

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

(REVISED)

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

**AS
BROADCAST**

THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1943
NBC NETWORK
10:00 - 10:30 PM

PROGRAM NO. 14

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

XAVIER CUGAT

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

HOPE EMERSON

PAUL LUTHER

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(REVISED)

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 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-3!

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, Georgia Gibbs and
the music of Xavier Cugat...brought to you by Camel....
the cigarette that's extra-mild, slow-burning, cool-
smoking, rich tasting, better!
And right now meet our master of ceremonies - a young man
who's going places so fast that even his hair takes a
short cut....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. ~~It~~ nice to have
 you with us ... Just a few minutes before the show went
 on, a lady stopped ^{me} me out in the lobby and asked if she
 could say hello to her little boy in Altoona, Pennsylvania..
 He listens to our program every Thursday night - apparently
~~she~~ ^{his mother} she doesn't care what becomes of him - and she wanted to
 say hello/... ^{to him} Now I know there are a lot of people here
 who'd like to do the same thing, so all together, now -
 we'll take five seconds to say hello to the folks back
 home, then/forget it ^{we can} ~~it~~ ^{think of somebody you want to say hello to -} All together now - (BIZ) ^{here we go}
~~That's fine~~ .. Who said, "Hi ^{yah} stinky?" ~~That's a fine~~ ^{this is no time}
~~thing to call~~ ^{I send messages to} your mother-in-law.... BUT, with that out
 of the way, now, we can get down to the program itself.

EMERSON:

Oh, I DO hope it's funny, Mr. Moore! I'm just ALL EARS!

MOORE:

Ha ha ha - Toodles, that's just your opinion... why with
 your ^{shape} ~~build~~, if you ever get married they'll hafta throw
 puffed rice ... How much do you weigh, anyhow?

EMERSON:

Only 175.

MOORE:

^{Only} A hundred and seventy-five ... Stripped?

EMERSON:

No - the drug-store was crowded at the time.

MOORE:

Hmm - I see your point.

EMERSON:

But if this laundry shortage keeps up in New York, I
 soon WILL be stripped.

MOORE:

Yes, isn't it awful? .. ^{you know} I usta worry about how many
 shirts I wore a week. Now I worry about how many weeks
 I wear a shirt.

EMERSON: Isn't it the truth?

MOORE: I know they say cleanliness is next to Godliness - but in New York it's next to impossible.

EMERSON: What are people gonna DO about it, Mr. Moore?

MOORE: Toodles, I am ^{awfully} glad you asked me that - because Mrs. Moore and I have just opened a home laundry...Ladies - when wash-day comes, are you up to your hips in chips?.... Are you up to your dome in foam?...Have your eyes got bags from scrubbin' your rags?...Let Mrs. Moore and me put your duds in our suds.

EMERSON: Oh, now wait a minute.

MOORE: Ladies - our laundry is guaranteed 100% safe...Mr. Downdrink W. Upswing of 40 Brookside Drive, says -

LUTHER: I sent my wool sweater to Mr. Moore's Non-Shrink Laundry... Yesterday the sweater was returned....Does anybody know a frigid midget?

MOORE: So if YOU have a laundry problem, friends - call Mrs. Moore or myself and get our washing schedule....On Mondies it's undies - on Fridays, didies!

EMERSON: What about Thursdays?

MOORE: That's easy. On Thursdays, of course it's

ORCH: INTRO "YOU GOTTA START EACH DAY"

MOORE: That fallen arch in the march of culture - Jimmy Durante in person. *Here he comes now...*

