

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

NEW CAMEL PROGRAM

(REVISED)

**AS
BROADCAST**

THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1943
NBC NETWORK
10:00 - 10:30 PM

PROGRAM No. 4

CAST:

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

XAVIER CUGAT'S ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS

HOPE EMERSON

ANDY LOVE

51454 3600

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

(REVISED)

THE NEW CAMEL SHOW

THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1943

10:00 - 10:30 PM EWT

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

(AFTER 3 - 5 SECONDS)

MUSIC: PYRAMID CHORUS

BAND: C-A-M-E-L-S

PETRIE: Camels. First in the service!

MUSIC: THEME, FULL AND FADE FOR...

PETRIE: This is the new Camel program, with Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore, Georgia Gibbs and the music of Xavier Cugat....brought to you by Camel -- the cigarette that's extra mild, slow-burning, cool smoking, rich tasting -- better! Enter now the young man in charge of the highly cultural proceedings -- that talkative talk-of-the-town.....GARRY MOORE!

ORCH: THEME UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE

51454 3601

MOORE: Well, thank you....Thank you VERY much, Howard, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen - I bring you greetings from the makers of Camel Cigarettes, sponsors of this new Camel Cigarette program: spelled P-R-O-G-R-A-M The static on this evening's broadcast will come to you through the courtesy of the Cronkshmonker Crumbless Cracker Company, inventors of the new silent crack for movie-goers, which is guaranteed not to crackle, snap, ~~pip~~, pop, pip, whistle, whop nor wheeze. ^{you} Bite into it, and it plays one chorus of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata". ^{now}...Nothing I could say about this fine product would be half so convincing as a word from Mr. Cronkshmonker, himself, who eats his own crackers ALL the time...

And here is Mr. Cronkshmonker.

VOICE: (MOUTH FULL OF CRACKERS) ... Thank you, Mr. Moore, and good evening, friends of radio land.

MOORE: Mr. Cronkshmonker -- just what HAVE you to say about Cronkshmonker Crumbless crackers?

VOICE: They're the favorite of four out of five!

MOORE: Thank you...For the first time in my life I know what a breaded veal cutlet feels like....In any event, so much for the vital statistics on tonite's mongrel-congress, and let's get on with the show...Is there any unfinished business from last week?

EMERSON: (LOUD) There IS, and you KNOW it.

MOORE: Well, look who's here - radio's answer to the meat shortage... Toodles Bongshmook. Hello, Miss Bongshmook.

EMERSON: How do you do? And no more cracks about my chassis.... Don't you know I'm an oomph girl?

MOORE: You are an oomph girl?

EMERSON: I am...Every time I sit down on the davenport, the davenport goes "OOMPH!"

MOORE: That I don't doubt....But lookit - what about this unfinished business?

EMERSON: We have a memo here from the sponsor. He says your program ran over last week, and you had to cut out four jokes. Camels paid for those jokes, and they jolly well want them in THIS week.

MOORE: But, Miss Bongshmook, we've got other jokes this week -- we won't have TIME for those four.

EMERSON: Mr. Moore -- would you like to go back to announcing dance bands?

MOORE: Oh, all right - but I'll only have time for the punch lines, the finish of the jokes, and here they are. "My husband has a black eye...Don't give me those cold cuts... He's a lookie-bookie...and where can I get a retread for my girdle."...Now will everybody laugh, please, for the sponsor? (BIZ OF AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) ...Thank you...That's better than we would've done with the jokes...Anything else, Miss B?

EMERSON: Just one more item...The technical department wants you to stop in after the show - they're gonna have your hair wired for sound,

MOORE: Wired for sound?....My hair?

EMERSON: Yes, they wanna see if they can make the cow-lick moo! *Good bye!*

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: Oh, fine...She's a great gal, that Bongshmook. I wonder if she'll ever replace the common cold?

ORCH: START DURANTE'S MUSIC - SNEAK IN UNDER

MOORE: Well, it makes no difference, because here comes the cure for EVERY-body's ills...the highly explosive, most contagious Prince of the Prominent Profile - JIMMY DURANTE!

