

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

(REVISED)

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

**AS
BROADCAST**

.....PROGRAM NO. 7.....

THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1943
NBC NETWORK
10:00-10:30 PM

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

XAVIER CUGAT

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

HOPE EMERSON

PAUL LUTHER

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, MAY 6, 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: The Camel Program with Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante!

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

PETRIE: If you're looking for a cigarette that won't go flat
no matter how many you smoke --- try extra-rich-tasting
Camels! Camels bring you now - Music - --- by
Ambassador of Good Will, His Excellency, Xavier Cugat.
Song by gorgeous Georgia, Her Nibbs, Miss Gibbs.
Anecdota of newsworthy nota, by Jimmy Durante, the
well-informed man. And a Master of Ceremonies whose
brand of humor is ~~new and witty~~, fresh and gay as a
day in May. Here he is -
GARRY MOORE!
(APPLAUSE)

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MOORE: ~~Well, thank you...~~ ~~Thank you~~ VERY much, my friends,
 and good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Welcome once
 again to the Garry Moore - Jimmie Durante-Xavier Cugat
 program - sometimes known as the Jimmie Durante -
 Garry Moore - Xavier Cugat program - OR, as the Xavier
 Cugat - Jimmie Durante - Garry Moore program, depending
^{upon} upon whose agent you happen to be talking to at the
 time....Before getting on with the show, ^{however} I have a brief
 announcement here from the Camel Cigarette People...
 Cugie - may I have fanfare number 12-Z, please?

(ORCHESTRA: . . . LOUSE FANFARE - One alto sax)

MOORE: ~~Mr. Schnitzler, you have got to stop giving your~~
~~Cugie, I asked for 10-Z. What sound is that bit~~
~~blat just before a program.~~
 May I have it again, please - this time
 with both lips? *Carpuccios?*

(ORCHESTRA: . . . 20-SECOND FANFARE - COMING TO SEVERAL CLIMAXES ^{in just this time} ~~friends at end of~~ ~~4 climaxes~~)

MOORE: Oh, Cugie - ^{Cugie} ~~he~~ ha - if I had the wings of an angel - I'd
 beat your brains out with 'em! But here is the
 announcement. ^{friends - the announcement} The makers of Camel Cigarettes take this
 opportunity to welcome their listeners to the studio,
 and sincerely ^{to} request that all spectators refrain from
 feeding the actors during the program. . . Mr. Durante,
 in particular, is in a delicate condition, having
 recently creased the lining of his liver while leaning
 over to retrieve a dropped option. . . Mr. Cugat also is
 in poor health, ^{he} ~~having~~ developed pleurisy while taking
 bows in a drafty bath-tub!
 Miss Georgia Gibbs is suffering from a sprained wrist
 which she got while knitting black-out diapers for
 lightening bugs! (MORE)

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MOORE:
(CONT'D)

Mr. Petrie and Miss Bongshnook we just don't feed on general principles, inasmuch as they are both on a diet.. *they're doing very well with it too...*
~~And~~ already they can touch their knees without bending the floor...In conclusion I should like to point out that lichee nuts and olive oil sandwiches will be on sale in the aisles during waits for laughter, and because the seats are made of genuine cow-hide, twice during the program the page-boy ~~will~~ *going to* come in and milk the mezzanine...ALLLL right, ~~now~~ so much for audience instruction, now, Miss Bongshnook, what about unfinished business?

HOPE:

Yes, sir...Last week you promised the lady listeners you'd tell 'em how to make halibut salad.

MOORE:

Halibut salad? Very simple.. Remember, ladies - you, too, can become a master cook - even if you haven't the pan for it... To make a halibut salad you merely take a pot, throw in some water, slug in the ~~fish~~ *halibut*, climb into the oven with it and wait!.....When it gets so hot you can't stand it any longer, you bring it out, take a shower and serve...After the first taste your guests will say, "My, thi salad tastes fishy."

And that's when YOU say, "I know. That's the halibut." Next question, please...,No more questions?...Well, then, let me give you an answer.

