

(REVISED)

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

**AS  
BROADCAST**

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THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1943  
NBC NETWORK  
10:00-10:30 PM EWT

PROGRAM No. 10

CAST:

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

XAVIER CUGAT

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

HOPE EMERSON

PAUL LUTHER

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NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, MAY 27, 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: Yes, it's 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! <sup>(Quasi Out)</sup> And to make certain that things ~~get~~ off in  
high cultural style, we present now our master of  
ceremonies, a young man who always has something new and  
different up his sleeve - GARRY MOORE!

APPLAUSE

MOORE: Well thank you -- thank you very much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen....Gee it's crowded in here tonight,..Funny how it's been that way ever since we put Jack Benny on the tickets.....And say, Howard --

PETRIE: Yes, old man?

MOORE: Thanks a lot for the nuttsy build-up - but I'm sorry you picked this particular evening to make it.

PETRIE: You mean you've got nothing at all up your sleeve?

MOORE: Nothing but a small mole and some English muffin crumbs... I did get a letter from my brother just today, though... And I want all the men in the studio to do me <sup>one</sup> favor... Will all the men here please stand up?....(BIZ)....That's fine - now turn around and face the back of the studio.... (BIZ) ... Now just stand there a minute and let me look at you.....~~IF YOU SEE~~...My brother just opened a barber shop - I'm scouting hair-cuts <sup>Thank you</sup> ~~for him on the side~~...Ha Ha - Ha....There's one man in the fourth row who's either three weeks overdue or he's wearing a mink collar <sup>I can't tell from where I'm sitting</sup> But enough about MY business, let's talk about this evening's program.

PETRIE: *ok* Attaboy! What've we GOT for tonight's mongrel-congress?

MOORE: Oh, my boy, culture that's what -- all KINDS of cultural junk! <sup>why</sup> Before we've left the air you will have learned about many things including life, romance - and what the little kitten said as it watched a game of tennis.

MOORE: Thank you ... thank you very much my friends. Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I can't tell you how nice it is to be working out here in a nice open auditorium. I was just backstage and saw a big trunk which said on it: Sealtest Orchestra, Property of J. Walter Thompson. I still don't see how they get all those trombone players in it. One little trunk like this ... they had it... right out there. And say Howard ---

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PETRIE: Okay, I'll bite...WHAT DID the little kitten say as it watched a game of tennis?

MOORE: "My mother's in that racquet..." *That's what I like --* ~~Oh~~, all high-class material....And furthermore, we shall have poetry, my boy. *petrie* Readings from the classics, such as the following excerpt from the pen of Omar Cugat.

CUGAT: Here's a poem about a little bird,  
It's short but it is ~~true~~ *true*  
He flew, he flew, he flew, he flew,  
He flew, he flew, he flew.

MOORE: Thank you.

CUGAT: He flew, he flew, he flew, he flew,  
He flooey, flooey, flew.  
He flooey, flooey, flooey, flew,  
He flooey, flooey, flew.

MOORE: Thank you.....Following which....

CUGAT: He flooey, flooey, flooey...

SOUND: SHARP RAP ON GOURD

CUGAT: OUCH!

~~MOORE: And as I was saying, the poems will be followed by some of your favorite songs, sung by some of your favorite singers.~~

~~EMERSON: (SINGING)...Just a little bit West of East Orange, New Jersey, that's where I long to be...Just a little bit West of East Orange, New Jersey....~~

~~MOORE: Hold it, Toodles - hold everything...It isn't just a little bit West of East Orange, New Jersey...It's just a little bit north of South Carolina.~~

EMERSON: Holy smoke! I'm on the wrong bus AGAIN!

*Let him be there. It's all right. And after the poems*  
MOORE: Oh, fine. ~~But~~ anyhow, after the music - right at this moment, in fact - we have the most cultural gent of them ALL -

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS

MOORE: Oh, excuse me, friends.

SOUND: PICK UP RECEIVER

MOORE: Hello?

DURANTE: HELLO. IS THAT YOU, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Jimmy, for heaven's sakes, I'm just about to introduce you!

DURANTE: I KNOW, BUT I WAS RIDING ON ~~THE~~ TOP OF AN OPEN ~~TOP~~ BUS AND I STOOD UP.

MOORE: Well - so what?