DURANTE: START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG....
YOU KNOW, GARRY, I LOVE THE CIRCUS - I LIVE IT - BUT
I'M WORRIED ABOUT THE BIG SHOW THIS YEAR....GARGAN-CHEWA
IS VERY MUCH UPSET. HE'S AFRAID HE'S GONNA LOSE HIS JOB. *Yuh know*
FOR SIX YEARS HE'S BEEN THE BIGGEST APE IN CAPTIVITY....
NOW HE'S AFRAID THEY ^{might} ~~RE GONNA~~ CAPTURE MUSSOLINI.

MOORE: I can see his point...But why all this sudden interest
in the circus?

DURANTE: WELL, YOU KNOW, ME, THE RINGLINGS AND THEIR COHORTS HAVE
MORE THAN A NODDING ACQUAINTANCESHIP.

MOORE: Yuh do, huh?

DURANTE: OH, YES! ... WHY, I KNEW THE HIPPO WHEN HE DIDN'T HAVE A
POT-A-MUS! ... I COME FROM A LONG LINE OF CIRCUS PEOPLE,
JUNIOR.....WHY, MY GRANDFATHER - SLOW-BURNING DURANTE -
WAS KNOWN UNDER THE BIG TOP AS "THE ARMLESS WOODCHOPPER".

MOORE: Oh, hold the phone! How could the guy chop wood without
any arms?

DURANTE: HE USED TO STICK A HATCHET IN HIS MOUTH AND TURN
SOMERSAULTS! ... AND, NOT MEANING TO BE BRAGADOCIOUS, I
ALSO HAD AN AUNT WHO WAS A LION-TAMER...WHAT AN ACT! ...
FOR THE BIG FINISH THE LION WOULD PUT HIS HEAD IN HER
MOUTH!

MOORE: Gadzooks! Wasn't the lion afraid?

DURANTE: NAH! MY AUNT WAS A VEGETARIAN!

MOORE: Oh, fine ... Kind of a lady gopher, huh?

DURANTE: YEAH, BUT AN ANIMAL-LOVER, NONE-SO-EVER-THE-LESS!.....
AND I GUESS IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY, BECAUSE JUST
LAST WEEK I FALLS FOR A LITTLE DOG IN A PET SHOP.
I BRINGS HIM HOME, AND ALREADY I GOT HIM TRAINED.
I COMES HOME THE FIRST NIGHT AND CATCHES HIM SLEEPING
ON MY NEW SOFA, SO I GIVES HIM A WHIPPIN'!....I
COMES HOME THE SECOND NIGHT, HE'S NOT ON THE SOFA,
BUT IT'S STILL WARM FROM HIS BODY.....SO I GIVE
HIM ANOTHER WHIPPIN'!.....THE THIRD NIGHT I
COMES HOME...~~.....~~ WHAT A SMART DOG....HE'S SITTIN'
IN FRONT OF THE SOFA, BLOWIN' ON IT TO COOL IT OFF...
NOW, WHAT WAS WE CONVERSIN' ABOUT BEFORE I SO
RUDELY INTERRUPTED MYSELF?

MOORE: Your aunt, the lion tamer, I'm afraid.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, YOU HAVE A FABULOUS MEMORY!.....YOU
KNOW MY AUNT WAS A VERY VERSATILE WOMAN. ONE YEAR
AFTER SHE MARRIED MY UNCLE SHE HAD A BABY.

MOORE: Well, that's a neat trick, but there are a lot of people who can do it.

DURANTE: GRANTED, GRANTED....BUT THE SECOND YEAR SHE HAD TWINS, AND THE THIRD YEAR SHE HAD TRIPLETS.

MOORE: So what if she did? Even if she's married TEN years she's not gonna top Papa Dionne.

DURANTE: PAPA DIONNE! HE HAD QUINTUPLETS IN NINETEEN THIRTY-FIVE! BUT DID HE HAVE THEM IN THIRTY-SIX, THIRTY-SEVEN, AND THIRTY-EIGHT?

MOORE: Of course not.

DURANTE: THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT!....JUST A FLASH IN THE PAN!

MOORE: Okay, okay, I'll admit it. Your aunt was beautifully heir-conditioned....BUT, HAVE you seen the circus THIS year?

