

AS  
BROADCAST

Master - 21-84

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

(REVISED)

THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1943  
NBC NETWORK  
10:00 - 10:30 PM EWT

PROGRAM NO. 19

CAST:

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

HOPE EMERSON

PAUL LUTHER

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

(REVISED)

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1943

10:00 - 10:30 PM EWT

PROGRAM NO. 19

(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 fresh cigarette that stays extra-mild, slow-burning,  
cool-smoking, rich tasting, better!

*and*  
Now here he is, a little fellow who's got so much water  
on the brain, he has to part his hair with a Dixie Cup.....  
Garry Moore.

APPLAUSE

MOORE: Well - thank you, <sup>See which</sup> Thank you very much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Before we do ANYTHING this evening, I have a very happy <sup>and special</sup> announcement to make <sup>to you all</sup>. This afternoon at exactly 3:27 in the village of Greenwich, Connecticut, our announcer, Mr. Howard Petrie, had a blessed event!

APPLAUSE

MOORE: His cat had six kittens!....Isn't that marvelous? ...And Howard, I must say I admire your stamina - you look ~~so~~ fresh as a daisy!

HOWARD: Oh, it was nothing - nothing at all <sup>Garry</sup>....I went through it beautifully.

MOORE: Well you're a very brave boy, and I want you to accept this necktie as a congratulatory gift.

HOWARD: Oh, thanks <sup>Garry</sup>, old man. <sup>Hey</sup> But what's that crawling across the bottom of the tie?

MOORE: A silkworm - it isn't finished yet.

TOODLES: Mr. Moore does give the doggondest presents to people! For Christmas he gave me a pair of rabbits fur garters.

MOORE: Toodles, those garters were not rabbits fur, they were ERMINE?

TOODLES: Yeah? Then how come I've got 8 pairs now?

MOORE: ~~Oh~~...Well nevermind <sup>anyhow</sup>, it's time for the letters from the listeners; <sup>letters from the listeners</sup> that wonderful department in which we answer such puzzling problems as How To Do This Or That, or what did one diaper say to the other diaper.

TOODLES: Now THERE'S a great question. Tell me, Mr. Moore, what DID one diaper say to the other diaper?

MOORE: I can't believe we started life in a dry goods store...  
*Oh that's subtle-- that's subtle, ain't it? Just about as subtle as it's air*  
 So come now - what's puzzling the people this week?... *in a pet shop*

TOODLES: Well, here's a letter from a Mr. Harry Sims....He says  
 that sometimes he hears radio actors get their lines  
 mixed up. Do they do it by mistake or just for laughs?

MOORE: Well, Mr. Sims, there are many reasons for making mistakes--  
 chief among which is nervousness. I attended a wedding  
 recently where the head-usher got EVERYTHING *backwards* mixed up....  
 As I entered the church, he bowed low *to me* and *he* said, "May I  
 sew you to a sheet?"....Well, of course I thought *the guy* ~~he~~ was  
 kidding, and I said "Dees plo - dees plo!"...SO, he  
 started off and I followed him up the *middle* ayzle *and* *that's what* ~~the~~ matter?  
*it was!*....Up the AYZLE!...*the guy* He oughtta know - he was  
 the head You-shur.)...And, anyway, we came to a long seat  
 where two old ladies were *sitting* *and* waiting....The you-shur smiled *at 'em*  
 and said, "Pardon me, ladies, - do you occupew this pie?"  
 ....And I said "Wait a minute you-shur - have you been  
 drinking?"....And he drew himself up to his full height  
 and said, "Young man - I may SEEM to be under the  
 affluence of incohol - but I m not as think as you bad-off  
 I am.".....So - it could happen to anybody...Next letter,  
 please.

TOODLES: Well, Mr. Moore, our next letter is from a dog in Paw Paw,  
 Michigan.

MOORE: From a DOG?

TOODLES: Yes. And he says, "Dear Mr. Moore, I am worried. Every  
 time I come home, I find my food pan empty...Do you think  
 my master is mooching my dog-food?"

MOORE: *Well* My dear Fido, I'm afraid he is. And if you want to know it, I'VE been eating dog-food myself this week and personally I think it's just grrrrrr-EAT!.....It's really *this* ~~dog food is~~ *at all* not bad, *and* it's changed my whole life. I never knew there was so much fun in tipping over garbage cans.... *Just the same I can't help but see why* ~~I still~~ envy my dog, *the* his collar is cleaner than mine.....And if you don't believe me, come to the National Dog Show next month - I'm trying out for best of all breeds.