DURANTE: SO COME AND GET ME - I'M IN A TREE ON 84TH STREET!

MOORE: Well, in that event, I guess we'll hafta bring you down with music.

ORCH: START DURANTE'S MUSIC

MOORE: And down he comes <sup>*my friends*</sup> - the little clown they forgot to drown -- Jimmy Durante -- in person!

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START EACH DAY WITH A SONG  
APPLAUSE

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG...

MOORE: Jimmy, you sound all worn out.

DURANTE: THAT'S ME EXCLUSIVELY. *You know* I'VE BEEN TOURING THE COUNTRY. I WENT TO HOLLYWOOD TO INTERVIEW LANA TURNER, AND BOY, DID SHE LEAD ME A MERRY CHASE. SHE GOES INTO A DEPARTMENT STORE - I GOES INTO A DEPARTMENT STORE, SHE GOES INTO A DRUG STORE - I GOES INTO A DRUG STORE. SHE GOES INTO A TURKISH BATH - I GOES INTO A DRUG STORE! HOW HUMILIATING!

MOORE: Jimmy, wasn't it rather silly of you to go all the way to Hollywood to interview Lana Turner, when you could have stayed right here and interviewed our own Toodles Bonghsnook?

DURANTE: ~~LOOK~~ GARRY, IF I CAN GET STEAK, WHY SHOULD I TAKE HASH? JUNIOR, I'M TAKING THE PULSE OF THE NATION, SO I SAYS TO LANA: "AH LANA, LANA - TELL ME MY LITTLE DAFFODIL, WHY ARE YOU SUCH A SUCCESS IN PICTURES?"

MOORE: *well* I can tell you that Jimmy. Lana Turner has ability.

DURANTE: I HAVE ABILITY.

MOORE: *Yah, but she's got* ~~She~~ has a lot of talent.

DURANTE: I HAVE TALENT.

MOORE: Lana Turner has beauty.

DURANTE: I SHOULD HAVE STOPPED WHEN I WAS EVEN.

MOORE: Quite right Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: *Quite* QUITE, MR. MOORE! CONTINUING MY TOUR OR MY ITINERARY, *as we would say in* I *and etc* GOES TO A PRISON CAMP. THERE I INTERVIEWS A GERMAN GENERAL. I ASK HIM HOW HE GOT TO BE A GENERAL IN THE GERMAN ARMY. HE SAYS, I STARTED OUT AS A PRIVATE, THEN I WENT TO THE RANK OF A SERGEANT, THEN TO THE RANK OF LIEUTENANT, THEN TO THE RANK OF COLONEL, AND THEN TO THE RANK OF GENERAL, THAT'S THE GERMAN ARMY FOR YOU -- THE HIGHER YOU GO, THE RANKER YOU GET!

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MOORE: *See it that wonderful!* Ah James *What don't know about you --* What intuition, what adroitness, what precocity!

DURANTE: MR MOORE, ON THIS PROGRAM WE SPEAK ENGLISH. NOW LET'S CONTINUE WITH MY GULLIBLE'S TRAVELS. I TAKES A PLANE TO WASHINGTON. WHILE I'M IN THE PLANE, IT TAKES A SHARP TURN. I FALLS OUT OF MY SEAT AND I SLIDES ALL THE WAY ACROSS THE FLOOR. AND WHILE I'M SLIDING SOUTH, I MEETS A SPLINTER COMING NORTH, A CATASTRASTROKE. NOW EVERYTIME I DANCE, I GOT LUMBER IN MY RHUMBA.

MOORE: Tell me, Jimmy, upon whom did you propound your theories in Washington?

DURANTE: I WENT RIGHT TO CONGRESS TO POUND MY THEORIES. I SAID "CONGRESS, THE RUBBER SHORTAGE IS HURTING THE RED CROSS".

MOORE: The rubber shortage is hurting the Red Cross? I don't get ~~it~~ *that*

DURANTE: NEITHER DID CONGRESS TILL I ELUCIDATED. I SAYS: "CONGRESS, WHEN YOU HAVE NO RUBBER, YOU HAVE NO SUSPENDERS, WHEN YOU HAVE NO SUSPENDERS, YOUR PANTS FALL DOWN, WHEN YOUR PANTS FALL DOWN, YOU BECOME A NUDIST. WHEN YOU BECOME A NUDIST, MOSQUITOES BITE YOU. WHEN THE MOSQUITIES GET FINISHED BITING YOU, YOU GOT NO BLOOD. AND WHEN YOU GOT NO BLOOD, WHAT GOOD ARE YOU TO THE RED CROSS?"