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG....
YOU KNOW, GARRY, THE OTHER DAY, I'M STROLLING IN THE PARK,
COMMUTING WITH NATURE. I LOOKS UP THE SUN IS SHINING. SO..
I DECIDES TO TAKE A SUNBATH. I TAKES OFF MY HAT....I
TAKES OFF MY COAT...I TAKES OFF MY SHIRT AND I LIES DOWN.
NO MORE THAN I LIES DOWN...ALONG COMES A CLOUD, NO SUN.
SO...I GETS UP...I PUTS ON MY SHIRT...I PUTS ON MY COAT...
I PUTS ON MY HAT. AND NO MORE THAN I GETS DRESSED...THE
CLOUD GOES AWAY. THE SUN IS OUT. SO I TAKES OFF MY
HAT..I TAKES OFF MY COAT...I TAKES OFF MY SHIRT....I LIES
DOWN AND WHAT HAPPENS. ALONG COMES ANOTHER CLOUD. NO SUN...
I'M BAFFLED. SO...I GETS UP.....I PUTS ON MY SHIRT...
I PUTS ON MY CO .. IT STARTS TO RAIN. I'M STANDING THERE
DRIPPING WET, WHEN A LITTLE BIRD TAPS ME ON THE SHOULDER
AND SAYS: "NOW, WISE GUY, WHAT THE HECK DID YOU ACCOMPLISH?"

MOORE: Jimmy, that bird took the words right out of my mouth.

DURANTE: THAT'S ME, GARRY...ALWAYS IN HOT WATER LIKE FRENCH FIRED *FRIED*
POTATOES...AND ME A COLLEGE GRADUATE...A MATERNITY MAN!

MOORE: Oh, hold the phone. What college did you go to?

DURANTE: VASSAR. BOY WHAT FUN!

MOORE: But Vassar's a girls' college.

DURANTE: BOY, WHAT FUN!

MOORE: I see your point...but how did you come to go to Vassar
in the first place?

DURANTE: MY FATHER SENT ME THERE..HE WANTED ME TO HAVE ALL THE
THINGS HE NEVER HAD.

MOORE: Father knows best. But when did they find out you weren't a co-ed?

DURANTE: THE DAY I PUT ON A SWEATER.

MOORE: ~~on~~ You must have looked simply nauseating. Now ^{tell me} ~~what~~ about your college career. Did you go in for any sports like spin the plate, leap frog, or are you a runner?

DURANTE: AM I RUNNER? I'M OFF LIKE A FLASH AT THE CRACK OF A GUN OR A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. WHY I'LL NEVER FORGET THE FINAL RACE OF THE SEASON...SOME OF THE BIGGEST BUNIONS WERE RUNNING THAT DAY. I WAS IN THE HUNDRED YARD DASH... WHAT A THRILLING RACE.

MOORE: Did you win?

DURANTE: THE JUDGE'S COULDN'T DECIDE. MY NOSE CAME IN FIRST, BUT I CAME IN THIRD.

MOORE: Gee whiz! That must have been exciting. I'll bet it would have made my hair curl.

DURANTE: NOTHING COULD BE THAT EXCITING!

MOORE: You don't say Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: I DO SAY MR. MOORE. BUT YOU KNOW, JUNIOR, BASEBALL WAS REALLY MY FAVORITE SPORT. I INHERITED IT FROM MY UNCLE. HE WAS ON THE BASEBALL TEAM AT ALCATRAZ. IN THE BIG GAME WITH THE SAN QUENTIN QUAILS, MY UNCLE GETS UP TO BAT. HE HITS THE FIRST BALL OVER THE CENTER FIELDER'S HEAD. HE RUNS AROUND FIRST - HE RUNS AROUND SECOND - HE RUNS AROUND THIRD - BUT THEY FINALLY CATCH HIM.

MOORE: Where Jimmy?

DURANTE: BETWEEN THIRD BASE AND CANADA.

(REVISED)

I don't know you just -7-

MOORE: *Yes* don't strike me as the athletic type, James - but I bet you were a gay dog at the Senior Prom.

DURANTE: TO BE SURE, MR. MOORE. I TOOK MY CAMPUS SWEETHEART, SUZETTE. ONE NIGHT WHILE WE WERE DANCING TO THE MUSIC OF JOHN PHILIP SOUSA AND HIS HEPCATS, *you know, during a waltz* SUZETTE BACKED INTO AN ELECTRIC FAN.

