

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

NEW CAMEL PROGRAM

(~~RE~~AS)

BROADCAST

PROGRAM NO. 5

THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1943
NBC NETWORK
10:00-10:30 PM

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

XAVIER CUGAT'S ORCHESTRA

HOPE EMERSON

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

-1-

THE NEW CAMEL SHOW

THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1943

10:00 - 10:30 PM EWT

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

AFTER 3 - 5 SECONDS)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ PYRAMID CHORDS)

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

PETRIE: Camel Cigarettes present the Garry Moore-; Jimmy Durante
Program!

(ORCH: _ _ _ THEME, FULL AND FADE FOR)

PETRIE: Time to get out that pack of Camels -- extra mild, slow-
burning, cool-smoking, rich-tasting--better! Light one up
and laugh with the one and only Jimmy Durante. Blow a
smoke ring round the music of Xavier Cugat and Georgia
Gibbs. And right now, join the millions of listeners
from coast to coast who say the best THING this Spring is--
GARRY MOORE!

(ORCH: _ _ _ THEME UP TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: ~~Well, thank you.~~ . Thank you VERY much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen - happy Thursday to yuh and all that sort of jolly old guff . In my proud *and every happy* function as master of ceremonies for the evening, I have a magnificent surprise in store for all of us. .Ladies and gentlemen, at this time I should like to present one of America's best-loved personalities - MR. FRED ALLEN!

CROWD: APPLAUSE

MOORE: I would LIKE to present Fred Allen, but he's too expensive, so you'll just hafta get along ~~with me~~....
(AIN'T I A BIG NASTY, THOUGH?).. I'm sure we'll be happy together, though - it was awfully nice of you to show up, and please don't forget to get your blood back from the ushers as you leave the studio...If at any time during this evening's broadcast you see any of us blush, you'll be happy to know we're doing it on your corpuscles...And with the greetings to one side, we can now get down to another meeting of our happy little family....Ha ha - and we ARE a happy little family, aren't we?

EMERSON: Aw, nuts!

MOORE: I beg your pardon, Miss Bongshnook?

EMERSON: You heard me - nuts.. Goobers. . Little round things that squirrels go after -- and that reminds me, how are YOU?

MOORE: ~~Why~~, Miss Bongshnook - what an attitude for a fine spring evening.

EMERSON: Yeah? Well, I'm just fed up, that's all...I'm tired of being pushed around. I'm tired of being in the minority!
I'm tired of being IGNORED!

51454 3628

MOORE: Miss Bongshnook, where did you get this LaGuardia viewpoint?

why. You, of all people - radio's happy little multitude!
What's the trouble?

EMERSON: You know what the trouble is. I'm your secretary and I haven't been paid in three weeks....What are you starting - A Share The Poverty Movement?

MOORE: Miss Bongshnook, the matter had merely slipped my mind...*Now*
Here - take your salary and be happy.

EMERSON: THIS is my salary?

MOORE: Yes it is.

EMERSON: BOY! Look at that Indian blink at the day-light!

MOORE: ~~Oh~~, So that's it/^{it} - you're financially dissatisfied...

Miss Bongshnook, have you ever considered what an empty thing money really is?.....~~Now~~^{and} you take a man who's got fifty million dollars...He's not one BIT happier than a man who's only got - say, Forty-NINE million ^{dollars}....Don't be selfish.

PETRIE: Selfish, he says! - Toodles is right, Mr. Moore....We don't expect a million bucks - not even a thousand - but counting carfare we ought to at LEAST come out even.

MOORE: Oh, now you're in it, too, eh, Petrie?.. You, whom I befriended. You, whom I clothed. Why, your pants were so thin you could sit on a map of Hot Springs and get up with second-degree burns...Egad! And THIS is gratitude?

EMERSON: Look, bud - never mind the second act from East Lynne - we want a raise.

MOORE: You want a raise...And how much, may I ask?

PETRIE: Three ^{nearly} bucks - that's all...Raise us from five to eight and we're happy.