TOODLES: Well, that's all the mail for tonite, Mr. Moore.

MOORE: Well, then, Toodles, let's turn to another prominent male of our acquaintance.

SOUND: PHONE RING

MOORE: Oh - excuse me, folks.

SOUND: PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello?

DURANTE: HELLO, JUNIOR - THIS IS JIMMIE.

MOORE: *Durante* Jimmy, I'm about to introduce you. Where are you?

DURANTE: I WAS CROSSING A DRAWBRIDGE AND I DIDN'T HEAR THE BELL RING.

MOORE: *Well*, So what?

DURANTE: *Well*, SO COME AND GET ME. I'M ON A GARBAGE BARGE IN BROOKLYN HARBOR.

~~MOORE: Oh, fine!~~

ORCH: START DURANTE'S MUSIC

MOORE: But with the magic of radio and a smidgeon of music, we'll span the minutes and bring you now - Jimmie Durante, in ~~person!~~

ORCH: YOU GOTTA START EACH DAY

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG...STOP THE MUSIC...<sup>Stop the music</sup>...BOY, AM I LUCKY I GOT HERE. I JUST CAME IN FROM A FARM IN JERSEY.....AND WHAT AN EXPERIENCE I HAD. I'M LEANING OVER, INSPECTING ONE OF THOSE BIG, ALUMINUM MILK CONTAINERS, WHEN MY HAT FALLS IN. SO I CLIMBS IN TO GET IT. AS I'M STANDING INSIDE, TWO OLD MAIDS COME ALONG. THEY SEE ME IN THE CONTAINER, AND ONE OLD MAID SAYS TO THE OTHER: "AT LAST IT'S HERE. THEY'RE PUTTING MEN UP IN CANS!"

MOORE: An uncanny experience. But for goodness sakes, James, what were you doing on a farm?

DURANTE: JUNIOR I HOPE YOU WON'T SNICKER BUT I'VE BEEN DICKERED BY WICKARD.<sup>Mr. No!</sup> HE'S SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE...AND FARMING, TOO....IT MAY INTEREST YOU TO KNOW THAT HE'S APPOINTED ME "CAMOUFLAGE SENTINEL FOR THE CON-SER-VA-TION AND PRESERVATION OF VEGETABLE LIFE."

MOORE: Gee/<sup>why</sup> that sounds important. What is it?

DURANTE: A SCARE-CROW!....HOW HUMILIATING! HOWSOEVER, THE FIRST DAY ON THE FARM, THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER INVITES ME INTO THE HOUSE. NOT HAVING HEARD ANY OF THOSE STORIES - I GOES IN. I SITS ON THE COUCH AND PICKS UP A NEWSPAPER. SHE COMES IN, CUDDLES CLOSE TO ME, PUTS HER ARMS AROUND ME AND THEN TURNS OUT THE LIGHTS!

MOORE: <sup>Gee why</sup> /What'd you do, Jimmy?

DURANTE: I PUTS THE LIGHT ON AGAIN. I CAN'T READ DICK TRACY IN THE DARK."

MOORE: <sup>Oh gee why</sup> You certainly outwitted her, Jimmy!

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY. THERE'S THAT WORD AGAIN....JUNIOR, THE FIRST DAY ON THAT FARM I PLOWED 40 ACRES OF LAND...

MOORE: 40 acres?

DURANTE: YEAH, I COULDA PLOWED MORE - IF I'D HAD A HORSE!..... I'M TIRED OUT, SO I SITS DOWN....RIGHT ON A BROSE.

MOORE: On a Brose? You mean a rose. There's no B in rose.

DURANTE: THERE WAS IN THIS ONE. AND WHILE I WAS SITTING ON HIM, HE WAS STINGING ME, AND BOY - DID IT HURT!

MOORE: Why didn't you get up?

DURANTE: WHY SHOULD I? I FIGURED I WAS HURTING HIM AS MUCH AS HE WAS HURTING ME!....THE LITTLE STINGER!

