

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

NEW CAMEL PROGRAM

(REVISED)

**AS  
BROADCAST**

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THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1943  
NBC NETWORK  
10:00 - 10:30 PM EWT

PROGRAM NO. 9

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 20, 1943

10:00 - 10:30 PM EWT

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

AFTER 3 - 5 SECONDS)

ORCH: PYRAMID CHORDS

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

PETRIE: The Camel Program with Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante!

APPLAUSE

ORCH: THEME FULL AND FADE FOR

PETRIE: Here they are again - Garry Moore, Jimmy Durante, Xavier Cugat, and Georgia Gibbs - brought to you by Camel ... the cigarette that's extra-mild, slow-burning, cool-smoking, rich-tasting - better!

MUSIC OUT

Enter first our young Master of Ceremonies, author, raconteur, purveyor of culture, Mister - GARRY MOORE!

APPLAUSE

MOORE: Well, thank you...thank you VERY much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen; happy Thursday to you and all that sort of jolly old goo....Before doing anything I'd like very much to read you a letter which was written by Mrs. George W. Vickers of Baltimore, Maryland, and sent to me by carrier mole...In it she says "I have been telling my husband for some time what a funny program you have. He is going to listen this Thursday night, so please be funny, or I'll get my throat cut."...A very touching letter, indeed - so, for this dear lady I shall now be very funny...Say, Howard -

PETRIE: Yes, Garry?

MOORE: If a butter-cup is yellow, what color is a hic-cup?

PETRIE: I don't know, old man...TELL me - if a buttercup is yellow, what color IS a hiccup?

MOORE: Burple!...And so, as we leave Mrs. Vickers, lying there in Baltimore with her throat slit from ear to ear - we turn to further reports from our Post Mistress - Toodles Bongshnook. And there she stands - feeling fit as a fiddle <sup>and</sup> built like a base violin. .how goes it my love?

EMERSON: Oh Mr. Moore...the most wonderful thing has happened - I've just gotten a fan letter.

MOORE: Oh - not really.

EMERSON: Yes, I have.

MOORE: Well, isn't that nauseating - who's it from?

EMERSON: Well, it's from an army camp...and you know how soldiers are about women - skinny girls are all right but soldiers like something they can locate in the dark.

MOORE: So?

EMERSON: So the boys of this army camp have heard our show and I've just been elected Miss Barrack Block Number 28.

MOORE: You don't say!

EMERSON: Yes I do. Isn't it thrilling - being head of a whole block?

MOORE: It certainly is and I'm sure you'll make the best blockhead they've ever had.. but come now, ~~inasmuch as you're in charge of the mail bag,~~ <sup>else is</sup> tell us what's in the mail? - ~~bag~~ I mean, ~~foodies~~.

EMERSON: Well, here's a very touching letter from a Mrs. Maggie Hutchins, of Los Angeles, California...She says that last week you mailed her a picture of Xavier Cugat, the Luring Latin Lover.. .

MOORE: Yes?

EMERSON: She says if that's Cugat, he couldn't lure her out of a burning building. . .

MOORE: Well, of course, those pictures of Cugie were taken under rather unfortunate circumstances. . .There was film in the camera. . And really, madame, I would send you one of Cugie smiling, but with that moustache his smile becomes nothing but a snarl with hair on it...Next letter, please.

EMERSON: Just <sup>one</sup> ~~one~~ more - Mr. Fred Gefke of Hawarden, Iowa says he would LIKE to listen to your show, but there's too much static.....What causes this?

MOORE:

Well, for one thing his radio might be too small for a big ~~show~~ <sup>program</sup> like ours...I knew a fella whose radio was so small, when he tuned in Abbott and Costello he ~~only got~~ <sup>could only get</sup> Abbott...On the other hand, those strange noises might not be the whole program, but just Jimmy Durante.... Jimmy, you see, insists on sleeping in Central Park at night with his nose wide open...Along come two barn-swallows looking for a place to build a nest - and right there he's in trouble...The next day he comes down to broadcast - ~~he stands about six feet from the mike with his nose barely touching it~~ - he commences to sing - and what Mr. Smith hears is not static, but merely one barn-swallow saying to the other, "Grab your eggs and run, Mabel, there's a typhoon on the way."...And to further demonstrate my theory--

ORCH: START DURANTE MUSIC

MOORE: He's on his way right now... The biggest little man in America today - Jimmy Durante, in person.