MOORE: From five to eight?.. You mean eight dollars a week?

EMERSON: Eight dollars a week!

MOORE: ~~God~~, Miss Bongshnook - Camel Cigarettes **already have a** president...You should see what I make from this. I don't make a living from radio, I've got three pin-ball machines on the outside! Success, Miss Bonghnook, is not what you do - but how you do it...Why, one of the most courageous creatures I have ever known was an oyster - named George.

(ORCH: _ _ _ HEARTS AND FLOWERS... SNEAK IN, FIDDLES ONLY)

MOORE: I shall never forget the night I first met George...He had just been through a hard evening attending several church suppers, where he would ^{help the ladies out by wading} ~~wade~~ through the hot water to give it that chowder effect....He was very tired, as I recall, and there were great lines of strain across the forehead of his gooey little ^{pan} ~~pan~~....I felt so sorry for the little tyke that I took him home with me and retired him on a pension....And every evening when I came home from the studio, I would go to the foot of the stairs and call out "George!...George!... I'm home!".. .And from his little oyster bed in the bath-tub, he would softly answer -- (SLURP, SLURP, SLURP) And under my gentle care, George once again became strong and well. ^{ok} But happy things don't always last - and George has left me now...Yes - George is gone for good....But before you condemn him for leaving me alone, I would like to say just one thing in his defense!

(ORCH: _ _ _ CUT MUSIC)

MOORE: He certainly tasted swell with tabasco sauce!...Oh, George! Where are you now?....Wherever you are - speak to me, George! Speak to me, speak to me, speak to me!.... (HIC)...Ahhh, George - there you are!

(ORCH: _ _ _ PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

(ORCH: _ _ _ INTRO TO "CARIOCA")

MOORE: And with that confession out of my soul, we turn to music *ah*
and such music it is....The orchestra, my friends, of
Xavier Cugat - in a ~~typical~~, tropical Cugat-ian version
of "The Carioca!"

(ORCH: _ _ _ THE CARIOCA)

(APPLAUSE)

Moore: *a killer master* -- --7-- *Mister Amfony!*
 VOICE: (WACKY) Gee, Mister Amfony, ~~I got a problem!~~
 MOORE: Wait a minute, this isn't the--
 VOICE: (GOING RIGHT ON) Mister Amfony, I got a terrific problem!
 MOORE: Say, who are you, anyway?
 VOICE: I'm the guy who's wanted for robbin' the First National Bank to support my sister-in-law and her twelve kids who moved in on me after my wife went crazy and shot my boss!
 MOORE: Brother, you have got a problem!
 VOICE: That's not my problem! I'm looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many I smoke!
 PETRIE: I've got just the thing for him, Garry. Try a Camel -- the cool, slow-buring cigarette! Camels have more flavor, the extra flavor that helps 'em to hold up, pack after pack!
 VOICE: Are you guys both Mister Amfony?
 PETRIE: No, I'm Petrie, the fellow who tells you to try Camels in your T-Zone-- "T" for taste, "T" for throat, your own proving ground for flavor and mildness! Why, your throat will give you the last word on Camel's smooth extra mildness -- the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos!
 VOICE: *uh* So you're Petrie - who's the other guy?
 PETRIE: Moore.
 VOICE: Who?
 PETRIE: Moore, Moore. Camels have more flavor, the extra flavor that--
 VOICE: This is where I came in! (FADING, SCREAMING) Mister Amfony! Mister Amfony!
 BAND: C-A-M-E-L-S!
 PETRIE: Camels! Get a pack tonight!
 (ORCH: -- -- SHORT PLAYOFF)

MOORE: Thanks, Howard - wise words well spoken.

PETRIE: Well thanks, old man - but I'M getting out of here. We just got a call from the Fordham Seismograph - there's an earthquake headed this way!

MOORE: An earthquake - coming here?.....don't be silly!

