

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

(REVISED)

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

**AS
BROADCAST**

THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1943
NBC NETWORK
10:00 - 10:30 PM

PROGRAM NO. 13

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

XAVIER CUGAT

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

HOPE EMERSON

PAUL LUTHER

51454 3831

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 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!

But right now let's dust off Tumultuous Ovation 47-D for the young man who runs our show; a young fella who is never asleep on his feet - but who has a short nap on his head....And here he is - Garry Moore.

APPLAUSE .

MOORE: Well - thank you. Thank you VRRY much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen. *No.* Nice to have you with us for tonight's rat-race. *Don't it, Howard?*

PETRIE: I'll say, boy - and such a nice BIG crowd!

MOORE: Oh, it's packed...And it's funny, you know - it's been that way ever since we started printing Jack Benny on the tickets....I wanna tell you one thing, though, friends, you can't find a cooler place in New York than Rockefeller Centre....You see those big holes in the ceiling?... That's where the washed air comes in....Mr. Rockefeller personally sits up in there with a damp sponge and washes each piece of air as it comes in....And not only that, *this is a completely* ~~the place is~~ *antiseptic studio* healthy.....We have germ-proof microphones, hermetically sealed control rooms, sterilized back-drops and before each show we boil the announcers....And you've gotta admit that's a lot nicer than having the announcer go out and get boiled on his own.....But come now, let's get down to *answering the week's mail* ~~the business of the evening~~....Is Toodles Bongshnook *here?* ~~anywhere around?~~

~~PETRIE: Just a minute, I'll find out. (CALLING OFF). HOW MUCH IS FOUR AND FOUR?~~

~~EMERSON: (OFF MIKE). FIVE!~~

~~MOORE: Yup she's here.....Good evening, Toodles.~~

EMERSON: *Yes* Hello Mr. Moore! *And* I can't tell you how nice it is to see YOU.

CAMEL SHOW
6/17/43

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(REVISED)

MOORE: Well, thanks...And I can't tell you how EASY it is to see YOU! Miss Bongshnook is looking just ravishing this evening, ladies, in a lovely tea gown of unfinished mattress ticking. It has a charming ^{sort of grey tulip effect on it} ~~flower pattern~~ which makes her look exactly like a well-kept grave. What do you call that creation, Toodles. Low Tide at Coney Island?

EMERSON: I wouldn't say too much about other people's clothes, Mr. Moore...You always look as though you'd ^{were} ~~been~~ reading Esquire upside-down.

MOORE: Ha ha ha -- ^{thank you - thank you very much - now} ~~that's sweet of you, dear...~~ But let's get down to the mail, shall we?

EMERSON: Very well.....This first letter is from a Mrs. Irma Bonsal.

MOORE: What's irkin' Irma?

EMERSON: Well, she says that her sister eloped with a soldier last week. And she wants to know if, now that her sister is already married, should she give her a shower.

MOORE: Well ^{oh dear} ~~ha ha ha~~....Look, Irma - if your sister is old enough to get married, she's old enough to wash herself.... Next letter, please.

51454 3834

EMERSON: This one is from Mrs. Catherine Weaver, of Richmond, Virginia. She's in charge of a young people's recreation group, and she wants to know what the latest dance craze is in New York.

MOORE: Well, to tell ^{you} the truth, I haven't done much dancing recently, Mrs. Weaver....~~In my youth I did the Big Apple so well I got fan mail from worms..I did go to see a dance recital the other night,~~ ^{in New York here} though--starring that eminent ballerina, Miss Gypsy Rose Lee...You can certainly tell ^{that Miss Lee's feeling the heat} ~~it's summer time,~~ too - she's changed into her short beads.....But the newest thing I saw there was a girl who had a terrific novelty dance....All she had on was a lot of white paint.

EMERSON: What a novelty!...Won't she get arrested?

MOORE: Uh - not ^{unless} ~~until~~ the novelty wears off....Next letter, please.

EMERSON: But wait - you still haven't answered her question - what is the hottest thing in New York.

MOORE: *Oh* The answer to that, dear Toodles, is very simple.