MOORE: Jimmy, your logic is so infinitesimal as to be practically *existent* non-~~essential~~.

DURANTE: I LOVE YOU TOO. WHEN I FINISHES, CONGRESS IMMEDIATELY *who's writing the script?* GOES INTO AN UPROAR AND SENATOR TRUMAN SENDS FOR ME.

MOORE: And then?

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DURANTE: SENATOR TRUMAN SENDS ME TO SENATOR BRIDGES, SENATOR BRIDGES SENDS ME TO SENATOR WAGNER - SENATOR WAGNER SENDS ME TO SENATOR TAFT - SENATOR TAFT SENDS ME TO SENATOR PEPPER AND SENATOR PEPPER SENDS ME TO POPPIKOV.

MOORE: Poppikov? Who's he?

DURANTE: HE'S THE DOORMAN -- HE THREW ME OUT!

MOORE: *What* What a humiliation for Durante.

DURANTE: YES, I LOST FACE.

MOORE: Don't worry, ~~Jimmy~~. On you it looks good.

DURANTE: BUT I SOON FEELS BETTER, BECAUSE I GOES OUT AND TAKES THE PULSE OF THE NATION ON THE SUBJECT OF LOVE. AHHHHHH LAVE (SINGS CAMEL TUNE) L-O-O-V-E - LOVE.

EMERSON: Yoo Hoo..Sweetie Pie....Yoo Hoo!

DURANTE: RUN FOR THE FOX HOLES, MEN, IT'S A BLITZ KRIEG!

MOORE: No blitz krieg, Jimmy, it's Toodles, your own love.

EMERSON: Jimmy darling, take me in your arms and fly away with me.

DURANTE: WITH YOU - THAT WOULD BE A FOUR MOTOR JOB.

MOORE: Go ahead Jimmy...I think Toodles is very charming.

EMERSON: Yeah - and so young, too, *Jimmy* Guess how old I am.

DURANTE: OH-H-H-H, ABOUT 18 (PAUSE) YOU HAD A GOOD TIME THERE FOR A MINUTE -- DIDN'T YOU TOODLES?

EMERSON: You're sweet. You know Jimmy -- I don't want much out of life. Just a few diamonds, a winter and summer home, a car and a mink coat. Can a girl ask for anything more?

DURANTE: NOT UNLESS SHE WANTS TO MAKE A PIG OUT OF HERSELF.

MOORE: Jimmy, go ahead and marry the babe *will you?* She's so sweet - so demure.



DURANTE: JUNIOR, YOU'VE CONVINCED ME.. I'LL MARRY TOODLES.

EMERSON: Hallelujah!! And after we're married, mother will come to live with us.

DURANTE: WHAT? THE MARRIAGE IS OFF.

EMERSON: The marriage is off....Why?

DURANTE: I REFUSE TO FIGHT ON TWO FRONTS!

ORCHESTRA...YOU GOTTA START EACH DAY...PLAY OFF

APPLAUSE

MOORE: Going swiftly from the ridiculous to the dramatic, again  
it's the Camel Hall of Fame - where tonight Toodles  
Bongshnook presents -

SOUND: CHINESE GONG

MOORE: The story of "The Man Who Couldn't Say Ah."

EMERSON: (AT PIANO)

There once was a man who just couldn't say "AH!"

No matter what he saw, he just couldn't say "AH!"

A priceless pearl, a pretty girl, a tour through Shangri-La--

This man could see about everything, still he couldn't  
say "AH!"

PETRIE: Well, he just needed to try a Camel in his T-Zone -- "T"  
for taste and throat, everybody's own proving ground for  
Camels' extra flavor and smooth extra mildness!

EMERSON: Now one day this man, I must truthfully record,  
Reported for examination at his local draft board,  
"Now then," said the doctor, "your T-Zone I must see --  
Say, 'Ah!'" "I can't say 'Ah!'" cried the mortified draftee.

PETRIE: I still say that guy ought to try a Camel -- the cool  
smoking, slow burning cigarette that's expertly blended  
of costlier tobaccos!