(ORCHESTRA: START JIMMIE'S INTO)

MOORE:

The answer, in fact, to your workaday blues....A small man with a large heart and a schnozzle to match,... The hottest thing in the business today - ~~and here he is~~ - JIMMIE DURANTE!

Applause

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DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG....
 (HOLDS NOTE) WHATTA NOTE!.....WHATTA NOTE!.....NELSON
 EDDY SINGS THE SAME NOTE IN SHORTENIN' BREAD!^(sings).....AND
 WHAT DOES HE GET FOR SINGING SHORTENIN' BREAD?....HE
 GETS FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR SINGIN' SHORTENIN' BREAD!
 ...I NOT ONLY SING SHORTENIN' BREAD, I SLICE IT, I
 BUTTER IT, I DIP IT IN MY COFFEE, AND WHAT DO I GET?....
 A TEN CENT CHECK IN A RESTAURANT!.....WHAT A COME DOWN
 FOR DURANTE!

MOORE: Yuh see what I mean? ^{He's} The ONLY man in the world with an
 I.A. two animals lower than a muskrat ^{at all}....And believe it
 or not, they just appointed him assistant to William
 Jeffers, the Rubber Czar.

DURANTE: ~~AND~~ ^{That} NOW THEY DID, JUNIOR! THEY GAVE ME AN OFFICE NEXT
 TO HIS WITH TWO DESKS!

MOORE: Two desks?

DURANTE: YEAH....ONE FOR EACH FOOT!.....HE GAVE ME TWO TELEPHONES..
 ONE FOR EACH WRONG NUMBER!.....AND TWO SECRETARIES...ONE
 FOR EACH KNEE! ... BOY WAS I UP TO THEIR NECK IN WORK!

MOORE: I can imagine!... But the rubber situation is pretty
 serious, eh, James?

DURANTE: IT CERTAINLY IS!.....WHY DO YOU KNOW THAT SINCE THE
 WOMAN CAN'T GET ANY GIRDLES ALL THE DEPARTMENT STORES
 HAD TO WIDEN THEIR REVOLVING DOORS? AND, GARRY, YOU
 CAN'T LET THINGS LIKE THAT SPREAD!

MOORE: ^{I agree with you!}
~~Oh, sure not!~~...Do you know I saw a bunch of girdle-minus
 women sitting on soda fountain stools the other day -
 and ~~Every~~ ^{I. Continue, Garry, continue. In: I will if} every one of them had a hangover! I sure wish you'd ~~can~~
 get the rubber problem in hand, Jimmy.

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DURANTE: *I'm glad you asked!*
~~OH I ALREADY HAVE!~~....LAST NIGHT I HAD A RUBBER HUNT IN MY
Country home
 OWN-HOUSE! NOEL COWARD STRIPPED THE RUBBER CUSHIONS OFF
 MY POOL TABLE, WALTER WINCHELL STRIPPED THE RUBBER CURTAINS
 OFF MY SHOWER - AND GYPSY ROSE LEE....SHE HELPED TOO!

MOORE: ~~But~~, Jimmie, how come you got appointed assistant to the
 Rubber Czar....You - who got your entire education during
 a slight pause for station identification?

DURANTE: AN OBVIOUS QUERY, JUNIOR! *They appointed me*
~~IT WAS~~ BECAUSE OF MY VAST
 EXPERIENCE IN THE FIELD OF TECHNOLOGY!....AFTER EIGHT
 LONG YEARS WITH THE ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE, I DISCOVERED
 A SUBSTANCE THAT WILL REVOLUTIONIZE CHEMISTRY....(SECRETLY)
 GARRY - DID YOU EVER HEAR OF H 2 O?

MOORE: *H2O - why*
 Certainly - H2O is water.

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? SOMEBODY STOLE MY SECRET FORMULA!...
 THE JOINT IS FULL OF GESTAPOS.