MOORE: *Oh James - you know what you are --- you're*  
*Irish...you were just plain domineering.*

DURANTE: DON'T BE SILLY. I CAN'T EVEN PLAY CHECKERS....BUT.  
*that word pops up every once in a while ---*  
CONTINUING WITH MY DIGRESSION...ON MY WAY BACK, I SEES A HORSE, UMBRIAGO, A GOAT, UMBRIAGO, A PIG AND UMBRIAGO.

MOORE: Umbriago? What was he doing on the farm?

DURANTE: HE WAS MILKING THE COWS UPSIDE DOWN SO THE CREAM WOULD COME OUT ON TOP.

MOORE: *Oh that Umbriago*  
/He must be a mastermind.

DURANTE: YEAH...HE'S GOT BRAINS HE HASN'T EVEN USED YET. BUT YOU KNOW, GARRY, THERE'S MORE TO FARMING THAN MEETS THE NOSE! I ALSO, HAD A GOOD IDEA. YOU SEE ON THE FARM WE GOT 200 HENS, SO I PUTS 200 ROOSTERS IN WITH THE HENS.

MOORE: Jimmy, you put 200 roosters with 200 hens!

DURANTE: OF COURSE! I KNOW WHAT IT IS TO BE A WALL-FLOWER.

MOORE: I suppose you're right/  
*at least. Gee whizz after all*  
Romance is the very breath of life!

DURANTE: *S* I'VE BEEN INFORMED -- CASUALLY, SO TO RELAX, AFTER A DAY'S WORK I PLAYS GAMES WITH ALL THE ANIMALS. WE PLAYS "FOLLOW THE LEADER"....I HAD TO DO EVERYTHING THEY DID.... WHEN THE GOAT ATE PAPER, I ATE PAPER....WHEN THE HORSE NAYED, I NAYED.....WHEN THE PIG ROLLS *ed* IN THE MUD - I ROLLE *ed* IN MUD.

MOORE: Ah, James, that must've been lots of fun.

DURANTE: YEAH, I ~~W~~ <sup>was</sup> DOING FINE - UNTIL SOME SMART ALECK <sup>of a</sup> HEN - LAYS AN EGG!

MOORE: Well, <sup>anyless</sup> I'm glad you didn't strain yourself. Everything seems to happen to you, *James Jimmy*.

DURANTE: YEAH, AND THAT'S NOT ALL. WHILE I'M STANDING IN THE HEN-HOUSE, COMMUTING WITH NATURE, I RECEIVES A HURRY-CALL FROM THE BARN. I RUNS HITHER AND THITHER....TO AND FRO....IN FACT, I'M TORN BETWEEN HELTER AND SKELTER. WHAT HAPPENS! MY PRIZE COW SWALLOWED A HARMONICA!

MOORE: Your cow swallowed a harmonica?

DURANTE: YEAH, AND NOW EVERY TIME THE BULL KISSES HER, THE COW'S STOMACH PLAYS "WHY CAN'T WE DO THIS MORE OFTEN".

MOORE: *I am well* It's a good thing she didn't swallow a blueberry - or she'd have moo-ed Indigo.

DURANTE: *Jee* YOU ARE SPEAKING OF THE COW I LOVE -- THE BOVINE DIVINE. THE FARMER USED TO MILK HER EVERY MORNING AT SIX O'CLOCK. ONE MORNING HE DECIDED TO MILK THE COW AT FIVE O'CLOCK. HE WALKED IN THE BARN, WHILE THE COW WAS ASLEEP AND STARTED TO MILK HER. THE COW GOT UP WITH A START, LOOKED AROUND AND SAYS "OH IT'S YOU. FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT I WAS BEING ROBBED."

ORCH: AND DURANTE: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE



MOORE: And as Brother James goes into temporary eclipse, we skip to the Camel Hall of Fame, as Toodles Bongshnook presents....

SOUND: CHINESE GONG

MOORE: The Story of Mary Wins and Johnny Moore.

ORCH: INTRODUCTION

HOPE: Now Mary Wins liked vitamins, so she made a garden grow  
With peas and beans and salad greens and carrots, row on  
row,

But right next door lived Johnny Moore, who got his eggs  
for breakfast

From several pens of happy hens, who were good at laying  
eggs fast.

PETRIE: Well, I bet I know what happened! Chickens go for a Victory  
Garden just the way you and I go for Camels, the cool  
slow-burning cigarettes that are expertly blended of  
costlier tobaccos.