(ORCHESTRA....START DURANTE'S MUSIC)

MOORE: That's no earthquake! It's that one-man riot, that one-guy gang, the Maharajah of verbal mayhem -- JIMMY DURANTE!

(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START EACH DAY WITH A SONG...
YOU KNOW, GARRY, YESTERDAY MORNING AT NINE O'CLOCK, I'M
PEACEFULLY IN THE ARMS OF MORPHEUS, WHEN MY PHONE RINGS,
AND A GUY SAYS, "JIMMY, WHAT TIME DOES THE COPACABANA
NIGHT CLUB OPEN?"....I SAYS, "IT DON'T OPEN TILL SIX
O'CLOCK TONIGHT", AND I GOES BACK TO MORPHEUS....A HALF
AN HOUR LATER, I AM AGAIN DISTURBED, AND THE SAME GUY
SAYS, "JIMMY, WHAT TIME DOES THE COPACABANA NIGHT CLUB
OPEN?". I SAYS "STOP WAKING ME UP. YOU CAN'T GET INTO
THE COPACABANA TILL SIX O'CLOCK TONIGHT."....HE SAYS, "I
DON'T WANNA GET IN, I WANNA GET OUT!"....SPOILING MY
BEAUTY NAP, JUST WHEN I HAD TO GO TO WASHINGTON.

MOORE: What do you mean--you had to go to Washington?

DURANTE: HAVEN'T YOU HEARD, GARRY. ON CAPITOL HILL, I'M KNOWN
AS "JIMMY, THE WELL-INFORMED MAN...FIRST IN PEACE, FIRST
IN WAR, AND LAST IN LINE AT THE BUTCHER STORE."

MOORE: This is all very interesting, Schnoz, my chum, but what's
it got to do with your trip to Washington?

DURANTE: IF YOU MUST KNOW, JUNIOR. I WAS CALLED IN TO ADVISE
SECRETARY ICKEES, ON THE TRANSPORTATION DILEMMA...AND NO
SOONER DO I START FOR WASHINGTON WHEN I FINDS OUT MY
TRAIN'S GOT A LADY ENGINEER.

MOORE: And that's what's slowing up the railroads?

The fireman touch at the clutch
DURANTE: YES...AND THAT'S NOT ALL...I LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW, AND I SEES A CROW-SHAYED DOY-LEE ON THE SMOKE STACK...SHE'S GOT THE LOCOMOTIVE WEARING A FASCINATOR...THIS CAUSES ANOTHER DELAY...THE TRAIN IS TOO EMBARRASSED TO PULL INTO NEWARK.....

MOORE: I don't blame it, I'd be embarrassed myself.

DURANTE: AND TO MAKE THINGS WORSE, GARRY, THE TRAIN IS HELD UP TWENTY MINUTES IN TRENTON. WE AIN'T GOT NO STEAM...AND WHY AIN'T WE GOT NO STEAM? THE ENGINEER IS PRESSING HER SLACKS.....

MOORE: Maybe she was trying to steam up the fireman.

DURANTE: DON'T BE SO NY-EVE, JUNIOR -- YOU SEE, WE ALSO HAD A LADY FIREMAN. SHE REFUSES TO USE THE REGULAR COAL. IT'S TOO BY-TOOM-IN-US FOR HER! SO SHE USES CAMEL-COAL...SLOW-BURNING... NO IRRITATION IN THE LOCOMOTIVES T-ZONE.... FINALLY I WALKS UP TO THE ENGINEER'S CAB, AND I SAYS, "MADAM, WILL YOU PLEASE GET UP SOME STEAM -- I APPEAL TO YOU AS A WOMAN" -- SHE SAYS, "YOU DON'T EVEN APPEAL TO ME AS A MAN"..... .HOW MORTIFYING!

MOORE: Oh intensely, intensely. But did you ever actually get to Washington, James?

Intensely... Intensely...

DURANTE: YES, AND AFTER TWO HOURS OF CONVERSIN'....ICKEES SAYS TO ME, "JIMMY, YOU'RE IN COMPLETE CHARGE. THE RAILROADS ARE IN YOUR HANDS."