MOORE: What happened?

DURANTE: CREPE SUZETTE. *By* WHAT A TRAGEDY. THEN CAME GRADUATION.

MOORE: Oh happy day. I suppose your mater and pater were there.

DURANTE: NOT ONLY MY MATER AND PATER - BUT ALSO MY SATER AND BRATER.. *were they modified. You know* AND ~~NOT TRYING TO BE DOCTORATE~~ BUT I WAS IN COLLEGE SO LONG, THAT WHEN I STEPPED ON THE PLATFORM, THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER TO GIVE ME MY DIPLOMA OR SOCIAL SECURITY.... WHAT A COMEDOWN FOR DURANTE.

MOORE: Jimmy, for you to graduate, you ^{id} would have to build your own college.

DURANTE: IF I HAD MY OWN COLLEGE, I'D SEE THAT NO ONE GRADUATES.

MOORE: No one graduates....why not?

DURANTE: BECAUSE WHEN PEOPLE GRADUATE YOU GOTTA GIVE THEM DIPLOMAS. AND WHAT ARE DIPLOMAS MADE OUT OF....SHEEPSKIN. AND WHERE DO YOU GET SHEEPSKIN...FROM SHEEP. SO THE MORE PEOPLE THAT GRADUATE, THE MORE DIPLOMAS YOU HAVE TO GIVE OUT. AND THE MORE DIPLOMAS YOU GIVE OUT, THE MORE SHEEPSKIN YOU USE AND THE MORE SHEEP SKIN YOU USE, THE MORE SHEEP YOU ~~WILL~~ KILL. THE MORE SHEEP YOU KILL, THE LESS WOOL THERE IS, THE LESS WOOL THERE IS, THE LESS CLOTHES THERE IS, AND IF YOU THINK THAT I'M GONNA BE RESPONSIBLE FOR PEOPLE RUNNING AROUND WITH NO CLOTHES ON...YOU'RE CRAZY!!

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MOORE: James, I must admit that your intelligence is surpassed only by your ingenuity.

DURANTE: I WOULDN'T SAY THAT JUNIOR.

MOORE: Neither would I. But the heat's got me.

DURANTE: THE HEAT? WHY JUNIOR, AMONG MY CHEMICAL COLLEAGUES, HEAT IS CONSIDERED NOTHING MORE THAN ^{An anatomical} ~~MOLECULAR~~ REACTION.

MOORE: Look out, folks -- now he's gonna tell us about chemistry?

DURANTE: OH A DOUBTING TOM CAT, EH? WELL I'LL PERFORM AN EXPERIMENT RIGHT NOW. HAND ME THAT SULPHURIC ACID. NOW I POUR IT INTO THIS TUBE...WHICH CONTAINS POTASSIUM CYANIDE.

SOUND: WATER POURING

DURANTE: NOW I ADD SOME HPCO 3....THEN A LITTLE HLMNO 2....NOW I'LL STIR THE CONTENTS.

SOUND: STIRRING...EXPLOSING...GLASS CRASH...TIN CANS FALL

DURANTE: THERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY TO MAKE ICED TEA.

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

MOORE: And as Brother James retires to the locker room to rinse out a few things, WE adjourn to the Camel Hall of Fame - where tonight Toodles Bongshnook presents --

SOUND: CHINESE GONG

MOORE: The Story of "The Redemption of Ichabod Page"

ORCH: INTRODUCTION

EMERSON: There once was a man we'll call Ichabod Page
Who always was in the most horrible rage:
He ranted, he panted, he bellowed, he shouted --
He mumbled, he grumbled, he whimpered, he pouted --
In fact, he would act like a thing in a cage --
Oh, a terrible man was this Ichabod Page:

PETRIE: "T" is for temper as in Ichabod Page, and it's also for taste and throat, your own T-Zone proving ground for Camel's rich, extra flavor and smooth, extra mildness.