ORCH: YOU GOTTA START EACH DAY

MOORE: The hottest thing in New York this year or any year is a half a portion of man with two portions of profile... ^{That's right --} ~~You know who I mean --~~ it's Jimmy Durante, in person.

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START EACH DAY

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG.....
WELL JUNIOR...IT'S JUNE. YES IT'S JUNE, JUNIOR.

MOORE: Yes James, it's June...It's June, James.

DURANTE: A WHIMSICAL THOUGHT. *M: Yes, it is* YOU KNOW JUNIOR...~~AS~~ I WAS PUTTERING
AROUND IN MY VICTORY GARDEN WHEN I SEES A LITTLE WORM STICK
ITS HEAD ABOVE THE GROUND. THE LITTLE WORM LOOKS AROUND
AND SEES ANOTHER LITTLE WORM STICK ITS HEAD OUT OF THE
GROUND. SO I EAVESDRIPS. THE FIRST LITTLE WORM SAYS TO
THE SECOND LITTLE WORM "HOW DO YOU DO? YOU'RE VERY PRETTY.
I WOULD LIKE TO MARRY YOU." AND THE SECOND LITTLE WORM
SAYS "DON'T BE A DOPE I'M YOUR OTHER END."

MOORE: Well just as you said, it's June, James, and even the
worms are thinking of love, romance and stuff like that
there.

(REVISED)

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DURANTE: INEVITABLY - ~~AND YOU NOTICE I USE THE SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.~~ *you know*
GARRY, YOU MUST READ MY NEW BOOK "HOW TO INFLUENCE YOUR
BOY FRIEND TO PROPOSE AND ONCE HE'S YOUR HUSBAND HOW TO
KEEP HIM AND IF YOU GET TIRED OF HIM HOW TO THROW HIM IN
THE ASHCAN" BY DOROTHY DIX DURANTE.

MOORE: Jimmy, I can see you're a real Romeo, a real Don Juan.

DURANTE: YES, ~~I'M~~ *and* A REGULAR CASABLANCA. *you know she keeps* ~~I-KEEPS~~ COMPANY WITH A
GIRL FROM THE SHIPYARD. SHE FALLS FOR ME LIKE A TON OF
BRICKS AND SHE'S THE ONE WHO CAN DO IT, *Every time she out with her* TOO. SHE POUTS
AT MY CUPID BOW LIPS--SHE QUIVERS AT MY DAINTY NOSTRILS. *and*
ONLY YESTERDAY SHE SAYS: "JIMMY, TAKE ME FOR YOUR WIFE."
AND THE SECOND THING I ~~SAID~~ *said* WAS "YES"!

MOORE: The second thing? What was the first thing you said?

DURANTE: TAKE YOUR FOOT OFF MY FACE!

MOORE: *Oh, that won't very nice if you James -*
Jimmy, a gentleman would *say* "Kindly remove your foot
from my pan."

DURANTE: IS THAT RIGHT--I MUST BRUSH UP ON MY POLICE GAZETTE.

SOUND: PHONE

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE, GARRY, I'LL TAKE THAT. HELLO! YES, THIS IS
CUPID DURANTE. OH IT'S YOU. I'M ALWAYS HAPPY TO HEAR FROM
YOU. ~~YOU KNOW, I'M SIMPLY CRAZY ABOUT YOU.~~ PEOPLE SAY WE
WERE MEANT FOR EACH OTHER AND THAT YOU BELONG TO ME AND I
BELONG TO YOU AND WE (SHOULD) NEVER, NEVER PART. I HOPE WE
CAN ALWAYS BE TOGETHER AND GO ON LIKE THIS FOR YEARS AND
YEARS AND YEARS....GOODBYEEEEEE.

MOORE: Who was that, your sweetheart?

DURANTE: NO, THAT WAS MY SPONSOR.

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

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT, ^{You know} IF I WASN'T IN SUCH
A LOVEABLE MOOD I'D RESEMBLE THAT!

MOORE: Oh ^{now James} let's not lose our tempers in June when the love bug is
in the air....flitting here and there, to try and bite some
lady fair.