ORCH: YOU GOTTA START EACH DAY

DURANTE: (SINGS) YOU GOTTA START EACH DAY WITH A SONG....

MOORE: (AT END OF SONG) My, you're in fine voice tonight, Jimmy.

DURANTE: I'M GLAD YOU NOTICED IT, GARRY...I'M TAKING VOICE LESSONS --  
BING CROSBY CAN'T LAST FOREVER, BUT IT'S A WONDER I CAN  
SING AT ALL....YESTERDAY I WAS PLAYING AN ARMY CAMP AND  
A PRETTY HOSTESS INVITED ME FOR A RIDE IN A JEEP. WHILE  
WE'RE DRIVING ALONG CONVERSING ABOUT SWEET NOTHINGS, I  
LEANS OVER AND GIVES HER A KISS. THE JEEP JUMPS OFF THE  
ROAD, KNOCKS DOWN A TREE, GOES THROUGH A BARN, ROLLS  
OVER FOUR TIMES AND DROPS INTO A DITCH. SHE CRAWLS  
OUT FROM UNDER THE WRECK....LOOKS UP AND SAYS "BOY, THAT'S  
WHAT I CALL A KISS!"

MOORE: And you've got just the kisser to do it with, too. I'm  
afraid James, you're not much good after dark.

DURANTE: WHAT D'YOU MEAN NO GOOD AFTER DARK? I'M AN AIR RAID  
WARDEN. IN THE LAST BLACKOUT I GOT A MEDAL FOR GETTING  
THE PEOPLE OFF THE STREET BEFORE ANY OTHER WARDEN.

MOORE: That's wonderful, Jimmy. How did you do it?

DURANTE: I PAINTS MY NOSE WHITE, AND POINTS IT TO THE NEAREST  
AIR RAID SHELTER!!

MOORE: ~~Oh wonderful~~, James. You know, I sometimes think that  
your perspicacity is exceeded only by the effulgence of  
your adaptability.

DURANTE: MR. MOORE - I DON'T LIKE YOUR ATTITUDE...NOW WHERE WAS I?

MOORE: In a blackout!

DURANTE: OH YES. I WAS IN A BLACKOUT. I SEES A LIGHT IN A HOUSE. I KNOCKS ON THE DOOR. NOBODY'S HOME. SO I WALKS THROUGH THE FOYER, THROUGH THE PARLOR, THROUGH THE LIBRARY, THROUGH THE BEDROOM, THROUGH THE KITCHEN AND...~~THROUGH~~ THE PANTRY. I PUTS OUT THE LIGHT. THEN I GOES BACK THROUGH THE PANTRY, THROUGH THE KITCHEN, THROUGH THE BEDROOM, THROUGH THE LIBRARY, THROUGH THE PARLOR AND...~~THROUGH~~ THE FOYER. THEN I REMEMBERS -- I FORGOT MY FLASHLIGHT. NOW I'M CONFUSED. DID I LEAVE IT IN THE FOYER, IN THE PARLOR, IN THE LIBRARY, IN THE BEDROOM, IN THE KITCHEN, OR...IN THE PANTRY? I REMEMBERS I LEFT IT IN THE PANTRY. SO I GOES THROUGH THE FOYER, THROUGH THE PARLOR, THROUGH THE LIBRARY, THROUGH THE BEDROOM, THROUGH THE KITCHEN AND...~~THROUGH~~ THE PANTRY!! BUT IT'S DARK. SO I FEELS AROUND FOR THE LIGHT. I FINALLY FINDS THE CHORD AND I PULLS IT. AND WHAT DO YOU KNOW.....I'M UNDER THE SHOWER!!!

MOORE: Oh no - that must have been a fetching picture.

DURANTE: I'LL SAY. MY PANTS ROLLS UP LIKE A VENETIAN BLIND!! THERE I WAS -- DURANTE THE AIR RAID WARDEN -- STANDING IN MY SNUGGIES. I CAN SEE IT NOW - IN ESQUIRE - JIMMY DURANTE WEARS PINK PANTIES! HOW MORTIFYING!

