

**AS
BROADCAST**

Master - 8/2 - ed.

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

(REVISED)

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1943
NBC NETWORK
10:00 - 10:30 PM EWT

PROGRAM NO. 18

CAST:

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

HOPE EMERSON

PAUL LUTHER

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1943

10:00 - 10:30 PM EWT

PROGRAM NO. 18

(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 Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore, 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 at this moment let's say hello to a young man who
always sticks up for his hair cut and his hair cut
~~always~~ sticks up for him ... Garry Moore!

APPLAUSE

CAMEL SHOW - 7/22/43

(REVISED)

MOORE: ~~Well~~, thank you....Thank you VERY much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen...^{And}As the secretary said when she got herself a new boss. "Here we go - off on another lap!"....Ha ha ha....I should just like to announce, friends, that all jokes on this program are exclusive with us, and may be used only for radio, stage, screen, television, stereoptican slides, ~~county fairs~~ and X-ray...But kidding on the level, Howard, isn't it great to see such an intellectually brilliant audience in the house?

HOWARD: *By* I'll say. ^{Garry} So far I've counted nine people picking their teeth with a Phi Beta Kappa key.

MOORE: Oh, ~~yes, indeed!~~ Why, do you realize that in National popularity ^{our} program is second only to the common head-cold? ^{It is.} Why ~~it was~~ just this *morning* - -

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

LUTHER: Mr. Moore?

MOORE: Oh - yes, young man?

LUTHER: I just dropped in to cast my vote. I, for one, think your show is wonderful.

MOORE: Well, thanks. I like it, myself.

LUTHER: I know. But who are we? The people?

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: Which certainly more than proves my point....So without further fiddle-faddle, Toodles, pull up a couple of chairs and read us the mail for the week, *will yuh?*

51454 3965

EMERSON: Well, we had a letter here from a Mrs Phillips in Albany. And she has never attended a broadcast in person. She wants to know if the audience laughter is completely spontaneous.

MOORE: Spontaneous? ^{Why} Mrs Phillips, what a question! Just tonight I've spotted at least three laughs that defy human imitation. ^{Why one little lady, Mrs picked out in a red dress down in about the 4th row} ~~Down there in the third row is a young lady~~ ^{she} who has what we call a love-lorn laugh.... You don't even hafta LOOK at her to tell that love has kicked her in the teeth. ^{no - I'm quite serious about that.} .. Something strikes her funny and she laughs like this.... (DO IT) ^{they should be very happy... But the one that kills me is an} ~~And further back there is one~~ ^{somewhere in the back of the house} gentleman who at one time must have worked on a railroad. He has got an engineer's laugh if ever I heard it... Something strikes him funny and he goes (DO IT).. ^{A dear...} But the ones I feel sorry for are the poor girls who have what we call the stringent undergarment, or too-tight foundation laugh.... Those are the poor gals who are strapped in so tight, ^{if something strikes them funny} all they can manage to get out is (DO IT) ^{It's all right - I trust just how you feel} ~~But we love them, the,~~ ^{really we do, we love} every one of them.... So come now - let's organize those laughs - for a guy who knows how to use 'em.

ORCHESTRA: START DURANTE'S MUSIC

MOORE: That great outdoors man from Broadway and 42nd Street, Jimmy Durante, in person.

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START EACH DAY

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

MOORE: *Oh* J.D., tonight you really look like Jimmy, the well dressed man.

DURANTE: YES, I'M A FASHION BLUE PLATE, AND I'M WEARING THIS SUIT TO PROVE IT. JUST THINK, GARRY, THE WOOL WAS SHEARED IN AUSTRALIA, AND SHIPPED TO SCOTLAND, WHERE IT WAS WOVEN INTO CLOTH. IT WAS THEN SHIPPED TO LONDON, WHERE IT WAS MADE INTO A SUIT. IT WAS THEN SHIPPED TO AMERICA AND SOLD TO A WHOLESALER, WHO SOLD IT TO A RETAILER, WHO SOLD IT TO ME. NOW ISN'T THAT REMARKABLE?

MOORE: What's so remarkable about that?

DURANTE: LOOK HOW MANY PEOPLE MADE A LIVING OUT OF A SUIT, THAT I HAVEN'T PAID FOR YET.