EMERSON: "I have it!" cried the doctor, "OHO! OHO! AHA!  
I have a very clever way of making you say 'AH!'  
My good man, here's a Camel - now light up - Hip! Hip!  
Hurrah!

Your T-Zone it is perfect!" "And the Camel it is AH!"  
Cried the man, "AHHHHHHH!" cried the man, "AAAAAAH!"

APPLAUSE

(MORE)

PETRIE: Yes, and that could go on and on, because Camels have more flavor, which helps 'em to hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke!

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

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

ORCH: INTRO TO "BIM BAM BOOM"

ORCH: INTRO TO "BIM BAM BOOM"....VAMP UNDER....

MOORE: Forthwith 'tis time for Cugat. The title here, "Bim Bam Boom" - What is that, Cugie, a song or an echo from the scrap drive?

CUGAT: A song, lil Junior. But what it means I cannot imagine. Let's just say it is a rhumba especially arranged for two oboes from the Philharmonic, and three hoboos from the stage-hands union.

ORCH: BIM BAM BOOM

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: THANK YOU VERY MUCH MY DEAR CUGLE. AND THAT DEAR FRIENDS BRINGS US TO A BRAND NEW FEATURE ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THE MORE LITERARY AMONGST US, <sup>that is</sup> THE BRAINY PEOPLE WHO SPEND THEIR SPARE TIME READING HOMER, OVID, CANTERBURY TALES AND TOM SWIFT AT THE BURLESQUE SHOW....THEREFORE, WE PROUDLY PRESENT THE FIRST REPORT OF THE GARRY MOORE MAGAZINE ADVERTISEMENT REVIEW COMMITTEE...ORGANIZED TO BRING DUE HONOR TO THE WRITERS OF THE ADS IN OUR NATION'S MAGAZINES. AND HERE <sup>is</sup> ~~IS OUR~~ MR. MOORE.....

MOORE: Thank you.

DURANTE: ~~FORGET IT.~~ *Thank you*

MOORE: ~~I WILL.~~ *Not at all*

DURANTE: ~~ME TOO.~~

MOORE: AND what a difficult choice was ours to make THIS month, my friends....Among the many ads considered by the committee, we found such exciting titles as "Oh, Mom, He Doesn't Love Me Any More"....."Call The Plumber It's Running Over Again", - and "He Never Knew Until His Dachshund Sniffed At Him." ....None, however, attained the pure literary excellence of one particular advertisement called "Egad! She's Got Gapping Snaps!"....Now to prove the wisdom of our selection, I shall read this ad to you, direct from the magazine in which it first appeared in six nauseating colors. *Now* in this first picture, we see this young girl -- getting dressed to go out. And you can tell she's going to a serviceman's dance.

PETRIE: How can you tell?

- MOORE: She's wearing shin-guards under her formal.....And, in the NEXT picture we see her slipping into her dress.
- PETRIE: Isn't that dress a little skimpy in front?
- MOORE: Well, yes, but you know what they say. Give a girl an inch and she'll wear it to a party...But anyway, her mother is standing beside her and she says to the girl -
- EMERSON: Oh, Belinda! You'll be the prettiest girl at that party!
- MOORE: Which she WILL be...Provided the party is held in a slaughter-house.
- PETRIE: She's not very pretty, is she?
- MOORE: Not very, no. If you will look closely you'll notice she's got coffee eyes...the bags are dated.....BUT <sup>anyhow</sup> at this point in the advertisement, the story changes....We find Belinda in the dressing room, crying her eyes out because the boys have suddenly stopped dancing with her....and the attendant says to the girl.....
- CUGAT: Well, bless my soul, honey-chile - don't you fret yo'self!

MOORE: *Thank you very much* ~~Thank you~~ *wonderful accent isn't it? That's great*  
~~Thank you~~ *Cugie*. But this is the ladies' dressing *Cugie*  
room, you'd better let Toodles read that line.

CUGAT: Oh, excuse me.

MOORE: Quite all right...The attendant says to her -

EMERSON: T'aint no use for you to fret, honey-child! There ain't  
nothin' wrong with yo' personality! You just got GAPPIN'  
SNAPS!

PETRIE: Gappin' snaps?