HOPE: Just as you thought, our Mary caught John's chickens in the  
lettuce;

She started to shout, and John came out, saying "Mary,  
where will this get us?"

He ran for the chicken, and shooed it out quick an' said,

"Mary, here won't you let

Me give you a Camel, a slow-burning Camel - the smooth,  
extra mild cigarette!"

Now they're man and wife - it's a happy life, and Johnny  
says, "No more wild women!

Cause every night, to my delight - I get chicken - with  
all the trimmin's!"

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: Don't take my word for it -- just try a Camel cigarette yourself, in your taste and throat, your own T-Zone proving ground for Camels' rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness! Yes, Camels do have more flavor -- that's what helps 'em hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke!

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

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

ORCH: INTRO TO " *Chambelon* "

ORCH:        INTRO TO "CHAMBELON"

MOORE:        In North America we call it jive. In South America I don't know what they call it. But I call this one of Xavier Cugat's best efforts in the get up and go department. The composer calls it "Chambelon".

ORCH:        "CHAMBELON"

APPLAUSE

*what<sup>-12-</sup> an orchestra!*

DURANTE: WHAT AN ORCHESTRA! ~~THAT'S A POLITICIAN'S JOB.~~ AND WHAT A RACKET THAT LEADER'S GOT WITH THE STICK. I WONDER WHAT HE'D DO WITH THE STICK IF THE BAND DIDN'T SHOW UP... BUT LET US NOW RELAX, FRIENDS - BECAUSE HERE AGAIN IS OUR MR. MOORE WITH ANOTHER HUNK OF CULTURAL JUNK.

MOORE: Cultural JUNK?...My dear James, as Mussolini once said to Virginio Guida "De gustibus non terrere non hepatica nunc fillegadusha"... Or - "HELP!"... *But* if there are those amongst our listeners who just don't care for culture, I shall now pause two seconds to allow them to tune ~~out~~ *elsewhere*... (PAUSE)...And now that we're alone, Mother - let us dive immediately into Lesson Number Two on How To Play Stuff in An Orchestra - which tonight discusses that noble instrument, the trumpet.

HOWARD: Oh boy! Zaz-zoo-zaz! Zaz-zoo-zay! Rock me, Bach, my Horn's in hock!...A rippy-tippy-tippy with a felt belt!... ETC.

MOORE: Wait - wait - wait a minute, please.

HOWARD: What's the matter, bud? I'm just getting sent.

MOORE: My dear boy, you are not only ~~GETTING~~ sent, you are giving off one...Tonight we do not discuss the hot jazz trumpet, but the sweeter style known as triple-tonguing.

HOWARD: Oh - what's that?

MOORE: Well - we'll demonstrate. Maestro - four bars of triple-tongue trumpet.

(ORCHESTRA: FOUR BARS OF TRIPLE-TONGUING - "WILLIAM TELL")

MOORE: You see, it's not really a style - it's just gastritis in 3-quarter time.

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HOWARD: *Well, Garry,* / It sounds easy to do. *But*

~~MOORE: Ah, but is it?... To even attempt this style you must have a very strong mouth - or what is known in the trade as an iron lip... Mr. Schmas - smack your lips for the people.~~

~~SOUND: HORSE SHOES CLANKING~~

~~MOORE: Thank you very much... And even if you HAVE an iron lip, there comes the question~~ how does one produce this *- this*

*more:* B-flat Burp? *Well -* And on this subject there are several schools of thought. One school says that to triple-tongue you make the sound Ta-ta-ka!...Ta-ta-ka!...Like this - (WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE USING TA-TA-KA)...Or a reasonably exact facsimile. And then there is another school of thought which insists that it ISN'T Ta-ta-ka, any such a thing, but TOO-TOO-KOO!...Too-too-koo...Like this - (SAME THING WITH TOO TOO KOO)...a very effective method, but one which, as its name implies, will shortly drive you too-too koo-koo...You may take your choice between the two styles...In fact, my friends, there is yet a THIRD school of thought which advocates neither ta-ta-ka NOR too-too-koo, but HOOK-A-TICKA!... Hook-a-ticka...like this. - (SAME THING WITH HOOKATICKA)... and that method I don't even pretend to understand.... Now, *it just so happens that* if you don't ~~happen to~~ have a trumpet of your *very* own, you can also triple-tongue on a tenor saxophone...The tenor sax, of course, goes neither ta-ta-ka, too-too-koo nor Hook-a-ticka - but more of a DA-EPHH DA-IPHHH, DA-ITTTLE-DE-OPF-DE-OOPH.....which, of course, is his own fault.