EMERSON: (OFF MIKE) Oh it bit me. (GIGGLES) I'm in love! I'm in
love!

MOORE: Jimmy, it's Toodles, Toodles Bongshnook!

DURANTE: JUMP INTO THE TRENCHES, BOY~~X~~, HERE COMES A BLOCK BUSTER.

EMERSON: Isn't it wonderful! I'm in love.

DURANTE: TOODLES -- LET'S YOU AND ME GET MARRIED.

EMERSON: ^{Oh} No, no! - not that!

DURANTE: TOODLES YOU MUST. AND AFTER WE GET MARRIED, I'LL LET YOU
BRING YOUR MOTHER TO LIVE WITH US. I'LL LET YOU GO
THROUGH MY POCKETS AND TAKE MY MONEY. I'LL EVEN CLEAN THE
HOUSE, WASH THE DISHES, SCRUB THE FLOORS --

EMERSON: You will? Jimmy....let's get married right now.

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE. DON'T YOU THINK I'M JUST A LITTLE BIT NUTS!

MOORE: After all, Jimmy, June is the month for weddings and you
and Toodles would make a lovely couple.

DURANTE: LISTEN, JUNIOR, I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF WEDDINGS FOR A WHILE.

MOORE: Oh--how come?

Feel listen to this - 8-9

(REVISED)

DURANTE:

A FRIEND OF MINE GETS MARRIED AND I'M THE BEST MAN. ^{*And*} AT
THE CEREMONY, THE MINISTER IS READY TO PRONOUNCE THEM
HUSBAND AND WIFE. SO HE ASKS ME FOR THE RING. I LOOKS IN
MY VEST POCKET AND ~~TAKES OUT~~ ^{*what do I find. I finds*} A BUTTON HOOK, A TELEPHONE
SLUG, A WILKIE BUTTON AND A VITAMIN PILL... BUT NO RING.
SO I LOOKS IN MY WATCH POCKET. ^{*what do I find. I finds*} I ~~TAKES OUT~~ A MOTH BALL,
A GOLF BALL, A BASEBALL AND A BASKETBALL -- STILL NO RING!
SO I LOOKS IN MY COAT POCKET, AND ^{*what do I find...*} ~~I TAKES OUT~~ A CUPCAKE
WITH THE RAISINS INSIDE, AN AVOCADO WITH THE PITS INSIDE
AND A NAPKIN WITH THE SILVERWARE INSIDE. AND STILL NO
RING. BUT I GOES ON LOOKING AND LOOKING AND LOOKING --
AND WHILE I'M LOOKING, HE GETS MARRIED, GOES ON HIS
HONEYMOON, COMES BACK, GETS DIVORCED, MEETS ANOTHER GIRL,
GETS ENGAGED, DECIDES TO GET MARRIED AGAIN AND HE ASKS ME
TO BE HIS BEST MAN! I SAYS: "NO I'M TOO BUSY"-- HE SAYS:
"DOING WHAT" -- I SAYS: "LOOKING FOR THAT GOSH DARN RING!"
WHAT AN EXPERIENCE!

MUSIC: START OFF EACH DAY PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

51454 3839

MOORE: And as Brother Durante crawl into a salt-water-taffy machine to pull himself together, we turn again to the Camel Hall of Fame - Tonight starring Toodles Bongshnook, and --

SOUND: CHINESE GONG

MOORE: The Story of A Friendly Cop.

ORCH: INTRODUCTION

EMERSON: Now here is the tale of a friendly cop~~X~~ whose name was Clancy Smidge.

He was hired to take the dimes from a booth on a parkway bridge.

He liked to greet the autos and to pass the time of day-- Till the people got their A-books from the OPA.

PETRIE: Now you all know what O.P. and A. stand for --but if you don't know what "T" stands for, I'll tell you it means taste and throat, your own T-Zone proving ground for Camel's rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness.

EMERSON: Now one day Clancy paced the bridge as lonely as could be-- He'd only taken thirteen dimes in nineteen forty-three. When all at once he turned around--and rolling toward the gates

Was Clancy's dream of loveliness--a blonde on roller skates!