MOORE: Oh, now, now, now,

DURANTE: *Just a minute, Garry -*
 I'M IN-CON-SOLE-ABLE!....AFTER EIGHT YEARS WITH THE
 ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE....AFTER EIGHT YEARS OF SWEATING IN
 THE LA-BOR-ATORY! ..*after* EIGHT YEARS OF KEEPING MY NOSE TO
 THE GRINDSTONE ~~AND~~ WHAT HAPPENS?

MOORE: What?

DURANTE: I WEARS OUT THE GRINDSTONE!

MOORE: Well, after all, *Jimmie* you're not gonna let a little thing like
 that stop you, *are you?*

DURANTE: NOT BY A BOMBSIGHT!...MY FORMULA WILL NEVER BE STOLEN AGAIN!
 YOU CAN FOOL ME ONCE, AND YOU CAN FOOL ME TWICE!....BUT YOU
 CAN'T FOOL ME ALL THE TIME! REMEMBER, I'M SOME OF THE
 PEOPLE!

MOORE: Possibly *you are* - but a very small minority.

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DURANTE: NEVER MIND ^{that}....HAND ME THAT TELEPHONE - I GOTTA CALL DARRYL ZANUCK AND HAVE HIM MAKE AN EDUCATIONAL PICTURE ON THE RUBBER SHORTAGE.

CUGAT: ~~Pardon~~ ^{ck-ck-} me, Mr. Durante...Since you are calling Mr. Zanuck, I want to tell you that I am available for pictures.

DURANTE: HOW VERY SWEET OF YOU MR CUGAT....I'M SURE MR ZANUCK WILL BE OVER JOYED...COME TO THINK OF IT THERE'S VERY LITTLE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOU AND GARY COOPER.

CUGAT: Ah, really?

DURANTE: YES....GARY COOPER IS TALL, HANDSOME, AND HE BULGES WITH MUSCLES.

CUGAT: Hmmm -- and me?

DURANTE: YOU JUST BULGE.

CUGAT: (ANGRILY) Gentlemen you forget Cugat's most important feature, this mustache.

MOORE: ^{Mustache? that Cugat} ~~That~~ is a mustache?.. ~~Why~~ Cugat I thought you'd swallowed a squirrel and left the tail hanging out.

CUGAT: Listen, imbeciles, sticks and stones may break my bones but you may call me stinky. (STRING OF ANGRY SPANISH)

(DOOR SLAMS)

DURANTE: THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO TRANSLATE THAT AND STILL STAY ON THE AIR. WOTTA COUPLA CHARACTERS WE GOT ON THIS SHOW....

CUGAT WITH HIS DOWN DROOP MUSTACHE, AND MOORE WITH HIS UP SWEEP HAIR DO. GARY WAS YOUR MOTHER FRIGHTENED BY A FULLER BRUSH MAN? ^{to: how I offend... how I offend... just get there}

MOORE: ^{There's nothing} ~~What's~~ wrong with my hair/ ^{cut} Jimmy? This is a crew hair cut.

DURANTE: IT LOOKS LIKE IT WAS DONE BY A WRECKING CREW. NOW QUIET
I GOTTA CALL ZANUCK, AND ^{I want} ~~I WILL~~ ^{you} SUFFER NO FURTHER
INTERRUPTIONS.

EMERSON: (FADING IN) Zanuck! Hollywood! Pictures! My chance
to be a glamour girl!

DURANTE: GARRY, IS THAT A WOMAN?....OR DID HENRY KAISER JUST LAUNCH
A LIBERTY SHIP.

EMERSON: Mr. Durante when you speak to Mr. Zanuck, would you ask
him how I can get into pictures?

DURANTE: I CAN TELL YOU THAT MYSELF TOODLES...JUST BUY YOURSELF
SOME NICE CLOTHES...HOP ON A TRAIN...^{ride} ~~GO~~ TO CALIFORNIA....
GO RIGHT INTO ZANUCK'S OFFICE AND ASK HIM FOR A JOB. ALL
YOU HAVE TO DO IS PUT UP A BIG FRONT.