MOORE: ~~I'd have given anything~~ *It must have been funny* to see those drips drop on a droop's drape.

DURANTE: OH I DON'T KNOW. NOT HALF AS FUNNY AS YOU LOOK WITH THAT CACTUS BUSH YOU CALL HAIR, MR MOORE. (POLITELY) DO YOU MIND IF I TURN YOU UPSIDE DOWN AND USE THAT HEAD OF YOURS FOR A WHISK BROOM!

MOORE: Not at all, Mr Durante. It would be a pleasure to give you a brush off!

DURANTE: LET THAT LAUGH BE YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT!

MOORE: Thank you, Mr Durante.

DURANTE: YOU'RE WELCOME, MR MOORE!

MOORE: Do tell me more of your career as an air raid warden.

DURANTE: I'LL NEVER FORGET MY FIRST BLACKOUT TEST.. I SEES A WOMAN AND SHE HAS A LIGHT ON <sup>*flashes over and*</sup> ~~Y~~ YELLS, "MADAM, WILL YOU PUT OUT THAT LIGHT?" SHE IGNORES ME. ALL NIGHT LONG I BEGS HER.... BUT STILL SHE IGNORES ME. FINALLY IT'S DAYBREAK. I LOOK UP. AM I EMBARRASSED.. IT'S THE STATUE OF LIBERTY!!...YOU COULDA KNOCKED ME DOWN WITH AN ANCHOVY!!

MOORE: Embarrassing indeed James...I hope that didn't discourage you.

DURANTE: WELL TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH....

SOUND: PHONE RING

DURANTE: I'LL TAKE <sup>*it, Garry*</sup> ~~THAT~~...HELLO..WHO?..MR CHURCHILL? WELL, WHAT IS IT, WINNIE...WHY I'M AN EXPERT ON THAT. NOW HERE'S WHAT YOU DO WINNIE. FIRST YOU PICK YOUR OBJECTIVE. THEN YOU PLAN YOUR ATTACK. THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IS THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE. USE COMMANDO TACTICS BY CRAWLING SLOWLY ON YOUR HANDS AND KNEES. AND WHEN YOU CLOSE IN - YOU STRIKE.

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MOORE: Jimmy - what are you giving Churchill -- military advice?

DURANTE: NO -- I'M TELLING HIM HOW TO GIVE A HOT FOOT!!....

GOODBYE WINNIE...OR - AS WE WOULD SAY IN OUR SET -

CHIT-TEE-HO. (PHONE UP) EVERYBODY COMES TO DURANTE FOR  
ADVICE.

SOUND: WHISTLE

DURANTE: STAND BACK! THERE GOES A BLACKOUT SIGNAL. GIVE ME MY  
HELMET. GIVE ME MY PARAPHERNALIA. I'M READY FOR ANYTHING.  
IF IT WAS NECESSARY I'D GO THROUGH FIRE AND WATER...I'D GO  
THROUGH BLINDING STORMS....I'D GO THROUGH BURNING  
BUILDINGS...TORNADOES.....FLOODS...LANDSLIDES.

SOUND: WHISTLE

DURANTE: OUT OF MY WAY, GARRY - THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: There he goes, friends, Jimmy Durante. What a courageous  
fellow - probably the bravest man in all America.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOORE: Jimmy what happened? You're back so soon.

DURANTE: IT'S DARK OUTSIDE.

ORCH: YOU GOTTA START EACH DAY.....PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

MOORE: Fo lowing which elfin interview, we invite you to crawl with us under band-stand number two, where tonight....

SOUND: CHINESE GONG

MOORE: The Camel Hall of Fame - starring Toodles Bongshnook - presents...

SOUND: TINNY GONG - AND DROP IT

MOORE: The Story of the Princess Who Couldn't Be Pleased.

ORCH: INTRO.

EMERSON: (AT PIANO) There once was a Princess who couldn't be pleased --

No matter what you did for her, she couldn't be pleased. The peasants brought her presents, but she was so mean and shrew-y

Do you know what the Princess said to them?

"Phooey!"

PETRIE: But then, she'd never tried a Camel in her T-Zone -- "T" for taste and throat, anybody's own proving ground for Camel's extra flavor and smooth, extra-mildness!