PETRIE: Ah--ah, Clancy! Remember, be cool and slow burning like a Camel! Of course, it's easier ^{with} ~~for~~ a Camel, because Camels are expertly, matchlessly blended of costlier tobaccos!

EMERSON: Well Clancy smiled a smile he's saved since rationing began,
And said, "Sit down -- light up a Camel--the extra-flavored brand!"
Well, they married. Right beside the bridge they've got a house and lot--
And Clancy doesn't give a hoot if the cars come by--or not!

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: Because, of course, there's nothing like having a beautiful blonde bride on roller skates -- and Camels. You see Camels do have more flavor--the extra flavor that helps 'em hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke!

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

PETRIE: Camels! Let your throat and your taste decide!

ORCH: INTRO TO "ESTRELLITA".....VAMP UNDER:

ORCH: INTRO TO "ESTRELLITA"....VANP UNDER

MOORE: All of which finds us face to face with some perfect behavior from ^{General} ~~Uncle~~ Xavier....Cugie - what're yuh gonna play?

CUGAT: Well - what would you like?

MOORE: I'd like Myrna Loy.

CUGAT: *Still*, I'd like Betty Grable. But we'll settle for "Estrellita", no?

MOORE: "Estrellita" - yes.

ORCH: ESTRELLITA

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS MR. XAVIER CUGLE PLAYING "ES-TRA-YEETA"... WHICH IS HIS OWN FAULT....AND GLANCING DOWN MY SKE-DOOLEY, I SEE THAT OUR NEXT ITEM IS MR. GARRY MOORE WITH A SONG. NO LESS.

MOORE: Well don't sound so distressed about it, James....After all, my voice is prettier than my face.

DURANTE: IT WOULD ALMOST HAVE TO BE.

MOORE: Thank you....So bear with me, as I sing for the people that wonderful old song "It's Only a Shanty In Old Shanty Town"...Cugie?

ORCHESTRA: SHANTY TOWN - (FIRST 8 IN STRAIGHT TEMPO, THEN FADE BAND TO B.G. AND FIDDLES ONLY)

MOORE: Ahhh, I loved you passionately, Gloria Slobnik!...I loved you, do you hear me - love you from the very instant that your eyes crossed mine; and for one thrilling moment we were cross-eyed together..^{al}It was Spring, my darling - Spring, with the petunias petuning, the snap-dragons snapping, the Belgian lillies bel - er, blooming.....And there you stood, with your tray in your hand....You were a car-hop at the Drive-In Hamburger Stand....In fact you were the head car-hop...Hop-head Slobnik, they called you then....

MOORE:
(CONT'D)

... And I looked at you with your hazel eyes, your almond skin, your chestnut hair - you were the nuts! ... With the setting sun in the background, you were a sight, my pigeon, to behold -to be pigeon-holed ... I was a poor unemployed vagabond then. I had trained all my life to be a window-dresser in a department store - but I quit when I found out these girls aren't real ... But nevertheless, I asked you to be mine - and you said no - so I slugged you with a brick ... ^{But} It was beautiful in jail that summer - with moss growing down the north side of the warden, and honey-suckle twined 'roundst the hot seat ... ~~And you took pity on my, Gloria, and wrote to me regularly once a week - for one week ...~~ Oh, we could've been so happy together ... But then -

ORCH: OMINOUS CHORD

MOORE: It happened ... I was paroled and we were sitting in the park. I don't know which one of us noticed it first - that faint touch of breeze in the fetid summer air ... But gradually it became stronger, ~~and little bits of paper began to whirl across the grass.~~

SOUND: SNEAK IN WIND AND BUILD UNDER FOLLOWING

MOORE: The trees, so long in stillness, began to bend and shake in the grip of the wind ... In the far-off sky we saw it coming like a thing alive ... And ^{then} ~~that~~ a stranger shouted -

PETRIE: Tornado! Tornado! ... RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! ... TORNADO!

MOORE: Tornado!...My darling! Run for the buildings - run! ... No, no! Don't stand under that tree, Gloria! ...GLORIA, THE TREE! THE TREE!