DURANTE: WELL, I WAS CONTEMPLATING IT, BUT AS I WALKED DOWN EIGHTH AVENUE, I SEES A BABY ELEPHANT SITTING IN THE GUTTER, AND HE'S CRYING. I SAYS, "OH, COME, COME, MY LITTLE PAC-A-DERM, WHAT'RE YOU CRYING ABOUT?". HE SAYS "NONE OF THE OTHER ELEPHANTS WILL PLAY WITH ME."....I SAYS, "WELL, DON'T CRY. IF THEY WON'T PLAY WITH YOU, I'LL PLAY WITH YOU"....AND HE SAYS, ^{to me} "NOTHIN' DOIN'!! YOU'RE NOT AN ELEPHANT, YOUR TRUNK IS TOO LONG!

MOORE: And there you stood, huh - weeping all down the front of that fine suit of undipped burlap....Even the little elephants won't play with you, James, if you don't get a new suit for Easter.

DURANTE: WHY SHOULD I GET A NEW SUIT WHEN I WAS SUCH A SARTORIAL SENSATION IN MY LAST YEAR'S ENSEMBLE.... WAS I A ~~hit~~ ^{hit} AT THAT SOCIETY PARTY IN NEWPORT. TOP HAT, WHITE TIE, TAILS AND KNICKERS WITH KNEE-PADS.

MOORE: A full dress suit with knickers and knee-pads at a society party?

DURANTE: YEAH, IT WAS A COMBINATION SWA-RAY AND CRAP GAME! ... BUT, I TRUST, JUNIOR, THAT YOU HAVE PURCHASED YOUR EASTER FINERY?

MOORE: Well, nooo, I haven't....To tell the truth my spirit is willing but my cash is weak.

DURANTE: GARRY, IT HURTS ME WHEN YOU SAY THAT!....YOU HAVE WOUNDED ME DEEPLY!....DO YOU NEED MONEY?

MOORE: Yes, have you got five hundred?

DURANTE: MY WOUND IS HEALED!

MOORE: That's what I thought...and really it doesn't matter, after all, what good is money?....It can't bring you happiness.

DURANTE: NO, BUT I LIKE TO HAVE IT AROUND, SO I CAN CHOOSE THE TYPE OF MISERY THAT IS MOST AGREEABLE TO ME.

MOORE: I'm serious, old man....Look at Shakespeare. Did he have money? No!....Look at Beethoven - did he have money?..No! ... And look at poor Cary Grant +... After he pays his income tax, what has HE got?

DURANTE: BARBARA HUTTON, AND THAT AIN'T CORNFLAKES, YOU KNOW!

MOORE: You think not, eh?....I tell you, Jimmy, money is the root of all evil;^{it is} a mere symbol of a decadent civilization.

DURANTE: A DECADENT CIVILIZATION.... *Just so - Just so.*

MOORE: Why, did you know that the eskimos use fish for money?

DURANTE: AW, NOW WAIT A MINUTE!

MOORE: They do, they use fish for money - and what do you think of that?

DURANTE: IT MUST BE AWFULLY MESSY PLAYIN' A SLOT MACHINE.....

(INTO SONG)

ORCH: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY..

APPLAUSE

51454 3609

MOORE: (OVER APPLAUSE) Yes sir, what a clown! All the way from eskimos to Gargantua.

PETRIE: There's nothing funny about Gargantua, I was walking past his cage over at Madison Square Garden - and he reached out ^{and} those big long arms of his -- and he grabbed me!

MOORE: Gee whiz, Howard! What did you do?

PETRIE: I thought fast! I reached into my pocket like lightning!

MOORE: What did he do?

PETRIE: He just said --

VOICE: (SILLY, HIGH-PITCHED VOICE, BUT LOUD!) Don't shoot! I'm just looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many I smoke!

PETRIE: I said, here, here try one of these Camels! Camels have extra flavor - helps 'em to hold up, pack after pack! Gargantua, I said, everybody ought to try Camels in his own T-Zone. That's "T" for taste, "T" for throat, your own proving ground for flavor and mildness! You see, Camels are extra mild because they're slow burning and cool smoking -- the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos!