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, no matter what anybody tells you, you go right on wearing that suit.

DURANTE: A SUGGESTION I SUSTAIN - WHY EVEN LUCIUS BEEBE REFERS TO ME AS THE BUM BRUMMEL OF BROADWAY. HE NAMED THIS SUIT THE LOCH LO-MOND TWEED.

MOORE: *the* Loch Lomond Tweed?

DURANTE: YES. THE VEST TAKES THE HIGH ROAD, THE PANTS TAKE THE LOW ROAD AND YOUR WIFE'S IN YOUR POCKETS BEFORE YOU.

MOORE: Jimmy, you're not fooling me/ *for one minute. You know what you're handling-* You've been looking at the advertisements in Esquire.

DURANTE: WHAT! DON'T TELL ME THAT ESQUIRE HAS ADVERTISEMENTS TOO?

MOORE: As if you didn't know, you little chuck-chuck. Why you talk just like/ *that's it -- you are a chuck-chuck.* a fashion expert.

(REVISED)

DURANTE: JUNIOR YOU HIT THE NAIL RIGHT ON THE CUTICLE. ^{*You know*} AS DURANTE GOES - SO GOES THE NATION'S FASHIONS. WHEN LILY DACHE WANTS A HAT, WHO DOES SHE GO TO -- DURANTE. WHEN SCHAPPERELLI WANTS A GOWN, WHO DOES SHE GO TO -- DURANTE. WHEN I. MILLER WANTS A HEEL, WHO DOES HE GO----- I LEFT MYSELF WIDE OPEN!

MOORE: Speaking in the vernacular ^{*James*} /you did.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, I'D LIKE YOU TO KNOW THAT I AM THE DESIGNER OF THE DURANTE CHAPEAU. WHAT A CREATION! A LADY'S HAT WITH A HOMING PIGEON ON IT.

MOORE: What is a homing pigeon doing on top of a hat?

DURANTE: IF THE LADY DOESN'T PAY THE BILL BY THE TENTH OF THE MONTH, THE HAT FLIES BACK TO THE STORE.

MOORE: Don't let that get around. ^{*Jimmy, will you!*} Keep it a millinery secret.

DURANTE: I WISH IT WERE, JUNIOR -- I WISH IT ^{*twere*} TWER. / BUT MY FAME HAS ALREADY REACHED THE OPA. THEY CALLED ME TO WASHINGTON FOR A CONSULTATION ON WOMEN'S CLOTHES -- ON THE TRAIN, I ^{*met*} ~~MEETS~~ ELMER DAVIS, UMBRIAGO, SENATOR PEPPER, UMBRIAGO, GOVERNOR BRICKER AND UMBRIAGO.

MOORE: Who's Umbriago?

DURANTE: HE WAS THE CONDUCTOR. HE WENT THROUGH THE TRAIN YELLING "CHANGE FOR ELIZABETH....CHANGE FOR ELIZABETH" AND WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, GARRY, I CHIPPED IN A QUARTER AND I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THE GIRL.

MOORE: ^{*Oh Jimmy*} /you're/ quite a philanthropist.

DURANTE: YES, AND UNCOUTH AS WELL. *you know* UPON MY ARRIVAL IN WASHINGTON, THE STYLISTS ARE RUNNING HITHER, THITHER AND AMUCK. CONFUSION IS ~~IN~~ ^{the} ORDER. FIRST THEY PUT A HIGH WAIST ON A LOW DRESS....THEN A LOW WAIST ON A HIGH DRESS. *A high waist - low waist* IT'S GETTING SO, THAT WHEN A FELLOW PUTS HIS ARM AROUND A GIRL, HE DON'T KNOW WHETHER HE'S GONNA CHOKE HER OR TRIP HER.

MOORE: *you know* They ought to pass out blue prints with those gowns.

DURANTE: EMPHATICALLY. AND FURTHERMORE, THE DESIGNERS ARE USING THE WRONG MATERIALS. I'M DOING A LITTLE SCOUTING ON THE BEACH WHEN I SEES A GIRL IN A SILK BATHING SUIT. I WALKS UP ~~TO HER~~ AND SAYS: "YOUNG LADY, AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF, WEARING THAT SILK BATHING SUIT, WHEN THE SOLDIERS NEED IT FOR PARACHUTES?" SHE LOOKS AT ME AND SAYS: "I KNOW, BUT THE SOLDIERS LIKE IT MUCH BETTER THIS WAY."

