the patter of  
little servants' feet...no maids, no butlers... In her  
boudoir my beautiful wife lies in agony...she has not had  
breakfast in four months because there is no one to bring  
it to her. I open her door.....I go in.

WIFE: (SOBBING)

GARY: Darling, don't cry..don't cry. Be a brave girl. Put your  
teeth in and smile for daddy.

WIFE: (SOBS) But I can't....What will we do for help?

GARY: Now calm yourself, dear. You'll go out of your mind and I won't be able to tell you from the rest of your family.

WIFE: But we must get help. Don Cugat the Corayvian Ambassador is coming to dinner tonight. How can we serve him?

GARY: Can't we just give him a handful of nickels and take him to the Automat?

WIFE: (SOBS) No no.

GARY: Maybe we can tell him it's Halloween and just bob for apples.

WIFE: (SOBS) Darling, you must do something.

GARY: Well, dear perhaps I may have a surprise for you. I may get a BUTLER.....

~~WIFE: Where?~~

~~GARY: I've been in touch with the black market.~~

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

*Oh really*  
GARY: ~~Not really~~, that's the butler...Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

GARY: What is this?

DURANTE: GOOD EVENING FOLKS. HERE'S HEMINGWAY, AMERICA'S FOREMOST BUTLER.

WIFE: A butler. I always pictured a butler to look.... taller, like Arthur Treacher.

DURANTE: I RESENT THAT - WHEN I POINT ME NOSE TOWARD THE CEILING I'M JUST AS TALL AS HE IS.

GARY: Look dear -.don't offend him. Now, Mr. Hemingway.....  
about the salary....

DURANTE: WELL, I AM NO EXTORTIONER...I AM NOT A MAN TO DRIVE A  
HARD BARGAIN. WHAT IS YOUR INCOME?

GARY: A thousand dollars a week.

DURANTE: THAT WILL BE SUFFICIENT.

GARY: A thousand.....

WIFE: Dear, don't offend him..Now Hemingway, is Thursday  
night off satisfactory.

DURANTE: NO, IT'LL HAVE TO BE WEDNESDAY.

WIFE: Why?

DURANTE: THURSDAY MY BUTLER IS OFF!!

(MUSIC.....IN AND UNDER)

GARY: So we hired him...what else could we do....after all  
you can't be too particular when you're only paying  
them a thousand a week....Anyway, at eight the Ambassador  
from Corevia arrived for dinner.

(DOOR BELL...DOOR OPENING)

DURANTE: AND WHO -- ARE YOU?

CUGAT: I am little Cugie, the Ambassador from Corevia.

DURANTE: FROM COREVIA?.....I'LL ANNOUNCE YOU. PRESENTING THE  
JERK WHO CAME TO DINNER.

GARY: Come in, Ambassador, come in,

CUGAT: What does this man mean calling me a jerk?

WIFE: Why...why...it's well, jerk is an American word for...  
for Prince.

CUGAT: But I'm not a prince.

DURANTE: THEN I'M RIGHT....HE'S A JERK.

GARY: That's the spirit.....now let us go into the dining  
room.

WIFE: Hemingway, there are only three of us. I see you have  
set the table for four.

DURANTE: WHERE DO YOU THINK I'M GOING TO EAT?

WIFE: But...

GARY: Don't offend him dear. Let us eat.

(RATTLE OF DISHES - DROP OF FORK)

WIFE: Oh, I dropped my fork. Hemingway, I said I dropped my  
fork. It's on the floor.

DURANTE: *A* NACHURAL FENOMENA, THE LAW OF GRAVITY!

WIFE: Well then, may I have some soup?

DURANTE: WHY NOT? THERE'S ENOUGH FOR ALL OF US.

GARY: (ASIDE TO WIFE) Dear, we're ready for the turkey.

WIFE: Yes, the turkey.

GARY: Shall I ask him.

WIFE: I'm afraid.

GARY: What'll we do?

DURANTE: ONE OF YOU BETTER GET IT...IT'S NOT GONNA FLY IN HERE.

GARY: All right, I'll get it....Well, here it is...(TRYING TO BE GAY) Well, Hemingway, will you take the part that

DURANTE: *went over the fence last?*  
*Dyke the part that went over the...*  
IT ALL DEPENDS WHICH WAY THE TURKEY WAS FACING.

CUGAT: *Hum* This turkey is delicious.

DURANTE: ONE MINUTE, PLEASE. THE AMBASSADOR FROM CORAVIA WILL PLEASE NOT DUNK HIS BREAD IN THE GRAVIA.