EMERSON: How am I going to put up a big front?

DURANTE: WALK IN BACKWARDS.....(INTO SONG FINISH)

(ORCHESTRA.....YOU GOTTA START EACH DAY)

(APPLAUSE)

~~(ORCHESTRA...POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE.....)~~

MOORE: And now --

SOUND: (CHINESE GONG)

MOORE: The Camel Hall of Fame, where tonight - Toodles Bongshnook
presents --

SOUND: (TINNY GONG)

MOORE: The Story of Horace T. Spinner!

EMERSON: (AT PIANO)

There once was a man named Horace T. Spinner
Who said to his wife, "Guess who's coming to dinner?"
"Not your boss!" cried his wife looking stricken with
fright.

"Kee-rect!" answered he, "and tonight is the night!"
Now don't you be nervous and don't be upset.
Be calm, and be cool --

PETRIE: As a Camel cigarette. Of course Camels are cool
smoking and slow burning. That's because they're
expertly blended of costlier tobaccos!

EMERSON: But the dinner was awful, the meat was so tough -
The boss took two bites and then hollered -- "Enough!"
I may be a boor and a bit of a rat
But if she were my wife, son, I'd batter her flat!

PETRIE: But Horace knew that a flat wife was no better than
a flat cigarette. Of course Camels have extra flavor
which helps 'em to hold up, keep from going flat no
matter how many you smoke!

EMERSON: Well, the boss was abrupt, and the boss was so curt
That the wife was a wreck when they finished dessert.
But the boss when he saw what came next shouted praise --
He puffed and he puffed, and gave Horace a raise.
"My wife is a genius!" cried Horace. "Now please own
That the coffee may be bad -- but she sure knows her
T-Zone!"

Applause

PETRIE: Mrs. Spinner knew what every good wife should know --
The way to a man's heart is through his T-Zone!
"T" for taste and for throat, your own proving ground
for Camels' extra flavor and smooth extra mildness!

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

PETRIE: Camels! Get a pack tonight!

(ORCHESTRA: . . . INTRO TO BESAME . . . FADE FOR)

MOORE: ~~From Latin America by way of Xavier Cugat comes~~
~~Well, here I stand and I can hear the music, and I~~
~~a new hit - "Besame" which Cugie tells me means~~
~~can read the title, "Besame," . . . But, Cugie, what~~
~~"Kiss me"~~
~~does it mean?~~

CUGAT: ~~Besame, my little friend, means a kiss. . . . A kiss, of~~
~~course, means love. . . . And in my country, love means~~
~~everything. . . . Therefore, Besame means everything.~~

MOORE: ~~Especially in the style of Xavier Cugat. . . . Besame.~~

(ORCHESTRA: . . . BESAME)

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: And there you have it, my friends, ^{Xavier} Cugat and his
music from ^{Latin} ~~South~~ America, where men are men and ~~women~~
women are awfully glad of it . . . And that, of course,
brings us again to the Musical Appreciation Portion of
our program, in which I sing a song.

EMERSON: (TO HERSELF) Oh brother! Oh, brother!

MOORE: I, er, I beg your pardon, Miss Bongshnook.

EMERSON: Wha - ? Oh, I was just speaking to my brother out in
the audience. . . . HI'YUH, PISMO!

MOORE: Hi'yuh, Pismo. . . . One more crack like that, Miss B,
and I'll hafta hold up your pay-check.

EMERSON: Well don't hold it up TOO high, or we'll BOTH be
embarrassed!

MOORE: Ha ha ha ha - it's really too bad, Miss Bongshnook,
that your parents weren't the type to devour their
young. . . Stand aside, will you, as Cugie and I give our
version of that fine old song, "When The Organ Played
At Twilight."