MOORE: You're a regular circus, Howard! Your Camel selling is intense!

PETRIE: Huh?

MOORE: Intense! Intense!

PETRIE: I can sell 'em out in the open, too!

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

PETRIE: Camels!

ORCH: INTRO TO "LET'S GET LOST"

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MOORE: Proceeding now from monkey business to the mood romantic,
we come to the music of Xavier Cugat...to a beautiful
beguine version of "Let's Get Lost".

ORCH: LET'S GET LOST

APPLAUSE

MOORE: All of which brings us to the MOST educational part of tonight's rat-race, the Garry Moore Radio Workshop --, in which we take you behind the scenes to meet the men behind the shows behind the 8-ball....Tonight's special guest is Mr. Comastalk Pilderdrerntch, well-known writer of radio dramas who will speak to us on radio censorship. Good evening, Mr. Pilderdrerntch.

VOICE: Good evening, Mr. Moore.

MOORE: Mr. Pilderdrerntch will you tell us a few things you are not allowed to say on the radio?

VOICE: Mr. Moore, nowadays you are not allowed to say ANYTHING.... Last month I wrote a topical drama called "Ode To A Meatless Tuesday, or Even If It's Kosher, No-shir."

MOORE: And you couldn't mention meat?

VOICE: Not without giving up 46 points.

MOORE: My, that's too bad.

VOICE: I also wrote a romantic drama about a soldier in Hollywood, called "Fit As A Fiddle and Ready for Hedy".

MOORE: Well you could certainly say Hedy.

VOICE: Yes, but you can't mention fiddle without joining the musician's union.

MOORE: Well, what, Mr. Pilderdrerntch, ^{if anything do you} ~~do~~ plan to do about this?

VOICE: Tonight I have written an absolutely censor-proof drama.. In it the actors say nothing censorable...In fact, in this drama the actors say nothing.

MOORE: You mean it's all sound effects?

VOICE: No, no...It's a regular radio drama....They TALK, but they don't SAY anything...

MOORE: And what is the title?

VOICE: It's called "Love - That Wonderful Junk".

MOORE: Love, that wonderful junk.....And it's really pure, eh?

VOICE: Pure?....I've got an offer from Borden's - they wanna put it up in bottles.

MOORE: In that case - music, lights - and curtain.

ORCH: PALREZ-MOI D'AMOUR - UP AND OUT - BRIEFLY

PETRIE: Ah, Cribadelia, my sweet. You look ravishing tonight.
If only I dared tell you how I -- How I....

EMERSON: Yes, Murgatroyd? If only you dared tell me - what?

PETRIE: If only I dared tell you how I - how I - but, no...I
can't.

EMERSON: I know...It's just that you feel so - so - oh, but I
shouldn't say it. For what if we were to - to -

PETRIE: Yes - my dove?

EMERSON: What if we were to -- but, no....We mustn't.

PETRIE: No...We mustn't.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOORE: AHAAAAA!....SO, Lady Migglewitch - and YOU, Lord
Croomsboozle!....Me loving wife and me best friend -
here - alone - together!

EMERSON: But Maximillian!

MOORE: Don't Maximillian me! You are no better than a low
what-cha-ma-call-it!

PETRIE: What-cha-may-call-it, indeed! How dare you call your
wife a what-cha-ma-call-it, you - thingamabob.

MOORE: Thingamabob?...Silence, you Jigamacrank!....Leave muh
home this instant!.....GO!... GO - and LIVE a life
of whatzizname!

EMERSON: Of whatzizname? No, no!...Not a life of whatzizname!

MOORE: A life of whatzizname!

EMERSON: Maximillian, you must listen to me! You can't leave me
now! It's YOU, I love, and we are about to have - to
have -

MOORE: Well?...Well?...Speak up, woman, speak up!

EMERSON: We are about to have a lit-tul what-not!

MOORE: A little what-not!

~~PETRIE: Murgatroyd, what a pretty picture?~~

EMERSON: A little what-not, Maximillian, of our very, very own.

MOORE: Cribadella, my sweet!