(MORE)

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MOORE: Now, normally I would demonstrate this whole thing on my own trumpet. But if I actually used a trumpet you would not be able to tell what my tongue <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ doing... *See*. Therefore, I shall play a trumpet solo without the trumpet on that beautiful song "The Glow Worm". Maestro...

ORCH: "THE GLOW WORM"

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: ~~JUNIOR, I JUST LOVE TO STAND HERE AND LISTEN TO YOU TALK...~~  
WHY, IF I HAD YOUR TONGUE AND A LOAF OF BREAD I COULD  
OPEN A DELICATESSEN.

MOORE: Thank you, James.

DURANTE: WOULD YOU CONSIDER EMPLOYING YOUR TALENTS TO INTRODUCE  
HER NIBS, MISS GIBBS?

MOORE: Yuh mean GEORGIA Gibbs?....Jimmie, as Whistler's Father  
said when he first saw Whistler's Mother -- (WHISTLE)

ORCHESTRA: START GIBBS' INTRO

MOORE: ~~And you'll soon see why, my friends. For here is the  
Gorgeous Georgia herself, with a streamlined version  
of "You'll Never Know".~~

GIBBS: "YOU'LL NEVER KNOW"

*now I'll get out of the way and let those who can sing,  
do so. Georgie Gibbs, my friends, with "You'll Never Know".*

PETRIE: Into the stratosphere, across the deserts and under the sea, go Camels, by the millions, because Camel cigarettes are first with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps and the Coast Guard, according to actual sales records. To hold their lead, Camels must be good - and they must ~~stay~~ stay fresh, for months at a time. That's why we developed a new moisture-proof inner wrapping -- designed to hold in Camels' rich extra flavor, to preserve Camels' mildness, and cool slow way of burning. Look for yourself. Examine the moisture-proof inner wrapping on your pack of Camels. You'll see why Camel cigarettes stay fresh -- preserving for you the extra goodness of Camels' matchless blend of costlier tobaccos.

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

PETRIE: Camels! For yourself, for that fellow in the service, get the cigarette that stays fresh! Get Camels -- they're packed to go around the world!

ORCH: PLAYOFF



MOORE: All of which, my friends, brings us to The Thursday Evening False Wig and Bustle Club. Tonight we're kicking the stuffing out of a turkey called "She Was Itchin' For A Hitchin', So They Married And Started From Scratch." <sup>Jimmy</sup> James in this play we operate an Escort Bureau. We'll need a handsome, dashing young man who is a past master at the art of love. Do you know where we could find such a man?

DURANTE: JUNIOR, ARE YOU JESTING! WHY, WHEN I FOUND OUT WHAT THE GIRLS THOUGHT OF ME, I HAD A THOUSAND PICTURES TAKEN OF MYSELF.

MOORE: A thousand photographs? <sup>See why</sup> Can you spare one?

DURANTE: JUNIOR, I CAN SPARE A THOUSAND!

MOORE: <sup>Well</sup> In that case, let's get on with our Escort Bureau.... Maestro, some romantic music!

ORCH: ~~ONE SHARP CHORD~~ "Love In Bloom"... <sup>(Fast & furious)</sup>

<sup>Durante!</sup> MOORE: What a whirlwind romance.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS....OFF HOOK

MOORE: Hello...Durante and Moore Escort Bureau. If you want men from 50 to 70, we've got 'em. If you want men from 39 to 49, we've got 'em. If you want men from 18 to 38.....we had 'em. (but the Draft Board got 'em).... What's that, madam? You want a date with Boris Karloff? I'm sorry, but he's <sup>being</sup> ~~seen~~ drafted, too. What's his classification? <sup>Why</sup> He's in ONE - (SCREAM)

AHHHHHHHHH!!!

SOUND: HANG UP

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DURANTE: JUNIOR, HOW CAN WE KEEP THIS BUSINESS GOING WITH SUCH A MAN-SHORTAGE? IF ONLY YOU HAD MY BE-TWITCHING CHARM.