MOORE: Figuratively speaking, James, there's more to that, than meets the eye.

M. Not at all.

DURANTE: THANK YOU, MR MOORE, YOU'RE SO KIND AND TRUE, AND BRAVE AND BLUE, AND LUM AND ABNER. THEN I PUTS MY BRAIN INTO NEUTRAL AND STARTS THINKING. TO CONSERVE MATERIAL I MAKES A DRESS OUT OF OLD MAPS.

MOORE: *Ok maps?* Old maps? *you say.* How did it work out?

lets go back.

DURANTE: GOOD NEIGHBORLY. I TRIED IT OUT ON A STOUT MODEL/ AND EVERY TIME SHE LAUGHED, MEXICO JOINED THE UNION.

MOORE: Jimmy, at times you're admirable.

(REVISED)

Stop kidding -8-
DURANTE: STOP KIDDING! I'M NOT EVEN A SAILOR. NEXT I TURNS MY ATTENTION TO THE BLACK MARKET ON NYLONS. SO I CREATES MY OWN FORMULA FOR STOCKINGS -- A MIXTURE OF COAL, WOOD AND RUBBER.

MOORE: *Coal, wood and rubber. How did those stockings work*
And ~~did you try that~~ on your model?

DURANTE: YEAH, SHE GETS A RUN IN HER STOCKING AND I DON'T KNOW WHETHER SHE'S GOT A CLINKER, A SPLINTER OR A BLOW OUT! HOW CONFUSING! BUT NOW I'M WORKING.....

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

DURANTE: I'LL TAKE THAT. (PHONE UP) HELLO. YES, THIS IS SCHAPPERELLI DURANTE. TO BE SURE -- I DESIGN GOWNS, SUITS, LINGERIE - WHAT'S THAT? YOU WANT ME TO DESIGN SOME PANTIES. WHY, OF COURSE. REMEMBER -- "FROM HERE TO THE ANDES, THEY TALK OF DURANTE'S PANTIES." SO HERE'S WHAT YOU DO. PUT PLEATS ON THE TOP AND A LACY FRINGE ON THE BOTTOM. AND THEN, THEY ARE READY FOR OCCUPANCY. NOT AT ALL. GOOD BYE.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: Jimmy, who was that?

DURANTE: MY BUTCHER! HE WANTS PANTIES FOR HIS LAMB CHOPS!

ORCH: PLAYOFF.

APPLAUSE

MOORE: And with Mr Durante, temporarily off to the showers, we turn again to the Camel Hall of Fame...starring Toodles Bongshnock, and --

SOUND: CHINESE GONG

MOORE: The Story of Mister Potts.

ORCH: INTRODUCTION

HOPE: A writer lived in Hollywood -- his name was Mister Potts-- He found one day, to his dismay, he was fresh out of plots! "Good Grief!" he cried, quite horrified, "I'm sunk, to be specific!

Oh, once I was colossal -- now I'm not even terrific!"

PETRIE: Well, Pottsy, for my money only one thing's colossal and terrific, and that's Camel cigarettes. Try a pack in your T-Zone proving ground, and see if your taste and your throat don't agree that Camels have more flavor, and extra mildness, too!

HOPE: The Big Boss sent for Potts, and Lo! The air was full of threats!

"You're out of plots!" he screamed, "And I am out of cigarettes!"

"Please, won't you have a Camel?" said plotless Mr Potts. The Boss lit one and then he sighed, "Who gives a darn for plots!

Will you accept a salary ^arise ... oh -- something quite tremendous?

Because you and these Camels are gigantic -- no! -- stupendous!"

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: Now that's more like it -- and besides, Camels' extra flavor helps 'em to hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke! Oh, go on, get a pack! You'll rave, too, about Camels' cool, slow way of burning-- the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos!

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

PETRIE: Camels! They stay fresh because Camels are packed to go around the world!