EMERSON: Her father was a noble king, but nobility goes just so far,

His only hope was that she'd elope with the butler or the chauf-far.

But to one and all who came to call, when they got bill and coo-ey,

Do you know what the Princess said to them?

"Phooey!"

PETRIE: Now I don't know whether it's good or bad in a princess to be cool and slow-burning -- but in a cigarette it's wonderful, and so are Camels --because Camels are expertly blended of costlier tobaccos:

EMERSON: But one fine day there came her way the brightest of all mammals --

He said, "Dear Princess, please accept a carton of these Camels!"

And when the Princess tried one her eyes were soft and dow-y,

She asked the handsome stranger's name -- he gently murmured --

"Loocy!"

PETRIE: You see, all that time, she'd been looking and looking for a cigarette that wouldn't go flat, no matter how many she smoked.

EMERSON: "Well, Loocy," said the Princess, "it may sound awfully goo-oy,

But I think you and your <sup>*Camels*</sup> cigarettes are simply

"Too TOO Too'ey!"

PETRIE: <sup>*Applause*</sup> Yes, and so will you, you, and you-ey -- because Camels have more flavor, which helps 'em to hold up, pack after pack!

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

PETRIE: Camels! Get a pack tonight!

ORCH: INTRO TO "NEGRA LEONOR"

ORCH: INTRO TO "NEGRA LEONOR"...VAMP UNDER:

MOORE: The music of Xavier Cugat...This time about a saucy babe named Negra Leonor....A friend of yours, Cugie?

CUGAT: Oh, indeed....Leonor is a girl from Havana who has got nothing the other girls do not have -- only she's got it better organized....It's full of love, romance and whistling.

MOORE: Negra Leonor....

ORCH: NEGRA LEONOR

APPLAUSE

ORCH: MENDELSSOHN'S SPRING SONG

ORCH: MENDELSSOHN'S SPRING SONG

SOUND: BURLESQUE BIRD TWITTERS

DURANTE: AHHHHHH - HARKEN! A BEVY OF BEAUTIFUL BOIDS! WELCOME, MY FRIENDS, TO ANOTHER MEETING OF THE GARRY MOORE NATURE CLUB, WHOSE SLOGAN IS "A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO FROM THE BALCONY."... AND HERE IS OUR MR. MOORE.

ORCH: CUT MUSIC

MOORE: Thank you.

DURANTE: FORGET IT.

MOORE: I will.

DURANTE: ME TOO. AND TONIGHT, DEAR FRIENDS, MR. MOORE WOULD LIKE TO TELL YOU ABOUT A GLOW-WORM NAMED ELSIE.

ORCH: STRING SHMALTZ (OR MAYBE CELESTE)

MOORE: I thought you ought to know about Elsie - for Elsie was a glow-worm - nothing more and nothing less...BUT, and it pains me to say it, Elsie was just a little bit screwy . .While all the other lady glow-worms were sitting at home, making a plan for man, Elsie was out making passes at the masses . .Every evening she would wriggle her little body to the top of an ant-hill, and just sit there - glowing like everything. First she'd glow pink - then she'd glow yellow - then green - then mauve - and on the fourth of July she'd just KNOCK HERSELF OUT glowing red, white and blue.

(MORE)

MOORE:  
(CONT'D)

One day, along came a <sup>line</sup> long fuzzy caterpillar, and he saw Elsie glowing. And my but he was a handsome thing - long, green and fuzzy. And when he saw Elsie he stopped - and his little heart went pitty-pat, pitty-pat. It was love at first sight. And it isn't odd, you know, for a caterpillar to fall in love with a worm. For what is a caterpillar, after all, but a worm with upholstery. And so they were quietly married, and made themselves a nice little apartment in the toe of an old rubber boot. ~~They were very happy for a time - the caterpillar stayed long, green and fuzzy - and Elsie continued to glow like everything.~~

Every night Elsie would sit in front of her dresser and glow green, red and purple all over. At times she would even glow polka dot. And her husband loved her for it. But one day - the inevitable happened. . . A little girl walked by wearing a plaid skirt - and it gave Elsie ideas. She didn't glow for days after that. She just sat quietly at home, eating her head off, building up strength. . . And when she felt strong enough she called her husband to her side and <sup>she</sup> said, "Roger <sup>Roger</sup> - tonight I am going to out-do myself! Tonight I am going to glow plaid!" And she huffed - and she puffed - and she glowed - and she blew out a fuse. Poor Elsie had overdone herself.