CUGAT: This is an insult...this will mean war between our countries.

WIFE: What shall we do?, *deu?*

GARY: Take the war. Where are we gonna get another butler?

(MUSIC: . . . IN AND FADE . . . . .)

GARY: Well, there it is....he's not perfect but he's ours.... all ours....and when our friends tell us about their servant problems we can always say - "Well, we have a butler."

DURANTE: (OFF MIKE) HEY, MOORE.....NEVER MIND THAT GAB - GO IN AND FINISH THE DISHES.

GARY: Coming sir!

(ORCHESTRA: . . . . PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

(MUSIC...WHO WILL BE WITH YOU, (GARY AND JIMMY BOTH SING) FULL AND FADE FOR.....)

MOORE: Mister Durante!

DURANTE: Yes, Mr. Moore!

MOORE: Do you know how to keep a cold in the head from going down into ~~the~~ <sup>your</sup> chest?

DURANTE: NO, HOW DO YOU KEEP A COLD IN THE HEAD FROM GOING DOWN INTO YOUR CHEST?

MOORE: Tie a knot in your neck!

(MUSIC.....UP AND DOWN)

DURANTE: MISTER MOORE.

MOORE: Yes, Mr. Durante!

DURANTE: LAST NIGHT I SAW A BOY AND GIRL HOLDING HANDS IN THE PARK. LOVE! IT'S WONDERFUL.

MOORE: Now between you and me, Jimmy, isn't love silly?

DURANTE: BETWEEN YOU AND ME, JUNIOR, IT WOULD BE RIDICULOUS!

MOORE: Oh come now, Jimmy, let's be friends. <sup>You know</sup> ~~In fact~~ I saw you last night ~~at~~ the Copacabana and I think that as an entertainer, you are the epitome of perfection.

DURANTE: THANK YOU, JUNIOR. YOU'RE A SWELL ENTERTAINER, TOO.

MOORE: You are the quintessence of delectable drollery, a perfect clown.

DURANTE: YOU'RE A NICE GUY TOO, JUNIOR.

MOORE: You, Jimmy, are the ultimate in cultural, yet folksy, merriment. You are an original artist, the Saroyan of comedians, the paragon of inimitable witticism.

DURANTE: OKAY. YOU WIN, BY AN EDUCATION!

(MUSIC.....HIT FINISH OF SONG WITH CHORUS. EXIT DURANTE, MOORE, AND CUGAT IN TRAVESTY DURANTE STRUT)

(APPLAUSE)

CLOSING

(MUSIC: -- THEME, FULL AND FADE FOR...)

PETRIE: Next Thursday evening at this time and place: More Durante, more Cugat music, and more Moore. We have Garry's word for it that next week's show will be more highly cultural than ever, if possible. Miss Georgia Gibbs, prevented by illness from appearing tonight, will be with us next week. Tomorrow evening on another network - the CAMEL COMEDY CARAVAN from Hollywood, with Paulette Goddard,

*Red Sparks*

Jack Carson, Herb Shriner, Freddie Rich's Orchestra and Connie Haines.

*Look up the time and listen*

*Music: Up and down*

~~And here's news for service men: To twelve more camps this week roll the camel touring caravans, bringing busloads of singers, dancers and comedians and free shows for soldiers. (THEME OUT)~~

~~HOWARD:~~ ~~Camel!~~ <sup>Remember,</sup> you can still send Camels to Army personnel in the United States, and to men in the Navy, Marines, or Coast Guard wherever they are. The Post Office rule against mailing packages applies only to those sent to men in the overseas Army.

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

PETRIE: Camels! First in the service!

(MUSIC: -- THEME)

PETRIE: This is Howard Petrie, speaking for Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore, and Xavier Cugat, who says....

CUGAT: *Buenos noches*  
~~Amigos~~ amigos!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND DOWN)

(APPLAUSE)

CLOSING PAGE:

ANNOUNCER: Say, Mr Pipe-Smoker, are you looking for some tobacco that combines rich, mellow, aged-in-the-wood taste with cool, bite-free smoking comfort? Then get Prince Albert, the pipe tobacco that's no-bite treated. Prince Albert's crimp cut, too, so it'll pack and draw just right, stay lit longer. Try P.A. for Pipe Appeal. You'll see why Prince Albert sells far more than any other pipe tobacco in America!

dm-nh-vlg  
3/25/43  
11:10 AM

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