SOUND: GREAT SPLINTERING CRASH

MOORE: (SCREAM)

MOORE: SHANTY TOWN (LAST 3 AND OUT)

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: MR. MOORE, NEVER HAVE I HEARD A MORE DELIGHTFULLY MELODIC
MONOTONE.

MOORE: Thank you, *James, thank you.*

DURANTE: ^{Cal}~~BUT~~ NOW WE COME TO THE TETE-A-TETE PART OF THE PROGRAM
IN WHICH MISS GEORGIA GIBBS SINGS. WHAT IS IT, GEORGIA?

GIBBS: The Right Kind of Love.

DURANTE: DEDICATED TO ME.

GIBBS: THE RIGHT KIND OF LOVE

APPLAUSE

PETRIE:

Now it's no use trying to get Dad a convertible coupe or a set of white sidewalls for Father's Day on Sunday -- but I'll give you a tip. We've got plenty of Camels -- and a carton or two of cool, slow-burning Camels will make Dad wish June twentieth came once a week. You see, Camels have more flavor, the extra flavor that helps Camels wear well, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke. Dad will like the way Camels are so mild, too -- with the smooth extra mildness that goes with slow burning and cool smoking -- the extra mildness that goes with expert, matchless blending of costlier tobaccos.

CHORUS:

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

PETRIE:

Camels! And of course, if your Dad is in the service, keep on sending him plenty of Camels -- the cigarette that's first with men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard, according to actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.

ORCH:

PLAYOFF

MOORE: Once again it's time for the Thursday Night False Wig and Bustle Club. Tonight ^{my friend,} we bring you a newspaper drama entitled... "The Three Scoops" or "Chocolate, Vanilla and Strawberry."

DURANTE:

THAT'S WHAT I CALL GOOD HUMOR. *And you've got just the suit for it. Cut it out, will you!*

MOORE:

Now, Jimmy in this play we're going to be Moore and Durante, a couple of ace reporters.

DURANTE:

REPORTERS? ^{See} HAVE YOU GOT A NOSE FOR NEWS?

MOORE:

No, but ^{don't worry about it} you got enough for both of us. ^{ad: Oh yeah.} Now our story opens in the offices of the Daily Anemic. We call it the Daily Anemic, folks, because its circulation is very poor. (SILLY LAUGH)

DURANTE:

FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

MOORE:

Music Maestro.....

MUSIC BRIDGE: FADE DOWN AND OUT

SOUND: NEWSPAPER PRESSES...HOLD

DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: STOP THE PRESS...STOP THE PRESS! (SOUND OUT)

MOORE: What's the matter, Jimmy?

DURANTE: THE IRON IS TOO HOT. THEY'RE BURNING MY PANTS.

EDITOR: Hey you two lugs. Did you get any news?

DURANTE: NO CHIEF, THE PAPER I WAS READING GOT OFF AT 14TH STREET.

MOORE: Oh gee--Now you'll never know if Dick Tracy found 88 keys
in that hay loft.

EDITOR: *Now look --*
What kind of reporters are you? What have you boys been
doing?

DURANTE: CHIEF, I BEEN WRITING A STORY ABOUT BABIES. LITTLE
CUDDELY BABIES.

EDITOR: Babies! Babies! Babies! Why do you keep writing about
babies?

DURANTE: OH, I DON'T KNOW....IT'S THE MOTHER INSTINCT IN ME.

EDITOR: (EXCITED) Babies, babies....Who cares if Mrs. Jones is
going to have a baby? Who cares if Mrs. Jones is going
to have twins. Who cares if Mrs. Jones is going to
have triplets. Who cares?

MOORE: Mr. Jones!

EDITOR: All right, all right. *Now look, fellas*
We have a chance to make this
paper the greatest in the city, because our competitor,
the Evening Sun just failed -- it went under. What do you
think of that?

MOORE AND (SINGS) (ST. LOUIS BLUES) WE HATE TO SEE THE EVENING SUN
DURANTE: GO DOWN.....