ORCH: INTRO TO "LA GOLONDRINA"

ORCH: INTRO TO "LA GOLONDRINA"

MOORE: We have always said that Xavier Cugat could take "Mother
Machree" and make her sound Spanish. But tonight ~~the~~^{me}
Cugie sticks right in ~~his~~^{our} own hemisphere with a
Cugatian version of a ~~Mexican~~^{Latin} classic... "La Golondrina".

(ORCH: "LA GOLONDRINA"

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: A MOST TOUCHING TONE-POEM, ... BUT COME NOW - ON WITH THE CULTURE? AS WE PRESENT GARRY MOORE AND HIS BOOK REVIEW OF THE MONTH!

MOORE: Thank you, James.... *you know I had no interest* But I had no idea you were interested in books.

DURANTE: *You're getting like me. I had no interest in books? ...* WHY, CERTAINLY.... I ONCE WROTE A BOOK, CALLED "MY NINE YEARS IN A PHONE BOOK, AND HOW I FINALLY GOT MY NICKEL BACK."

MOORE: Well! I do hope you'll send me an English translation... But *friends* tonite/we deal with a classic piece of American literature - the railroad time table.

EMERSON: Say, who WRITES the railroad time-tables, anyway?

MOORE: *hell* Nobody knows, Toodles - except that he lives under a damp rock in Central Park and sends his work out by carrier field mouse.... Yuh know, not long ago I had a radio program that went on very early in the morning. I would come down-town and do an entire performance with nothing on my stomach but a little Lavoris, *he not kidding* ... When I arrived at the Larchmont commuter's station every morning, there would be just two people there - myself, and a small man who really lived in Mamaronek, but he couldn't pronounce Mamaronek so he had to get on at Larchmont.... Five hours later we would arrive in New York.

EMERSON: Five hours from Larchmont?.... Why, that's only 40 minutes on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Line.

MOORE: I know - but I ride the Hoboken, Hamtramk and Weehawken..
It's a very good line. Next year, if all goes well, they
expect to buy tracks.

HOPE: I still don't see how it could take 5 hours.

MOORE: Well, ^{now} let's look at the time-table....Here, ^{it says} ~~now~~ ^{now}

7:42, train leaves Larchmont.

7:44, train stops just outside Larchmont for oatmeal
for engineer.

7:46, train stops at New Rochelle.

7:48, train stops just outside New Rochelle for sugar
for oatmeal for engineer.

7:50, train stops at Mount Vernon.

7:52, train stops just outside Mount Vernon for spoon
for sugar for oatmeal for engineer.

7:55, train stops at Bronx for engineer who has
overslept and was never on train in first
place....And THAT'S where ^{year} five hours
goes. ^{total} ^{my}

HOPE: Well let's consult the time-table for a faster train.
How about the nine forty-two.

MOORE: Well, opposite the nine forty-two, it says see figure
one.

HOPE: And what does figure one say?

MOORE: See figure two.

HOPE: And when you see figure two?

MOORE: It says see figure 3.....And when you SEE figure three,
what does IT say?)

~~MOORE:~~ ^{Now there!} No trains will be sold after the magazine leaves the
depot!..A GREAT piece of information!

HOPE: I'll say but listen, they MUST have ONE good train....
How about the TEN forty-two?

MOORE: The ten-forty-two? ^{Oh} Here we are. ^{me} THIS, it says, is the
super-deluxe!

HOPE: Hot dog!

MOORE: This train carries dining car, club car, barber shop,
bowling alley, Swedish Massage and alligator farm!

HOPE: Gee whiz!

MOORE: To see when this train runs, see letter J.

HOPE: Quick! Look at letter J and see when it runs.

MOORE: Letter J.....This train does not run.

HOPE: Well, Mr. Moore, I don't blame you for being irked....

If I were you I'd give up the train and walk.

MOORE: Walk? My dear girl - the soles of my shoes are so thin,

I could step on a lightning bug and suffer second

degree burns. ^{And} So, my friends, in summing up this great
piece of literature - the American railroad timetable,

I have but one word to say. And that word is -----

oh ~~no~~ -- I could never say that.

ORCHESTRA: PLAY-OFF

CROWD: APPLAUSE

DURANTE: JUNIOR, THAT WAS INDEED A MOST IMPRESSIVE HUNK OF JUNK.