EMERSON: Maximillian, my own!

PETRIE: Egad, what a pretty picture! Husband and wife re-united
by a common bond of love.

EMERSON: But now that you know my true feelings, Murgatroyd -
what are YOU going to do?

PETRIE: Don't worry about me! I shall go to the whozis-lounge
across the street and become THINGAMAGUMMED!

ORCH: PLAY-OFF

APPLAUSE

51454 3615

DURANTE: JUNIOR, ALLOW ME TO BE THE FIRST TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON A MOST ENTERTAINING "SHARADE".

MOORE: Well, thanks, Jimmy. I think you're pretty too...Would you care to help me introduce Georgia Gibbs now?

DURANTE: OH, NO, NO....YOU INTRODUCE HER.

MOORE: . Oh, but I insist.

DURANTE: OH, GO AHEAD.

MOORE: Very well.

BOTH: AT THIS TIME, FRIENDS, MISS GEORGIA GIBBS - HA HA HA ...
AT THIS TIME, FRIENDS, MISS GEORGIA GIBBS . HA HA HA....
(VERY FAST).....AT THIS TIME, FRIENDS, MISS GEORGIA GIBBS - NOW WAIT A MINUTE! ARE YOU GONNA MAKE THIS ANNOUNCEMENT, OR AM I GONNA MAKE THIS ANNOUNCEMENT?....
OKAY - YOU MAKE THE ANNOUNCEMENT....OKAY, THEN, I'LL MAKE THE ANNOUNCEMENT....AT THIS TIME, FRIENDS, MISS GEORGIA GIBBS - WELL, WILL YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND? DO YOU WANNA DO IT,OR DO YUH WANT ME TO DO IT?....OKAY, THEN SHUT UP AND LET ME DO IT....AT THIS TIME, FRIENDS, MISS GEORGIA GIBBS - NOW WAIT A MINUTE.

GIBBS: Wait a minute, boys, I'll do it myself....My name is Georgia Gibbs, ladies and gentlemen, and I'd like to sing "You'd Better Will To Come Home To".

BOTH: ~~.....~~! NOW YOU SEE WHAT YOU DID? WE BOTH GOT LOUSED OUT OF THE JOB!.....
SING, MISS GIBBS!

GIBBS: "You'd Better Will To Come Home To"
APPLAUSE

51454 3616

MOORE: Ah, Georgia, that was wonderful! Beautiful music - ah, beautiful music - it makes me love sick.

PETRIE: Love sickness - that's bad. But Garry, did you hear about the soldier with the terrific case of yourz?

MOORE: No, Howard. What happened?

PETRIE: Well, this soldier meets another soldier and he says --

1ST MAN: (DEADPAN) Hello.

2ND MAN: (DEADPAN) Hello.

1ST MAN: How are you?

2ND MAN: Fine. How are you?

1ST MAN: I think I'm getting a terrific case of yourz.

2ND MAN: What's yourz?

1ST MAN: (SUDDENLY BRIGHT) A Camel cigarette please!

(CHUCKLES)

PETRIE: All right ^{all right} but it does help me get my point over. And that is, wherever you go, you'll find that men in all the services go for Camels, according to actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens, where the men spend their own money for cigarettes. Good thing to remember, whether you're thanking that Yank with a carton, or looking for a better cigarette for you. You'll find Camels taste better because they have more flavor, the extra flavor that helps 'em to hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke. And you'll like Camels' smooth extra mildness, mildness that goes with slow burning and cool smoking. For yourself, for that fellow in the service, get Camels, the cigarette that's expertly blended of costlier tobaccos!

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

PETRIE: Camels! First in the service!

ORCH: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU INTRODUCTION

DURANTE &
MOORE: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU

DURANTE: OH MR MOORE--

MOORE: Yes, Mr. Durante?

DURANTE: IT MAKES ME LAUGH THE WAY SOME PEOPLE COMPLAIN ABOUT MEAT RATIONING. NOW IN THE AXIS COUNTRIES THEY'RE REALLY IN TROUBLE --OVER THERE THEY GOT NO HAM, NO PORK, NO BACON-- WHY DO YOU KNOW, JUNIOR, THAT THERE'S ONLY ONE PIG LEFT IN GERMANY -- HEIL HITLER!