(MORE)

MOORE:  
(CONT'D)

And when the doctor came, he said, "Elsie - if you want to go on living, you must never glow again. Just one small glow, and you'll die as dead as dead."

Well a tear came to Elsie's eye -- and she looked at the doctor -- and she looked at her husband -- and she glowed.

As she lay there dying, her poor broken-hearted husband said "Elsie - oh, Elsie! Why did you do it? Why did you glow when the doctor told you not to?"

And Elsie looked him proudly in the eye, and <sup>she</sup>said --

ORCH: CUT MUSIC

MOORE: You forget, Roger, that I am an artiste! And when I gotta glow - I gotta glow!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: (DREAMILY).. "WHEN YOU'VE GOTTA GLOW, YOU'VE GOTTA GLOW!"  
...WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SEDMINET! . I SHALL HAVE IT  
EMBROIDERED ON MY WINTER WOOLIES, SO IT'LL BE NEAR MY  
HEART ALWAYS!....AND YOU WROTE THAT STORY YOURSELF, GARRY?

MOORE: Yes I did, James. Every word of it.

DURANTE: THAT'S WONDERFUL ....AND WILL YOU BE HOME ALL DAY  
TOMORROW?

MOORE: All day long - why?

DURANTE: I JUST DIDN'T WANT THE FELLA TO GO ALL THE WAY OUT THERE  
WITH THE WAGON, AND NOT FIND YOU HOME.

MOORE: Oh, that's nice of you. .And so, dear friends, as Jimmy  
and I wander happily off, hand-in-hand - to keep from  
slugging each other - we do you the honor of presenting  
Georgia Gibbs with her velvet version of "It Can't Be  
Wrong."

DURANTE: AND SAY, GARRY -

MOORE: Yes, <sup>James</sup>~~Jimmy~~?

DURANTE: MAY I HAVE THIS WALTZ?

MOORE: Delighted.

DURANTE: FORGET IT.

MOORE: I will.

DURANTE: ME TOO.

GIBBS: IT CAN'T BE WRONG

APPLAUSE



PETRIE: What does a service man want most? Well, you can't send him a grand piano or a furlough -- but you can send him a letter and a carton of cigarettes, two of the things surveys show the men want most. And remember the brand -- Camels. Yes, Camels are the favorite 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. Take that tip for yourself, too, if you're looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke. Camel's extra flavor helps 'em hold up, pack after pack. Yes, and Camels are extra-mild, cool-smoking, and slow-burning, too, because they're expertly blended of costlier tobaccos!

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

PETRIE: Camels! Send a carton to a WAAC or a soldier in the U.S. -- to Navy men, Marines, or Coast Guardsmen anywhere!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

*Moore: Thank to you, Howard, for some nice words well spoken. And now I realize why you hold people so spell-bound with your commercials. You have no idea how your Adam's apple bobs up and down. Ever notice that? It's really wonderful.*

MOORE: In each week's mail we receive many interesting questions about our show, such as "why?" and "how long?" - Chief among these is the question "How is your program built." So, we take you now to Broom Closet No. 3 where we shall demonstrate the logical sequence of thoughts that preface a comedy show. The ~~script~~ <sup>program</sup> conference is in session.

ALL: Walla - Walla

SOUND: GAVEL

MOORE: ~~Okay, okay~~ <sup>all right, all right</sup> order in the meeting room.

DURANTE: OKAY, I'LL TAKE A LARGE ONION WITH HAMBURGER ON THE SIDE.

MOORE: Please, <sup>now</sup> fellas - if we're gonna get a show out of this, we've gotta put out hearts in our work.

DURANTE: WELL, I TRY TO PUT MY HEART IN MY WORK...DON'T YOU TRY TO PUT YOUR HEART IN YOUR WORK, MISS TOODLES?

HOPE: No, I try to put my size 12 feet into a size 9 shoe....  
What do you try to put, Mr. Petrie?