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(ORCHESTRA: . . . WHEN THE ORGAN PLAYED AT TWILIGHT) (MOORE SINGS
FIRST EIGHT BARS, THEN FADE ORCHESTRA TO BG)

MOORE: Ah, yes, my darling -- I shall always remember those evenings we spent as the organ played at twilight... There you sat - ~~soaking your feet in a tub of warm~~ ^{writing my name with your toe in an} ~~old cast-iron~~ ^{pie} ~~pan~~ - while I read you love stories from the Pipe-Fitter's Almanac ... You were a debutante that year, and you had just come out -- on parole... I had a good job at a livery stable; every day I was right in there - pitching - and so I said to you, my dove, "Marry me," I said, "Marry me, darling." And you said, "But Garry I've already BEEN married twice."

MOORE: And I said, "That's all right - that just makes you two chumps ahead of me." ... (CHUCKLE) ... Oh, I remember how you laughed at my wit as you gently ~~pushed~~ ^{skewed} me into the furnace ... But I was worried, and I said, "Darling - tell me, how do you think I'll strike your mother?" ... And you said, "Just double up your fist and swing, she doesn't duck ~~very quickly~~." ... Oh, my lambkin, we would have been so happy together .. But then - it happened ---

(ORCHESTRA: . . . OMINOUS CHORD)

MOORE: We were hiking through the country - we came to a railroad track and took such great delight in walking along it - skipping from one tie to the next like a couple of kids ... There must have been a strong wind, or we would have heard the whistle.

(SNEAK IN EXPRESS TRAIN, BUILD TO CLIMAX UNDER
FOLLOWING)

MOORE: We didn't, though - so lost were we in each other's love ... Suddenly I heard the awful pcunding of the steel upon the steel ... I turned and I saw - oh, awful sight - the evening mail coming toward us like a thing alive ... It's a train, Mary Lou, I screamed! ... Jump, my darling - JUMP! ... MARY LOU! ... LOOK OUT!

(TRAIN FULL WITH LOUD WHISTLE)

MOORE: (SCREAM) ... (INTO SONG)

(ORCHESTRA: ORGAN PLAYED AT TWILIGHT LAST EIGHT BARS) *Thank you*
(APPLAUSE)

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EMERSON: Oh, that was so wonderful, Mr. Moore.

GIBBS: I just hope we do as well with what we have to say.

MOORE: You? Toodles and Georgia, have something to say?

EMERSON: Certainly. We want fifty seconds to recruit student nurses.

MOORE: Student nurses? Well, don't look at me! Can you imagine what one of those white caps would look like on me? With my hair-cut it would look like a sea-gull hatching out a shredded wheat biscuit.

GIBBS: Don't worry -- it's only for women.

MOORE: Women?

EMERSON: Sure - you know, women? There's a whole sex made up of nothing BUT women.

MOORE: *show that I intend to look into it*
reply that
 Yes - I'd heard a rumor. And I understand America ~~urgently~~ needs 65,000 new Nurses.

GIBBS: Yes, Garry - and They need them now, to join classes that start this Spring.

EMERSON: And these student nurses are urgently needed to replace 33,000 regular nurses who have already gone into the Armed Services. So by becoming a student nurse you release a regular nurse for combat duty - where she might be able to save the life of a brother, son or husband.

Gibbs
 EMERSON: If you're 18 to 35 years old, write to your local nursing organization and find out about becoming a Student Nurse.

Moore
 GIBBS: Or write to *the* Student Nurses, Box 88, New York City.

MOORE: That's Box 88, New York City. And don't wait gals-- write today. *will you?* This is something you can do.

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(ORCHESTRA: . . . INTRO TO "DON'T GET AROUND MUCH ANYMORE)

MOORE: Which swings the spotlight to Georgia Gibbs and her
choice for this week "Don't Get Around Much Anymore".

(GIBBS: . . . DON'T GET AROUND MUCH ANYMORE)

(APPLAUSE)

(COMMERCIAL)

PETRIE: If you know someone in camp in the United States -- remember that surveys show that service men prefer cigarettes as gifts. And remember, too, that the cigarette service men buy most of, when they're spending their own money, is Camel -- yes, Camel, first in all the services, according to actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens. You'll like Camels yourself. They have more flavor -- the extra flavor that helps Camels to wear well, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke. And Camels have smooth, extra mildness, too -- mildness that goes with Camel's cool, slow way of burning -- mildness that goes with expert, matchless blending of costlier tobaccos!