ORCH: UP AND DOWN

MOORE: Oh, Mr. Durante --

DURANTE: YES, MR. MOORE?

MOORE: I've got a little riddle for you. Can you tell me what this is? Cackle, cackle, wheeee - plop. Cackle, cackle, wheeeeeeeee - plop.

DURANTE: CACKLE, CACKLE, WHEEEEEEE - PLOP? WHAT IS THAT?

MOORE: Chicken laying an egg on stilts!

DURANTE: A CHICKEN LAYING AN EGG ON STILTS. THAT, MR. MOORE, WAS INTENDED TO BE HUMOROUS?

MOORE: Well, that was just one of my minor jokes....under 21 years of age.

51454 3618

DURANTE: MR, MOORE, I CAN ONLY SAY ONE THING...IN THE WORDS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, YOU CAN FOOL SOME OF THE PEOPLE SOME OF THE TIME, AND YOU CAN FOOL SOME OF THE PEOPLE SOME OF THE TIME....BUT YOU CAN'T FOOL SOME OF THE PEOPLE SOME OF THE TIME!

MOORE: I see....And who was it who said that?

DURANTE: THOMAS JEFFER -

MOORE: Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ha.

DURANTE: NO?

MOORE: No.

DURANTE: NOT THOMAS JEFFERSON, HUH?...WELL, NOW, LEAVE ME COGITATE.... OH YEAH!.....NOW I KNOW!....IT WAS BENJAMIN FRA -..

MOORE: No, no, no - that isn't it, either . .Not Benjamin Franklin.

DURANTE: OH, THAT'S RIGHT...HE WAS THE ONE ~~WHO~~ THREW THE LIGHTNING ROD ACROSS THE DELAWARE.

MOORE: That's right.

DURANTE: SURE, I REMEMBER NOW.. NOW LEAVE ME SEE...WHO WAS IT WHO SAID SOME OF THE PEOPLE SOME OF THE TIME, AND SOME OF THE PEOPLE -

MOORE: Jimmy - you're never gonna get it just guessing around. Let me give you a hint....He was President during the Civil War and his initials are A.L.

DURANTE: A.L., HUH?... ..WELL, CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT!....A.L..... C-A-L-E-M-S. NO THAT'S NOT RIGHT! LET ME SEE...A.L.... SAY, THOSE ARE VERY GOOD INITIALS!

MOORE: Oh, they're good, all right . .But do you know who it is?

DURANTE: DO I KNOW? CERTAINLY I KNOW, WITH THE INITIALS A.L.... FOLKS, IT WAS ANNIE LAURIE WHO SAID SOME OF THE -

MOORE: No, no, no, it was NOT.

DURANTE: IT WASN'T ANNIE LAURIE?....OH, THAT'S RIGHT! SHE WAS NEVER PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES!

MOORE: Of course not. Annie Laurie, president!...ha,ha ha.

DURANTE: HA HA HA HA.

MOORE: She was defeated by Hoover, wasn't she?

DURANTE: DEFEATED BY HOOVER?... ANNIE LAURIE?...YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT AL SMITH!

MOORE: Oh, Jimmy, not Al Smith.

DURANTE: ALFRED E. SMITH!

MOORE: Well whaddayuh know!...It was Al Smith, friends, who said some of the people some of the time, and some of the -

DURANTE: NO, NO, NO, NO, NO!

MOORE: No, it wasn't either folks - no it wasn't' I'm all wrong!

DURANTE: IT WAS AL SMITH WHO WAS DEFEATED BY HOOVER....HE WAS
HOOVER-WHELMED!....HA HA HA HA ...HOOVER-WHELMED!
...ISN'T THAT WHIMSICAL?

PETRIE: Say, fellas....

MOORE: Oh, yes, Howard?

PETRIE: I don't wanna be an old foof or anything, but who WAS
it said that about some of the people some of the time
and some of the people some of the time?

DURANTE: *Wait a minute*
~~WHEN~~ - WHAT WAS THAT AGAIN, PLEASE?