MOORE: Thank you, James....and no less impressive is the
song from the Lunch Time Follies now sung ^{for us} by
Georgia Gibbs.

ORCHESTRA...SNEAK IN GIBBS' INTRO

MOORE: It is a cogent warning in blues tempo to absentee
workers in the shipyards -- the title -- "On Time".

GIBBS....."ON TIME"

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: Today every continent and every ocean has seen the white star on a blue field that means -- "Americans!" Following American fighting men to every climate are Camel cigarettes, first with men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, according to actual sales records. With customers like that, Camels had to be packed to stay fresh for months -- and that's why we developed a new moisture-proof inner wrapping -- a wrapping to hold in that rich, full Camel flavor, to preserve Camels' mildness, and cool slow way of burning. Examine the moisture-proof inner wrapping on your pack of CAMELS. You'll see why CAMELS stay fresh -- preserving for you the extra goodness of CAMEL'S matchless blend of costlier tobaccos.

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

PETRIE: Camels! For yourself, for that fellow in the service, get Camels! They stay fresh because Camels are packed to go around the world!

ORCHESTRA: PLAYOFF

MOORE: Whereupon, Culture Lovers, the Thursday Evening False Wig and Bustle Club presents a dramatic opus about circus life -- called, "KINDLY DO NOT FEED THE ANIMALS, AS THE OWNERS ARE HUNGRIER".

DURANTE: JUNIOR, WHEN IT COMES TO CIRCUSES, I'VE BEEN AROUND MORE BIG RINGS THAN A BOARDING HOUSE BATH-TUB.

MOORE: Then it's on with the show, Bo, without further ado.....
CIRCUS MUSIC, MAESTRO!

ORCHESTRA: STEAM CALIOPE.....KEEP B.G.

SOUND: CROWD EFFECT.....KEEP B.G.

MOORE: HURRY, HURRY, HURRY, HURRY (MUSIC OUT) Step right up, folks, and see the one and only key-bird. A little bird with no feathers on his pants who sits on an ice cube all day long shouting "KEE-RISMOS, it's cold!"

DURANTE: FOLLOW ME FOLKS, I'LL GO FIRST.

MOORE: TWENTY-EIGHT FREAKS IN ALL, ^{Freaks}...The show is just about to start.

DURANTE: (SCREAM!)

MOORE: Mr. Durante has just seen the freaks.

CAST: (LOUDER SCREAM)

MOORE: The freaks have just seen Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: SNUBBED AGAIN. THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR ME NOW BUT THE STORK CLUB.

MOORE: ^{Jimmie James} you shouldn't have been in there anyhow. You should have been at the lion house.

DURANTE: ^{LION HOUSE} / NOTHIN' DOIN'. A MINUTE AGO THE LION TAMER WALKED INTO THE CAGE WITH A CHAIR AND A STICK.

MOORE: Well, so what?

DURANTE: THERE'S SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS....THE LION IS SITTING ON THE CHAIR AND PICKING HIS TEETH WITH THE STICK.

MOORE: We'll have to get a lion that doesn't require such expensive food.

PETRIE: Grrrrr, grrrrrr. Say I'm a lion, I could just SCARE THE DICKENS OUT OF PEOPLE! Grrr.

DURANTE: WHAT KIND OF A LION ARE YOU?

PETRIE: Oh, just a dandy lion!

DURANTE: GET BACK TO YOUR ^{flower bed!} CAGE!

SOUND: 'PHONE RINGS (3 TIMES)

DURANTE: HELLO...FOR WHOM DOES THE BELL TOLL?.....WHOM?.....HMMMM!...
WELL DON'T LEAVE TILL WE GET THERE! GOODBYE.

SOUND: PHONE UP

DURANTE: JUNIOR, WE'RE RUINED! THE HUMAN CANNON BALL WANTS TO
QUIT THE CIRCUS.

MOORE: What for?

DURANTE: SHE WANTS A RAISE! FROM NOW ON WHEN SHE'S SHOT OUT OF
THE CANNON, SHE WANTS 2¢ A MILE AND TRAVELLING EXPENSES!

MOORE: How do you like that! Come on Jimmy - to the performer's
tent.