HOWARD: I try to put off putting on my clothes in the morning....  
What do you try to put, Garry?

MOORE: I try to put my fingers in my ears when the program starts, but I always drop my script.

DURANTE: WELL, IF YOU FIND OUR CONVERSATION DULL, MR. MOORE, WE'LL JUST SHUT UP.

HOPE: Shut up?

HOWARD: You heard me, lady - shut up! How can I hear the movie if you sit behind me and talk all night?

MOORE: Well, I'm sorry, mister - but we hafta explain it to our little boy.

DURANTE: YEAH? HOW ABOUT EXPLAINING YOUR LITTLE BOY TO US?.....  
I WONDER WHO BROUGHT THAT KID. IT COULDN'T BE FRANK BUCK - HE BRINGS 'EM BACK ALIVE.

HOWARD: Now wait a minute. If you'll ALL shut up, I'll give you a pass to next week's show.

HOPE: A pass?

SOUND: CHEERS

MOORE: (SECRETIVE)...That's right, fellas - a pass - way down to the ten yard line...I'll fake an end run, then you fade back and heave it...Ready?

DURANTE &  
HOWARD:

RIGHT!

~~MOORE: Signals 72 68 55 47 HERE!~~

HOPE: Oh, look! It's gonna be a pass!

DURANTE: (HOLDING NOSE).. WHAT A GAME THIS IS, FOLKS! HE'S FADING  
~~BACK FOR A PASS NOW, AND HE LEAVES A LONE ONE!~~

SOUND: CROWD CHEERS UP AND DOWN

HOWARD: He's GOT it! Look at that boy run! Ten yards - 15 yards -  
20 yards - 25!

HOPE: Twenty-five yards? That seems like an awful lot of  
material.

DURANTE: I KNOW, BUT I'M MAKING CURTAINS FOR MY LIVING ROOM, ~~AND~~  
~~I WANT TO GO TO SCOTLAND...~~...I WANT 25 YARDS OF  
THAT NEW MATERIAL FROM SCOTLAND.

MOORE: Twenty-five yards from Scotland? <sup>you will</sup> ~~...Gee~~ - hand me that  
phone.  
(FILTER MIKE)...Calling Scotland Yards!...Calling Scotland  
Yards!....Sherlock Holmes, calling Scotland Yards.

DURANTE: (FILTER MIKE)..HELLO, THIS IS SCOTLAND YARDS.

MOORE: Well this is Sherlock Holmes.

DURANTE: WELL, SHIRLEY!...FOR GOODNESS SAKES!.. WHAT DO YOU KNOW,  
TOOTS?

MOORE: Oh, not a whole lot, lovie - what's new with you?

DURANTE: COME RIGHT ON OVER. THE CHIEF WANTS US TO WORK ON A CASE!

SOUND: CHINESE GONG

HOPE: Our next scene is Scotland Yard, where we find Sherlock  
Holmes and Dr. Watson working on a case.

MOORE: I say - steady, old man - hold tight.

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DURANTE: I'VE GOT IT OLD BOY! NOW PULL!

SOUND: POP OF CORK

DURANTE: THERE WE ARE! AS TOUGH A CASE AS EVER I WORKED ON!

HOWARD: I'll say. Hand me your glass and say when.

SOUND: SHORT LIQUID GURGLE

HOPE: Stop!

DURANTE: SORRY MADAM, NEXT STOP TENTH AVENUE. PLEASE LEAVE BY  
THE REAR DOOR!

SOUND: STREET CAR BELL - (DING DING)

MOORE: Here you are, Madam - would you like to hang on my strap?

HOPE: No thank you - I've GOT a strap.

MOORE: *fine* Then leggo of my neck-tie - I get off at the next corner.

HOWARD: Gee whiz - it sure is crowded.

DURANTE: OH, IT'S ALWAYS LIKE THIS AT THE BIG GAME...WHAT SECTION  
ARE YOUR SEATS IN?

HOPE: Mine are in F.

MOORE: Yeah, but *seemingly* yours are in L.

DURANTE: OKAY, THEN YOU GO TO F, AND I'LL GO TO - NO I WON'T,  
EITHER!.....

HOWARD: Well, *lookit* sit some place, will yuh? They're gonna start the  
game.