EMERSON: Well, one day his poor wife just had to resort
To having this Ichabod taken to court --
When asked by the Judge how they came to this stage,
She answered, "Your honor, he won't act his age:
He rants and he pants and he bellows and shouts,
He mumbles, he grumbles, he whimpers and pouts --
Oh, Judge, you are clever, you're wise and you're sage --
Is he nutty or something, this Ichabod Page?"

PETRIE: And there you see a marriage going flat -- and if you want a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke, get Camels, because Camel's extra flavor helps 'em to hold up, pack after pack. Which reminds me, somebody better hold up Ichabod, because here comes the judge to pronounce sentence --

EMERSON: "Ichabod!" cried the judge, "why I'm willing to bet That you aren't smoking the right cigarette!
Try this Camel, old boy -- " Icky puffed and said, "Wow!
I feel cool -- I'll feel mild -- I'll be slow-burning now!"

(APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: And as cool, mild, and slow-burning Ichabod walks happily into the sunset with his cool, mild, slow-burning Camel, let me remind you to try the cigarette that's expertly blended of costlier tobaccos --

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

PETRIE: Camels! Get a pack tonight!

ORCH: INTRC TO "IN THE MEXICAN MOOD"

ORCH: INTRO TO "IN THE MEXICAN MOOD"

MOORE: Well whaddayuh know? It's time for the International Goodwill Department and Xavier Cugat. (FADE MUSIC OUT)
But unfortunately, friends, Cugie is on the absent list tonight with a minor case of his doctor-^{what-it-is} doesn't-know-yet.
So guys - for li'l Cugie, let's give our special cheer for convalescents. That's five fast tsh, tsh, tsh, and a long aaaah. Here we go:

ORCH: 5 FAST TSH TSH TSH --- AAAH ----

MOORE: There Cugie, that ought to fix you. So here's your orchestra in a ^{serenade} ~~salute~~ to you.

ORCH: IN THE MEXICAN MOOD

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: ^{Boy} AH HOW IT SENDS ME... THAT MUSIC OF OLD ME-HEE-CO. BUT
IT COMES NOW, MR. GARRY MOORE AND THE CHILDREN'S HOUR...
WHAT'S THE ROT FOR THE TOTS TONIGHT, AUNT GARRY.

MOORE: ^{Why} I have a letter here, James, which is written to me by
a mother in Boston. She says: ^{Enigma:} Dear Mr. Junior: My little
boy's bedtime is 10:15... on Thursday night, however, he
refuses to go to bed until he has heard your Children's
Hour feature. So from now on will you either omit the
feature entirely or get ^{it} through ~~it~~ by 10:15.

DURANTE: WHAT A DILEMMA.

MOORE: You can say that again. I was going to tell the story of
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. ^{But} It is now 10:13 ^{1/2}! By
laying off two dwarfs, I might make it in ninety seconds
flat.

SOUND: FIGHT GONG

MOORE: Once upon a time there was a little girl and her name was
Snow White, and she lived in a great big castle up on top
of a hill with a WICKED OLD QUEEN... Now this queen was
not a very good looking dame, IN FACT THIS QUEEN HAD A PUSS
LIKE FOURTEEN MILES OF BAD ROAD... BUT every night the
queen would get out her magic mirror and say into it,
MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL - WHO IS FAIREST OF THEM ALL -
and the mirror would say SNOW WHITE, YOU DOPE! SNOW WHITE!
Well, this made the old queen so mad she didn't know what
to do, SO SHE THREW SNOW WHITE RIGHT OUT ON HER VALISE!...
Well, it was cold like anything, the snow was snowing, the
wind was blowing - (WIND HOWL)... And poor little Snow
White sat down and she started to cry... (BUILD CRY).....