MOORE: Oh, cut it out...Why <sup>Jenny</sup> I throw away more women than you'll ever know.

DURANTE: OH, YEAH?

MOORE: Oh, yeah.

DURANTE: WHERE DO YOU THROW 'EM?

MOORE: Never mind that, <sup>Jenny</sup> ~~James~~ Tonight you're scheduled to go out with Toodles Bongshnook; and <sup>by</sup> she's RICH! She has so many gold teeth that when she smiles - the lights go on again all over the world....

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

EMERSON: Yoo hoo, you guys, it's one of your little sweetie pies!

DURANTE: GET OUT YOUR TRANSFERS, MEN, HERE COMES THE FIFTH AVENUE BUS!

MOORE: Toodles, we've got you all fixed up.

EMERSON: With a man? Toujour L'Amour, Hurray!

DURANTE: YES! YOU HAVE A DATE WITH DURANTE.

EMERSON: (SARCASTIC) Oh, Toujour L'Amour, Goodbye.

MOORE: <sup>oh</sup> But just look at him, Toodles! Isn't he handsome? Did you ever see such character on a face?....Did you ever see such a face on a character?

DURANTE: A WITTY RETORT, MR. MOORE. <sup>a very witty retort</sup> YOU HAVE A FAST TONGUE AND A CLEVER HEAD TO BOOT. ONE MORE REMARK LIKE THAT AND I'LL BOOT IT.

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MOORE: *Don't let him upset you*  
 Ha ha ha -- yes, Toodles, we have a pleasant surprise  
 for you. Jimmy will be your escort tonight.

EMERSON: Listen, I know there's a man shortage, but this is  
 ridiculous! I want a man to hold me, tilt my head  
 back, make my eyes light up!

DURANTE: WHAT IS THIS - A DAME OR A PIN-BALL MACHINE?

EMERSON: Now ~~wait a minute~~ *look you guys*...look at the man on this magazine  
 cover...there's a man! If you get me a ~~husband~~ *date* like  
 that, I'll give you \$10,000.

BOTH: \$10,000!

DURANTE: TOODLES, GO HOME AND FORGET IT. WE'LL GET YOU THAT  
 MAGAZINE COVER MAN IN PERSON.

*Emerson.*  
 MOORE: *I'll be waiting. (also stem)*  
 Hey, wait a minute, Jimmy....look at the guy on this  
 magazine cover. Why he's homelier than you are.

DURANTE: I RESENT THAT.

MOORE: *But*  
 Why, James, the guy is grotesque!

DURANTE: THAT'S BETTER.

MOORE: *Just a second - not just a second*  
~~wait a minute~~...what's the title of that magazine?

DURANTE: POPULAR MECHANICS.

MOORE: *Say, that's a picture of a mechanical man...*  
 Popular Mechanics? ~~Well no wonder~~...that's a robot.

DURANTE: TOODLES WANTS TO MARRY A ROWBOAT?  
 SHE SHOULD MARRY THE BOAT HOUSE.

MOORE: Well for \$10,000 we'll build a mechanical man. I've  
 already got an idea for ~~his~~ *the* suit. ~~It~~ *His* will look like  
 iron and wear like iron.

DURANTE: YEAH! WHAT MATERIAL WILL YOU USE?

MOORE: Iron! Now let's get going and build that man.

MUSIC: ANVIL CHORUS

SOUND: RIVETTING

DURANTE: WELL, THERE'S THE COAT.

SOUND: RIVETTING

DURANTE: THERE'S THE PANTS.

SOUND: IDENTICAL RIVETTING

MOORE: What was that?

DURANTE: THIS SUIT HAS TWO PAIRS OF PANTS.

MOORE: Now Jimmy, you get inside the suit... *You see...* Toodles will never know it's not a mechanical man.

DURANTE: OKAY, JUNIOR....DO YOU THINK THIS SUIT WILL IMPRESS HER!

MOORE: *Hey* How can it miss *just* look at the label -- Hart, Schaeffner and Beth-le-hem Steel!

ORCH: MORNING FADE TO B.G. (BIRD TWITTERS)

PETRIE: Our scene shifts to Central Park where we find Jimmy on his way to meet Toodles, as he skips down the path in his new tin suit.