SOUND: PHONE RINGS.....RECEIVER UP

DURANTE: HELLO,..WHO?....GRAND CENTRAL STATION? OH YES...I ALMOST FORGOT...OKAY.. ON YOUR MARK....GET READY....GET SET.....

SOUND: GUN SHOT....RECEIVER DOWN

MOORE: What was that all about?

DURANTE: I JUST SENT THE TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED ON ITS WAY.

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, I sure wish you'd settle my transportation problem. Last night my train was so crowded I had to sit on the water cooler.

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA EXPECT THAT, GARRY, THESE DAYS THE GOVERNMENT IS FREEZING EVERYTHING.

MOORE: James, I can only say I'm overwhelmed with your importance.

DURANTE: WELL JUNIOR--TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FRICTION. NO MORE SMALL FRY FOR ME. FROM NOW ON I'M STRICTLY AFTER BIG GAME.

EMERSON: Did someone call me?

MOORE: No, Miss Bongshnook, all we said was "big game".

EMERSON: I thought you said "big dame". Oh, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: IN THE FLESH, MADAM.

12--13-

(REVISED)

EMERSON: I've been wanting to meet you for so long. You're so strong and muscular I'm crazy about your bulging biceps.

DURANTE: THANK YOU. I LIKE YOURS, TOO! AND FURTHERMORE TOODLES, YOU APPEAL TO THE RAILROAD MAN IN ME. WHEN YOU WALK YOU REMIND ME OF A TRAIN.

EMERSON: (COYLY) Oh -- a streamliner?

DURANTE: NO, A LATE FREIGHT WITH A LOOSE CABOOSE!

MOORE: Mmm -- that's a switch.

EMERSON: You know I'm fascinated with the work you're doing, Mr. Durante.

MOORE: Go ahead, Jimmy. Impress the babe. Tell her about you and the railroads.

DURANTE: I'VE GOT A PLAN THAT'LL REVOLUTIONIZE THE RAILROADS.

MOORE & EMERSON: No!

DURANTE: YES -- WITH MY PLAN THEY ONLY USE HALF AS MANY STEEL RAILS AS THEY USED TO.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS.....RECEIVER UP

DURANTE: HELLO....DURANTE SPEAKING....

MAN: (ON SLIGHT FILTER) ^{Mr. Durante} This is your assistant down at Beaver Junction. We're trying out your plan to conserve rails. The train from Washington and the train from New York are due here any minute. Listen --

SOUND: TWO TRAINS FADE IN FAST... ..TO TERRIFIC CRASH

DURANTE: (SLIGHT PAUSE) OKAY. GO BACK TO TWO TRACKS!

(ORCH: _ _ _ _ START OFF EACH DAY PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

51454 3638

MOORE: Ah, ^{ever so} thanks, James...But don't buzz off so soon -- stick around and listen to Georgia Gibbs.

DURANTE: GEORGIA GIBBS?...JUNIOR, YOU INTREEG ME A GREAT DEAL MORE THAN SOMEWHAT.....

MOORE: Have you ever noticed her hip motion when she sings?... She looks like a telephone operator - every line is busy!....(TCK, TCK, TCK)

GIBBS: Now wait a minute, boys - are you talking about me, or twelve other people?

MOORE: About you, Georgia....And I have written a special little love scene for you and Jimmy to introduce your song with.

DURANTE: A LOVE-SCENE? WITH ^{Georgia} MISS GIBBS? I'D WALK A MILE FOR A LOVE-SCENE!

MOORE: You like the idea, huh?...Well, here are your scripts - start from the top.

GIBBS: Ah, Jameston, my own true love!.....At last you have returned to my loving arms!.....Kiss me, my angel - kiss me.

DURANTE: DID YOU SAY KISS ME?...HOW DARE YOU, GEORGI-ANNA, WHEN YOU ARE ALREADY BETROTHED TO MY BEST FRIEND, THEODORE CRUD!