MOORE: Sure enough, Howard. *so there, you* You can even see the creases in her  
slip where she was run over by a horse-car...But in this  
NEXT picture, the attendant says to her -

EMERSON: Next time, honey, you wear a dress with a little gem slide  
fastener, and you won't have no gapping snaps!

MOORE: So she runs home and *she* gets into a thing with a slide  
fastener. And in this LAST picture, in the advertisement  
she is in the ladies' dressing room again, looking very  
happy. And the attendant says *to her*

CUGAT: Well, bless my soul, honey-chile ..

MOORE: CUGIE, GET OUT OF THERE!... <sup>Goodness</sup> ~~God~~ heavens, what a character!..  
The attendant says *to her*

EMERSON: Honey, you sho's is a happy lookin' girl.

MOORE: And the girl says.

GIBBS: Yes, Mandy, after I changed into my dress with the little  
Gem Slide Fastener, my boy-friend took me to the garden,  
put his arms around me, and said, "Darling - we'll get  
engaged or something."

EMERSON: You'll git engaged or SOMETHIN'....Honey, you take MY  
advice, ~~and~~ you git engaged or NOTHIN'!

MOORE: ...You get engaged or nothin'....Now isn't that a beautiful  
piece of literature, Howard?

PETRIE: (SOBER) Indeed it is.

MOORE: *Ah shades of Chekhov* And to THINK, Howard, *just* *that girl owes her everything to*  
~~To think that she owes it ALL to~~  
*why this is almost too beautiful to hear*  
her little Gem Slide Fastener?....(BUILD SOB) And so  
my friends, as we leave this happy young couple, dreaming  
of a long and happy life buying little zippers for little  
nippers - Miss Georgia Gibbs comes to our microphone to  
sing, "All Or Nothing At All".

CROWD: APPLAUSE

GIBBS: "ALL OR NOTHING AT ALL"

APPLAUSE



PETRIE: Whether he's on a desert or a fog-bound island, in a jungle or a U.S. Camp, American soldiers want U.S. cigarettes, and especially Camels. Take the word of the veterans of nineteen eighteen for that. They know what a Camel means to a man in a shell hole -- they learned it the hard way. That's why it makes us proud that the men of the American Legion are sending Camels by the million to the front lines of 'forty-three. Already American Legion Posts throughout the country have sent over five million Camels overseas, and more orders are pouring in every day. Remember, they're sending Camels because Camels are first in all the services, first according to actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens where today's soldiers, sailors, and Marines spend their own money for cigarettes. Next time, you thank that Yank with a carton, remember Camels -- and think of Camels, too, when you want a better cigarette for you -- yes, a mild, rich-tasting cigarette, a cool-smoking, slow-burning cigarette! Get Camels - they're expertly, matchlessly blended of costlier tobaccos!

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

PETRIE: Camels! Let your throat and your taste decide! Camels!  
Smoke a pack and send a carton!

ORCH: CAMEL PLAYOFF

MOORE: And now, dear friends, we come to the moment for which practically none of you have been waiting. The Camel Thursday Night False Wig and Bustle Club! A fanfare, please!

DURANTE: (SINGS FANFARE) .... WHY PAY THE UNION OVER-TIME?

MOORE: Right you are, James.

DURANTE: And have you any suggestions for tonight's drama, Junior.

MOORE: Well - I thought we might do a historical drama called "The Ride of Paul Revere" - or - "One if by land, two if by sea and cheaper by bus." ... Yuh don't like it?

DURANTE: NOT FOR DURANTE...THAT WOULD HAFTA BE IN TWO LONG SCENES AND I AIN'T ET YET.

MOORE: You ain't et yet?....Please, James - say I have not yet eaten.

DURANTE: OKAY...BUT I KNOW LOTS OF GUYS WHO SAY "I HAVE NOT YET EATEN" WHO AIN'T ET YET.

MOORE: ~~well~~, You'll have to speak correctly anyhow, because the drama for tonight has been chosen, and it's a beautiful thing from the original French.

DURANTE: AH FRENCH. LA-MOOR! LA-MOOR, HA HA! WE WE LA-MOOR! CHURCHILL LA FEMME!

MOORE: Jimmy, where did you learn to speak French like that?

DURANTE: FROM THAT FRENCH RADIO PROGRAM "WEE..WEE THE PEOPLE".