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

PETRIE: Camels! Get a pack tonight! Send a carton to that fellow in the service!

(ORCHESTRA: SHORT FANFARE)

MOORE: Thank you, Howard.... Those words were indeed well chosen, and now let's get on ^{with it} ~~to the finale~~...Tonight, dear friends, by request of our dear friends, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, we present a gigantic....

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)
(MUCH SOUND OF HEAVY FURNITURE BEING MOVED)

PETRIE & LUTHER: (MUCH AD LIB GROANING, AS THO LIFTING HEAVY FURNITURE)

DURANTE: EASY NOW, BOYS - TAKE IT EASY! DON'T BREAK ANYTHING - JUST PUT IT DOWN OVER HERE, ETC. ETC.

MOORE: Oh, now wait a minute - wait a minute... Jimmie, please - I'm trying to make an announcement.

DURANTE: (OFF MIKE) GO RIGHT AHEAD - WE DON'T HARDLY NOTICE IT!..... EASY NOW, FELLAS ..

SOUND: (MORE OF ABOVE NOISE)

PETRIE & LUTHER: (MORE OF SAME)

MOORE: Jimmie, wait a minute, will yuh? What IS all this junk you're bringing in here?

DURANTE: ~~HOW~~, DIDN'T I TELL YOU?...., IT'S MY AUCTION SALE... I GOT SOME STUFF LEFT OVER FROM SPRING HOUSE-CLEANING, AND I'M GONNA SELL IT TO THE AUDIENCE.

MOORE: Oh, now wait!

~~DURANTE: HOW ABOUT IT, FOLKS? EVERYTHING GOING AT A TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE! THE ENTIRE PERSONAL EFFECTS OF JAMES DURANTE - RADIO'S GIFT BACK TO THE NIGHT CLUBS!~~

~~MOORE: Jimmie - you can't do this!~~

DURANTE: HOW ABOUT IT, FOLKS? HOW ABOUT THIS FINE SET OF DURANTE'S
DOUBLE-BREADED BROOMS AND BRUSHES! YOU HEARD THE OLD
SAYING THAT A NEW BROOM SWEEPS CLEAN?...MY BROOMS ARE
THE ONLY NEW BROOMS IN THE WORLD THAT SWEEP DIRTY!

MOORE: Jimmie, in the first place you're doing this thing all
wrong...You start off by asking for bids!

DURANTE: BIDS, HUH? THEN STAND BACK - AND GIMME THAT GRA-VEL...
(POUND GAVEL) ALL RIGHT NOW. WHAT AM I OFFERED FOR THIS
LAVENDER DERBY WITH A BIRD BATH ON TOP. WHO'LL SAY FIVE
BUCKS? WILL SOMEBODY GIVE ME THREE?...TWO?.....ONE?...
WOULD ANYBODY LIKE TO ~~buy~~ *borrow a leaf a buck*

MOORE: Wait a minute, Jimmie - you'^{re} ~~never~~ ^{going to} get anywhere that
way. Let me get up there and sell that stuff, *will yuh?*

DURANTE: WHAT A BUNCH!...THEY WOULDN'T BUY A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE
IF SALLY RAND WAS BEHIND EVERY BUBBLE!

MOORE: Give me the gavel, will yuh? (GAVEL)...All right now,
folks - here we go, and let's have a little action ~~into~~
this thing...This gentleman right here in the first row -
won't you take something?...Something for your wife?

PETRIE: Sure --- for my wife, I'll take four-bits and not a dime less!.... What am I bid, folks - what am I bid?

MOORE: Wait a minute - who's holding this auction?...