ORCHESTRA: CALIOPE. BRIDGE

DURANTE: Well, she isn't here. There's no one here but the half
man - half woman.

MOORE: YEAH AND SHE'S HAVING AN ARGUMENT WITH HIMSELF. LISTEN.

PETRIE: (BASS) You spend too much money on lipstick! (FALSETTO)

Oh, yea! Well, you spend too much on shaving cream!

(BASS) DON'T YOU DARE TALK TO ME ~~like that~~ (FALSETTO)

I'LL TALK TO YOU ~~any way~~ ANY WAY I PLEASE (BASS) Why, I'll

bust you in the -- (SLAPS, YELLS)

MOORE: I WISH SHE WOULD MAKE UP HIS MIND!

DURANTE: WHERE IS THAT HUMAN CANNON BALL!

HOPE: YOO HOO, YOU ALL! IT'S YOUR BOUNCING BABY CANNON-BALL!

DURANTE: CLEAR THE TRACK, BOYS, ^{Clear the tracks.} IT'S A HUGE MOOSE WITH A LOOSE
CABOOSE!

MOORE: *Now look here*
 /Toodles, what's the idea of wanting to quit? Why,
 we've worked our fingers to the bone for you.....And
 what've we got for it? BONEY FINGERS!

HOPE: *Hell*
~~it's just that~~ that cannon fits me too snug around
 my hips! Before I get inside I've got to lose ten
 pounds.

DURANTE: TEN POUNDS! THAT'S LIKE TAKING ONE HERRING OUT OF THE
 ATLANTIC OCEAN.

MOORE: I'll say, *you know, Toodles* some kids grow up and spread cheer. You just
 grew up and spread. Don't give up, Toodles. *Don't give up.* We can
 fit you into that cannon!

LUTHER: Hey, which one *of you* is ~~me~~. Durante?

DURANTE: I AM HE!

MOORE: *aw - yes sir*
 Yes, and he's the greatest attraction we have in the
 circus, mister; half man and half nose!

LUTHER: *".. Listen to me .."*
 Listen you two/I'm the sheriff. For three weeks you
 have been advertising a grand menagerie and I don't
 see an animal on the lot.

DURANTE: YOUR HONOR, I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING. WHEN THIS CIRCUS OPENED, WE HAD A HUNDRED HIPPOPOTAMUSSES AND A HUNDRED RY-NOS-ER-USSES. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ AT DINNER TIME I WOULD YELL: "HERE RY-NOS-ER-USSES! HERE HIPPOPOTAMUSSES! HERE HIPPOPOTAMUSSES! HERE RY-NOS-ER-USSES!" AND WHAT WOULD HAPPEN. WHEN I CALLS THE RY-NOS-ER-USSES, UP COMES THE HIPPOPOTAMUSSES. WHEN I CALLS THE HIPPOPOTAMUSSES, UP COMES THE RY-NOS-ER-USSES! WHAT A DILEMMA! ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~■~~.

LUTHER: What did you do? *(appliance) Well, what did you do?*

DURANTE: I TRADED THEM IN FOR AN ELK.

LUTHER: ~~Smart guys~~ *Smart guys*, eh? Listen, every act advertised has to appear, especially Bongshnook, the human cannon ball.... And if she don't you two lugs will be as snug as two bugs in the jug! GOODBYE!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: A SABOTEUR! I HAD A RUN-IN WITH THAT GUY ONCE BEFORE. I HIT HIM WITH EVERYTHING BUT THE PARK BENCH!

MOORE: Why didn't you hit him with that?

DURANTE: THAT'S WHAT HE WAS HITTING ME WITH!

MOORE: Okay ^{now} -/everybody to your dressing rooms! The show starts in ten minutes.

ORCHESTRA: CALIOPE....BRIDGE

PETRIE: (OFF MIKE) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE THRILL OF A LIFETIME - MISS TOODLES BONGSHNOOK, THE HUMAN-CANNON BALL WILL NOW BE SHOT INTO SPACE!

HOPE: *Oh* Fellas, it's no use I'm too stout...I can't even get my head into this thing...let alone *any* ---

MOORE: Yes you can, too. Now come on, everybody.....PUSH!