(MORE)

MOORE :

She said what's gonna become of little old me?...I'm all outside in the snow and the cold and I'm gonna starve to death!....AND PRETTY SOON SHE CRIED HERSELF RIGHT TO SLEEP....(SNORES)....BOY, WAS SHE KNOCKIN' IT OFF!.... And as she lay there sleeping WHO DO YUH THINK COMES ALONG - HA? Who DO YUH THINK COMES ALONG?...SEVEN DWARFS, That's who - called ~~Doc, Dopey, Sleepy, Grumpy,~~ *Silly, Billy, Harry, Joe, Abbott and Costello*, ~~Montgomery, Ward and Roebuck!~~...They're marching along singing away, (HEIGH-HO, HEIGH-HO, IT'S OFF TO WORK WE GO, ETC.)....And all of a sudden THEY FIND SNOW WHITE FAST ASLEEP...(SNORES)....SO they pick her up and they TAKE HER TO A LITTLE TEENY HOUSE IN THE WOODS!...LITTLE OLD TEENY WIENY HOUSE ABOUT THAT SIZE!....Well, after awhile she wakes up AND SHE'S VERY HAPPY WITH THE SEVEN DWARFS - EXCEPT SHE'S GOT A YEN FOR A BOY FRIEND!.... Every day she looks down a well and sings, "I'M WISHING, I'M WISHING, FOR THE ONE I LOVE, ETC.) ... And she's very happy....BUT THEN THE WICKED QUEEN FINDS OUT ABOUT THIS, AND BOY IS SHE BURNT UP!....SHE'S JUST SO MAD SHE COULD SPIT....So she goes into an awful trance, says a lot of hokus-pokus, AND SHE TURNS INTO A WICKED OLD WITCH - BOOGIE-WOOGIE-WOOGIE...And still dressed as a wicked witch, she goes to the house where Snow White is, AND SHE SLIPS SNOW WHITE AN APPLE WITH A MICKY FINN IN IT!.... (LONG WHISTLE - KLONK)...SNOW WHITE PASSES OUT COLD! ... (SNORES) ... And all the dwarfs are awful sad about this, AND THEY THINK SHE'S GONE FOR GOOD, SO THEY DECIDE TO BURY HER....(FUNERAL MARCH).... (MORE)

MOORE: And just at that moment there comes the sound of horses
hoofs...(KALOMP, KALOMP, KALOMP) ... (WHINNY) - HI-YO,
SILVERSTEIN!....And who do yuh think it was who was
coming, huh?....WHO DO YUH THINK IT WAS? ...PRINCE
CHARMING, that's who it was...PRINCE CHARMING ON A BIG
WHITE HORSE AND HIS UNION CARD TIGHT IN HIS HAND!....
AND he hops down off his horse, runs over to Snow White,
leans over the gal AND GIVES HER THE BIGGEST KISS YOU
EVER SAW!...(KISS)....Boy, what a smackeroo!...And with
that Snow White opens her eyes, and says "WHERE AM I?
WHERE AM I?" ... She don't know, yuh see - She doesn't
listen to this program....But anyway, Prince Charming
takes her in his arms, they get on the horse and gallop
away....(KALOMP, KALOMP, KALOMP - WHINNY - HI'YO
SILVERSTEIN!) ... They gallop into the sunset, the little
dwarfs are very happy, and THE MORAL OF OUR STORY IS!....
IF YUH WANNA BE ABLE TO EAT MAGIC APPLES, SEE YOUR
DENTIST AFTER EVERY MEAL AND BRUSH YOUR TEETH TWICE

Sound: *A YEAR!*
Light Gong
ORCH: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: JUNIOR, YOU AMAZE ME! WHY YOUR MOUTH WAS WORKING SO FAST
THE WATER ON YOUR BRAIN HAD WHITE CAPS.

MOORE: Nothing to it, James. Merely a case of mind over matter.

You could do it *yourself*.