GIBBS: Theodore Crudd, for-sooth, my love!....He is a pale and lifeless man compared to you.

DURANTE: DO NOT SAY THAT, GEORGI-ANNA....THEE ODOR IS MARVELOUS... THEE ORDOR IS MAGNIFICENT... *why in all my...*

MOORE: Hey - wait a minute....Read that line again.

DURANTE: THAT'S WHAT IT SAYS HERE "THEE ODOR IS MARVELOUS!"

MOORE: Let me see....That's not the odor - THAT'S THEODORE!....

Durante: *du. I see*

Moore: Sing, will yuh, Georgia? Georgia Gibbs, my friends.

(GIBBS & ORCH: BLACK MAGIC)

(APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: ~~A general store in the jungle, the corner drug store in the desert or on the high seas -- that's~~ The Army Post Exchange, or the Navy Canteen ~~--~~ ^{you are} the service stores where the men buy candy and writing paper -- and -- most of all -- cigarettes. Go there to find what cigarettes our fighting men buy with their own money. It's Camel, first in all the services, according to actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens. Whether you're sending a carton to that fellow in a U.S. Camp, or looking for a better cigarette for you -- get Camels. Camels have more flavor, extra flavor that helps 'em wear well, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke. Yes, Camels are slow-burning, cool-smoking, extra mild -- because they're expertly blended of costlier tobaccos.

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

PETRIE: Camels! Get a pack tonight! Let your throat and your taste decide!

(ORCH: _ _ _ SHORT_FANFARE)

MOORE: At which fortunate juncture, my friends, we find ourselves face to face with the cultural event of the evening..... All over America, Poetry Lovers have proclaimed this to be National Poetry Week In a spirit of cooperation we have commissioned each of our cast members to come up with their own creations in the field of poesy. And what Miss Bongshnook was the chosen subject for tonight's poetic effort.

EMERSON: Poems all about love and other trips.

MOORE: ~~My~~ You express it so charmingly!

EMERSON: Well what are your views on love in general.

MOORE: Well, I don't know really, I've only been in love with a general once. She was a general in the Camp Fire Girls. *I remember.*
~~Oh~~ But come now, who's got the first poem about love?

DURANTE: TIS I, JUNIOR - I JAMES DURANTE, THE BARD OF TENTH AVENUE.

MOORE: You are the Bard of Tenth Avenue?

DURANTE: *Precisely*
~~Oh yes~~ IN MY TIME I HAVE BEEN BARRIED FROM EVERY JOINT OF TENTH AVENUE. SO STAND BACK AND LEAVE ME EMOTE.

MOORE: Very well , what is the name of your poem?

DURANTE: ELECTRICITY - A VERY CURRENT TROPIC.

MOORE: "Electricity" by James Durante.

DURANTE: WHEN I THINK OF E-LEC-TRIC-ITY,
TO MYSELF I SAY "GEE WHIZZITY!"
WHEN YOU'RE TURNING ON THE CURRENT --
YOU ARE SEEING THINGS YOU WURRENT.
WHEN AGAIN YOU PUSH THE BUTTON --
NUTTIN'!

MOORE: And that's all?

DURANTE: THAT'S ALL.

MOORE: Step down. For our second poem of the evening, friends.

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE. WAIT A MINUTE. YOU ~~DON'T~~ LIKE THE POEM.

MOORE: Frankly, old boy, I have ^{read} better poems on the wall of a
subway. I can't repeat 'em but I have read 'em. And
besides, your poem wasn't about love.

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT -- TO ME HE SAYS THIS. ME WHO
WON LAST YEAR'S POETRY AWARD FROM THE BURMA SHAVE
FOUNDATION. LOOK, JUNIOR, IF I WAS TO WRITE A POEM
ABOUT LOVE, COULD I READ IT?

MOORE: I don't see why not.