ORCHESTRA: "VOLGA BOATMAN"....BREAK

CAST: BIG GRUNT.

ORCHESTRA: REPEAT

CAST: GRUNT....(SING) C-A-MELS....GRUNT

DURANTE: IT'S NO USE. *It's no use.* SHE DOESN'T LIKE MUSIC.

MOORE: Yeah - her hips ain't hep. We'll just have to climb
inside the cannon and pull her in! *Come on, Jimmy - -* Follow me!

DURANTE: HERE I COME....HEY, WHAT'S THIS STRING?

MOORE: DON'T touch that. If you pull that the cannon will go
off!

DURANTE: YOU MEAN IF I PULL THE STRING LIKE THIS --

SOUND: LOUD EXPLOSION!

ORCH: SEGUE TO HEAVENLY MUSIC.....KEEP B.G.

MOORE: My, isn't it nice up here. Toodies, is my halo on
straight?

HOPE: Yes it looks lovely. Are my wings on straight?

PETRIE: Yes. Are my wings on straight?

MOORE: Yes. They're on straight. Is everybody here?

PETRIE: Everybody but Jimmy.

MOORE: Jimmy? Where did Jimmy go?

VOICES: (OFF - AD LIB - MUSIC BUILDS) Where did Jimmy go?
Where did Jimmy go? Where did Jimmy go?

DURANTE: NEVER MIND WHERE I WENT. ARE MY HORNS ON STRAIGHT?

ORCHESTRA: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

ORCH: MARCH *Fade Under*

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-six-year-old Lieutenant Lester H. Gamble of San Francisco, ace PT boat commander in the South Pacific, whose little mosquito boat sank four Japanese destroyers and a light cruiser or destroyer leader. During one night action he attacked a column of seven Japanese ships, sank one of them, was caught in the searchlight beams of others, but escaped with his entire crew while his machine gunners blazed away at the enemy search lights. In your honor, Lieutenant Gamble, the makers of Camels are sending to our men in the South Pacific four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes! We salute you and your crew, Lieutenant Lester H. Gamble!

MUSIC: FANFARE

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: On each of the three Camel shows we'll salute another Yank of the Week, and on each of them send four hundred thousand Camels to men in his battle area...a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. Since nineteen-forty-one, Camels have thanked audiences of nearly three million Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, which have given free Camels and more than two thousand free performances in more than five hundred different camps.

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: *Oh* An exquisite note, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: A BEAUTIFUL NOTE, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: *Yes* And now ^{*Jimmy*} that we have completed our arduous dramatic duties for the nonce, would you care to join me at the Lamb's Club? We could indulge ourselves in a bit of spicy chit-chat.

DURANTE: CHIT CHAT? WHO'S GOT TIME TO EAT NOW?

MOORE: See what I mean, friends! Good night, Jimmy.

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, JUNIOR.

ORCH: "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU" PLAYOFF

MOORE: Good night, everybody. *See you later.*

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, *folks, good night*

ORCH: THEME (BUMPER)

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP AND DOWN

PETRIE: Listen to each of the three Camel shows, tomorrow in his new time on Friday night - Bob Hawk in the comedy quiz "Thanks To The Yanks"; Monday, that famous comic strip family -- "Blondie"; and next Thursday, Garry Moore, Jimmy Durante, Georgia Gibbs, the music of Xavier Cugat and yours truly, Howard Petrie.

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP AND DOWN

PETRIE: Remember -- if you want a cigarette that stays fresh -- get Camels. They're packed to go around the world!

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP

APPLAUSE

(SWITCH TO 8B FOR HITCH HIKE)

OPTIONAL CLOSING - IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN

PETRIE: We hope you'll listen next Thursday at this time for another Camel Program with Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore, Georgia Gibbs, and the music of Xavier Cugat. This is Howard Petrie saying good night for all the gang.

ANNOUNCER: Mister pipe-smoker, don't blame your pipe when it bites you, blame the tobacco! -- and take the advice of America's largest group of pipe smokers -- the men who smoke Prince Albert, largest selling brand in the U.S. Prince Albert's no-bite treated for cool, pleasant smoking comfort, and crimp cut, too, to pack and burn and draw just right. Yes, 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/db/es
7/20/43pm

51454 3988