DURANTE: GO ON ^{*Junior*} /...COMPARED TO YOU I SOUND LIKE A UBANGI WITH
CHAPPED LIPS! BUT COMPARED TO BOTH OF US, MISS GEORGIA
GIBBS SOUNDS LIKE A NIGHTINGALE IN JUNE, JUNIOR.

MOORE: Yes, James. Sing, won't you, Georgia? HMMMMMMMM?

GIBBS: YOU'LL NEVER KNOW

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: "PX" to a soldier stands for Post Exchange, the store where he can get just about anything from boot socks to birthday cards. One of the fastest-moving items is cigarettes, and the favorite, of course, is Camels -- yes, first on the list according to actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens, where men in all the services buy cigarettes. Remember that when you're thanking that Yank with a carton and remember it, too, when you're looking for a better cigarette yourself... one that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke. Yes, Camel's extra flavor helps 'em hold up pack after pack! Camels are extra mild, cool-smoking, and slow-burning, too, because Camels are expertly 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: PLAYOFF

MOORE: Which brings us now to the artisite lull of the evening..
The Thursday Night False Wig and Bustle Club with a
stirring courtroom drama called.... "Ten Nights Before
the Bar - or HIC!, Excuse Me." Our story centers about
the law firm of Attorneys Durante and Moore. Tonight
James, you are Lawyer Durante - Lawyer Durante the great
Nose-piece.....naturally you are acquainted with the
intricacies of law?

DURANTE: AM I ACQUAINTED WITH THE INTRICACIES? WHY, JUNIOR, I
HAVE A SUPREME COURT FIGURE.

MOORE: A Supreme Court figure?

DURANTE: YEAH - NO APPEAL!

MOORE: *Oh James, ^{Durante}* I would never say that about you. I think you
have a great deal of S.A.

DURANTE: S.A.? AND WHAT IS S.A.?

MOORE: In your case....swollen adenoids.

DURANTE *(laughs)* THANK YOU. *Thank you.*

MOORE: *not at all* So come now - on with the drama. The scene opens in
our law office. Music Maestro.

ORCH: MUSIC BRIDGE.

DURANTE: OPEN IT UP! (HINGE) SHUT IT AGAIN! (COVER BACK)
OPEN IT UP! (HINGE) SHUT IT AGAIN! (COVER BACK)

MOORE: Jimmy, what are you doing?

DURANTE: I'M WORKING ON AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS....PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello, Durante and Moore, Lawyers. (SINGING) YOUR
CRIME IS OUR CRIME....OUR CRIME IS YOUR CRIME.....

VOICE: (FILTER) Mr. Moore. (BIRD WHISTLE) I've been
framed. (BIRD WHISTLE) I've been framed.

MOORE: WELL, WHO ARE YOU?

VOICE: Oh, just a jailbird.

SOUND: PHONE UP

MOORE: Just a jailbird. If we don't get a real client soon
we'll have to start suing each other.

~~DURANTE: OH BUSINESS AIN'T SO BAD. YESTERDAY WE HAD A THREE
DOLLAR CASE AND A COUPLE OF SMALL ONES.~~

~~MOORE: Oh Jimmy -- you're impossible!~~

~~ORCH: CHIMES PRISONER'S SONG FIRST FOUR~~

~~MOORE: Oh the doorbell. Maybe a client.~~

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS

EMERSON: Oh *thank goodness I found you gentlemen*
~~gentlemen. I'm so glad to find you in.~~

~~DURANTE:~~ The most embarrassing thing just happened to me.

DURANTE: WHAT HAPPENED?

EMERSON: I shot my husband JUST FULL OF HOLES! (GIGGLE)

MOORE: Full of holes! And what do you want us to do about it?

EMERSON: *Oh* Get me a writ of habeus corpus.

DURANTE: SAY, PARTNER, WHAT IS THIS HABEUS CORPUS.

MOORE: It has something to do with the body.

DURANTE: WELL SHE CERTAINLY HAS A BIG HABEUS CORPUS.