~~MOORE: I wanna beat the players, and I wanna beat 'em plenty!...~~

Now, lookit, fellas - this is gonna be a mighty tough game. .And if you're gonna win, you've gotta put in everything you've got!

DURANTE: I ONLY GOT A BUCK AND A HALF.

~~HOWARD: That's okay - put it in and we'll start the game.~~

HOPE: Okay <sup>I'm dealer</sup> ...Has everybody fed the kitty?

HOWARD: I haven't.

DURANTE: ME NEITHER.

MOORE: Well whaddayuh want the poor thing to do - starve to death?...That's a fine way to treat a dumb animal, ~~you~~ ~~ought to be ashamed of yourselves.~~

HOPE: Now wait a minute, bud - don't get me wrong...I LIKE cats.

DURANTE: YEAH, I LIKE KATZ, TOO...HE'S ONE OF THE NICEST FELLAS I EVER MET.

HOWARD: Who is?

DURANTE: HYMIE KATZ - FELLA WHO LIVES DOWN THE STREET FROM ME.

MOORE: Oh, sure, I know him! We attend the same hock-shop together.

HOPE: Hock shop? Those places make me sick.

HOWARD: Me, too.

DURANTE: AND ME!

MOORE: Hmmm - all three of you sick, eh? Must be an epidemic...  
Jimmy - stick out your tongue.

DURANTE: AHHHHHHHH - (HOLD IT)

MOORE: Petrie?

HOWARD: Ahhhhhhhhh - (HOLD IT)

MOORE: Toodles?

HOPE: Ahhhhhhhhhh- (HOLD IT)

ALL: DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

MOORE: And so we say farewell to old Alabama, land of the friendly smile....We can only hope that our Magic Carpet of Travel will once again bring us to this enchanted shore.....Until then, I say aloha -

ALL: CUT MUSIC

MOORE: And beg to remain - obediently yours, Orphan Bells!

APPLAUSE

DURANTE &  
MOORE: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU

ORCH: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU

DURANTE: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU WHEN WE'RE FAR AWAY...

MOORE: Ah your logic in that last scene was irrefutable, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: YEAH! *Sure!*

MOORE: You were superb tonight, Mr. Durante. Now that we have delineated the manifold facet of our combined talents, insofar as they affect the perpetration of this charade, do you think we should terminate our activities?  
~~See the transcript~~

DURANTE: ABSOLUTELY NOT! I THINK WE OUGHTA QUIT RIGHT HERE.  
SEE YOU LATER, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: See you later, Mr. Durante.

ORCH: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU.....PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

ORCH: SEGUE TO MARCH



ORCH:           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 Master Sergeant John Cody Haddow of Pueblo, Colorado,  
member of a bomber crew somewhere in Australia. During  
experimentation with photo-flash bombs designed to  
illuminate the ground for night photography, a bomb failed  
to drop from the plane, though its time fuse had started.  
At risk to his life Sergeant Haddow seized the bomb in  
his hands, threw it out of the plane, where it exploded  
only a few yards away. In your honor, Sergeant Haddow,  
the makers of Camels are sending to our men in Australia  
three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes. We salute you,  
Master Sergeant John Haddow!

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 three traveling  
Camel Caravans, which since nineteen forty-one have given  
free Camels and over nineteen hundred free performances  
to nearly three million service men, in more than five  
hundred different camps.

(MORE)

PETRIE:  
(CONT'D)

Listen to each of the four Camel shows -- tomorrow, the Camel Comedy Caravan, with Jack Carson, Charles Ruggles, Claire Trevor 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.

ORCH:        THEME

ANNCR:

We say that if you ask enough men about pipe tobacco you're pretty sure to wind up smoking Prince Albert, because far and away more men smoke good P.A. than any other brand, and have for years. You'll see why when you light up a pipeful of Prince Albert. First thing, notice how cool and pleasant and comfortable it is on your tongue -- that's because P.A.'s no-bite treated. And Prince Albert's crimp cut, too, for easy packing and long, slow, stay-lit burning. You get around fifty mild, mellow, better-tasting pipefuls in every handy pocket package, too! Get P.A. for Pipe Appeal! It's the National Joy Smoke!