DURANTE: NEVERMIND HIS WIFE...SELL MY RADIO WITH THE PHONOGRAPH ATTACHMENT. THAT'S MORE THAN HIS WIFE'S GOT.

MOORE: Very well - item number two, friends, ~~is~~ this fine 27-tube radio with phonograph attachment..... Say - I wouldn't mind having this myself.... I'll start the bidding at one dollar.

DURANTE: ONE BUCK?.... I PAID 500 FOR IT!

MOORE: We have a bid of one dollar, folks - who'll raise the bid?

EMERSON: (OFF MIKE).....Two dollars!

MOORE: It's a beautiful radio, friends - I have already bid one dollar myself....Who'll say more?

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE! MISS DODLES JUST SAID TWO DOLLARS!

MOORE: One dollar is the bid, my friends - any more?

CUGAT: (OFF MIKE).....Five dollars! I bid five!

MOORE: Oh, now come, come, folks - no more bids for this fine radio.

DURANTE: THE GUY JUST SAID FIVE!

MOORE: It's worth more than one dollar, friends, but if I must, I'll take it myself.

PETRIE: (OFF) Ten dollars!

GIBBS: (OFF) Twenty!

CUGAT: (OFF) Forty!

EMERSON: (OFF) Eighty!

PETRIE: I'll bid one hundred dollars!

DURANTE: NOW THESE GUYS ARE TALKIN' REAL DOUGH!

MOORE: One dollar is the bid, friends - won't somebody say two?

DURANTE: WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU DEAF, OR SOMETHING?

MOORE: Well, I hate to see it going this cheaply - but -
(GAVEL) - gone it is!....Gone to me for one dollar!.....
Gee, thanks, Jimmie - what a bargain.

DURANTE: WHAT KIND OF AN AUCTION IS THIS?...YOU'VE RUN MY FORTUNE INTO A SHOESTRING! TELL ME SOMETHING, JUNIOR... HOW DID YOU LIKE YOUR FOREHEAD? ONE LUMP OR TWO?

MOORE: Well, now wait a minute. I'm not through yet... (GAVEL)
. . .The sale is open for one more item, friends. What am I bid for a lovely brown herring-bone suit of clothes.. It's custom made - who'll say \$5?

DURANTE: BROWN HERRINGBONE?... THERE AIN'T NO SUIT LIKE THAT FOR SALE.

MOORE: Yes there is - and it looks just dandy on you, too.... What am I bid, friends -

DURANTE: NOW WAIT A MINUTE!...NOT THE ONE I'M WEARING.....WHO DO YOU THINK I AM? GYPSY ROSE DURANTE?

MOORE: What am I bid?

PETRIE: Three bucks!

CUGAT: Four!

PETRIE: Five!

CUGAT: Six!

MOORE: SOLD to Xavier Cugat for six bucks!. .And what a buy that is, Cugie.

DURANTE: MR. CUGIE - YOU'LL GET THIS SUIT OFFA ME OVER MY DEAD BODY.

MOORE: Your dead body?. . .An added attraction, friends! Right this way for the big massacre!.. .See a radio comedian ~~murdered~~ ^{slaughtered} in cold blood....This feature is for adults only.

DURANTE: OKAY, OKAY! I'LL TAKE IT OFF - BUT CAN'T YOU WAIT A MINUTE?... LET ME GET BEHIND ~~THE~~ SCREEN.

MOORE: Well, that's all there is to the sale, folks. I'm sorry I couldn't have sold something to each and every one of you, but that's the way it goes.... Kindly pass out through the centre doors, and keep the crowd moving.... If any of you would like a picture of Mr. Durante, you may observe same on the wall of your local post-office Don't fail to attend our next auction next week, *Jimmy all right,* ~~when we shall~~ *you're here with the suit* offer up Gugat's moustache with a handle on, for sweeping out ~~close~~ corners.... And Jimmie ~~quit~~ ~~stalling, and come out from behind there with~~ Gugat's suit.

DURANTE: (FADE IN, WEARING BARREL)....OKAY, HERE I AM,

MOORE: Whoops, friends - wait just a minute!... I find we have over-looked one more important item.