MOORE: Madam, we'll take your case.

EMERSON: But do you guarantee to get me off?

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY, MADAME, IF THE JUDGE GIVES YOU FIFTY DAYS
I'LL SERVE IT...IF HE GIVES YOU FIFTY YEARS I'LL SERVE
IT...IF HE GIVES YOU LIFE, I'LL SERVE IT.

EMERSON: But suppose it's the chair?

DURANTE: I'LL ALWAYS GET UP AND GIVE A LADY MY SEAT.

ORCH: MUSIC BRIDGE

MOORE: *Neil* Here's the court, Jimmy. Before the trial starts let's
in
go and see the judge in his dressing room.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS.....GIRLS SCREAM....DOOR SLAMS

MOORE: Oooops! Wrong dressing room. Come on, Jimmy, the trial
is starting.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...VOICES

BAILIFF: Oyes, oyes, oyes - court is now in session! His honor,
the judge.

Music
DURANTE: (SING FANFARE)

SOUND: GAVEL

PETRIE: Order! Order! I'll have you two shysters disbarred!

DURANTE: SHYSTERS? DID YOU CALL US SHYSTERS?

PETRIE: I certainly did!

MOORE: Let me hear you say that again!

PETRIE: Shysters!

DURANTE: SAY IT AGAIN!

PETRIE: Shysters!

DURANTE: (PAUSE) WHAT ACOUSTICS! I CAN HEAR EVERY WORD HE SAYS!
MRS. SMYTHE, TAKE THE STAND.

EMERSON: Yes, sir.

DURANTE: DO YOU SWEAR TO TELL THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH AND
NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH!

EMERSON: I do.

DURANTE: *then* WE'RE LICKED BEFORE WE START!

SOUND: GAVEL

DURANTE: YOUR HONOR, THIS LADY'S HUSBAND WAS DEMENTED. HE THOUGHT
SHE WAS A HORSE. EVERY TIME SHE HAD A BIRTHDAY HE'D
LIFT UP HER LIP TO SEE HOW OLD SHE WAS....THIS SHE
WOULDN'T HAVE MINDED BUT ONE NIGHT SHE WOKE UP AND ~~HE~~ *THIS FIEND*
WAS LEANING OVER HER WITH HIS KNIFE, AND FORK IN ONE
HAND AND A BOTTLE OF KETCHUP IN THE OTHER.

PETRIE: A clear case of assault with intent to pepper.

MOORE: I object!

DURANTE: YOU OBJECT....WHAT FOR?

MOORE: I haven't had a line in three pages!

DURANTE: WELL STICK AROUND AND I'LL GET YOU A SENTENCE.

MOORE: Everybody wants to get me out of the act! ~~Follows, give~~

Petrie: ~~Follows, give~~ *Sanjay Moore, you may make your closing plea.*
Donnie: ~~no song music....~~ *her I will* Jimmy hum me something sympathetic. *I break their hearts.*

~~SUGAR & DURANTE: SUGAR PLAYS "HEARTS AND FLOWERS" ON FIDDLE AS~~

DURANTE HUMS

MOORE: Your Honor...Before this unfortunate occurrence, these people were happily married....They went to the Grand Canyon on their honeymoon - not that they wanted to see the Grand Canyon, but they had hard-boiled eggs in their box-lunch and no place to throw the shells....^{*Durante*} ~~(SUGAR~~ PLAYS HALF TONE HIGHER)^{*your honor, all I ask*}.....All I ask is that you look at her....Don't just look at her once - look at her twice!

PETRIE: (SCREAMS)

Durante: *You drowned out my humming.*

MOORE: All right ^{just} look at her once...But I think that her husband wanted to kill her because he thought she looked like a horse. (MUSIC HALF TONE HIGHER).....~~And so-~~ *Why your honor this....*

DURANTE: (HITS SOUR CANDENZ)

~~MOORE: And so, my friends....~~

DURANTE: (AGAIN)

MOORE: *Wait a minute* Mr. Durante - have you blown a fuse?