MOORE: No, no, Jimmy. This is going to be cultural. The name *four* ~~is~~ <sup>play</sup> is Cyrano de Bergerac. <sup>God</sup> It's all about a fella with a nose.

DURANTE: A NOSE?

MOORE: Oh, a VERY big nose.

DURANTE: SORRY - I'M AFRAID I'M NOT THE TYPE.

MOORE: *Cut it out, will you!*  
~~Yeah,~~ but this guy was the greatest poet and the greatest sword fighter in all France.... He and his best friend are rivals for the same girl <sup>you see</sup> and in a fit of anger, shots ring out, they are both killed, buildings fall down, boats get sunk, spies get hung and the curtain comes down with everybody dead. Does it begin to sound familiar?

DURANTE: OH SURE! THAT'S "LITTLE AWFUL ANNIE".

MOORE: Well, then <sup>now</sup> here we go....You will play Cyrano; I will play his pal, Mal de Mer; Toodles will play Roxanne; Cugie will play a Spanish War-lord; and the band will play Count Fleet in the Fifth at Belmont....As the curtain rises, we can hear the booming of the Spanish artillery --

SOUND: BOOMING OF CANNON - VERY FAR B.G.

MOORE: You and ~~I~~ <sup>James</sup> have each come to propose to Roxanne before going off to battle with the Spaniards... Cyrano speaks first.

DURANTE: <sup>ah</sup> OH, THERE SHE STANDS ON THE BALCONY - THE LOVELY ROXANNE!  
WHAT A GORGEOUS HUNK OF FEMININ-~~NIN-NINITY!~~ <sup>what a minute - I'll get it.</sup> WHAT A GORGEOUS HUNK OF FEMININ-~~NIN-NINITY!~~ <sup>A Bunch</sup> WHO WROTE THIS - GEORGE BERNARD SCHWARTZ I'LL CONTINUE. (CALLING) AH, FAIR ROXANNE, <sup>let</sup> ~~LEAVE~~ US HEAR YOUR SWEET VOICE.

EMERSON: Hi'yuh, kids!

MOORE: Ah Roxanne <sup>you have</sup> ~~You've~~ got the voice of Kirstin Flagstad. And you better give it back to her - you're getting cracks in it. Tell me, Cyrano - do you think our love for her will be fatal?

DURANTE: NOT UNLESS SHE FALLS ON US FROM THAT BALCONY...<sup>and</sup> ~~BUT~~ THEN,  
I GUESS HER WEIGHT IS HER OWN BUSINESS!

MOORE: Yes, and she's worked up a nice business..., <sup>hasn't she</sup>

SOUND: CANNON - B.G.

MOORE: Is that <sup>the</sup> sound of nearby Spanish cannons?

EMERSON: <sup>ah</sup> Silly boy. There are no cannons. It's your imagination.

SOUND: BOOM - WHISTLE - THEN A THUD

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE! HIS IMAGINATION JUST KNOCKED MY HAT RIGHT  
OFF MY HEAD!...I'M CHECKIN' OUT!

CUGAT: Ah, pardon me, please, gentlemen.

MOORE: What ho! A Spaniard!

CUGAT: Tell me - did my cannonball go by here?

MOORE: It did! You'll find it in yonder well,

CUGAT: How do you like that? A hole in one!

DURANTE: WHO ARE YOU STRANGER?

CUGAT: I <sup>am</sup> Don Xavier, Don Jose, Don Manuelo....Don Cugat.

MOORE: With that mustache you look more like Don a gopher hole  
with gun and camera.

EMERSON: Ah, my lovers, forget the Spaniards. This is a night for  
love. The trees smell, the flowers smell, the  
grasses....everything smells.

DURANTE: OH - YOU'RE JUST SELF-CONSCIOUS.

EMERSON: But Cyrano - you came to speak of love. Have you written a poem for me?

DURANTE: THAT I HAVE, OH BABE...LISTEN. YOU'RE FULL OF RADIANT BEAUTY, FROM YOUR TOES UP TO YOUR LIPS, AND IN MY ARMS. I'LL CARRY YOU OFF -- BUT I'LL HAFTA MAKE TWO TRIPS.

EMERSON: (SWOONING)... Ah, you send me, Cyrano!...How can I help but love you.