DURANTE: OKAY. THEN HERE IT IS. "DAMES" BY JAMES DURANTE.
HERE'S TO DAMES -- I LOVE TO WINK-AT-EM
FROM MYRNA LOY TO LID-EE-A PINK-AT-EM
HERE'S TO DAMES

MOORE: Oh now wait, wait, wait. Jimmy you can't have any kind of love poem with a title like "Dames". It's got to be about sweet love - the love of a lad for a lass - of Sears for Roebuck - of Abbott for Costello (maybe he soon get well-^{you can applaud now if you want to. I don't blame you.} - the love of a boy for his mother - for ^{we all mean it.} after all what's home without mother.

EMERSON: I am tonight.

MOORE: Miss Bongshnook, it is not yet your turn.

EMERSON: Well, all right, but I've got a just gorgeous poem about love. I rot it myself.

MOORE: You rot it yourself. You don't mean rot - you mean wrote.

EMERSON: I thought it was wrote until it was writ ... then it was rot.

MOORE: Oh excuse me. Let me hear this poem about Love, Miss B.

EMERSON: Okay.

My love have flew. Him dooed my dirt.

I did not knew him were a flirt.

Let's you and me our love forbid.

Lest you get dooed like I got did.

MOORE: Miss Bongshnook, I am touched..... Either I am touched or you are, I don't know which. But thanks awfully. And now let's see what the next poem is.

DURANTE: "DAMES" BY JAMES DURANTE

HERE'S TO DAMES - TO EACH FAIR LASSIE

HERE'S TO DAMES - AND TO THEIR CHASSY.....

MOORE: *James, James, James*
~~Oh Jimmy~~ ... no ... no

DURANTE: (POLITELY) MR. MOORE, THIS MAY NOT BE MEATLESS TUESDAY BUT
WOULD YOU KINDLY HOLD YOUR TONGUE.

MOORE: But you can't do that poem about dames.

DURANTE: WELL NOW WAIT A MINUTE. SINCE YOU ARE BEING SO
DIC-A-TA-TORIAL, ^{*Insert **} HOW ABOUT YOURSELF. HAVE YOU GOT A
POEM ABOUT LOVE?

MOORE: I AM GLAD THAT QUESTION WAS ASKED. At this time, friends,
I should like to recite my own contribution to National
Poetry Week.

DURANTE: ME AND MY BIG FAT MOUTH.

~~(ORCH: ... DURANTE ... HOLD LOW IN DG)~~

MOORE: (VERY FULL OF DICTION)

In a friendly little family
That lived across the way
Two boys there were that in my mind
Throughout the years shall stay.

** Insert
more: if any of you people
would like to have an
English translation of
Mr. Durante's dialog.
Just write to us and we
will send you one*

(MORE)

MOORE:
(Cont'd)

The taller lad was Jesse -
He was oldest, next to Lucy -
The smaller lad was known to all
By the family name of Julcy.
And it was "Hello, Jesse - d'you see Julcy?"
Or "Hello, Julcy - d'you see Jesse?"
Throughout the live-long day -
D'you see Julcy, Jesse boy?
Julcy - d'you see Jesse?
Oh, Jesse, Julcy - Julcy, Jesse
It really was a mess.
Tell me, Jess - d'you see Juice?
And Juice - d'you see Jess?
And then when Jesse and Julcy grew
And were eating with a fork -
Their loving little fam'ly
Had a visit from Sir Stork.
This time, as Jess and Juice had hoped
The stork, he brought a lassie -
And because she was a jitter-bug
The family called her Jazzy.
So it was hello, Jassy - Hello, Julcy
D'you see Jesse or Julcy, Jazzy?

(MORE)

MOORE: Or hello, Jesse - brother Jesse -
 (CONT) D'you see Jazzy or Juloy, Jesse?
 Juloy, Jazzy, Jesse, Juloy -
 It's got me seeing snakes!
 Cugle, get me out of this -
 And fast - for ~~Human~~ ^{Goodness} sakes!