EDITOR: All right, all right.

SOUND: TELETYPE

EDITOR: Wait, ^{a minute} there's something coming over the teletype. ^{Now} Listen
to this -- there's a rumor that there's a spy in the
Shipyard. There's a story for you guys -- go out and
get it. Get everything down in writing. Scoops how's
your shorthand?

DURANTE: IT'S GROWING, THANK YOU.

EDITOR: ^{Now listen} I'll hold you responsible for this, Moore. I want you to
come back with a story that'll make your hair stand on
end.

MOORE: Are you kidding? Come on, Jimmy.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: Say, what'll we do if we run into that gang of spies.

DURANTE: WHAT'LL WE DO? LEAVE IT TO ME. I'LL WALK RIGHT INTO THAT MOB, GRAB THE LEADER BY THE COLLAR, PULL THE GUN OUT OF HIS HAND, PUNCH HIM IN THE NOSE, THEN PICK HIM UP BODILY AND THROW HIM OUT THE WINDOW. NOW THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I WANT YOU TO DO, JUNIOR.

MOORE: *Yeah* What's that?

DURANTE: TALK ME OUT OF IT!

MUSIC: BRIDGE INTO--

SOUND: STREET NOISES...NOISES TO B.G.

MOORE: Hay, taxi! Taxi!

SOUND: CAR FADES ON FAST

MOORE: Driver take us to the Ship Yard.

PETRIE: Oh no! I'm afraid to drive a cab. I'm a coward. I tell you...I'm scared!

DURANTE: SCARED...WHY?

PETRIE: I'm a yellow-cab driver!

~~MOORE: Just our luck we get a wacky hackie.~~

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: SHIPYARD NOISES..RIVETING AND CHANGING..HOLD B.G.

MOORE: Say, some Shipyard--eh? I hope we can get a front page spread for the chief. Look Jimmy there's a submarine.

DURANTE: WHAT'S THAT THING ON TOP?

MOORE: That's a conning tower.

DURANTE: YES, AND THE REST OF THE SHIP IS VERY CUTE TOO.

MOORE: ~~Say, some shipyard, huh?~~ Hey look there's a lady riveter. Maybe she can help us with our spy story.

SOUND: RIVETING... (GIRL GIGGLES)..RIVETING... (GIRL GIGGLES)

MOORE: Lady, why do you laugh while you rivet?

EMERSON: It tickles. Oh, here comes the boss of the shipyard. If he sees me talking to you...

MOORE: Don't worry. I'll get rid of him.

EMERSON: How can you get rid of the boss of the shipyard?

MOORE: Watch ^{this} / (CALLS) Henry -- Henry Kaiser!

VOICE: Coming Mother.

EMERSON: My you certainly are clever!

DURANTE: YOU'RE SOMEWHAT PULCHRITUDINOUS YOURSELF, LITTLE GIRL. MAY I ENQUIRE YOUR NAME?

EMERSON: Why, ^{didn't you know?} I am Mahta Hairy.

DURANTE: WHAT A COINCIDENCE.... I'M MAH-TA HAIRY TOO, ESPECIALLY AROUND THE CHEST. MAY I CARRY YOUR LUNCH PAIL?

EMERSON: Thank you. But ^{yes} you ~~ll have to~~ ^{will} wait while I check out.

(FADING) Don't go away now.

(REVISED)

It's a dirty laugh -24- want it?

MOORE: Jimmy, did she say her name was Mata Hari? Why look -
she's a spy!

SOUND: LOUD TICKING OF CLOCK (METRONOME) IN B.G. THROUGH
FOLLOWING

MOORE: Listen, Jimmy, there's a ticking noise in ^{her} that lunch
pail.

DURANTE: MAYBE SHE'S HAVING CRICKETS FOR LUNCH.

MOORE: Crickets nothing, Jimmy. That's ^{thing is} a time bomb.

DURANTE: DON'T BE ^{So} NY-EVE, JUNIOR, SHE WOULDN'T PUT A BOMB IN
THERE...WHY IF IT EVER WENT OFF IT WOULD RUIN HER LUNCH.