DURANTE: EITHER ^{*you let me*} ~~THE FIDDLE PLAYER~~ TAKES THIS TO A LOWER KEY, OR I'LL TAKE IT TO A HIGHER COURT! (RESUMES HUMMING)

MOORE: *Go on with your humming.* And so, your honor, in summing up this case - I ask you to acquit this woman on the grounds that her husband was non-compus-mental....And if Durante and I don't collect our fee, we'll be non-compus-rental!

SOUND: GAVEL

PETRIE: Mrs. Smythe - I find you - NOT GUILTY!

SOUND: CHEERS UP AND DOWN FAST

DURANTE: WHAT A CLOSE CALL! FROM A CERTAIN ANGLE I'D HAVE SWORN SHE WAS A HORSE, MYSELF!

MOORE: Mr. Durante, you are speaking of the woman I love! Even though her late husband did think she looked like a horse - I think she's lovely....Mrs. Smythe - will you marry me?

EMERSON: (NEIGH "NO")

ORCH: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

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 a forty-two-year-old former cowboy from Elizabeth, Colorado -- Torpedoman's Mate William Boston, who has just been awarded the Silver Star Medal for his part in the siege of Bataan and Corregidor. Though under constant bombardment by Japanese planes, one of whose bombs blew him ten feet through the air, he worked day and night transporting torpedoes to Corregidor, often handling tons of TNT in pitch darkness, until he was finally evacuated to Australia by submarine. In your honor, William Boston, the makers of Camels are sending to our ^{men} men in the South Pacific three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes. We salute you, Torpedoman's Mate William Boston!

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 have thanked more than five hundred different camps full of Yanks in this country with the three traveling Camel Caravans, which have given over two thousand free performances and free Camels to audiences of nearly three million service men.~~

*Emergency
Cut for time*

ORCH: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU

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

MOORE: A nuttsy note, Jimmy - but we gotta get out of here.

DURANTE: ALL RIGHT, JUNIOR, SEE YOU NEXT MONDAY NIGHT AT GOVERNOR'S ISLAND WITH THE WHOLE GANG.

MOORE: Okay, I was gonna take Carol Landis over there a couple of months ago, y' know, but she left me at seven o'clock - she had a date with her father.

DURANTE: WITH HER FATHER?

MOORE: That's what she said.

DURANTE: (LAUGH) SHAKE HANDS WITH FATHER!

MOORE: Goodnight, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOODNIGHT, MR. MOORE.

TOGETHER: GOODNIGHT, CUGIE!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

*Emergency
Cut for Time*

PETRIE:

Listen to each of the four Camel shows - tomorrow,
another special edition of the Camel Comedy Caravan,
with Bing Crosby, John Scott Trotter, Trudy Erwin, the
Charloteers, the Music Maids, and as special guest -
Joe E. Brown. Saturday, Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the
Yanks"; Monday, "Blondie" and next Thursday, Jimmy
Durante and Garry Moore, Xavier Cugat and Georgia Gibbs.

and yours truly, Howard Petrie.

ORCH:

THEME

APPLAUSE

(SWITCH OVER TO 8-B FOR HITCH-HIKE)

ANNOUNCER: You know, there's nothing like a pipe and a package of Prince Albert to keep you company on a long day outdoors. Fact is, you're likely to find P.A. wherever you find pipe-smokers, because Prince Albert's by far the largest-selling pipe tobacco in America - has been for years. Yes, sir, and you'll see why, too, when you pack your pipe with P.A. Prince Albert's no-bite treated, so it'll be cool and easy and comfortable on your tongue, and crimp out to pack and burn and draw just right. And you get around fifty mild, mellow, better-tasting pipefuls in every handy pocket package. Get P.A. for pipe Appeal. It's the National Joy Smoke!

/ab/nc
6/22/43 pm

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