(ORCH: _ _ _ CHORD)_

APPLAUSE

MOORE: ~~well,~~ ^{thank you very much} thank you, lovers of the sublime. You have made me
 a very happy man, And it is on this note of mutual good
 will that we conclude our poetry forum for tonight.

DURANTE: WE CONCLUDE.... WHAT ABOUT ME... DON'T I GET TO READ MY POEM

MOORE: Not if it is that same one, about dames.

DURANTE: OH NO THIS IS ALL ABOUT A MAN'S LOVE FOR HIS OLD COLLEGE

MOORE: College ... well, that's different. What is it called.

DURANTE: "NOTRE DAMES" BY JAMES DURANTE.

~~HERE'S TO NOTRE~~

~~HERE'S TO DAMES~~

MOORE: (SCREAMS)

APPLAUSE

(ORCH: _ _ _ MARCH....)

PETRIE: Tonight again we send out thanks to the Yanks of the Week -- Americans who have distinguished themselves for heroism in the battle area.

(ORCH: _ _ _ FANFARE)

CHAPPELL: To Merchant Marine Captain Alexander S. Henry, of New York City, who saved his ship and crew after a German dive bombing raid in Murmansk Harbor. With the stern of his ship blown in, Captain Henry dragged it ashore with deck machinery, underwent a hundred and ninety eight separate air raids, and brought all his men back safely. We salute you and your crew, Captain Henry, and in your honor the makers of Camels are sending to the men of the Merchant Marine overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

(ORCH: _ _ _ FANFARE)

PETRIE: On each of the four Camel shows we'll salute another Yank of the Week and send three hundred thousand Camels to men in his battle area a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. This week Camels thank seven more camps-full of Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans which, since nineteen forty-one, have given free shows and free Camels to nearly three million service men. Listen to each of the four Camel shows -- tomorrow night the Camel Comedy Caravan starring Jack Carson, Frank Morgan, ~~Sam H. Williams~~ and Herb Shriner; Saturday night, Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks"; Monday, "Blondie". And next Thursday Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante. the music of Xavier Cugat and Georgia Gibbs.

(ORCH: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(ORCH: _ _ _ WHO WILL BE WITH YOU)

DURANTE: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU WHEN WE'RE FAR AWAY. LET ME HEAR THAT HIGH NOTE, MR. CUGAT! WHAT A NOTE!

MOORE: *Beautiful!* ~~A beautiful note!~~ Say--Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: YES, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: *You know an awful* ~~A terrible~~ thing happened this morning. I was trimming my hedge with a pair of long shears, and my neighbor stuck his head through *the hedge* to say good morning. He's now in 5-F. That's for men without heads!

DURANTE: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU WHEN WE'RE FAR AWAY - LET ME HEAR THAT HIGH NOTE AGAIN, MR. CUGAT! (BAND) WHAT A NOTE!

MOORE: *Beautiful - beautiful -* Oh Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: YES MR MOORE.

MOORE: I'm afraid you'll have to save *all our jobs* ~~that~~ until next week.... We better get out of here, or we'll be running into the next program.

DURANTE: THE NEXT PROGRAM? CAN YOU IMAGINE *Durante -* ~~ME~~ ON "THE MARCH OF TIME". LET'S GO HOME, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: Let's go, Mr. Durante. Who will be....

(ORCH: _ _ _ WHO WILL BE WITH YOU. PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

ANNOUNCER: You know, nobody'll give you fairer and more honest advice about smoking tobacco than another pipe smoker. That's why I say -- take the advice of the pipe smokers of America -- and get Prince Albert -- the mild, better-tasting pipe tobacco that far and away more Americans smoke than any other. You'll like the way it's cool and easy on your tongue, because Prince Albert's no-bits treated. Packs right, too, to burn slowly and stay lit, because Prince Albert's crimp-cut. Get P.A. for Pipe Appeal. It's the National Joy Smoke!

MCM /CH
4/20/43
8:30 PM