PETRIE: I said who was it who said that about some of the
people some of the time?

DURANTE: I DON'T BELIEVE I EVER HEARD THAT ONE BEFORE...DID YOU,
JUNIOR?

MOORE: No, - but it's a good one, though!....Something you
thought up yourself, *Mr. Petrie*
~~youself~~?

DURANTE: YOU'RE VERY TALENTED, MR. PETRIE....ANY OTHER TIME YOU
GET ANY IDEAS, DO, BY ALL MEANS LET US KNOW.

PETRIE: But fellas - you just quoted that yourself - just a
minute ago.

BOTH: WE DID?

PETRIE: You did!

DURANTE: WELL, THEN, JUNIOR - THAT'S WHO SAID SOME OF THE PEOPLE
SOME OF THE TIME AND SOME OF THE PEOPLE SOME OF THE TIME.

MOORE: Who did?

DURANTE: WE DID - A COUPLE OF MINUTES AGO.

MOORE: Well whaddayuh know! I'll hafta listen to this show
sometime myself.

DURANTE AND MOORE: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU

APPLAUSE

COMMERCIAL

(MUSIC.....MARCH)

JOWARD: Tonight we begin a series of tributes to Americans who have distinguished themselves for heroism in the battle areas . .the Yanks of the week.

(MUSIC.....FANFARE)

VOICE: Tonight we send our thanks to twenty-three year-old Lieutenant Ira Sussky of Little Rock, Arkansas, who rescued a stranded P-Forty pilot by landing a light, unarmed training plane within a few hundred yards of a Japanese field head-quarters in Burma. At great peril to his life, Lieutenant Sussky set his trainer down in a muddy field and after several attempts took off, carrying the downed pilot to safety. We salute you, Lieutenant Sussky, and in your honor, the makers of Camels are sending to our troupes in the Burma area three hundred thousand Camel Cigarettes.

(MUSIC.....FANFARE)

HOWARD: Listen to each of the four Camel shows -- tomorrow night, the Camel Comedy Caravan, starring Jack Carson, Mickey Rooney, Patsy Kelly, and Herb Shriner; Saturday night, Bob Hawks in "Thanks to the Yanks"; Monday, "Blondie," and next Thursday, Garry Moore, Jimmy Durante, Georgia Gibbs ^{and} Xavier Cugat's music. On each of the four Camel shows we'll salute another Yank of the Week, and on each of them announce the sending of three hundred thousand Camels to the men in his battle area --making a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week to our fighting men overseas.

(MORE)

HOWARD:
(CONT'D)

Every week Camels thank the Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans which, since 1941, have given free shows and cigarettes to nearly three million service men, and which visit eleven more camps this week.

(APPLAUSE)

51454 3623

ORCH: LOW CHORD

MOORE: Friends, this is Garry Moore - asking you to think for a minute about thirteen billion dollars!

~~ORCH:~~ ~~CHORD CHANGES~~

MOORE: Thirteen billion dollars! Too big to think about? Well, divide it up among a hundred and thirty million people and what do you get? A hundred dollars from each man, woman, and child in the United States. That's how many bonds we must buy in three weeks to put over the Second War Loan.

PETRIE: Of course, you've been buying bonds - probably every payday on the payroll plan. But now we're attacking, Americans are attacking throughout the world. Attacking is expensive, in both lives and money...but the greater, the more crushing our superiority in arms, the better chance each of our soldiers has to come back alive.

MOORE: This week, next week, and the week after, stage your own private offensive. Buy an extra war bond - every week!

ORCH: THEME FULL AND FADE...

Applause

HITCHHIKE

ANNOUNCER: Mister Pipe-smoker, I'd like to pass on a tip from the biggest group of pipe-smokers in America - the men who smoke Prince Albert, America's largest-selling pipe tobacco. They say - "Try Prince Albert - you'll like it!" -- and I'll tell you why. Prince Albert's no-bite treated, to keep your tongue cool and comfortable -- crimp cut to pack firm and easy - and mild, mellow, and rich-tasting to give you a real taste treat. Get P.A. for Pipe Appeal. It's the National Joy Smoke!

/nc
4/13/43

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