DURANTE: WHAT DO YOU MEAN? YOU LEFT ME NOTHIN'!....

MOORE: What am I bid, folks?....What am I bid for this wonderful Georgia Pine Barrel which you now see on Mr. Durante!

DURANTE: NO, NO, NO, ETC.

(ORCHESTRA:.....PLAY-OFF)

CROWD: (APPLAUSE)

(COMMERCIAL)

(ORCHESTRA: MARCH)

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

(MUSIC: . . . FANFARE)

LUTHER: To 20-year-old Seaman First Class Robert Canavan, of the Coast Guard. It has just been revealed that Seaman Canavan was aboard a small boat on patrol off Guadalcanal, which was intercepted and sunk by a large Japanese naval vessel. Though he had no life jacket, Coast Guardsman Canavan struck out for shore, swam for nineteen hours, and reached Florida Island. *We salute you, Seaman Canavan*

And in ^{your} ~~his~~ honor the makers of Camels are sending to our men in the South Pacific three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes. ~~We salute you, Seaman Canavan~~ *Applause*

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

PETRIE: On each of the four Camel shows we'll salute another Yank of the Week, and on each of them send three hundred thousand Camels to men in his battle area... a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. Camels thank the Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, which, since 1941, have given free shows and free Camels to nearly three million service men.

(MORE)

51454 3697

PETRIE:
(CONT)

Listen to each of the four Camel shows -- tomorrow, the Camel Comedy Caravan, with Jack Carson, Connie Bennet, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom and Herb Shriner; Saturday, Bob Hawk, in "Thanks to the Yanks"; Monday, "Blondie", and next Thursday, Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore, Xavier Cugat and Georgia Gibbs.

(ORCHESTRA: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU)

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

MOORE: The very height of notes.

DURANTE: SAY, MR. MOORE....

MOORE: Yes, Mr. Durante....

DURANTE: YOU KNOW, MR. MOORE. I'M COMING DOWN TO THE STUDIO THIS EVENING.... A TRAMP TAPS ME ON THE SHOULDER.... AND HE SAYS, PARDON ME, SIR, WOULD YOU LET ME HAVE A DIME FOR A CUP OF COFFEE. I SAYS, I'M SORRY, BUT ALL I GOT IS A DOLLAR BILL. HE SAYS, OKAY, GIVE ME THE BUCK AND THE NEXT NINE TIMES I SEE YOU I WON'T HAVE TO BOTHER YOU.

~~(MUSIC)~~

(ORCHESTRA: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU)

MOORE: Say, Mr. Durante.....

DURANTE: YES, MR. MOORE.....

MOORE: I have a friend who is a traveling salesman. The other night he was about to leave home on a trip. As he walked to the door, the phone rang. He went back, picked up the phone and said, "Hello...What, well how do I know....Why don't you ask the Coast Guard?" and hung up. His wife said "Who was it?" And he said, "I don't know, some screwball wanted to know if the coast was clear."

Alcarrante:
who will be with you - dit' go home, Mr. Moore
 (ORCHESTRA: . . . WHO WILL BE WITH YOU: . . . PLAY OFF)
marks: *Let 'em go.*
 (APPLAUSE)

(ORCHESTRA: . . . THEME)
 (SWITCH OVER TO 8B FOR HITCH HIKE)

ANNCR:

Mister Pipe-smoker, I'll tell you how we know P.A. stands for Pipe Appeal: We can prove it, because more pipe-smokers smoke Prince Albert than any other pipe tobacco in America -- and have for years! First time you try Prince Albert you'll see why: You'll like the way it's cool and gentle and easy on your tongue -- because Prince Albert's no-bite treated. Crimp cut, too, to pack just right for easy drawing and stay-lit burning. Get a handy pocket package of mild, mellow, better-tasting Prince Albert tonight! It's the National Joy Smoke!

MCM/DB
5/6/43
12:45 PM

51454 3700