ORCH: SEGUE TO FOUR BARS "STROLLING THROUGH THE PARK ONE DAY"

SOUND: CLANK, CLANK

ORCH: FOUR BARS "STROLLING"

SOUND: CLANK, CLANK

ORCH: TWO BARS - OUT

SOUND: PLINK

MOORE: What was THAT?

DURANTE: I DROPPED MY COLLAR BUTTON.

MOORE: ~~He'll~~ <sup>Just</sup> compose yourself. Toodles will be here any minute.

DURANTE: HEY! JUNIOR, LOOK THE WHOLE PARK IS MOVING UP ON US!

MOORE: That's not the park, ~~James~~ <sup>Jimmy</sup>..That's Toodles, wearing a green slack suit!....Hya Toodles.

EMERSON: Oh, Mr. Moore! You have my dream man....He looks just like his picture! Come, my dream prince...let me crush you in my arms!

SOUND: START CRUNCHING OF METAL

DURANTE: HEY -- WAIT A MINUTE - LOOK OUT FOR THE SUIT! LOOK OUT!

SOUND: TREMENDOUS TIN CRASH

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT....HERE I STAND, UNCANNED!

MOORE: Oh fine! There goes our ten thousand dollars.....There goes our mechanical man.

DURANTE: WHAT KIND OF <sup>a</sup>BUSINESS ARE WE GOING INTO NOW?

MOORE: Don't worry Jimmy, bring the suit and come with me.

SOUND: JUNKMAN'S BELL

BOTH: JUNK! JUNK! JUNK!

ORCH: 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 forty-three year-old First Sergeant Allen B. Huckabee, one of the oldest combat men in the air force, who was manning a gun on a Flying Fortress over Sicily. Though the plane was crippled by anti-aircraft fire, separated from its formation, and under attack by swarms of planes, Sergeant Huckabee stood by his gun, one of the only two in working order, and shot down at least five enemy planes before the crew had to bail out over enemy territory. Huckabee and another gunner were rescued by our troops in their advance across Sicily. In your honor, Sergeant Huckabee, the makers of Camels are sending to our men in the Mediterranean area four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes! We salute you, First Sergeant Allen Huckabee!

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 Camel cigarettes sent free each week. Camels thank the Yanks in this country with the three traveling Camel Caravans, which since nineteen forty-one, have given free shows and free Camels to audiences of nearly three million service men in more than five hundred different camps.

ORCH:        WHO WILL BE WITH YOU

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

MOORE: When we're far away from you.....

DURANTE: WHAT A NOTE. MR. MOORE IF YOUR VOICE HAD ONE MORE WAVE THE NAVY WOULD JOIN YOU.

MOORE: Thank you, <sup>Jimmy</sup> James...and <sup>it's</sup> neat of you to mention it, for I was just about to tell how the Navy needs several thousand Waves to join them. The girls who have joined are doing a <sup>really</sup> wonderful service working side by side with the men in the United States Navy. It's a job that gives a girl travel, a chance for training and incidentally a most attractive salary. Girls, this is an important job and you're needed now. <sup>↓</sup> If you're between 20 and 35 years of age, with two years of high school, go to your nearest Navy Recruiting Station.

DURANTE: YOU'LL FIND IT IN THE TELEPHONE BOOK -- NAVY RECRUITING STATION.

BOTH: GOODNIGHT GIRLS.

MOORE: *Goodnight Jimmy, Goodnight everybody.*

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: *Goodnight - goodnight.*

ORCH: THEME

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP AND DOWN

PETRIE: Listen to each of the three Camel shows, tomorrow night Bob Hawk in his new time on Friday 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.-- the cigarette that's First in the Service! They're packed to go around the world!

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP

APPLAUSE

(SWITCH TO 8B FOR HITCH HIKE)

ADDITIONAL 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.



ANNCR: Now a pipe smoker usually tries a lot of brands before he settles down to the one he likes best. That's why we say it's important to you that more men in the U.S. smoke good Prince Albert than any other pipe tobacco -- have for years. One reason is that Prince Albert's no-bite treated for cool, tongue-happy smoking comfort. Yessir, and Prince Albert's crimp cut, to pack and burn and draw just right. You get around fifty mild, fragrant, better-tasting pipefuls in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert! Get P.A. for Pipe Appeal! It's the National Joy Smoke!

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