DURANTE: ~~DID~~ <sup>Do</sup> YOU HEAR THAT, JUNIOR? I KNOW THERE'S A MILLION GOOD-LOOKING GUYS BUT I'M A NOVELTY.

MOORE: Oh, pay no head to his poetry, Roxanne - think of his age. Why ~~he's~~ <sup>the guy!</sup> so old he can remember the Big Dipper when it was just a Dixie Cup!

EMERSON: Ah, yes...I'm afraid I love you, too, dear Junior.

DURANTE: DEAR JUNIOR!...CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT! ONE MINUTE I'M A KING SEATED ON MY THRONE - THE NEXT MINUTE I'M A JOKER THROWN ON MY SEAT! COME COME, MY SWEET! THE BATTLE AWAITS! TELL ME, WILL YOU MARRY ME?

MOORE: Oh, thank you!

*Moore: Excuse me.*

DURANTE: I MEANT THE DAME! ~~...~~ ROXANNE. - WILL YOU MARRY ME?

EMERSON: No, no - a thousand times, no.

MOORE: A thousand times no?...My, my - that's a lot of no's you've got there, Cyrano.

DURANTE: A LOT OF NOSE?...NOW LOOKIT, JUNIOR - YOU'RE MY CHUM - BUT I CAN'T STAND FOR NO CRACKS ABOUT MY SHNOZZ...DRAW YOUR SWORD!

SOUND: SWORDS DRAWN

MOORE: *Very well* This is the best way after all - a fight to the death - and the survivor gets the girl...En garde.

SOUND: CLINKING OF SWORDS

DURANTE: WATCH YOURSELF - YOU FOULED ME.

MOORE: ~~I couldn't help it~~ *well then* get your nose out of my eyes. ~~En~~ garde.

MOORE AND DURANTE: SOUNDS OF EXERTION

DURANTE: (PANTING)...NOW THEN, MY INSULTING FRIEND - DO YOU GIVE UP?

MOORE: No I don't give up.

DURANTE: THEN GET OFFA ME!

EMERSON: Oh, to think that your love for me should bring you both to this?

MOORE: You're right, Roxanne! I almost wish we had never seen you hanging over your balcony!

DURANTE: WHICH ONLY PROVES ~~...~~ *the old saying* - NO GOOD EVER CAME OUT OF A HANG-OVER!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

ORCH: ~~WHO WILL BE WITH YOU~~

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 twenty year old First Lieutenant Lark Martin, of Fitzgerald, Georgia, the youngest American pilot of a four motored bomber. During a raid in the South Pacific, his Liberator was attacked by eighteen Zeros, two of which were shot down by his crew members. Though his aileron controls and one engine were shot out, and the plane riddled with more than four hundred bullet holes, he brought it back safely to its base. In your honor, Lieutenant Martin, the makers of Camels are sending to our men in the South Pacific three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes. We salute you and your crew, Lieutenant Lark Martin!

MUSIC:       FANFARE

*Applause*

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 add sixteen more camps this week to a two year total of more than nineteen hundred free performances given with free Camels to nearly three million service men.

(more)

ORCH:            THEME

PETRIE:           Listen to each of the four Camel shows -- tomorrow, the  
Camel Comedy Caravan, with Jack Carson, Lucille Ball and  
Monty Wooley; Saturday, Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks;"  
Monday, "Blondie;" and next Thursday Xavier Cugat,  
Georgia Gibbs.....

MOORE:           And Jimmy Durante.

DURANTE:        AND GARRY MOORE

MOORE:           Thank you, James.

DURANTE:        THANK YOU, JUNIOR.

MOORE:           Forget it.

DURANTE:        I WILL.

MOORE:           Me, too. Goodnight ~~to~~ *everybody - see you later*

ORCH:           THEME & APPLAUSE



ANNOUNCER: We say, if you make a really good pipe tobacco, men will see to it that their friends try it. It worked that way with Prince Albert, and now good P.A. is far and away the largest-selling pipe tobacco in America -- has been for years. Try Prince Albert yourself. See how cool and comfortable it is on your tongue, because P.A.'s no-bite treated. Packs just right to stay lit and draw easily, too, because Prince Albert's crimp cut. You get around fifty mild, mellow, better-tasting pipefuls in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert. Get P.A. for Pipe Appeal! It's the National Joy Smoke!

/nc  
5/25/43 pm

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