MOORE: Yeah, yeah, I never thought of ^{if} that ^{way} but you better call
up the editor.

DURANTE: OKAY.

SOUND: PHONE UP.....DIALING

DURANTE: HELLO, CHIEF? THIS IS SCOOPS DURANTE.
WE'RE ON THE TRAIL OF A SPY....AND I'M HOLDING HER
LUNCH PAIL.

EDITOR: (TELEPHONE FILTER) I don't care about her lunch pail..
did you get a front page spread? →*

DURANTE: DID I GET IT! STAND BY FOR A REPORT.

SOUND: TERRIFIC EXPLOSION....TIN CRASH...GLASS CRASH (LONG)

EDITOR: Durante! Durante, did you get a front page spread?

MOORE: NO BUT HE'S SPREAD ALL OVER THE FRONT PAGE.

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

ORCH: MARCH

*Moore: Wait a minute -- wait a minute. Hold every thing. You didn't
finish dialing the phone before you got the chief. I mean
television is one thing but telephony --- nothing doing! Pick it
again (Repeat from D: Hello Chief)*

51454 3853

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

ORCH: FAMFARE

LUTHER: To Sergeant John Jeans of Stamps, Arkansas, who has just been awarded the Soldier's Medal for heroism in the South Pacific. In charge of a rescue boat, Sergeant Jeans steered for an American flier parachuting to the water after a mid-air collision. When the rescue boat became grounded in mud, Jeans leaped from the boat, crawled, swam, and walked through more than a mile of treacherous mud flats to reach and rescue the fallen pilot. In your honor, Sergeant Jeans, the makers of Camels are sending to our men in the South Pacific three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes. We salute you, Sergeant John Jeans.

APPLAUSE AND

ORCH: 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 this 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 eighteen more performances this week to a two-year total of more than two thousand free performances given with free Camels to audiences of nearly three million service men.

ORCH: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU

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

MOORE: A beautiful note, James, but we'd better get off the
 radio or it ^{is gonna} ~~will~~ be a heck of a note.

DURANTE: YOU GONNA CATCH THE NEXT TRAIN TO LARCHMONT?

MOORE: No, I'm going out to buy my wife a little present, *James*
 A box of pocket handkerchiefs.

DURANTE: OH A LITTLE SURPRISE, EH?

MOORE: Yes, a little surprise - she's expecting a mink coat.
 You won't join me, will you?

DURANTE: NO I'M SORRY I'M GONNA MEET MY GIRL FRIEND, AND TAKE
 HER TO THE RAINBOW ROOM. I'VE BEEN TAKING HER TO THE
 RAINBOW ROOM EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK.

MOORE: But *James* ~~Jimmy~~ - the Rainbow Room has been closed for months.

DURANTE: NO WONDER I NEVER GET WAITED ON.

MOORE: Goodnight Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOODNIGHT MR. MOORE.

Moore:
 ORCH:

Goodnight everybody -- see you later
PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

Durante: Let's go home, Mrs. Moore

PETRIE: Listen to each of the four Camel shows -- tomorrow, a special edition of the Camel Comedy Caravan, starring Rudy Vallee, ^{Dorothy Lamour,} Victor Borge, Bill Thompson, and the King Sisters; 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 UP AND DOWN

PETRIE: *This is Howard Petrie with*
Just one more reminder that Sunday is Father's Day. Get Dad a carton of extra-flavored Camels -- he'll like 'em!

ORCH: THEME UP

APPLAUSE

(SWITCH OVER TO 8B FOR HITCH HIKE)

ANNOUNCER: Say, sons and daughters, do you know that more American fathers smoke Prince Albert than any other pipe tobacco in America -- and have for years? That's why a big pound package of good P.A. is a gift that's mighty sure to please Dad on Father's Day this Sunday. You know, Prince Albert is no-bite treated for cool, tongue-happy smoking comfort, and crimp-cut to pack and draw and burn just right. Get Dad a pound of mild, mellow better-tasting Prince Albert! It's the National Joy Smoke!

CH/DB
8:30 PM
6/15/43

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